

WATFINDER

A Pathfinder Fanzine made by Fans for Fans



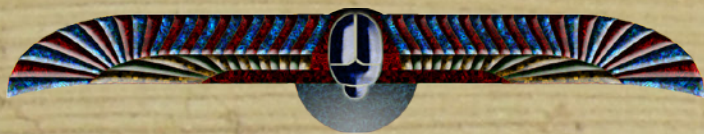
Osirion: Ancient Sands

Volume No. 12 | Winter 2014 | Not For Sale



**PAIZO FANS
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Contents



Foreword	1
Devoted Sword-Saint: Divine Swashbuckler Archetype	2
I Am Shabti	4
Osirian Ethnologies: The Sal'Awaan	5
Riddles for a Sphinx	6
Beginner Box Conversions	10
Heroes' Hoard: Bajaba's Beetles and Reeds	12
Weal or Woe: The Fallen Pharaoh	14
The Binding Blades of Osirion	16
The Wasp and the Mantis	18
Osirian Fashion	22
'ela mesar alheyah (On the Path of Life)	24
Servile Ushabti	26
The Book of the Dead	28
Desert Drifter: A Wizard Archetype	30
Golarion Gazetteer: Coast of Graves	32
Harmony's Refuge	34
The Nightly Ritual	36
Weal or Woe: Jaali and Hapuseneb	38
Osirian Traps	40
The Embalmer	42
Tanjit's ravel Guide: Shiman-Sekh	44
Personalities of the Desert Sands: A Traveller's Guide	45
Keeping the Dead Down	46
Heroes' Hoard: Sacred Oils of Osirion	48
Night's Companion	50
Side Trek Seeds: River Secrets and The Slumbering Beast	52
Tools and Tactics of the Warriors of Osirion	54
Disturb Not the Dead: Tomb Curses of Osirion	56
Lamashtu Be Praised!	58
Into the Pyramid: Treasure Hunters and Undead Busters	60
Bestiary	62
OGL	73



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Foreword

Art by Paige Connelly

Hello, Wayfinder readers!

Ten years ago I was but a nervous young wannabe writer, debating whether or not to send an article pitch to Dragon magazine. My friend John Ling Jr. (now of Frog God Games, and with a list of credits as long as my arm if I had an extendable Inspector-Gadget-style robot arm) encouraged me to go for it. I took the plunge and a few months later, Dragon published “Ecology of the Duergar” by yours truly. It was my first time—but hardly the last—working with the crew that would later go on to create the Pathfinder line.

Now here I am, writing the foreword to a magazine centering on the hobby and the company I love. I’m excited to be talking to you readers and introducing such an incredible addition to the Wayfinder series. I’m doubly excited to be introducing the Osirion issue.

I don’t find it surprising that ancient-Egypt-inspired settings like Osirion are so popular. The setting has all the elements necessary for a rip-roaring adventure full of danger and mystery. Ancient gods. Curses. Traps. Tombs undisturbed for centuries. Treasure rooms filled with glittering gold. Rival adventurers. Mummies. Mummies!

Osirion captures the adventurous spirit of roleplaying games and inspires GMs and players alike. Reading this issue (which is full of curses, traps, treasure rooms, and mummies) reminded me of my first big writing project. I’d been freelancing for just about a year, mostly to Dragon magazine, when Chris Perkins at Wizards of the Coast asked me if I wanted in on a book. I said yes so fast I think I went back in time and inadvertently changed all our futures (sorry about that). The book was *Secrets of Xen’drik*, written with Jason Bulmahn and Keith Baker for the Eberron setting, and although the book wasn’t entirely about deserts it had a lot in common with Osirion.

Xen’drik was a wild land, a land where anything was possible. Its dense jungles hid never-before-seen creatures, hidden civilizations, towering pyramids, and lots of scorpions. As I worked on the book,

I was venturing out on my own personal quest into the undiscovered country of Being A Writer. I felt lost and frankly terrified. Every page, every *paragraph* seemed to bring in new writing rules and concepts I hadn’t faced before. I wasn’t a polished professional and I’d never worked collaboratively on a project before.

I plunged into the perilous desert of that book with all the enthusiasm I had to navigate its perils. I relied on my adventuring (writing) team and my wits, and with skill and courage (and, er, well, quite a lot of luck), I persevered.

I went on to write a lot more books and articles in that same high-adventure, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* sort of vein. Recently, I wrote a six-part fiction series titled “Shadows of the Sands” for the MUMMY’S MASK adventure path. I also wrote part four of that same adventure path, “Secrets of the Sphinx.” I contributed a half-dozen spells for “Tomb Magic” in Kobold Press’s DEEP MAGIC (winner of Best RPG Supplement of 2014 from Escapist Magazine). My adventure, “The Tomb-Palace of Nakresh the Many-Handed” is an upcoming backer reward for the Southlands Kickstarter, also by Kobold Press. And I might have an incredible, amazing, and/or fantastic project along these same lines ready to announce soon (keep an eye on my Facebook page for details).

But enough about me. Turn now to the land of ancient sands, to Osirion where pharaohs reign and you’d best search just one more time for traps before you crack open that tomb door...

Amber E. Scott

-Amber

Facebook: Amber E. Scott (author)





Devoted Sword-Saint:

A Divine Swashbuckler Archetype

By Clinton J. Boomer

Art by Tanyaporn "Yuikami The Fool" Sangsnit



"Never before, in all my many travels, had I seen such speed, such skill or such resounding, righteous conviction. When the horned legions of the Ivory Labyrinth came crashing down in shrieking waves upon the filthy, chanting pilgrims of Khepri—travelling by foot the long path to the mountain shrine of Irori in Tar Kuata, laden heavily with gifts and gilded tribute—I thought only that I should be witness to a most grim and bloody slaughter.

"Little did I know that it was the rough, howling faithful of Baphomet who would meet a violent, crimson-stained end that day.

"A single swordsman faced off against the last dozen of the man-beasts; his great, curved two-handed blade spun and darted forth with a lightness to match the most-accomplished Aldori duelist, and he danced between the thunderous blows of monsters easily twice his own size. The very sunlight, the stones, the cloudless sky and the sand-shorn, parched earth itself cried out at the warrior's precision as the battle was made his alone.

"Upon my high and windswept perch, I stood amazed. Here, I thought, was true artistry: a marriage of utmost form and function, the pinnacle of study into both creation and destruction, a final blade-style worthy of The All-Seeing Eye.

"In the battle's aftermath I approached the supplicants and begged audience with their master swordsman; to my surprise, he was but a low acolyte of the peasant-faith, his name unknown even to those abbots who led the procession. The humble warrior—after some cajoling—finally spoke, saying unto me that his art was as old as the pyramids, passed down from a time some thirty centuries before the raising of Absalom, born of the very rocks upon which we stood.

"The power of his technique, he whispered, was ancient even in the days of the Four Pharaohs of Ascension, perhaps dating back to the unknowable and long-lost Jistka Imperium or the Azlanti before them, attainable—and comprehensible—only through the most practiced of fasting, ceremonial duty, obedient prayer, and severe mortification of the flesh.

"Since that day, I have searched far and deeply for the ultimate origin—and expression!—of his mighty, god-wrought style, taught so long ago to that nameless desert traveler by a wandering ascetic of Abadar. I have seen shades of its delicacy in the ecstatic wrath of a Dervish of the Dawnflower, and beheld sparks of its brutal strength shine across the wicked blades of an assassin obedient to Abraxas. Once, I glimpsed a young priestess of Pharamasma in Wati who possessed the gift, and I know that the fevered lovers of Lamashtu's Flower practice its movements in their darkest and most obscene dances. It is said, in hushed circles, that such a technique felled Ulunat, the Unholy First, in the terrible conflict that birthed Sothis.

"I believe that I comprehend now, in some small way, the secret fighting-art which was taught to the private armies of the First Pharaoh, God-King Azghaad, in the golden days of his rule. Moreover, I know that with such power at my disposal—burned into the unliving, unquestioning minds of a vast slave-force before me—that I might retake his Empire once more."

—Mehkmej Iokaan, hermit-priest of Nethys, steel-scholar of Sokar's Boil in the Footprints of Rovagug

DEVOTED SWORD-SAINT (SWASHBUCKLER ARCHETYPE)

Some who practice the lightning-swift blade-arts are driven into glorious battle by titanic and overwhelming religious vision, transformed into a zealous whirl of sharp steel when they take up arms against enemies of the cult. Though they may fight with what others call "panache," it is not merely mortal flair or gusto that drives them. Instead, they are fueled to victory by a keen, vehement fire in the very spirit.

Devoted Swordplay (Ex): Each day, a devoted sword-saint gains a number of panache points equal to her Wisdom modifier (minimum 1) instead of her Charisma modifier. She regains panache only when she makes a killing blow or confirms a critical hit with a falchion, khopesh, or scimitar.

In addition, a devoted sword-saint meditates or prays for her power: each devoted sword-saint must choose a specific time each day during which she spends 1 hour in quiet contemplation or supplication to regain her daily allotment of panache. She cannot regain or expend her panache unless she is in possession of a holy (or unholy) symbol specific to her faith. Her alignment must be within one step of her deity, and she must uphold the tenets and beliefs of her deity. If she breaks these oaths, she loses access to aura, devoted swordplay, and blessed life.

This ability modifies the panache class feature.

Holy Blades of the Desert (Ex): At 1st level, a devoted sword-saint gains proficiency with the following weapons: falchion, khopesh, and scimitar. In addition, she gains the benefits of Weapon Finesse with these weapons, and can even use such a weapon two-handed: thus, she may apply her Dexterity modifier (instead of her Strength modifier) on attack rolls while also applying 1-1/2 times her Strength bonus to damage.

She always treats the falchion, the khopesh and the scimitar as "one-handed melee piercing weapons" for purposes of all deeds. Additionally, she can use her Wisdom score in place of Intelligence as a prerequisite for combat feats. This ability counts as having the Weapon Finesse feat for purposes of meeting feat prerequisites.

This ability modifies the Swashbuckler Finesse class feature and alters the function of multiple deeds.

Aura (Ex): A devoted sword-saint always worships a deity and possesses a powerful aura, like that of a cleric, corresponding to her deity's alignment for purposes of spells such as *detect evil*.

Vows (Ex): A devoted sword-saint may take vows as a monk^{UM}. Adherence to these vows adds to the devoted sword-saint's daily panache rather than to her ki, but the ability otherwise functions identically.

Additional vows, many of which are appropriate to this archetype, can be found in *Gothic Grimoires: To Serve a Prince Undying* from Legendary Games.

Blessed Life (Ex): At 2nd level, the devoted sword-saint gains the charmed life ability of a normal swashbuckler, except it is her patron deity that protects her, not her own luck. The bonus granted by her Charisma modifier is either a sacred bonus if

her deity is good or neutral, or profane if the deity is evil. This modifies the charmed life ability and counts as that ability for any prerequisites.

Holy Blade Training (Ex): At 5th level, a devoted sword-saint

gains a +1 bonus on attack rolls and damage rolls with the falchion, khopesh, and scimitar. While wielding a weapon of that type, she gains the benefit of the Improved Critical feat. The attack and damage bonuses increase by 1 for every 4 levels beyond 5th (to a maximum of +4 at 17th level). This ability replaces swashbuckler weapon training.

Holy Weapon Mastery (Ex): At 20th level, when a devoted sword-saint threatens a critical hit with a falchion, khopesh, or scimitar, that critical hit is automatically confirmed. Furthermore, the critical threat range increases by 1 (this increase to the critical threat range stacks with the increases from the *keen* weapon special ability and similar effects), and the critical modifier of the weapon increases by 1 ($\times 2$ becomes $\times 3$, for example). This ability replaces swashbuckler weapon mastery.

NEW FEAT: MAGIC OF UTTER DEVOTION (CRIT)

Your total obedience and unswerving fealty to the cause of your mighty deity have gifted you with a small number of miracles, which you may—with ultimate effort—silently call forth into the world between the swings of your sacred blade.


Prerequisite: Devoted swordplay class feature and panache pool, 4th level

Benefit: Choose one domain or subdomain of your deity. You may expend panache to replicate one spell from that domain or another cleric spell as a spell-like ability. You may not choose any spell opposed to your deity or to your deity's alignment (GM's discretion).

Your devoted sword-saint class level is the caster level for all spell-like abilities gained in this way (see below), and you use Wisdom to determine your concentration check bonus. The saving throw against this spell-like ability, if any, is equal to $10 + 1/2$ your devoted sword-saint class level + your Wisdom bonus.

This ability always duplicates the effects of a single, specific cleric or domain spell, chosen when this feat is selected, and requires you to expend daily uses of panache to activate the spell-like ability; the exact amount required is listed after the spell.

- any 0th level (other than *guidance*) cleric spell (1 panache)
- 1st level spell from your domain (1 panache)
- any 1st-level cleric spell (2 panache)
- 2nd level spell from your domain (2 panache)

In addition, you can always cast *guidance* as a spell-like ability by spending a point of panache. 





I Am Shabti

By Dawn "Dark Sasha" Fischer

Art by Tanyaporn "Yuikami The Fool" Sangsrit



Shabti awaited the call to step forward, her body bare of all but the painted words of the spells that would take her into the afterlife as an eternal servant of the gods.

Shabti wasn't the name her mother gave her. It was a name given to the servants who were chosen to follow their lords into the afterlife. Servants of the wealthy lords in Sothis were killed and interred in the tombs of their masters. Only the most faithful servants received this gift. To work in the fields of the gods and draw water for them was the highest honor a mere servant could attain.

So why was she terrified? She locked her knees to keep them from shaking and clenched her teeth to keep them from chattering, though she was not cold. It was a warm night and sweat trickled down her neck while she awaited the priests. She held still and she steeled herself. This funerary ritual would forever change things for all commoners who would follow in her footsteps. The gods must listen this time.

"Shabti, come forward," intoned the priest.

She jumped slightly as his voice broke through her reverie. She took a deep breath and held it as she stepped forward. The

head priest and his lesser servants held the accouterments of their profession, embalming tools and garrotes. Baskets were piled with linen cloth strips to wrap around her corpse once the embalming process was complete. Various unguents, paints, lacquers, and perfumes rested on a small table. There was a smell of clay from somewhere close. She turned her head and noticed the artists gathered to decorate her mummified body into the new figure she would become.

Her initial hesitation turned into confidence as she stepped forward. The name of her lord Merka ran through her mind. This tomb had been built for him. She chose her words to Osiris and Maat, Anubis and Ra, and any other gods who might be listening. The priests impatiently stared at her.

She smiled apologetically and cried out her own prayer to the gods.

"I am Shabti, the last who is first! Nevermore shall some be sacrificed to become servants in the place of their lords in the afterlife. We should be allowed our own path to immortality. Henceforth, all future shabti shall be crafted from mineral instead of flesh. I offer myself as the ultimate sacrifice so others do not have to die at the behest of their Lords' families."

The head priest frowned and motioned to the other priests who held the garrotes and tools for mummification to surround her and complete the ritual.

"Speak the words after me as you were instructed, Shabti."

His voice echoed in the chamber, "Illumine the Osiris Merka, whose word is truth.


If Osiris Merka is decreed to do any work in the fields of Osiris, let Shabti remove these burdens from him, whether it be to plough the fields, to fill the channels with water, or to carry sand from East to West."

Mustering her courage, she intoned the words required by the ritual, "I will do it. Verily, I am here when thou callest."

As the priests stepped forward to complete the rites, a wind swept in from the entrance to the funerary chamber and swirled up the damp clumps of clay from their slabs and the paints from their pots.

The startled lesser priests and craftsmen jumped back as it whirled towards the naked body of Shabti. The clay instantly suffocated and entombed her as it formed. The priests stepped back from the intense heat which suddenly baked the clay. The paints ended their swirl and precisely inscribed Shabti's words on the newly fired figure.

A voice called out from elsewhere. Above?

Below? None could say afterwards. "So shall it be. Shabti become ushabti, clay become skin, muscle, and bone to work in the fields of the gods, for all eternity." 





Osirian Ethnologies: The Sal'Awaan

By Sarah "Ambrosia Slaad" Counts

Art by Jason Kirckof



Osirians know little of sal'awaani history, but their origins trace back as early as the beginning of the Second Age. This sub-race of the kitsune of Tian Xia used its spiritual bond to local magic and terroir and adapted physiologically to resemble both the native Osirians and fennec foxes. Unfortunately, fearful humans shunned them, erroneously believed these newcomers were fiends linked to Set's cult and shas^{AP#80}. The sal'awaan clans became nomadic traders and pastoralists, seeking relative safety in the remote savannas, scrublands, and deep desert. When unable to avoid human civilization, they often find refuge in the cities' catacombs and crypts.

Sal'awaans possess Osiriani skin-tones and dark, straight hair, although red and auburn shades are surprisingly common. Some have emigrated as far north as Chelifax and Galt, where they're known as lubins.

SAL'AWAAN (KITSUNE) (11 RP)

Sal'awaans are a sub-race of kitsunes^{DEP}. They lose the agile, kitsune magic, and languages racial traits for kitsunes, and their bite attack deals only 1d3 points of damage. They gain the following racial qualities.

Crypt Skulker (Ex) [2 RP]: Sal'awaans receive a +2 racial bonus on saving throws against curses and curse effects, against negative energy and energy drain effects that damage or drain ability scores and levels, and to remove negative levels. Sal'awaans naturally heal mental ability score damage at the rate of 2 points per day.

Desert Marcher (Ex) [1 RP]: Sal'awaans receive a +2 racial bonus on Constitution checks and Fortitude saves to avoid fatigue and exhaustion, as well as any other ill effects from running, forced marches, thirst, and hot environments.

Acute Senses (Ex) [3 RP]: Sal'awaans receive a +2 racial bonus to Perception checks and a +4 on checks to locate noises within 30 feet. Additionally, they can hear ultrasonic noises normally only audible to canines, such as dog whistles.

Languages: Sal'awaans speak Common and Sylvan. A sal'awaan with a high Intelligence score can choose from the following: Auran, Goblin, Gnoll, Ignan, Osiriani, Kelish, and Sphinx.

Special: Sal'awaans that take the Fox Shape^{DEP} feat instead assume the form of a creamfoot fennec (see page 64).

ALTERNATE RACIAL TRAITS

The following racial qualities may be selected instead of existing sal'awaan racial traits.

Sal'awaan Magic (Ex/Sp): Sal'awaans add +1 to the DC of saving throws against illusion spells they cast. Sal'awaans with a Charisma score of 11 or higher gain the following spell-like abilities: 1/day—*fleeting figment*, *ghost sound*, *heat shimmer*, *prestidigitation*. This replaces crypt skulker.

Fast Shifter^{ARG}: This replaces crypt skulker.

Gregarious^{ARG}: This replaces acute senses.

FAVORED CLASS OPTIONS

In addition to the kitsune favored class options^{ARG}, sal'awaans (and kitsune) gain access to the following options.

Shaman: Add one spell from the cleric spell list that isn't on the shaman spell list to the list of spells the shaman knows. This spell must be at least one level lower than the highest-level shaman spell she can cast.

Swashbuckler: Increase the total number of points in the swashbuckler's panache pool by 1/4.

Witch: Select one hex the witch knows. The witch may add either + 1/2 to the DC or + 1/2 a single additional target of the chosen hex. The witch can only apply this benefit to an individual hex a maximum of twice to increase the DC and twice to gain the single additional target.

NEW RACE TRAITS

The following traits are available to sal'awaan characters.

Herdsmen: You understand the importance of camel husbandry. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Handle Animal checks regarding camels and a +2 dodge bonus to AC against camel's spit and bite attacks. Handle Animal is always a class skill for you.

Slippery Sigils: Your mind's natural inclination to jumble writing is a manifestation of your spiritual resistance to magical bindings and wards. You gain a +2 trait bonus on saving

throws against spells and magic traps that activate when read.

Den Warden: Your elders recognized the importance of trained troop defenders. You are proficient with kopshs (Osirian kukris) and gimels (Osirian boomerangs^{APG}).

SAL'AWAAN SPELLS

HEAT SHIMMER

Level alchemist 1, bard 1, magus 1, sorcerer/wizard 1

Duration 1 round/level (up to 5 rounds) (D)

This spell functions as *blur*, except the effect only lasts for 1 round per caster level (maximum of 5 rounds).

FLEETING FIGMENT

Level bard 0, magus 0, sorcerer/wizard 0

Range short (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Effect visual figment that cannot extend beyond one 5-ft. cube

Duration concentration, up to 5 rounds

This spell functions as *silent image*, except as described above.





Riddles For A Sphinx

A Beginner Box Adventure

By Paris Crenshaw and Mike "taig" Welham

Art by Chris. L. Kimball

Map by Liz "Lilith" Courts



Riddles for a Sphinx is a short adventure for four 4th level characters, set in the deserts of Osirion. The locations are featured in Paizo Publishing material beyond what is included in the Beginner Box. For more information about them, refer to Paizo Publishing's *Inner Sea World Guide* or the Pathfinder Wiki (<http://pathfinderwiki.com>).

Riddles for a Sphinx assumes you are familiar with how to run an adventure and have the Beginner Box material handy. You should also review the statistics for the scarab beetle swarm and criosphinx located on page 10.

* * *

While exploring his territory in the Footprints of Rovagug (*Osirion, Legacy of Pharaohs 14*), the cruel criosphinx, Sevek-Reh discovered an unopened tomb, and learned it was the tomb of Alim-Benipe, a scholarly prince from Osirion's First Age. The hieroglyphs called Alim-Benipe a "master of riddles" and noted that he was buried with a scroll containing 123 unique riddles of his own design. Sevek-Reh decided to claim the scroll, so he could present it to a nearby gynosphinx as a gift to win her favor. However, after bashing down the tomb's entrance, the criosphinx realized he was too large to fit inside.

Sevek-Reh could not convince any of the desert's animals to help him retrieve the scroll, so he captured a traveling merchant and forced him to enter the tomb. The merchant failed to return. Sevek-reh heard screaming, so he assumed that the man was dead. The sphinx realized he needed adventurers to help him.

Sevek-Reh was too attached to his treasure hoard to pay adventurers, though, so he captured a lowly goatherd named Tefibi. When Tefibi's poor wife, Herit, came looking for him, Sevek-Reh ordered the terrified woman to go to the nearby city of Djeneg and find adventurers to perform a service for him. He hinted that he knew about a hidden treasure, though he didn't say where or what kind. Herit found the PCs, who were visiting Djeneg or traveling nearby. They were the first adventurers willing to help, and she has escorted them back to meet with Sevek-reh.

The adventure begins when the party arrives at Alim-Benipe's tomb site. The PCs must brave the dangers within and return with the scroll the sphinx desires. If they are clever, they may be able to save the poor goatherd and survive their encounter with a vicious and dangerous monster.

BEGIN READING ALOUD TO START THE ADVENTURE!

You have crossed the desert with Herit, the goatherd's wife, to help her save her poor husband, Tefibi. She claims that a terrible sphinx

with the head of a great ram has taken her husband. The beast demands that a group of brave adventurers attend him to perform a task. If they do not, the monster will eat Tefibi.

It is now mid-afternoon, and you find yourselves at your destination—a group of stones near a small hill between the town of Djeneg and the Barrier Wall Mountains. Before you can even look around, something big blots out the sun. A cloud of sand and dust fills the air, accompanied by the sound of large, beating wings.

The sphinx is a terrifying beast with the body of a lion, the wings of a falcon, and the head of a ram, with eyes that are filled with both sadness and cruelty. The creature regards Herit, waves a dismissive paw at her, and turns to address you.

"I see that the woman has brought 'saviors' as I instructed. Good. For the man's sake, I hope you are up to the task I have for you."

The sphinx immediately delivers his instructions: the PCs must enter the tomb of Prince Alim-Benipe and bring back a papyrus scroll in a jewel-encrusted case. The scroll contains a number of riddles, written in Ancient Osiriani. If they bring him this prize, he says, he will return the man to his wife.

If questioned, Sevek-Reh tells the PCs about his failed attempts to get the scroll. He needs people who are better equipped to survive and bring him what he wants. The PCs are not in much of a position to bargain with Sevek-Reh. Tefibi is hidden elsewhere, and they will not likely find him before it is too late.

If the PCs refuse him, the man will die. If the PCs are reluctant, the sphinx reminds them that the tomb must contain other treasures, hinting that the PCs might make themselves rich.

Development: If the PCs refuse to help the sphinx or start to make him angry, Herit steps in and begs them to help her. Even if the angry sphinx doesn't kill them all, she will become destitute without her husband. When they are ready to accept the sphinx's demands, Sevek-Reh shows the PCs a set of stairs leading below ground to a dark doorway.

THE TOMB OF ALIM-BENIPE

Prince Alim-Benipe's tomb is dark. Although there are sconces on the walls for torches, they are not lit. The PCs must bring their own light sources into the tomb. The walls and floor are made of tight-fitting sandstone blocks and covered in many images from Osirion's ancient past. Some of these images depict the prince speaking to a monstrous figure, a depiction of the demon lord Areshkagal.

The Passage (800 XP)

This short passage leads deeper into Alim-Benipe's Tomb.

The stairs end at a landing that opens up to a downward-sloping, 40-foot long passageway blocked by a 10-foot-square pit near the end. Piles of rubble lie on either side of the entrance that leads into the tomb proper. Other than the rubble, the passageway is in pristine condition, preserved from the elements for thousands of years. Several scarab beetles scuttle around the passageway.

Sevek-Reh destroyed the stone seal protecting this passageway and the tomb from the desert's harsh environment. Later, the hapless merchant entered against his will and found the tunnel's residents. He ran past the scarab swarm and escaped by narrowly avoiding the pit when it opened beneath him. He partially pried open the stone leading to the





tomb's antechamber with a crowbar. Unfortunately, he only got as far as the next room before he met his ultimate demise.

The tunnel slopes gently, descending a total of ten feet, and does not hinder movement.

Creature: When the last character steps past the rubble, scarab beetles pour out of the walls, forming a mass that fills a 10-foot square.

SCARAB SWARM (CR 3; XP 800)

hp 22 (*Wayfinder* #12 10)

TACTICS

During Combat The beetles chase the PCs deeper into the tomb, attacking any characters on the west side of the pit. They will not pursue characters climbing back up the stairs or those escaping to the other side of the pit.

Development: The scarab swarm disperses after 10 minutes but reforms immediately when a character reenters the passageway, even when they exit the tomb. Characters must jump over the pit (requiring a DC 10 Acrobatics check with a running start) or walk along narrow ledges jutting from the walls (DC 10 Acrobatics check). The pit is 40 feet deep and deals 4d6 points of damage to a character who falls into it. Since the merchant only pried the stone far enough to barely pass through, Medium creatures must squeeze to enter or leave the antechamber, and larger creatures cannot fit through at all.

The Antechamber (2,400 XP)

This mostly-unfurnished chamber holds a couple of hazards to turn away would-be tomb robbers.

walls of this room. Nothing has disturbed the items, which appear to be modest belongings of the tomb's occupant.

The antechamber's most striking feature is a trio of jackal-headed statues, two of which guard a brass door to the south, while the third stands directly across from the door.

The shelves contain some of Prince Alim-Benipe's basic household possessions. This random assortment of cloth, unguents, and baubles holds only historical value.

Creatures: The demon lord Areshkagal placed a single ghoul here as a guardian for his mortal servant's tomb. When the merchant fled into this room, the ravenous undead attacked. The merchant could not escape, and after he died, he, too, returned as a ghoul. The pair attack as soon as a character enters this room, working together now to protect the tomb.

GHOULS (2) (CR 1; XP 400 EACH)

hp 13 (*Game Master's Guide* 70)

TACTICS

During Combat The ghouls gang up on a strong character in order to swell their ranks.

Morale They fight until destroyed.

Treasure: The merchant carried a *campfire bead* in his pouch (*Game Master's Guide* 57).

Trap (CR 5): The room's other door is covered with brass polished to a bright sheen. It leads into the prince's burial chamber and is protected by a trap, which can be disarmed by reading aloud and answering a riddle engraved on the door's surface. Characters who understand Ancient Osiriani can easily translate the hieroglyphs.

Shelves filled with neatly arranged items line the east and west

Other characters can make a DC 20 Intelligence check to translate the hieroglyphs and read the riddle. Characters who understand modern Osiriani receive a +5 bonus on the ability check.

*"You can see nothing else
When you look in my face.
I will look you in the eye,
And I will never lie."*

The answer is "My reflection." Let the players try to work out the answer, but if they struggle or get frustrated, you can have a PC standing in front of the doorway make a DC 20 Intelligence check to notice that they can see themselves in the doorway, as though looking into a mirror. If they still cannot answer the riddle, they must make a Disable Device check to avoid the trap and open the door.

If the PCs trigger the trap, they hear a humming sound and their hair stands on end just before arcs of electricity leap from the three Anubis statues, damaging characters standing in a line between any two statues.

ENHANCED ELECTRICITY ARC TRAP (CR 5; XP 1,600)

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

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** automatic (1 hour); **Bypass**: riddle (see above)

Effect Electricity arc (4d6 electricity damage, DC 20 Reflex save for half damage); multiple targets (any targets in a line between two statues)

Development: If the PCs disarm the trap (either with a skill check or by answering the riddle), the door slides open easily, receding into the wall to reveal the room beyond. If they trigger the trap, the PCs must make a DC 30 Disable Device check or a DC 25 Strength check to force the mechanism to open the door and allow them to enter the burial chamber. The merchant's crowbar is still on the floor of this room and can help the PCs pry open the door. The electricity trap recharges and the trap resets after 1 hour.

Burial Chamber (1,600 XP or

3,200 XP)

This chamber holds the mortal remains of Prince Alim-Benipe.

A large sarcophagus rests atop a rectangular dais in the middle of this room. It is decorated with symbols, hieroglyphics, and other images, painted in bright greens, reds, and blues, and accented with black paint. Between the painted symbols you can see the glint of gold.

Behind the sarcophagus, a row of jars lines the wall. Each jar is topped with the head of a different animal. Against the

wall opposite the prince's head rests a table set with golden platters, cups, and pitchers covered with the dusty remains of rich foods.

The room also holds ancient bows, a shield and longsword, several baskets that may have once held fine fabrics, and various other items that a prince might need to keep him comfortable in the afterlife.

PCs inspecting the sarcophagus can attempt a DC 20 Knowledge (arcana) or Knowledge (religion) to recognize that, among the prayers to the Osirian gods, there are references and symbols associated with Areshkagal. Close inspection also reveals that the sarcophagus is made of stone and merely painted gold.

The prince's body lies beneath a thin shell that rests on top of the sarcophagus. He is wrapped in strips of linen dyed pitch black, a sign that the prince had somehow displeased the priests of his day.

Characters making a DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check know that the animal-headed jars are called canopic jars and contain the internal organs of the mummified prince.

Creature: If the PCs pick up any of the treasures in this room, the prince's body immediately lurches into unlife, breaks out of the sarcophagus, and rises from his resting place.

PRINCE ALIM-BENIPE, MUMMY (CR 5; XP 1,600)

hp 60 (*Gamemaster's Guide* 76)

OFFENSE

Melee (standard action) +1 *quarterstaff* +15 (1d6+11)

Melee (standard action) slam +14 (1d8+10 plus mummy rot)

TACTICS

During Combat At start of his first turn, Alim-Benipe's despair aura

fills the room. The mummy focuses his attacks on characters who picked up pieces of his treasure, starting with the ones closest to him. He holds his staff in one hand and makes slam attacks to infect intruders with mummy rot.

Morale Alim-Benipe fights to protect his treasures until his body is destroyed.

Trap: The door leading to the treasure chamber is trapped. Attempting to force open the door releases a portion of the ceiling that crushes anyone standing within the 10-foot square area nearest to the door. The trap mechanism is hidden behind the stone walls of the tomb and is difficult to locate. However, answering another riddle makes it much easier for the PCs to bypass the trap.

The PCs easily notice that hieroglyphs carved around the stone door's edges are dusted with a fine white powder to make them stand out. Translating the symbols reveals yet another riddle.

"I am the stone that flows through you.

I give life, but I also kill.



And when you die.

My power protects you while you journey to the afterlife.”

The answer is “salt.” Although clever players may quickly guess the answer, PCs may make a DC 20 Perception check to notice that the powder dusting the hieroglyphs is actually very finely ground salt. They can confirm this by tasting a small amount of the powder.

Speaking the answer in Ancient Osiriani does not open the door, but it causes a small portion of one of the hieroglyphs to collapse as a stream of salt pours out of it, revealing a small hole into which Osirian priests once inserted a special key. The key is lost, but the hole provides access to the falling block trap’s mechanism, reducing the Disable Device check DC to 20 for disarming the trap and opening the door.

FALLING BLOCK TRAP

(CR 5; XP 1,600)

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

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** manual; **Bypass**: riddle and key (see above)

Effect Attack +15 melee (6d6); multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft. square)

Treasure: The dishes on the table are made of gold. If melted down, the entire set is worth 750 gp. Osirionologists and collectors will pay 1,500 gp for the complete collection. Osirionologists will also pay 200 gp for the intact collection of canopic jars. The other items are too common and damaged by time to be of value.

Development: If the PCs cannot disarm the trap and open the door with a Disable Device check, they must make a DC 25 Strength check to open the door.

Treasure Chamber

The floor of this chamber is recessed five feet below the floor of the burial chamber. Herein lies the wealth that the ancient Osirians buried with Prince Alim-Benipe.

The millennia-old air of this room smells of dryness and faint decay but also carries a slight, metallic tang. A ramp descends to the room’s dust-covered floor, just in front of a gilded chariot decorated in bright colors. From every corner of the room, you catch tantalizing glints of gold.

Against one wall, a plinth rises a few feet off the ground. Atop the short column rests an ornate scroll case, trimmed with precious metals and brilliant gems.

Due to Alim-Benipe’s low standing in his family, there isn’t as much treasure to be found here as in other Osirian tombs. Most of the pots and other items in the chamber are covered with paint or just a thin layer of gold. Even the golden chariot is made to look grander than it actually is. The truth of this chamber’s “vast wealth” is easy to see once the PCs enter the room.

Treasure: Although the room’s contents don’t make up a legendary hoard, the items do have value, especially to historians and those who protect Osirion’s ancient treasures. The chariot is still worth 1,000 gp and the PCs can find jewelry and other items with a total value of 1,000 gp. The scroll case is worth 700 gp.

Development: If the PCs have not already angered him, Prince Alim-Benipe rises from his sarcophagus as soon as the PCs disturb the first treasure item. He focuses his attacks on any PC carrying the scroll.

Once the PCs have the scroll and defeat the mummy, they can return to the surface. If they believe that Sevek-Reh will double-cross them at their next meeting, they may wish to rest in the tomb overnight.

PART TWO

Bargaining with the Sphinx

The PCs must meet with Sevek-Reh, who has observed the site from the air, waiting for the PCs to exit the tomb. When he sees them, he flies to a nearby cave and retrieves the goatherd before returning to meet the PCs.

The sky is once again darkened by Sevek-Reh’s massive, winged form. He descends into the ruins, carrying a terrified, middle-aged man on his back. As soon as he lands he shrugs, tossing the man to the ground with a thud.

Herit runs to her husband, but the sphinx ignores them and turns to you. “You have my prize? Give it to me now.” He digs his sharp claws into the dirt, emphasizing their strength, then glances at the reunited couple, indicating they are within easy reach of those claws.

The PCs must decide if they are going give up the scroll. If they choose to fight Sevek-Reh and do not win initiative, the sphinx turns on Tefibi. He can easily kill the goatherd before facing the PCs.

If the PCs give him the scroll, first, Sevek-Reh pretends to be grateful while he sizes them up. If they look rested and ready to fight, he flies away. If they look tired and injured he first demands that they hand over all the treasure they have found. If they aren’t carrying any treasure from the tomb, he orders them to go back inside and get it for him. If they refuse, he attacks.

Creature: Sevek-Reh is a dangerous opponent, who uses his strength and his flying ability to great advantage.

SEVEK-REH, CRIOSPHINX

(CR 7; XP 3,200)

hp 85 (*Wayfinder* #12 10)

TACTICS

During Combat Sevek-Reh fights from the air, attacking with his swooping charge whenever he can. If the PCs take cover—for example, by moving to the stairs leading to the tomb—he lands and attacks from the ground.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

If Tefibi and Herit survive the encounter, award the party 1,200 XP. The couple invites the PCs to their home for a feast to celebrate their survival. After the feast, the PCs can return to Djeneg or another nearby town to tell the Osirian officials of their discovery and trade the items they found for gold. The discovery of Alim-Benipe’s tomb is of great interest to several scholars who may pay the PCs to guide them to the tomb and escort them safely inside.

If the PCs defeat Sevek-Reh, the PCs also become local heroes. Criosphinxes are known for hoarding treasure, as well, so Sevek-Reh’s death could start a race to find his lair. Having been the sphinx’s last hostage, Tefibi might be able to provide the PCs with clues to its location.

If you want to expand your game beyond the *Beginner Box* rules, you can use the events of this adventure as part of a larger campaign. Areshkagal harbors a grudge against the PCs for destroying Alim-Benipe’s mummy and may seek revenge through his other agents. Perhaps the riddles on the scroll are encoded to reveal the location of an even greater treasure. Or perhaps worshippers of Rovagug want to use the riddles to help free the mythic^{MA} hieracosphinx, Hephtethnet the Reaver, from his prison in the Tomb of the Bound Sphinx. (Hephtethnet’s statistics are provided on page 65.)



Beginner Box Conversions

Criosphinx And Scarab Beetle Swarm

By Paris Crenshaw and Mike "taig" Welham

Art by Danny "Gworeth" Krog and Dave Mallon



SPHINX, CRIOSPHINX NEUTRAL

A criosphinx has the wings of a bird, the body of a lion, and the head of a ram with sad, wise eyes. Criosphinxes dwell in hot deserts and dry hills, where they often stop travelers to demand payment for passage through their territory. They are not as smart as other sphinxes but use clever tricks to gather large amounts of treasure, which they covet greatly. If travelers cannot pay something of great value, they must instead offer a member of their party as food for the beast. Lone travelers are almost always eaten. Criosphinxes do not enjoy riddles themselves, but will seek out clever or difficult puzzles with which to impress gynosphinxes. Gynosphinxes, which are all females, are rarely interested in anything the brutish and less intelligent criosphinxes have to offer.

INITIATIVE +0 SPEED 30 FT., FLY 60 FT. CR 7 XP 3,200 HP 85



SENSES DARKVISION 60 FT. PERCEPTION +10

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 9, flat-footed 20
FORT +10, REF +7, WILL +4

OFFENSE

MELEE (standard action) claw +15 (1d6+6)

MELEE (move and standard action) 2 claws +15 (1d4+1 and grab); gore +16 (2d4+6/19-20)

SPECIAL ATTACKS swooping charge

SPELLS (caster level 10th)

Constant—speak with animals

STATISTICS

STR +6, DEX +0, CON +3, INT +1, WIS +1, CHA +0

FEATS Power Attack (-3 attack, +6 damage), Weapon Focus (gore)

SKILLS Bluff +10, Perception +10

ITEMS

EQUIPMENT none

TREASURE 5 Major Random Treasure rolls (Game Master's Guide, page 30)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

SWOOPING CHARGE A criosphinx can use its gore attack as part of a charge special action and deal 4d4+14 points of damage on a successful hit. If the criosphinx is flying, it can drop at least 20 feet in altitude as part of the charge and deal 6d4+18 points with its gore attack.

SPEAK WITH ANIMALS This constant spell effect allows the sphinx to ask questions of and receive answers from animals. This effect does not give him direct control over the animals, but he might be able to convince or threaten animals into performing a service for him.

SOURCE

Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 3

SCARAB SWARM NEUTRAL

This mass of iridescent blue-black insects emits a foul stench, and a faint chorus of thousands of clicking and clacking jaws can be heard from all sides. Scarab swarms are attracted to the pall of death that surrounds ancient desert tombs. The insects are covered in the filth that is their usual food supply. Those unfortunate enough to suffer bites from the creatures' sharp mandibles often contract filth fever. Those who disturb a scarab swarm or get in its way place themselves in grave danger.

INITIATIVE +0 SPEED 10 FT., CLIMB 10 CR 3 XP 800 HP 22
FT., FLY 20 FT.



SENSES DARKVISION 60 FT.

PERCEPTION +4

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 18, flat-footed 18

FORT +5, **REF** +1, **WILL** +1

SPECIAL DEFENSES mindless creature, swarm

OFFENSE

MELEE swarm (1d6 plus sickness and distraction)

SPECIAL ATTACKS distraction

STATISTICS

STR -5, **DEX** +0, **CON** +1, **INT** —, **WIS** +1, **CHA** -4

SKILLS Climb +8, Perception +4

ITEMS

EQUIPMENT none

TREASURE none

SPECIAL ABILITIES


SWARM A scarab swarm is made up of thousands of very small beetles. Swarms are immune to critical hits and take only half damage from slashing and piercing weapons. Reducing a swarm to 0 hit points or less causes it to break up; a swarm can never be staggered or dying. Swarms are immune to spells that target one or more specific individuals, but take half again as much damage (+50%) from spells or effects that affect an area, like the *burning hands* spell. Swarms deal automatic damage to any creature whose space they occupy at the end of their move with no attack roll needed.

DISTRACTION When a scarab swarm deals damage to a living creature, that creature must make a DC 13 Fort save or become nauseated for 1 round (*Gamemaster's Guide*, page 95).

SICKNESS When a scarab swarm damages a creature, that

creature must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or become sickened (*Gamemaster's Guide*, page 95). Each day after the first, the creature can attempt another DC 13 Fortitude save to remove the condition. Sickened creatures take a -2 penalty on attack rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks.

SOURCE

Pathfinder #79: The Half-Dead City. Author: Jim Groves. © 2014, Paizo Publishing. 



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Heroes' Hoard:

Bajaba's Beetles And Reeds

By Joe "Ignotus Advenium" Kondrak

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



Not far from the Great Library of Tephu, you'll find Bajaba's Beetles and Reeds, a small shop filled with papyrus sheets, reed pens, books, scrolls, and arcane paraphernalia. Inside and out, the shop is embellished with all manner of scarab beetles, from the designs on its colorful awning to the shape of its brass door handles. Bajaba Khepremkhep, the shop's white-haired proprietor, is a professional scribe and accomplished magician with ties to the Academy of Scribes where he trained as a youth. A Tephu native of Garundi descent, he is also an expert linguist, respected historian, and master craftsman. Friendly and talkative, particularly if the subject turns to Osirion's history or the virtues of Khepri, Bajaba is well known among Tephu's many students and clerks.

Patrons of Bajaba's Beetles and Reeds include scribes that come to buy the shop's excellent papyrus paper, scholars seeking translations of the nearby library's ancient texts, and spellcasters looking for new spells. The shop is popular with explorers and adventurers, too, for it is stocked with magic items well-suited to facing the undead horrors, foul vermin, and restless spirits that guard the region's many crypts.

Displayed throughout the shop in cabinets decorated with scarabs and hieroglyphs are dozens of articles crafted by Bajaba or one of his skilled associates. On rare occasions, the shop's collection includes a handful of relics recovered from one of Osirion's ancient burial sites.

Because of his interest in historical accuracy and his skill as a craftsman, many of Bajaba's creations could be mistaken for Osirian antiquities. However, unlike some merchants in the domain of the Ruby Prince, Bajaba would never misrepresent a replica as a genuine relic.

Here are some examples of the interesting items available at Bajaba's Beetles and Reeds:

BELT OF EMERALD SKULLS

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 7th

Slot belt; **Price** 13,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Adorned with 10 softly glowing emerald skulls, this belt grants

its wearer a +2 morale bonus on saving throws against spells and special abilities of undead creatures, and negates the effects of their ability drain, blood drain, and energy drain attacks. Upon negating such an attack, one of the belt's 10 skulls ceases to glow. When all 10 skulls have darkened, the belt crumbles and turns to dust, leaving behind 10 flawed emeralds worth 20 gp each.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *protection from evil*, *restoration*; **Cost** 6,500 gp

DJED PILLAR AMULET

Aura moderate abjuration; **CL** 6th

Slot neck; **Price** 5,500 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Attached to a silver chain, this solid gold amulet is cast in the shape of a djed pillar. Whenever its wearer is affected by a fear effect, she may attempt a new saving throw at the end of her turn each round to end that effect. Furthermore, once per day on command, the amulet grants its wearer an aura of courage that lasts for 1 minute. This aura is otherwise identical to the aura of a 3rd-level paladin.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *bless*, *remove fear*; **Cost** 2,750 gp

INVIGORATING SISTRUM

Aura moderate abjuration; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 7,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Up to three times per day, when shaken as a standard action, this iron rattle awakens sleeping creatures within a 30-foot

radius. Furthermore, allies of the shaker within this radius that are affected by a fear or paralysis effect may immediately attempt a new saving throw with a +4 morale bonus to end that effect.

A creature must be able to hear the sounds of an invigorating sistrum to benefit from its effects.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft

Wondrous Item, *freedom of movement*, *remove fear*, *sculpt sound*, creator must have 5 ranks in Perform (percussion); **Cost** 3,500 gp

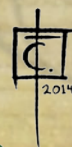
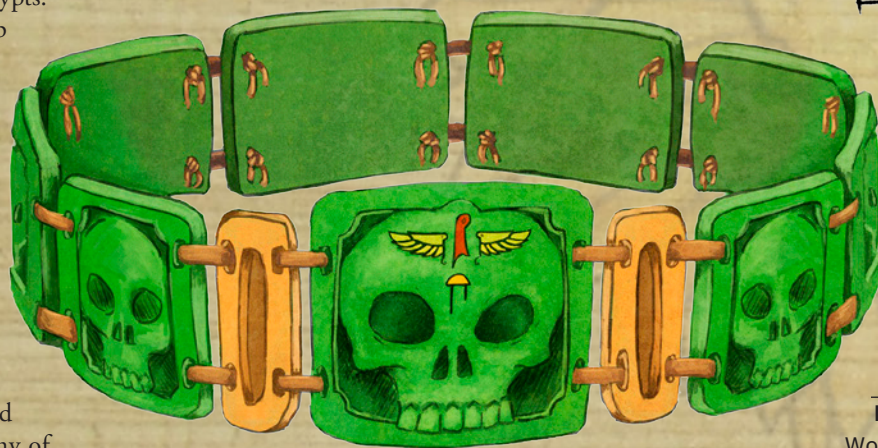
MENAT OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 6th

Slot neck or none; **Price** 7,500 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

When worn around the neck, a *menat of spiritual communion* forms a wide collar of silver feathers with a cylindrical counterweight hanging on its wearer's back. The *menat* grants its wearer a +2 morale bonus on saving throws against effects



created by haunts and incorporeal undead. Additionally, it allows her a chance to notice any haunt within her line of sight, whether or not the haunt has manifested. Donning the *menat* is a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity. Removing it is a move action that does not provoke attacks of opportunity.

When removed and held by its counterweight, a *menat of spiritual communion* functions as a percussion instrument and spiritual medium. Once per day, when shaken as a standard action within 10 feet of a haunt or incorporeal undead creature, an inscription describing the acts needed to permanently destroy that haunt or creature appears on the *menat*'s counterweight in a language its wielder can understand. This inscription is limited to 11 words.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *bless*, *detect undead*, *speak with dead*; **Cost** 3,750 gp

NEMES OF ULTIMATE AUTHORITY

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 11th
Slot head; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

The wearer of this magnificent striped headdress adds +1 to the DC of any saving throws of enchantment (compulsion) spells that she casts. Once per day, when casting a mind-affecting spell of the enchantment (compulsion) school, the *nemes* allows her to alter the spell so it can affect creatures immune to mind-affecting effects because of their creature type or intelligence score. When she uses this ability to cast a spell that targets one or more creatures that can hear her, those creatures automatically understand her for the duration of the spell.

The duration of any spell altered by a *nemes of ultimate authority* is limited to 1 round per caster level regardless of its listed duration.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, Spell Focus (enchantment), *command undead*, *comprehend languages*, *fox's cunning*; **Cost** 4,000 gp

PITCH BLOOD SCARAB

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 7th
Slot neck; **Price** 15,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This hematite cloak pin in the shape of a scarab beetle grants its wearer immunity to bleed effects and blood drain. Furthermore, creatures that damage her with a bite or swarm attack must immediately succeed at a DC 16 Fortitude save versus poison to avoid taking 1d3 points of Constitution damage.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *neutralize poison*, *poison*; **Cost** 7,500 gp

ROD OF FIERY VENGEANCE

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 9th
Slot none; **Price** 15,312 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Etched with glyphs of fire, this paddle-shaped iron rod strikes as a +1 *flaming heavy mace*. Once per day, when its holder takes hit point or ability damage, she may immediately designate her attacker as a target for revenge. The next time she successfully strikes the designated target with the *rod of fiery vengeance*, it deals an extra 4d6 points of fire damage. This ability remains in effect until the rod deals its extra fire damage or its holder designates a new target.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Rod, *fireball*; **Cost** 7,812 gp

ROD OF THE SHELTERING PALM

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 11th
Slot none; **Price** 14,000 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Capped on one end with a mace-like head of stylized dates and palm fronds, this thick wooden rod strikes as a +2 *heavy mace*. On command, the rod immediately elongates by 4 feet. In this form, it strikes as a +2 *heavy mace* with the reach special weapon feature, though it requires two hands to wield.

Once per day, as a standard action, when its holder plants the *rod of the sheltering palm* in the ground and speaks a second command word, it immediately transforms into a 10-foot-tall living palm tree. The tree's canopy shades a 10-foot square centered on its trunk (regardless of the sun's actual position), reducing the area's light level by one step. Furthermore, anyone under the canopy gains improved cover and concealment against attacks from above. The tree has a hardness of 10 and 60 hit points. When reduced to 0 hit points, it disappears, leaving behind the *rod of the sheltering palm*.

Regardless of its current form, speaking a third command word returns the rod to its original form.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Rod, *plant growth*; **Cost** 7,000 gp

SANCTIFIED LINEN GLOVES

Aura moderate necromancy [good]; **CL** 10th
Slot hands; **Price** 6,000 gp; **Weight** —

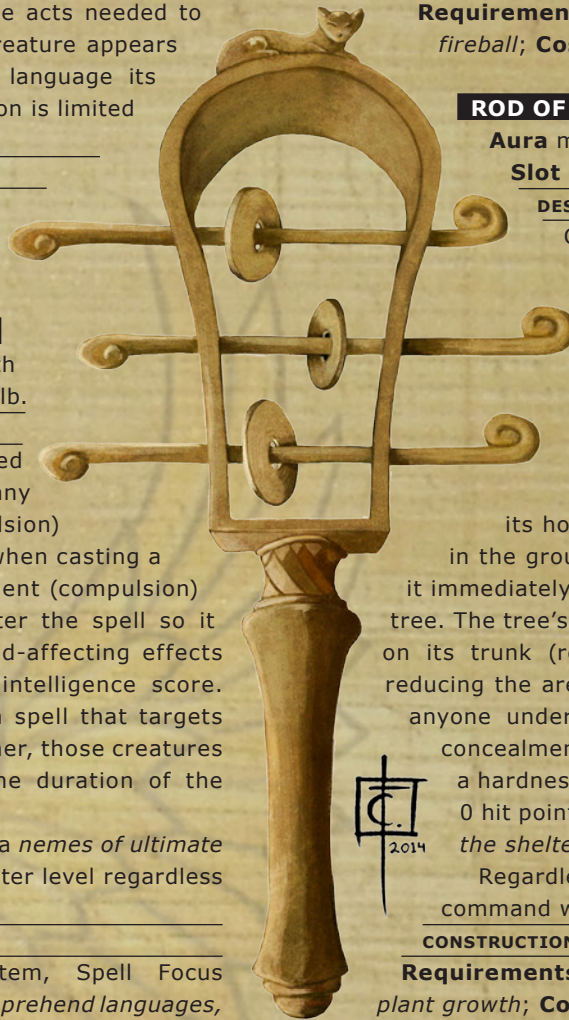
DESCRIPTION

The wearer of these blessed gloves may touch a single target when channeling positive energy instead of causing a burst. She must succeed at a melee touch attack to affect an unwilling creature. Upon touching her target, she rolls d10s instead of d6s to determine the amount of damage dealt or healed by her channeled energy.

If she fails to touch a creature at the time of channeling, the energy remains in the *sanctified linen gloves* as a held charge. Casting a spell with a range of touch, channeling energy, or removing the gloves causes the held charge to dissipate with no effect.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, Channel Smite; **Cost** 3,000 gp





Weal Or Woe:

The Fallen Pharaoh

By Jacob W. "Motteditor" Michaels

Art by Steve Wood



Forced into hiding by slave revolts fomented by agents of Kelesh's Padishah Empire almost 3,200 years ago, Pharaoh Menedes XXVI marked the end of the first great dynasty that ruled Osirion. In the centuries since, the Fallen Pharaoh was all but forgotten, until the Ruby Prince's decision to open the kingdom's borders to outsiders and delve into its ancient history stirred up new memories. Now rumors swirl across the desert sands, whispering that while Menedes was dethroned, his line didn't end. His descendants live on today and a growing number hunger to return them to their rightful place on the throne.

WEAL: DIHAK NIRATI

Dihak Nirati was happily ensconced in his home in Erekrus, where he had just begun his training to serve as an arbiter, deciding who deserved to be buried in the famed necropolis, when he first heard rumors about an heir to Osirion's original empire. His curiosity enflamed, he left home and began what has become a decade-long search, hoping to find if any of the righteous of that line deserve to rest among their ancestors.

A guileless young Pahmet dwarf, Dihak's goal is altruistic, his intent merely to correct what he fears may have been a historical injustice. However, some of the other historians he has collaborated with have been less sincere in their efforts. They belong to a shadowy group known as the Fallen Pharaoh Insurrection, a secretive group of nobles who hope to create a figurehead for a rebellion to benefit their own fortunes and political ambitions. Though Dihak knows nothing of the group and has no interest in its goals, he has become aware lately that others are interested in his research, and may in fact mean to harm himself and others. He will not let his fears deter him.

Voice brimming with sincerity, Dihak loves nothing more than to discuss history with anyone who's willing to listen, though often rambles as he enthusiastically veers from one esoteric topic to another. He wears his curly hair neatly trimmed to keep it out of his dark eyes, and his brown beard in a braid bound with gold cord. His clothes are utilitarian, often stained with ink and dirt, evidence of his focus on

his search over more earthly concerns.

Adventure Hooks:

- Dihak has come into possession of a map that may lead to the Pharaoh Menedes XXVI's ancient hiding place and asks the PCs to help him explore it, promising they can keep any treasures they find.
- Dihak believes one of the PCs is a descendant of Pharaoh Menedes XXVI and begins to pester him to learn more of his history. He also inadvertently lets the information slip to the Fallen Pharaoh Insurrection, which may take notice and hope to use the PC for its own purposes.

Boon

Dihak is an expert on ancient Osirion and can provide PCs with a great deal of information about the country's history. In addition, he can provide them with assurance of safe passage through Pahmet lands as long as they don't cause trouble.

DIHAK NIRATI

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male dwarf investigator (sleuth) 5 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide*)

LN Medium humanoid (dwarf)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14; (+4 armor, +2 Dex); +4 dodge vs. giants

hp 37 (5d8+10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +6, **Will** +4; +6 vs. poison, +2 vs. spells, and spell-like abilities

Defensive Abilities opportunistic evasion, trap sense +1

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk short sword +4 (1d6/19–20) or dagger +3 (1d4/19–20)

Ranged mwk shortbow +6 (1d6/x3)

Special Attacks studied combat, studied strike +1d6, +1 on attack rolls vs. against goblinoids and orc humanoids.

TACTICS

Before Combat Dihak prefers to avoid combat, but if he can't, he applies large scorpion venom to his short sword.

During Combat Dihak uses studied combat and studied strike on opponents, using opportunistic evasion when he can. He saves 1 luck point for his run like hell ability.

Morale If fighting alone, Dihak tries to escape combat, hitting and retreating whenever feasible, though he's a stalwart ally if with companions. If reduced to 6 hp, he offers to surrender and cries for mercy.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 15 (19 vs. bull rush, trip)

Feats Extra Inspiration^{ACG}, Inspired Strike^{ACG}, Skill Focus



(Knowledge [history])

Skills Bluff +6, Diplomacy +10, Disable Device +10, Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (local) +9, Knowledge (nobility) +9, Linguistics +7, Perception +8, Sense Motive +8, Stealth +6

Languages Ancient Osiriani, Common, Dwarven, Kelish, Osiriani, Polyglot

SQ daring, expanded inspiration, inspiration (1d6, 6/day), keen recollection, make it count, poison lore, quick study, run like hell, second chance, sleuth's initiative, sleuth's luck (2 luck points), trapfinding +2

Combat Gear daggers (2), large scorpion venom (2 doses) masterwork shortbow and 20 arrows, masterwork short sword, *potions of cure light wounds* (2), *potion of invisibility*; **Other Gear** +1 studded leather armor, masterwork thieves' tools

WOE: HADRASSA TSONT-NOFRE

While much of the Risen Guard is concerned with the governance of Osirion's armies and the immediate protection of the Ruby Prince and his family, others have a wider mandate. They sweep through the country, searching for potential threats to the Forthbringer dynasty and destroying them before they ever get a chance to do any harm. Among this group of hunters, Hadrassa Tsont-Nofre roams the Scorpion Coast with two Risen Guard companions, Nu Zybia and Memefer Sethosh. Both the Fallen Pharaoh Insurrection and less direct activities relating to Menedes XXVI would be considered serious threats.

Originally a member of the Eyes of Sothis, Hadrassa was killed while uncovering a group of zealot priests of Nephthys angry over the Ruby Prince's plan to open the country's borders. Despite suffering mortal wounds, she escaped, bringing warning to the Risen Guard with her last breath. As a reward, she was brought back to life and inducted into the elite guard.

She still bears marks of the wounds that caused her death, an arrow scar puckering her left cheek and a ridge of hard skin running down the right side of her face, just having missed her eye. Several blue ostrich feathers adorn the golden headband that holds her midnight-black hair off her face. As severe as the harsh desert wind, any sense of humor Hadrassa may once have had apparently died when she did. She is totally devoted to the Ruby Prince, and brooks no tolerance for any she suspects might intend him harm. The only thing inhibiting her from killing those she suspects of sedition is the desire to properly interrogate them to find

any potential collaborators.

Adventure Hooks:

- Hadrassa has captured a scholar or merchant the PCs are friends with and plans to torture her to discover her conspiracy against the Ruby Prince unless the PCs can find some way to free her.
- Hadrassa has enlisted the city guards to surround the inn where the PCs are staying, responding to reports it's a hotbed of intrigue involving the Fallen Pharaoh Insurrection.

Drawback

Hadrassa's position in the Risen Guard gives her words a great weight with Osirian authorities. If she believes the PCs are acting against the best interests of the Ruby Prince, she can alert guards in cities the PCs visit, causing actions anywhere from merely greater observation—making any potential illegal activities that much harder—to having them arrested on sight and thrown in prison until Hadrassa returns to deal with them.

HADRASSA TSONT-NOFRE

CR 6

XP 2,400

Female human slayer 7 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide*)

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 12, flat-footed 18; (+8 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 57 (7d10+14)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *falchion* +11/+6 (2d4+3/18–20)

Ranged mwk composite shortbow +10/+5 (1d6+3/x3)

Special Attacks slowing strike, sneak attack +2d6, studied target (2) +2

TACTICS

Before Combat Hadrassa drinks her *elixir of hiding* before she heads to confrontations with her enemies.

During Combat Hadrassa prefers to open combat with her bow and her sneak attack ability before switching to her sword and flanking with her companions.

Morale Having already been brought back from death once and being a zealous servant of the Ruby Prince, Hadrassa fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8


Base Atk +7; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 23

Feats Alertness, Extra Slayer Talent^{ACG}, Precise Shot, Ranged Study^{ACG} (shortbow), Step Up, Weapon Focus (shortbow)

Skills Acrobatics +7, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (local) +10, Linguistics +2, Perception +13, Sense Motive +13, Stealth +9, Survival +11

Languages Ancient Osiriani, Common, Osiriani

SQ hard to fool^{APG}(2/day), deadly range, ranger combat style (archery), stalker, track +3

Combat Gear +1 *falchion*, masterwork composite shortbow (+3 Str), *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 buckler, *elixir of hiding*, *elixir of truth*, +1 scale mail 





The Binding Blades Of Osirion

By Aaron "Gideon Black" Filipowich

Art by Andrew DeFelice



This is a re-envisioning of the Osiriani Blade Binding attack option and remodeling of the Osirian khopesh (Pathfinder Chronicles Campaign Setting, pages 119 and 209) to fit the Pathfinder RPG system.

The Osirians designed the blade binding technique as a counter to the fast-moving Keleshite skirmish style. Their hit-and-run tactics disorganized the orderly ranks of Osirian soldiers, and this combat maneuver forced their combatants into face-to-face confrontations. Scholars believe Akhentepi of Wati created the style in 2437 AR, and created it to capitalize on the curved blade of a khopesh.

The combat maneuver works with any melee weapon, but is most effective with the khopesh and other tripping weapons. The maneuver involves twisting your weapon with your opponent's (for example, sword guards or halberds hooked onto a mace haft) and locking them together. Once locked, this forces the opponent's weapon into a grappled condition and improves the chances of disarming or sundering the bound weapon. When using this combat maneuver, the blade binder usually attacks with an off-hand or secondary weapon.

COMBAT MANEUVER: BLADE BIND

You can blade bind in place of a melee attack, but not as part of a charge. Attempting to blade bind an opponent provokes an attack of opportunity. If your attack is successful, both your attacking weapon and your target's weapon are bound. Using any weapon with the trip weapon quality provides a +2 bonus to CMB.

A bound weapon cannot be used to make attacks, nor does it allow its wielder to threaten any space. A bound weapon can be freed with a successful combat maneuver check (DC equal to your opponent's CMD; and does not provoke an attack of opportunity), or can be dropped as a free action. Unless one of the bound weapons is freed or dropped, neither opponent can move beyond the other's reach. The initiator of the maneuver may end the bind as a free action. If he attempts to disarm his opponent or sunder the bound weapon, he receives a +2 bonus to his CMB and the damage roll of the sunder attempt.

NEW FEATS

Improved Blade Bind (Combat)

You are skilled at blade binding your opponent's weapons.

Prerequisites: Int 13, Combat Expertise.

Benefit: You do not provoke attacks of opportunity when performing a blade bind combat maneuver and receive a +2 bonus on checks made to blade bind an opponent. You also receive a +2 bonus to your CMD whenever an opponent tries to bind your weapon.

Normal: You provoke attacks of opportunity when performing a blade bind combat maneuver.

Greater Blade Bind (Combat)

You quickly take advantage of a blade bound opponent.

Prerequisites: Combat Expertise, Improved Blade Bind, base attack bonus +6, Int 13.

Benefit: You receive a +2 bonus on checks made to blade bind an opponent. This bonus stacks with the bonus granted by Improved Blade Bind. Whenever you successfully blade bind an opponent, as a free action you may make a melee attack with any other weapon you possess that threatens your opponent.



NEW REGIONAL TRAIT: FAMILIAR CURVE (OSIRION)

You grew up watching others wield a khopesh. The feel of a khopesh is so natural that a straight bladed sword seems clumsy in your hands. You are proficient with the khopesh but take a -1 penalty to attacks with bastard swords, greatswords, longswords, and other straight-bladed weapons of the heavy blades group. When you attempt a blade bind combat maneuver with a khopesh, you receive a +1 bonus to CMB.

Great Khopesh: Rarely, the strongest of Osiriani use a great khopesh. Desert nomads and barbarians are more likely to be seen carrying them, but members of the Risen Guard have also trained with it. Believed to be one of Sobek's creations, it is as vicious as the god himself. The weapon resembles an oversized khopesh, but cleaves more like an axe. The great khopesh's blade extends straight from the hilt for 2 feet, then curves for the last 2 feet. Due to its curved blade, it is ideally suited to both trip and blade bind combat maneuvers. If you are tripped during your own trip attempt, you can drop the weapon to avoid being tripped.

The blade's curve grants it a +2 bonus to CMB for blade bind attempts.

Table 12-1: Exotic Weapons

Two-handed Melee Weapons	Cost	DMG (S)	DMG (M)	Critical Range	Weight	Type	Special
Great khopesh	24 gp	1d8	1d10	19-20/x3	12 lbs.	S	Trip

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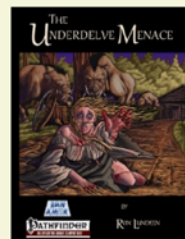


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The Wasp And The Mantis

By Neil Spicer

Art by Liz "Lilith" Courts



This story is a continuation of "The Sting of Betrayal" printed in *Wayfinder* #10.

"Sold! To Arbetin Pale, most honorable Blood Lord of Geb..."

Ashallah masked her disappointment as she applauded alongside the other bidders, smiling her reassurance for Lord Dahlby, the Taldan emissary she'd seduced into taking her to the exclusive auction house in Sothis. Of course, the possessive hold the diplomat kept on her waist made it clear he cared about a different kind of prize than the brokerage of artifacts recovered from Osirian's tombs. While Ashallah might ordinarily share his ardor, she had eyes for something more compelling: a large, blue sapphire mounted on an Osirian scepter. It looked like a gaudy bit of decoration to the uninitiated, a somewhat out-of-place affectation even for a pharaoh of old. But to Ashallah, and those who shared her line of work, she recognized it as a Star of Nex; the same powerful stone she'd spent the last several weeks chasing across the Inner Sea.

Her colleague and fellow-spy, a man named Volaeri, had stolen it from Absalom's vault. The stone served as a conduit to an interplanar storehouse of arcane secrets, and it held obvious value to all manner of would-be collectors. More information had come to light regarding Volaeri's true motives as Ashallah hunted him. In Katapesh, Ashallah had discovered his service to Absalom was a ruse from the start, the means to an end where he'd make a fortune on the black market at their expense; for whom and to what purpose, she had yet to determine. Volaeri left a trap for those following him, one she'd blundered into, ready to slay everyone who'd given him aid. She barely escaped his allies, but the experience had opened her eyes and focused her resolve in taking back his prize. The long voyage to Sothis had given her time to prepare an alternate plan, something more subtle than the impetuous approach which nearly ruined her chance for revenge.

Unfortunately, the auction didn't play out like she'd expected. The winning bid was a sum no one could match, a sure sign of Geb's commitment to securing the Nexian artifact which once belonged to their ancient enemy. Volaeri and his brokers had wisely invited them. The master spy had no doubt alerted them to the stone's true value and then put it on the auction block to fetch a higher price than direct negotiations would achieve. Ashallah's contacts in Sothis had tipped her off to his ruse, and she'd made preparations to buy back the gem for her countrymen. She set up Lord Dahlby as an unwitting bidder eager to procure the stone as a gift for his paramour, none other than Ashallah herself. But the Blood Lord had driven the price higher than she'd thought possible, and it put the meager allotment from Absalom, which she'd secretly funneled to Dahlby's purse, to shame.

'We'll have to do this the hard way,' Ashallah whispered under her breath. She counted on the arcane spell cast by Mylan, her mercenary partner, to carry her message to his ears. She had a long history with the halfling ex-slave, and she'd hired him to shadow her in case things

went awry. That contingency seemed like a smart investment now.

'That was my favorite approach anyway.' Mylan's voice sounded so close it raised goosebumps on the back of her neck. *'It'll be more fun.'*

'You still have eyes on Volaeri?' She asked, her voice muffled by the myriad conversations around her as the crowd sought refreshment from slave-attended tables.

'He's outside the hall. Probably counting his money.'

'Any indication he's marked me yet?'

'Nope. That Osirian get-up even had me fooled until you nudged me on your way in. Where'd you get that wig anyway?'

'From a museum in Taldor.'

'They certainly love collecting things from other cultures. I guess that includes all these artifacts the grave robbers dug up.'

Ashallah withheld her reply as she already felt guilty for lying to Mylan. She'd fed him the story that the Star was an Osirian relic, something Absalom wanted to secure rather than have it fall into someone else's hands. The fact that she'd arranged for a Taldan to buy it challenged that supposition, but she'd also led Mylan to believe it would be far easier to dupe Lord Dahlby after the auction than it would to take the Star from another buyer.

'We still targeting the turncoat or just the rock?'

'Both. Volaeri gets his due, but we get the Star first. You tail him for now. I'll need updates on his position, but keep your distance. He'll ghost if we make our play too soon.'

'I know my business. You stick to yours.'

* * *

Ashallah lowered Dahlby to the ground. His unconscious body was limp in her arms from the sleep poison she'd applied over the wax on her lips. She left him leaning against the chiseled statue of a minotaur hobbled before an Osirian queen in a garden outside the auction house. She wished him no ill will. After all, he'd proven so useful getting her into the invitation-only auction house as a guest. And if the bidding had gone their way, she'd have enjoyed spending time with him before stealing the Star and returning to Absalom. Nevertheless, her duty and current circumstances called for leaving Dahlby behind. She just hoped no further trouble befell him after she and Mylan fled Osirion.

Back at the compound's outer wall, she removed her sandals and offered a brief prayer to Calistria. If the Savored Sting blessed her tonight, she'd have her vengeance on Volaeri, abscond with the Star, and put herself in fine standing with her overseers back in Absalom. Surely the goddess of trickery could smile on that?

Climbing the second story terrace without a rope took the priestess longer than she'd have liked, but the tight gown she'd worn for the auction supplied a different need. Aside from capturing Dahlby's imagination, it included three long needles magically hidden in each arm, all poisoned with the same venom from her lips. As she crested the terrace, she sent one of them streaking into a guard's neck with a flick of her wrist. He uttered a soft gasp of surprise before his eyes rolled back and he collapsed to the ground. His helmet struck the landing with a dull clang.

Ashallah swiftly moved past him into the building's shadows before the next guard came to investigate the noise. She closed on the newcomer as he knelt to examine his fallen comrade and drove another needle into his back. He whirled as he felt its sting, but Ashallah slipped under his feeble strike and grappled him to the ground until the venom took hold. She checked the first man for a pulse and confirmed that he lived. She had no desire to anger the Ruby Prince by slaying guardsmen in pursuit of their assigned duty. She readjusted her straight-cut wig to maintain her disguise and then located the door to the upper hall. From here, it wouldn't be as easy.

Her needles would have little effect on the Blood Lord and his undead attendants, though she expected the Osirian brokers would present reasonable targets if they stood in her way. Both parties should be somewhere inside as they completed the exchange for the Star. If her luck held, she might avoid violence altogether.

Fortunately, Ashallah had already met Blood Lord Pale and his ever-attentive zombie servants when she and Dahlby had mingled with the other buyers ahead of the auction. The zombies were repulsive creatures, utterly loyal and implacable, but disturbingly emotionless; a different kind of slave, perhaps, but one which Ashallah had no time to liberate. Instead, she could only rely on them to be true to their nature.

Creeping along the corridors of the upper hall, she intentionally sought them out. She divined their location by following the strong scent of spices used to preserve and perfume their decayed flesh. She finally found them all huddled in the back of an antechamber overlooking the crowded auction hall. Volaeiri's brokers had led Pale to an adjoining room just beyond, and now the zombies waited for him to complete the transfer of the Star's ownership.

It presented the perfect opportunity.

Ashallah's training in Calistria's faith had taught her several prayers and divine spells she could call upon while serving Absalom. The one she used now dropped a veil of illusion over her outward form and allowed her to blend in with the Blood Lord's attendants. Her decadent gown shifted to match the same black Gebbite garb as the zombies, while her toned flesh took on their grayish pallor and her eyes turned milk-white as the dead. With the transformation complete, she shuffled into the antechamber and mimicked the same awkward gait the zombies displayed when Pale first brought them through the auction house. Three of the mindless creatures turned to regard her entrance, but they made no move to exclude her from the pack or even

warn their master. Incapable of independent thought, they'd silently accept her presence until Pale realized an imposter stood among them and directed them to attack.

A few, nervous minutes passed while Ashallah waited. Paranoia played at the back of her mind, but she pressed herself to remain still and patient. She breathed as shallowly as possible to avoid giving away her presence. It also helped keep down the nausea building in the pit of her stomach. Despite the perfumed spice in the air, she could still smell the underlying decay of the undead and knew full well she'd permanently join them if discovered. Part of her wondered how Mylan fared, but she dared not send an arcane whisper his way while standing alongside the silent zombies awaiting their master.

After what seemed an eternity, Blood Lord Pale and the Osirian brokers emerged from the adjoining room. He clutched the scepter with the Star of Nex in his hand while exchanging last-minute pleasantries with his hosts. The wiry man had the appearance of the living, but no one knew for certain if blood still coursed through his veins. Ashallah wondered if he had similar magic masking his true form. She'd heard many of Geb's Blood Lords were mages and necromancers before they turned to vampirism, lichdom, or the taint of ghouls to extend their lives. Unlike zombies, such creatures retained their full intellect. It allowed them to master arcane secrets over centuries of study fueled by magic and their unrestrained bloodlust. The priestess's heart beat a little faster at the sight of such a dangerous adversary, and she could only hope his unnatural senses would fail to perceive her.

"You!"

The outburst startled Ashallah so thoroughly she nearly gave herself away by flinching. But the Blood Lord thankfully addressed a different zombie as he handed over the scepter.

"You will carry this and guard it with your life."

Ashallah watched the exchange with a small measure of envy. It



would have made things so much easier if Pale had given her the scepter instead, but such close scrutiny might have allowed him to see through her disguise.

"The rest of you!"

Ashallah hesitated only a moment as the other zombies stirred to their master's bidding. She did her best to move with them to sustain her ruse.

"March around your brother and defend him from any threat."

The Blood Lord bowed once more to the Osirians and then swept past Ashallah on his way to the door.

"Follow," he called, and she moved with the other zombies as they pressed around her and the scepter-bearer.

* * *

The attack came so swiftly it took Ashallah and the Blood Lord by surprise. They'd made their way to street level, still within sight of the auction house and the glow of its external oil lamps, when a flash of divine energy washed over them. Ashallah recognized it instantly as the power most priests wielded against the undead, but it held an intensity that far outstripped her own ability. The holy fire ripped away the animating force in the zombies and instantly turned them to ash. Even Blood Lord Pale staggered under the assault. He dropped to one knee as his skin darkened and smoldered before her eyes. Ashallah stood unharmed in the aftermath and stared down at the scepter with the Star of Nex at her feet.

"Today you die twice, Gebbite!"

The voice spoke with a Nexian accent that tugged at her memory. Streaks of arcane energy leapt from the shadows and lit up the darkness as it hammered into the Blood Lord. Ashallah shielded her eyes against the glare and processed details as rapidly as her training allowed. She saw a robed priest bearing the spiral insignia of Pharama, a trio of armed guards in Nexian armor, a Garundi wizard who likely hailed from Nex, and the familiar face of Narlaguut Haraxis. The latter she'd met in Katapesh while prisoner at the estate of Volaeri's partner, Omar. Ashallah thought she'd left them both for dead, but Haraxis had obviously followed after her and Volaeri.

She gazed down at Pale. The Gebbite's lips had parted, revealing fangs a python would envy. *Vampire*. The word came unbidden to Ashallah's mind and Pale immediately looked her way as if seeing her for the first time. He no doubt wondered how a lone zombie had survived the onslaught which had weakened him, but the approaching Nexians intent on finishing him off were more important.

Before the Blood Lord could stop her, Ashallah reached down and snatched the Osirian scepter with the Star of Nex. A prayer for protection tumbled from her lips and Calistria favored her with a spell of invisibility. Ashallah had prepared this escape for the moment she had the Star in hand. Her last image of the raging battle was the angry visage of the Blood Lord as he fought off Haraxis's men and sought her among the shadows.

* * *

It took Ashallah nearly an hour to find Mylan. The halfling's communication spell had long since worn away, and she had no other method of contacting him. She faced the likelihood that Blood Lord Pale or Haraxis chased her now that she'd stolen the Star out from under them, so she'd taken a longer route back to the auction house. She made sure to cast another spell to ward off unwanted divinations targeting her or the stone. All that remained was to rejoin Mylan, take her revenge on Volaeri, and return triumphantly to Absalom.

Then she saw the blood.

It was only a trace amount in the foyer outside the main auction hall, but definitely fresh, and not something easily noticeable to the untrained eye. She saw no sign of the halfling, but knew in her heart



The holy fire ripped away the animating force in the zombies and instantly turned them to ash. Even Blood Lord Pale staggered under the assault.



something had befallen him. She followed the blood trail through the outer hall and to the rear of the building. Emerging in an alley, she found Mylan slumped against a stone wall separating the street from a row of slave tenements across the way.

"Mylan!"

It took him a moment to raise his head and focus on her face.

"What happened?"

"Sorry, 'Shallah." He lifted a small, bloodied hand from his side. "The turncoat had backup. Just like you. I was watching him, but they were watching me."

Ashallah placed her hand against his side and called on Calistria's aid once more. She filled her tiny partner with healing energy. It wasn't much, barely enough to ease his pain, but she hoped it would keep him alive.

"Who were they?" she asked.

"Mantis."

Ashallah's blood ran cold.

"Red Mantis?"

"I don't know any other in our line of work."

She sat back on her heels and scanned the wall for any sign of Mylan's attackers. She crept forward and peered into the slave tenements beyond to assure herself none remained behind. After all, Mantis agents had a knack for assassination, and they often lured victims to their doom by baiting them with injuries to their closest friends or family.


"They left you here? Why not finish the job?"

"I'm happy they didn't, thank you very much. But they wanted to deliver a message."

"What message?"

"It's from Volaeri. He said the Star was a gift. From him to you. A parting gift for someone he respects. He said he has what he needed from it, and chasing after him will only lead to death, because he won't hesitate to kill you if you keep after him." Mylan grabbed her arm and pulled her close. "If he's Mantis, 'Shallah, I believe him. You need to let it go. Let *him* go. We got what your masters want. We drop this and get on with our lives."

Ashallah sat down beside him and was silent for several moments.

"It doesn't work that way," she finally replied. "Even if Volaeri *is* Mantis, he bleeds like any other. His warning is a sign of fear. He's afraid of what I'll do when I catch up to him. And he should be. Because, as frightful as the Mantis can be, it pales in comparison to an avenging maiden of Calistria." 



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Osirian Fashion

By Kat "fashion goblin" Evans

Art by Catherine Batka



Osirian is one of the oldest nations of the Inner Sea, its culture steeped in rich tradition. It has a long history in textile technology, but its style evolved more slowly than it does in other cultures. The current styles differ only slightly from older, more traditional styles, and an examination of Ancient Osirian art reveals few differences from current modes of dress. As with all cultures, climate, available materials, and other factors have had a strong influence on Osirian clothing and style. The hot, dry environment of the desert has as much influence on current fashion as the latest creations coming from the leading designers in Wati.

The most commonly used fabrics are linen and cotton, though linen is historically more important than cotton. Linen is easy to cultivate in the fertile areas refreshed by annual inundation of the River Sphinx. The city of An produces the majority of Osirian linen, cultivating and spinning it before shipping the yarn to Wati for weaving and garment production. Cotton production has also increased around Ipeq. A small amount of wool is produced by goats on the Outer Farms outside Wati, but the fiber is not extensively cultivated since wool clothing and blankets are not ideal for the climate. Much of the wool used is imported from other nations.

Both linen and cotton have characteristics that make them excellent choices for clothes in the Osirian climate. They are light, cool, and easy to launder. Linen has several advantages over cotton. It becomes softer the more it is washed and is easier to produce in the river's inundation. Artisans long ago developed techniques for spinning and weaving linen into fabric so fine it is almost transparent. Such fabric was reserved for luxury goods because it was expensive to produce and too weak to withstand daily use.

While the natural, light brown color is the most common, linen was often bleached to a bright white through frequent laundering and exposure to the sun. Ancient Osirians made up for this uniformity of color by adding belts and large pieces of jewelry crafted from brightly colored metal, beads, and gems. One of the biggest changes between ancient and modern Osirian clothes is the increased use of bright, dark, and saturated colors. This is due to the discovery of more color-fast dyes. Some are alchemical in nature, and some are natural, such as the purple-red developed by The Rising Phoenix dye works in Wati.

Historically, Osirian garments were made from a simple rectangle of cloth. Ancient looms produced a set width of fabric. The fabric was not cut narrower because doing so would increase fraying and shorten the life of the garment. The garment was shaped by gathering or finely pleating the cloth. It was held in place by a belt and could be starched (or later sewn) to make the pleats permanent. These lightweight pleated garments became the most recognizable feature of Osirian fashion. The two most common are the shenti and the kalasiris. A shenti is a rectangle of pleated fabric wrapped around the waist, tied or belted in the front, and falling to the knees. A kalasiris is a long sheath dress attached with straps over the shoulders.

Wigs and makeup are worn extensively by all genders.

The ancient Osirians often shaved their heads and wore elaborate wigs made from human or animal hair. This custom continues, but wigs are not worn as frequently, so a bald head is a frequent sight. Extensive eye makeup, made from kohl, accentuates the eyes visually and reduces the sun's glare for the wearer.

Style is more eclectic in the large cities like Wati and Sothis. When the Ruby Pharaoh opened the tombs to foreign explorers, fashion—both Osirian and non-Osirian—was affected. The influx of foreigners brought their local styles to the region. The excitement over the new discoveries also spurred a broader interest in all things Osirian. Since the opening of the tombs, Osirian motifs have become popular in both art and fashion around the Inner Sea. The lily motif is particularly common.

After 9,000 years, Osirian fashion still reflects the clothing of the earliest Osirians. The bright white linen garments are as appropriate in the bustling markets of Wati as they are in the paintings found in ancient tombs.





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'Ela Mesar Alheyah

(On The Path Of Life)

A Tile And Board Strategy Game

For 2 Players

By Dain "zylphryx" Nielsen

Art by Alex "Canada Guy" Moore



"Life is a game to which we learn the rules as we go."
- Ishaq Narwishi, priest of Hathor, -2914 AR

'ela mesar alleyah is an ancient game, said to predate the founding of Osirion itself. The game is said to symbolize the Path of Life, from birth to death. The object is to be the first player to remove all his pieces from the board, representing the completed passage along the Path of Life.

The boards for 'ela mesar alleyah can be fairly plain wooden boards or elaborately carved wood or stone boards. The fact that players of widely divergent social standing can be found playing against one another in the *qa'eh alal'eab* (gaming halls) speaks volumes of the game's unifying capacity.

Players begin with five pieces on the first row of the board, alternating pieces along the row. The player who goes first is in the back position for initial placement of the pieces.

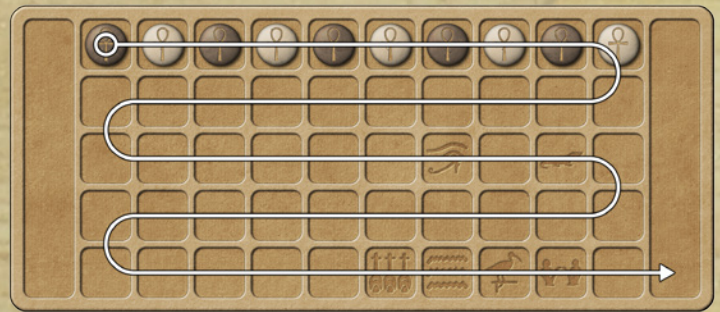
There are 72 playing tiles, with three areas containing either a scarab, one sun, two suns, or three suns (with a value of double, one, two, and three, respectively). Of these tiles, 24 of them have an ankh in the center of the tile. The playing tiles are placed face down next to the board and each player selects five tiles. The second player draws a sixth tile and places it face up to begin the game.

Tiles may be placed adjacent to any tile or tiles as long as all connecting symbols match. If a tile is placed adjacent to only one tile, the player may move one piece the combined total of the number of matched suns on the tile he placed. If a tile is placed adjacent to two or three tiles, the player may move two or three pieces, respectively, one per matched side and for that side's combined total of matched suns. If a player is unable to place a tile, he must draw additional tiles until he has a tile he may place.

For example, a player places a tile adjacent to two tiles. The two matched sides are two suns/scarab and two suns/three suns. The player may move two of his pieces; one moves four spaces (for the two suns/scarab) and one moves five spaces (for the two suns/three suns). Should a player make a scarab/scarab match, the player may move one piece six spaces.

If a placed tile has an ankh in the center, the player may place a second tile after he resolves the movement from the first tile. There is no limit to the number of ankh tiles a player may place in a turn.

Movement along the board is as depicted in the image below:



Should a player move a piece into a space occupied by one of his opponent's pieces, the two pieces exchange places. There are a few exceptions to this, however.


If a player has two pieces adjacent to one another, those pieces are considered safe and block the player's opponent from landing in either of those two squares. These pieces may be bypassed if he has enough movement to do so.

If a player has three or more pieces in consecutive spaces, those pieces act as a block to his opponent's pieces. His opponent cannot bypass those pieces as long as there are three or more pieces in connected spaces.

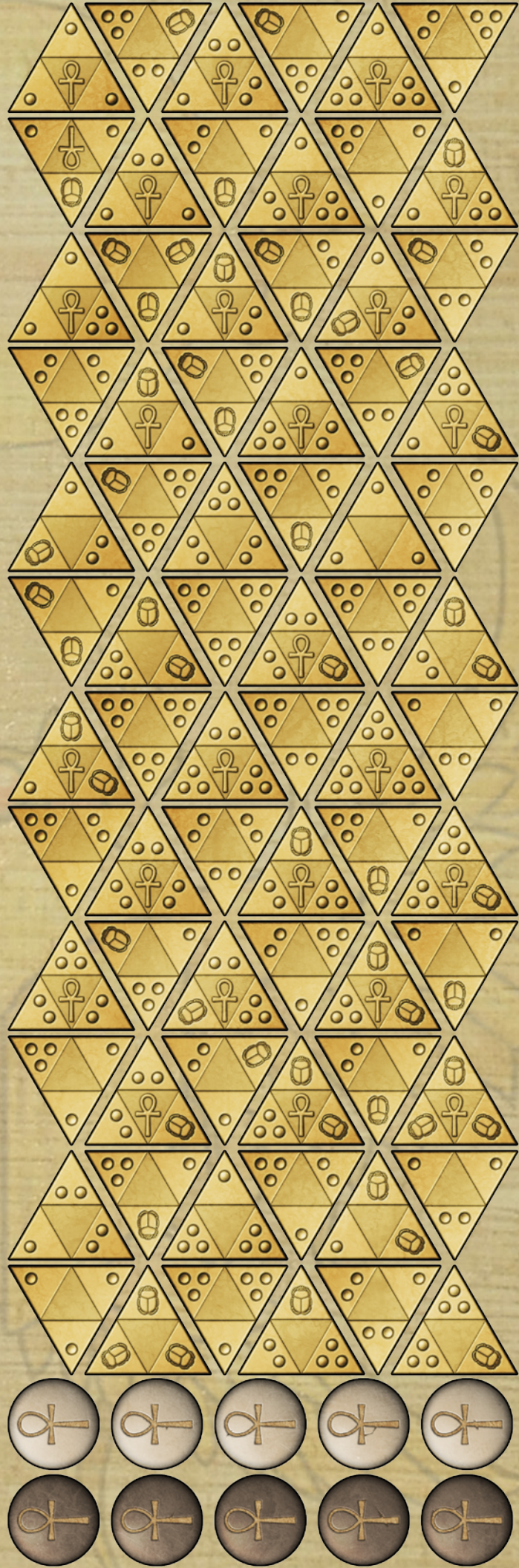
There are several spaces containing symbols. The eye, the ibis, the players, and the instruments are all safe squares, protecting any piece in it as if there was one adjacent piece.

The other two symbols move any piece landing on it back on the board. A piece landing on the river symbol moves back to the fifth square in the third row. A piece landing on the crocodile moves back to the fifth square in the first row. If the square to which the piece is moving back is occupied, it is instead moved back to the fourth square and so on, until an empty square is available.

If a player has no available moves he loses the movement gained from the placed tile.

Pieces may not be removed from the board until all of a player's pieces are on the fourth or fifth row. Any movement which would move a piece beyond the final square of the fifth row will remove an eligible piece from the row. 







Servile Shabti

Osirian Funerary Relics

By Jeff Lee and Dawn Fischer

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



Crafted to serve in the afterlife in place of the dead with whom they are buried, shabti are also used by magicians and priests for their own ends in the land of the living. Shabti figurines can be crafted from a variety of materials including terracotta (clay), faience (glazed earthenware), turquoise, and even wood or wax; and were originally intended to be placed by the dozens or even hundreds in the tombs of nobility and the wealthy.

The shabtis' chief purpose was to provide replacement servants to work in the fields of Osiris in lieu of their owners, who considered themselves too important to work, even for the Gods. As the afterlife became more accessible to the lesser nobles and common folk of Sothis, the demand for shabtis rose. From expensive figures made of turquoise, amber, or highly decorated clay for the wealthy of Sothis to the mass-produced figures of lesser clay or wax crafted for the middle class, artisans could not craft these items fast enough to keep up with demand.

As mortals attempted to duplicate the first shabti for use in their day-to-day lives, as well as the afterlife, they began to add various magical enhancements to the statues. Eventually, craftsmen established several basic enchantments, creating standard shabti for those who could afford them. Of course this also meant that proper shabtis had to be enchanted by both an arcane caster as well as a representative of one of the major deities involved in the afterlife. Priests of Anubis, Ma'at, Osiris, and Ra were the most common, though work from servants of other deities was not unheard of.

False shabtis exist, perhaps created by unscrupulous clay artisans or arcane casters interested only in monetary benefits and not the fate of the purchaser's soul in the afterlife. These false figures may be distinguished from the true shabti by the skills of one able to detect magical residues. Few poor folk or even tradesmen can afford the services of those who create true shabti. This provides a market for cheap figurines, which may radiate magical auras, but have no useful powers.

SERVILE SHABTI

Aura varies (see below); **CL** varies (see below)

Slot —; **Price** 21,000 gp (crafting shabti); 25,000 gp (defending shabti); 32,000 gp (digger shabti); 21,200 gp (farmer shabti); 32,000 gp (healer shabti); 27,000 gp (warrior shabti); **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

These one-foot-tall humanoid figurines are garbed in a manner indicative of their function. An inscription carved on the legs of a particular *servile shabti* will tell of its purpose and the words needed to draw upon its power. When their powers are called upon, these figurines grow into full-sized humanoids that perform

the tasks for which they were created. Unless stated otherwise under an individual description, *servile shabti* are treated as Medium-sized constructs (AC 14, hardness 5, 36 hp, move 30 ft.) with no offensive abilities. Shabti that are reduced to 0 hp return to statuette form and cannot be activated again until the normal duration between uses has passed. Once the statue has recovered it may be activated again and its functions and abilities are fully restored. Myriad forms of these magical servants exist. Adventurers can purchase true shabti figures for their own uses, perhaps from the tomb robbers, or by robbing tombs themselves.

Here are some of the most common:

Crafting Shabti: This shabti is garbed in an apron and carrying the tools of its trade. Once a day, upon command, this shabti will craft a single item of masterwork quality that its owner specifies with whatever appropriate raw materials are provided. Each shabti can only craft items in one particular trade. A weaponsmith shabti cannot do carpentry, nor can a weaver shabti forge a sword. The shabti works at amazing speeds, needing only 10 minutes per 100 gp value of the item being crafted to finish its task, whereupon it reverts to statuette form for 24 hours.

Aura Moderate transmutation; **CL** 11th;

Additional Requirements *fabricate*, creator must have 10 ranks in an appropriate Craft skill.

Defending Shabti: This shabti wields a spear and carries a long ovoid shield. Once per day, upon command, the shabti becomes a life-sized warrior that can be ordered to either defend the owner or harass an enemy. If it is ordered to defend, each round the owner is threatened by an opponent, it uses the aid another action to provide a +2 to the owner's Armor Class. If ordered to harass, each round the owner is in melee combat it uses the aid another action to provide a +2 to the owner's attack rolls. The shabti has a +9 melee attack bonus for purposes of resolving these rolls. If attacked by multiple opponents, the owner may direct the shabti to defend against or harass a particular opponent as a free action. The shabti remains active for 8 hours, after which it may not be called upon for another 24 hours.

Aura Moderate transmutation; **CL** 9th

Additional Requirements *blessing of fervor*

Digger Shabti: This shabti is garbed in a loincloth and head covering and carries a shovel and pick. It can be used once per week and, when activated, will create earthworks and dig trenches or tunnels as the user commands. It takes the shabti 1 minute to manipulate a 10 foot cube of earth in any fashion (dig a hole/tunnel, raise a rampart, etc.) and can work for up to one hour's time before reverting to statuette form. This time need not be used consecutively. For example, the shabti can dig a well for its master, then follow her to the other side of the keep and raise an earthen rampart with the remainder of its time. However, if the digger shabti goes 24 hours without using its one hour of work time, it reverts to statuette form and cannot be called upon for another week. The shabti can also dig through stone, but takes 10 minutes to excavate a single 10-foot cube.

Aura Moderate transmutation; **CL** 11th

Additional Requirements *move earth*, *soften earth and stone*.

Farmer Shabti: This shabti is garbed similarly to the digger shabti, but carries agricultural implements. If activated in an area with soil suitable for growing crops (anywhere but arctic, desert,

underground, or underwater regions) the shabti becomes a Medium-sized worker and begins sowing crops. The shabti tends its field, magically bringing its crops to full growth and harvesting them in only 4 hours. The yield from the harvest is enough to feed a dozen people for 2 weeks and will remain edible for a full month before perishing. Alternately, the shabti can provide a harvest that functions as a *heroes' feast* for up to 12 creatures. Once either function is used, the shabti returns to statuette form and cannot be used again for a month.

Aura Strong transmutation; **CL** 12th

Additional Requirements *heroes' feast* or *plant growth*.

Healer Shabti: This shabti is dressed in scholarly robes and carries a bag. When activated, it tends to wounds and ills as directed by its owner. This shabti is considered to have a Heal score of +15, unlimited supplies, and can perform any action listed under the Heal skill. The shabti can remain active for up to three full days, performing its duties (including long term care) before reverting to statuette form, after which it cannot be activated again for a full 24 hours. Alternately, the shabti can be used to enact a *mass cure moderate wounds* as a standard action



any time during its three days of activity, after which it immediately returns to statuette form.

Aura Moderate conjuration; **CL** 11th


Additional Requirements *mass cure moderate wounds*, crafter must have 10 ranks in Heal.

Warrior Shabti: Garbed and armed similarly to the defending shabti, on command this shabti transforms into a medium-sized warrior construct. The owner can give the shabti fairly complex commands (e.g. to attack her enemies, defend her against attacks, guard her while she sleeps, let no one but select people into a room). In combat, the shabti has the following statistics: Medium-sized construct; 8 HD; AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16; hardness 5; 79 hp; spear +10/+5 1d8+2/x3; low-light vision, construct traits. If reduced to 0 hit points, the *warrior shabti* returns to statuette form and cannot be reactivated for another 24 hours. Otherwise, the shabti functions for up to 8 hours before returning to statuette form, requiring 24 hours before it can be activated again.

Aura Moderate transmutation; **CL** 11th

Additional Requirements *heroism*

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Items, *animate objects*, see individual entry for additional requirements; **Cost** 10,500 gp (crafting shabti); 12,500 gp (defending shabti); 16,000 gp (digger shabti); 10,600 gp (farmer shabti); 16,000 gp (healer shabti); 13,500 gp (warrior shabti) 



Damnably Things...

PHOBIAS...

It's not always
the monsters you
should be scared of.



The Book of the Dead

By Nathanael C. Love

Art by Mike Lowe



The *Book of the Dead* is a sacred text in Osirion, or, more accurately, a collection of sacred texts. There are dozens of copies of the Book in existence—in ancient Osirion nearly any priest, wizard, or acolyte had at least a partial copy. Partial copies, however, are all that exist, for no copy in existence collects all 189 spells of the full *Book of the Dead*. Indeed, most users cannot even cast all the spells that comprise the cycle, as magic of both divine and arcane origin is involved.

Sometimes attributed to the necromancer Geb, who certainly created and compiled many spells, the *Book of the Dead*, or *Aleh Almakoutoum*, was modified and amended over the centuries when it was still being written by its many unknown authors. In the centuries since, the book has slowly lost pieces as new copies are not created and old ones deteriorate.

Typically written on papyrus scrolls, *Books of the Dead* are illuminated with hieroglyphs depicting every step along the way for the proper journey into the afterlife. The Book parallels the progression of spells with the myths of the old Osirian deities, such as the tale of Osiris' death at the hands of the wicked Set, and his rebirth and ascension. Since the decline of the worship of the old deities, the production of scrolls that can properly be termed *Books of the Dead* has decreased. Most copies in circulation now were taken from tombs of one variety or another.

Besides serving as spell or prayer books, many of the papyrus scrolls are imbued with potent preparation rituals. When a spellcaster who prepares spells uses a spellbook or formula book with a preparation ritual, as long as he prepares at least three spells or formulae from the spellbooks, he gains a temporary boon granted by the ritual. The boon lasts until its effect is spent or the spellcaster prepares spells again. A spellcaster can only gain the benefit of one preparation ritual when he prepares spells, regardless of the ritual's source book.

The rituals presented below are those most commonly found in the major sections of the *Book of the Dead*, along with the spells typically included in each section.

FUNERARY RIGHTS (LEVEL 3 ABJURER)

The first section contains rituals for the initial preparation of the body and soul, as well as the most basic of protections.

Opposition Schools Conjunction, evocation

Value 520 gp (1,520 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

2nd—arcane lock, make whole, owl's wisdom, phantom trap, resist energy

1st—alarm, detect secret doors, enlarge person, sleep, protection from evil, protection from chaos

PREPARATION RITUAL

Wrath of Vindication (Su) Spend this boon as part of casting any Abjuration spell upon yourself. The first creature to hit you

in melee combat takes 1d4 points of negative energy damage per spell. This effect lasts until discharged or until the spell's duration expires.

PRESERVATION OF THE PARTS OF BEING (LEVEL 4 NECROMANCER)

The second section of the book continues with more detailed physical preparations for the mummification process.

Opposition Schools Enchantment, transmutation

Value 540 gp (2,340 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

2nd—command undead, darkness, false life, ghoul touch, summon swarm

1st—cause fear, chill touch, mage armor, obscuring mist, protection from good, unseen servant

PREPARATION RITUAL

Opening of the Mouth Ritual (Su) Spend this boon as a full round action to use *speak with dead* on one target.

PROTECTION FROM PERIL (LEVEL 5 CLERIC)

The scrolls continue away from the arcane and begin to layer divine protections to further prepare the soul for its journey into the afterlife.

Value 1,140 gp (2,140 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

3rd—prayer, remove curse, searing light, speak with dead

2nd—consecrate, remove paralysis, shield other, undetectable alignment

1st—bless, bless water, protection from law, remove fear, sanctuary

PREPARATION RITUAL

For Not Dying a Second Time in the Land of the Afterlife (Su)

Spend this boon as an immediate action when reduced to zero or fewer hit points. You gain the effects of the *sanctuary* spell.

EMPOWERING TO BREATHE AND DRINK (LEVEL 5 DRUID)

This section is about binding the body and soul with life—empowering it to breathe, to drink, protecting it from fire, and calling for the protection of the Sycamore tree, a symbol of an Osirian deity.

Value 1,080 gp (2,080 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

3rd—neutralize poison, quench, remove disease, water breathing

2nd—fire trap, resist energy, soften earth and stone, spider climb

1st—hide from animals, pass without trace

PREPARATION RITUAL

O You Sycamore of the Sky (Su) Spend this boon as an

immediate action when you are struck by a melee attack, expend any prepared spell to gain DR/— and fast healing equal to the spell level for 1 round.

COMING FORTH BY DAY (LEVEL 10 ALCHEMIST)

This section gives the soul power over its own body, then continues on focusing on transformations of the body and the combination of the soul and body.

Value 1,720 gp (3,920 gp with preparation ritual)

FORMULA

4th—beast shape II, elemental body I, fluid form^{APG}

3rd—beast shape I, gaseous form, thorn body^{APG}

2nd—alter self, false life

1st—enlarge person, keen senses^{APG}, negate aroma^{APG}

PREPARATION RITUAL

For Coming Forth by Day (Su) Expend this boon as part of casting any formula with the polymorph type. In addition to the normal effects, the form you take generates light as the *daylight*



spell, and you gain a +1 deflection bonus to AC.

NAVIGATING THE UNDERWORLD (LEVEL 7 NECROMANCER)

Moving on from physical and spiritual protections, the scrolls begin to focus on the soul's journey into the afterlife and empower it to move and interact in the land of the dead.

Opposition Schools Evocation and Illusion

Value 2,900 gp (3,700 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

- 4th—animate dead, crushing despair, detect scrying, dimension door, fear
- 3rd—arcane sight, blink, fly, gentle repose, halt undead, haste, sands of time^{UM}
- 2nd—command undead, ghoul touch, levitate, spider climb
- 1st—detect undead, expeditious retreat, true strike

PREPARATION RITUAL

Knowing the Souls of East and West (Su) Spend this boon as part of casting any necromancy spell that creates undead. For the first 24 hours after its creation the undead generated by this casting may *dimension door* once.

JUDGMENT (LEVEL 9 CLERIC)

One of the shortest segments of the scrolls, this is nonetheless considered one of the most important as it determines the final resting place in the afterlife for the soul.

Value 3,080 gp (4,080 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

- 5th—atonement, breath of life, commune, mark of justice
- 4th—dimensional anchor, discern lies
- 3rd—animate dead, dispel magic
- 2nd—calm emotions, enthrall

PREPARATION RITUAL

Weighing the Heart (Su)

You may spend this boon as an immediate action whenever a character fails a Will save against one of your spells. Doing so causes the target to take 1d4 unholy damage per level of the spell.

JOURNEYS IN THE DUAT AND ON THE BARQUE OF RA (LEVEL 13 NECROMANCER)

Sometimes considered the final portion of the scrolls, as it contains the most powerful spells from the entire selection. This portion focuses on joining the soul with the old Osirian deity Ra, binding the pieces together into their own ba, which if done properly can lead to the creation of a mummy.

Opposition Schools Divination, enchantment

Value 6,980 gp (8,580 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

- 7th—control undead, statue
- 6th—circle of death, contingency, create undead, spectral saluki^{PC SOM}
- 5th—cloudkill, magic jar, passwall
- 4th—animate dead, boneshatter

PREPARATION RITUAL

For Making the Spirit Worthy (Su) Expend this boon as part of casting any spell that creates an undead creature. The creature or creatures generated by this spell gain a +4 profane bonus to channel resistance for 24 hours.

GATES, CAVERNS, MOUNDS, AND GUARDIANS (LEVEL 11 DRUID)

In this section, the druid's role as gatekeeper and the caretakers of the afterlife is made clear.

Value 4,940 gp (5,940 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

- 6th—anti-life shell, find the path, transport via plants
- 5th—commune with nature, insect plague, tree stride
- 4th—air walk, freedom of movement, reincarnate, scrying

PREPARATION RITUAL

O You Who Guard the Gates (Su) Spend this boon as part of casting any *summon nature's ally* spell. One of the creatures summoned gains the Advanced simple template.



AMULETIC AND PROTECTIVE SPELLS (LEVEL 11 ABJURER)

The true final chapter of the scrolls focuses on layering on the most powerful protections for the final journey.


Opposition Schools Enchantment, illusion

Value 4,120 gp (8,205 gp with preparation ritual)

SPELLS

- 6th—guards and wards, repulsion, true seeing
- 5th—mage's private sanctum, magic jar, permanency
- 4th—detect scrying, fire trap, stoneskin

PREPARATION RITUAL

Book for the Permanence of Osiris (Su) Spend this boon as part of casting any Abjuration spell that affects only a single target or yourself. The duration of the spell increases to 24 hours. 



Desert Drifter

A Wizard Archetype

By Matt "Helio" Roth

Art by Mike Lowe



The Osirian deserts are vast, and while many view them as little more than a wasteland, a select few find themselves smitten by their beauty. These drifters wander the dunes between the nation's cities and waterways, living a life beneath the desert sun.

Whether in search of the forgotten knowledge and treasures of Ancient Osirion or merely a nomadic and free lifestyle, these desert drifters form a kinship with the desert itself. Spending lifetimes upon the desert sand, they ride the dunes like a ship upon the waves, using a mastery of arcane magic to control the very ebb and flow of the desert.

A desert drifter has the following class features:

Arcane School: A desert drifter must select the elemental school of fire^{APG} as his school and the elemental school of water as his opposed school.

Dune-Bound Familiar (Ex): At 1st level, the desert drifter binds a fragment of the desert's power within his familiar. His dune-bound familiar becomes partially composed of turbulent, swirling sand. It follows the standard rules for familiars, except for the following changes:

At 1st level, a dune-bound familiar grants a permanent *endure elements* effect upon its master for hot environments. Additionally, the natural armor bonus received at every odd level is replaced with DR/magic of the same value. It gains vulnerability to cold, but also gains the compression universal monster ability. This replaces alertness.

At 5th level, the familiar is more desert than beast. If killed, the wizard can restore it to life with a 30-minute ritual performed in an area of loose sand, reforming it from the sand. The body of the familiar is not required. If a large enough quantity of sand is unavailable, the familiar must be restored by normal means. This replaces speak with master.

At 7th level, the familiar becomes wholly composed of sand. It gains the amorphous quality and always has concealment. In areas of sand, it has total concealment. This replaces speak with animals of its kind.

A desert drifter cannot choose a bonded object as his arcane bond, and the dune-bound familiar does not qualify for Improved Familiar. This ability modifies Arcane Bond.

Sandsailing (Su): At 5th level, a desert drifter masters striding upon the dunes. A desert drifter gains an enhancement bonus of 5 feet to his land speed when moving across sand dunes or similar terrain. At 8th level, and every 3 levels thereafter (8th, 11th, 14th, 17th, and 20th), he gains an additional 5-foot bonus, to a maximum of 30 feet at 20th level. This ability has no effect in other terrain types or if the desert drifter wears armor of any kind. This ability replaces the bonus feat gained at 5th level.

Shifting Sands (Sp): At 10th level, a desert drifter can shift the sand beneath his enemies' feet, trapping them in a vortex of sand. As a standard action once per day, he can create a 20-foot radius, 10-foot




deep whirlpool of sand at a range of up to 50 feet. The whirlpool counts as difficult terrain and lasts for a number of rounds equal to one half his wizard level.

Creatures within the vortex must make a Reflex save each round (DC equals 10 + 1/2 the desert drifter's level + his Intelligence modifier). On a single failure, targets are entangled; while a second failure buries them. Buried creatures risk suffocation. A buried creature can escape both conditions with one save, but must save again on their next turn if they remain within the area of the vortex.

At 15th and 20th level, the desert drifter gains an additional use of this ability per day. This ability replaces the bonus feat gained at 10th level.

Scouring Sandstorm (Sp): At 15th level, a desert drifter can whip the dunes into a deadly sandstorm. Once per day as a standard action, the desert drifter may create a 100-foot radius, 50-foot high sandstorm. The sandstorm acts as a greater duststorm with windstorm-magnitude winds (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 438) that obscures all sight beyond 5 feet and deals 3d6 bludgeoning damage per round instead of the usual nonlethal damage.

The range of this ability is 400 ft. + 40 ft. per wizard level. With concentration, the desert drifter can maintain the storm for up to one minute and move it each round at a speed of 50 ft. If the center of the storm exceeds maximum range, the effect immediately ends.

The desert drifter gains an additional use of this ability per day at 18th level. This ability replaces the bonus feat gained at 15th level. 

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Golarion Gazetteer

Coast of Graves

By Andrew Hoskins

Map by Alex "Canada Guy" Moore



Rocky cliffs line the northern coast of the Osirian Desert. The strong winds of the Inner Sea whistle through the stony escarpments, promising fast travel for ships headed for Totra or Sothis. Beneath the shallow water lurk sharp rocks, obscured by the wind-tossed white caps. Sailors unfamiliar with the coast often wreck just offshore. Travelers who spot the groves of masts protruding from the sea recognize the accumulated derelicts of other ruined vessels, giving the region its name.

Appearance

The interior of this region is barren and stony, leaving desert flora to clump together in what little soft earth they can find. Occasional spires of stone bear wind-worn engravings or are shaped into statues, their details weathered away into obscurity. Some hide the entrances to ancient tombs or forgotten vaults, while others are simply a shadow of the vast empire that once ruled this desolation. Natural cave formations dot the landscape providing shelter to travelers and warrens for dangerous creatures, both living and dead.

History

When the Song Pharaoh established the city of Shiman-Sekh on the Golden Oasis, she also developed much of the surrounding area to support her lavish new pleasure city. Engineers diverted water from the oasis to irrigate the surrounding area, redirecting a now dry river to empty into the Inner Sea on Osirion's northern coast. While the Song Pharaoh built temples to Nethys and other gods along this newly enriched land, she paid special attention to the small city of Shat-Hoa, built on the mouth of her new waterway.

Later, other Pharaohs improved on the landscape, building shrines and cities of their own. Few have survived the millennia, but canny explorers can discover ancient secrets obscured and protected by more than desert sands.

Places of Interest

Chanting Cave: Located on the eastern portion of the Coast of Graves, this cliff-side cave boasts an unusual array of rock formations which emulate the sound of a chanting choir when the wind blows from the west. Hauntingly melancholy, the eerie melody draws the attention of sailors and nomads alike. Occasionally, one will find a beautiful woman named Dekika (CN female selkie bard 7) swimming around the cave's many pools. She will demand that travellers tell her a moving story about love and loss. If she is satisfied, she will dive back into the sea, turning into a large fish before swimming away. Less talented storytellers are never heard from again.

Harmony's Refuge: Just outside of the ruined city of Shat-Hoa are the remains of a small but once magnificent palace. Built by the Song Pharaoh as a summer retreat, it contained several leisure areas, rooms for two dozen servants, and numerous storage vaults. Now collapsed



Bokra Plane

The Bokra Plane has the following traits:

Timeless: Beings in the plane do not require sustenance nor do they age. The plane is not timeless with respect to magic.

Finite Shape

Limited Magic: Spells and spell-like abilities that manipulate time or require planar travel do not function within the plane.



and half-buried by sand, the rubble-choked surface hides an intact Temple to Nethys below. Beyond the magically warded temple lay the Song Pharaoh's vaults, guarded by a bound div named Ketki (advanced pairaka). Once a servant of the Pharaoh of Forgotten Plagues, she was bound to serve the Song Pharaoh for eternity as punishment for her crimes. She babbles constantly, driven mad by her isolation. (For further details, see the Side Trek Adventure on page 34).

Hor-Aha: Though this ancient, isolated lighthouse has remained dark for thousands of years, a strange red and purple glow has recently drawn the attention of curious travelers. Few have been able to land on the tiny isle to investigate, as weather and currents have kept most sensible ships away. Adaro travel the nearby waters and may be able to reveal some of the isle's secrets, but their violent demeanor drives off most who would question them. They purposefully sink ships on their strand of the coast, fighting the locathah for salvage rights. Some sailors have reported seeing a sea giant with the head of a crocodile swim ashore and climb up the side of the lighthouse.

Khales-Bokra: Pharaoh An-Hepsu XI built this small village in -2141 AR during his reign as a mortal. He established this settlement of magical scholars to harness time magic as a means of obtaining immortality. The project failed spectacularly when Nomarch Gued Bokra (LN human wizard 17) opened a temporal rift in his laboratory. A bythos tribunal immediately appeared to close the rift and repair the damage. They placed Gued and his tower laboratory into a permanent stasis, but not before Gued was able to cast a spell of his own. Attempting to hide the town from the bythos, he transported the town into a demiplane of his own creation. The bythos stasis field froze Gued's spell at its moment of completion, trapping the town between the two planes.

For one lunar cycle out of every 100, the city appears again in the Osirian Desert. It stands for a full 28 days much as it was during An-Hepsu XI's reign. As the full moon rises on the 28th night, the city vanishes, not to be seen again for 99 lunar cycles. During that time, travelers will sometimes discover the city. Those fluent in Ancient Osirion will learn of the city's plight, while others are ushered out beyond the city borders before the next full moon. Khales-Bokra's small population has lived here for what, to them, is roughly 70 years, while almost 6,800 years have passed on Golarion. Though they cannot leave the city, they do not age and the power of the demiplane sustains them.

KHALES-BOKRA

NG village

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

Qualities academic, magically attuned





Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government magical

Population 120 (80 humans, 28 pahmet dwarves, 12 others)

Notable NPCs

High Priest Ombato Khaless (N male human cleric of Nethys 9)

Iry-pat Esheya Neher (NG female human diviner 7)

Vizier Garluzka (N male pahmet dwarf lunar oracle 6)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 600 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 7th

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

Shat-Hoa: The Song Pharaoh built this small city to support the larger city of Shiman-Sekh with fishing and trade. Favoring the cool sea breezes, she established a small palace as a retreat during the hottest months of the summer.

Over the past 7000 years, the majority of the city has crumbled into ruin, and the once flowing river has dried up. A large group of gillmen settled the ruin in 4632 AR, repurposing some of the relatively intact buildings near the shore. They sustain their community on fish and cactus gardens, generally keeping to themselves. Occasionally, they will trade with nomads and the nearby community of locathah. The Abbla family controls most of the town's interests, with Matriarch Amzogua Abbla leading the majority of the town's decisions and initiatives. Rumors indicate that a family of cacaelia has recently moved into the strange little town. Captain Marious, a precocious halfling, ran aground here five years ago and has treated his predicament like a vacation.

SHAT-HOA

CN small town

Corruption +1; **Crime** -5; **Economy** +0; **Law** +4; **Lore** -1; **Society** +3

Qualities insular, superstitious

Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government oligarchy

Population 1,523 (1,279 gillmen, 180 humans, 37 locathah, 15 cacaelia, 12 others)

Notable NPCs

Matriarch Amzogua Abbla (NG female gillman expert 7)

Trademaster Bwalla (N male cacaelia ranger 6)


Captain Marious (CG male halfling swashbuckler 3)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 1,000 gp; **Purchase Limit** 5,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 2nd

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

Shipwreck Harbor: Locathah live in a city of sunken ships, salvaging goods and tools from the wreckage. Though wary of foreigners, they are willing to help stranded travelers who help them quell the constant lacedon threat. Drowned sailors from the shipwrecks will often rise as lacedons and feed on the locathah, though the uneducated fish folk cannot find what causes the transformation. The locathah become quite indignant when mistaken for the more aggressive sahuagin, often rescinding their offers of assistance. The locathah have established a small salvaging economy, selling goods from the ruined trade ships to passing ships, often showcasing their wares on a makeshift barge.

Wadjet's Waste: Halfway between Shiman-Sekh and Hor-Aha stands a massive stone statue of the ancient goddess Wadjet. An-Hepsu II commissioned this statue and accompanying shrine as a lakeside refuge for travelers between the two cities. Today, the shrine is no more than a pile of rubble and the snake-headed goddess's visage is cracked and crumbling. What was once a small lake teeming with fish is now a huge pit of quicksand. Beneath the deadly sand lurk several undead hetkosu who used the lake as a spawning ground in life. 





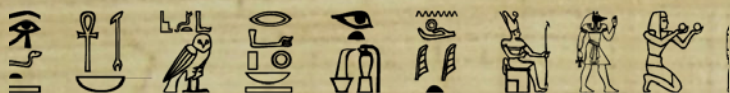
Harmony's Refuge

A Side Trek Adventure

By Andrew Hoskins

Art by Beatrice Pelagatti

Map by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



Adventure Background

On the rocky cliffs along the Coast of Graves is a ruined palace. In approximately -3040 AR, the Song Pharaoh built the small retreat as a place for reflection. There she would enjoy the cool sea breeze and listen to the waves crash on the rocks below. After 7,000 years of neglect, all that remains on the surface is a pile of ruins.

Buried beneath the crumbling rock and sand is the Song Pharaoh's shrine to Nethys and a reflecting chamber, where she would observe the distant reaches of her kingdom. She left the reflecting chamber guarded by a bound servant, a div named Ketki. This pairaka once served the Pharaoh of Forgotten Plagues, but the Song Pharaoh bound her here for eternity as a penance for her many and terrible crimes.

Plot Hooks

The PCs may have heard rumors of wailing coming from cliff-side ruins near the seaside town of Shat-Hoa. Mentions of this palace still exist in ancient recordings of the Song Pharaoh's triumphs; the PCs may have come across these mentions and wish to investigate.

Adventure Summary

The PCs must fight a pair of asps living in the ruins, then dig through the rubble to locate the entrance. Once they bypass the lock, they can explore the shrine, defeat its guardian and attempt to get into the reflecting chamber. Ketki poses as the Song Pharaoh, long imprisoned, to trick the PCs into releasing her. Beyond the div is the reflecting chamber, the Song Pharaoh's true purpose for the palace.

A1. Harmony's Rubble (CR 8)

The ruins of a once ornate structure perch on the top of the cliff-side. Fine stonework lays shattered; a cake of dust crusts the once delicate carvings. A salty sea breeze whips the air, whistling through the stonework.

While investigating the ruins, the PCs who succeed at a DC 20 Perception check hear a



Advancement Track

This adventure is designed for four PCs of 6th level. They should accumulate enough XP under the Medium advancement track to reach 40% of the way to 7th level.



strange female voice shouting in Ancient Osirian. A PC succeeding at a second DC 20 Perception check can find a small 5-foot pyramid buried in the rubble. Opening the secret entrance concealed by the pyramid requires a successful DC 20 Disable Device or Knowledge (engineering) check. Once activated, the pyramid quickly rises from the ground, revealing a circular staircase.

Hazard: The ruins have not been disturbed in centuries. Treat this area as a cave-in (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook* 415). Clearing the rubble requires a successful DC 15 Knowledge (engineering) check and takes four people 1 hour of work.

CAVE-IN

XP 4,800

CR 8

Creatures: Currently a pair of giant asps lives in the ruins.

GIANT ASP (2)

XP 1,200

hp 25 (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Osirion, Legacy of the Pharaohs* 55)

CR 4

TACTICS

During Combat The asps use the rubble for cover.

Morale They fight to the death to defend their home, but don't pursue fleeing creatures unless they are targeted with ranged attacks.

B1. The Eerie Shrine (CR 8)

A spiral staircase descends 20 feet into a subterranean chamber, seemingly untouched by the ravages of time. The round walls converge to form a dome for the ceiling with the stairs descending through the dome's apex. The 40-foot diameter round room is painted half black and half white. A single door stands closed on both the black and white sides of the room to the east and west, respectively. Two more doors stand directly on the dividing line between black and white to the north and south. Four torches burn on the walls, each above a single door. A glass statue stands in the center of the chamber, its robed form burned and blackened on the dark side of the room.

PCs can recognize this as a shrine of Nethys with a successful DC 10 Knowledge (religion) check. The room stays clean and well-kept due to a permanent unseen servant in the room. This may cause PCs to feel they are not alone, as the *unseen servant* will attempt to clean the PCs as well. Engraved around the room is an excerpt from



The Book of Magic, Nethys's sacred text. The PCs can identify the Ancient Osiriani hieroglyphs with a successful DC 15 Linguistics check. The text states: "By both destruction and construction comes true power."

Only the doors standing on the divisions between black and white are real, leading to areas B2 and B3; these stone doors are unlocked. The other two doors contain powerful magical spells that discharge once per day if a creature attempts to turn the handle. The white door contains cure critical wounds (CL 15) while the black door contains inflict critical wounds (CL 15, DC 19). If a single creature touches both doors in a single day, Nethys imbues her with power; she may cast a single spell within 1 hour as if it was prepared with the Empower Spell feat.

Creatures: The glass statue of Nethys is a glass golem; it defends itself and attacks anything that sets foot in the chamber.

GLASS GOLEM **CR 8**
XP 4,800
hp 96 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2*)

B2. Altar to Nethys

This small room contains an altar burning with purple flames. Within the center of the flames sits a faceted crystal bottle full of a clear liquid. Glowing hieroglyphs cover the walls.

The flames are a *continual flame* spell, cast to honor the power and efficiency of magic. Within the flames is the Song Pharaoh's last offering to Nethys. The hieroglyphs on the wall are more excerpts from The Book of Magic.

Treasure: The crystal bottle is a *decanter of endless water*. The 40-pound altar is worth 400 gp to the right collector.

B3. The Div of Discord (CR 8)

A 10-foot-wide hallway stretches 40 feet to the south; its walls crumble with millennia of decay. A thick layer of dust covers the floor and the air is stale.

This hallway once contained great histories and stories of Osirion during the Song Pharaoh's rule, but Ketki spent the first several hundred years of her imprisonment destroying the chamber for amusement.

Creatures: The long imprisoned pairaka, Ketki, waits in this room shouting and talking to herself. Most of her rants complain of her unfair imprisonment or curses to the Song Pharaoh. Because Ketki was once a close

advisor to the Pharaoh of Forgotten Plagues, the Song Pharaoh decided that banishing Ketki back to the Outer Planes was too kind a fate. She instead magically bound Ketki here to guard her reflecting chamber.

Ketki has been going slowly mad over millennia and seeks any means possible to escape. When she hears creatures in the next room, she uses her change shape ability to transform into a Garundi woman wearing black and white robes, then casts *misdirection* on a nearby piece of debris. She then pretends to be the Song Pharaoh and urges the PCs to free her. Ketki knows that only destroying the scrying device in the reflecting chamber will free her, as her enchantment is bound to that apparatus.

KETKI **CR 8**
XP 4,800
Advanced pairaka div
hp 94 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3*)

TACTICS

During Combat She immediately casts *insect plague* and attempts to summon reinforcements. She can use dimension door but only within the hallway chamber; she is magically bound to it and cannot leave.

Morale Ketki will beg for her life if she drops below 25 hp, and will do anything to escape her imprisonment.

B4. Reflecting Chamber

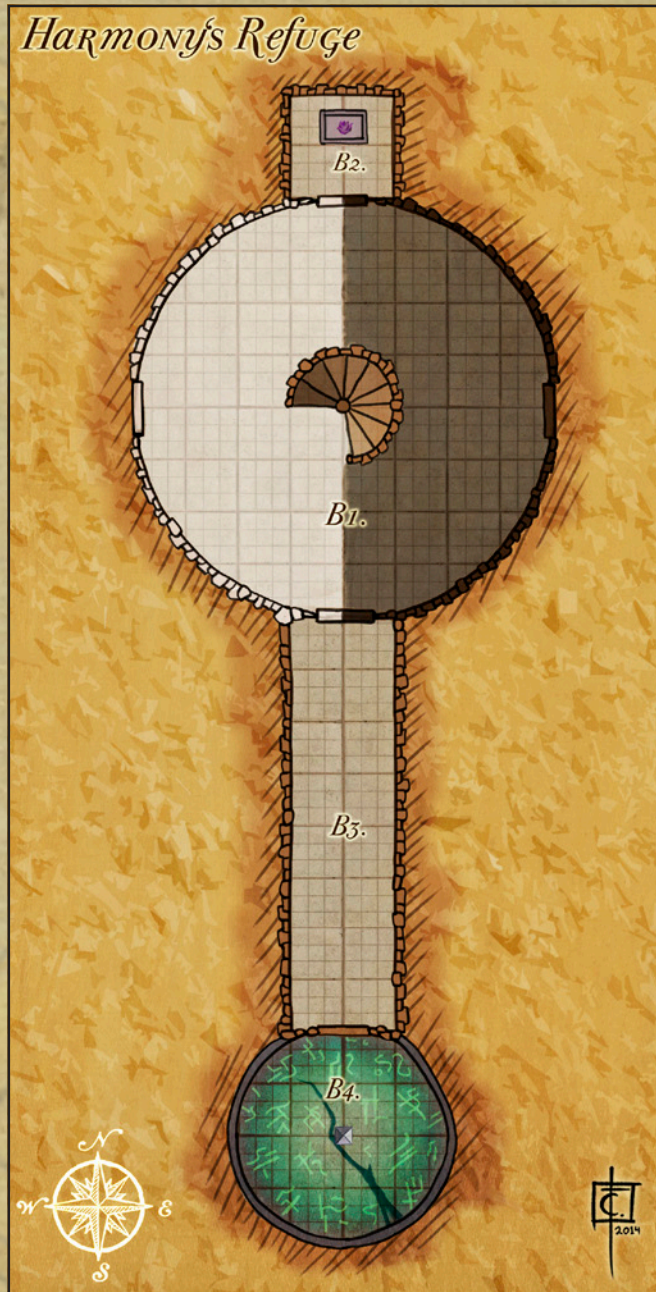
A single door to the north is the only entrance to this perfectly spherical 20-foot diameter chamber. The walls are made of one seamless piece of stone, perfectly smooth to the touch. Bisecting the chamber is a cracked crystal floor engraved with arcane runes. In the center of the room, a 6-inch crystal pyramid protrudes from the floor, glowing with a soft light.

The entire chamber acts as crystal ball (with *see invisibility*), using the pyramid as the focal point. When the pyramid is active, the chamber becomes the scrying image and creatures inside experience the magic as *mirage arcana*. Because of the age of the chamber, there is a cumulative 5% chance that the glass floor shatters, destroying the apparatus. Additional cracks form in the floor each time the chamber activates but is not destroyed. A PC can repair the damage using Craft Wondrous Item and spending 13,000 gp in material components (DC 30 Spellcraft). Any attempt to move or dismantle the room immediately destroys the magic.

Treasure: Even if the floor shatters, the crystal pyramid in the center of the room is worth 2,000 gp as an art object.

Concluding the Adventure

The PCs may wish to restore the reflecting chamber and repair the palace for use as a base of operations. If Ketki escapes, she will only seek revenge on the PCs if they harassed her. Otherwise, she travels to Shiman-Sekh looking for mortals to corrupt.





The Nightly Ritual

By Jeffrey "zerzix" Swank

Art by Basil Arnould Price



Set upon a small bluff, overlooking a deserted beach, the old temple was his favorite spot along the river Phoenix. Khurfek gazed across the sparkling water at the black-spotted crocodiles sunbathing in the final rays of the setting sun and spit. A breathtaking mix of colors stained the sky as the night spread its cloak across the heavens, its black velvet sprinkled with stars.

Then he heard the sound again, a beautiful voice rising from the beach below the bluff. Khurfek recognized the words of a familiar song, given new meaning by the hypnotizing, alluring voice. *"I am slightly late tonight,"* he thought.

He hurried along the path from the temple to the beach as he had a hundred times before. Taking the last turn on the trail, he stepped out onto the sand and found the mysterious woman. She waded in the water, casting a small fishing net and retrieving it.

She had kilted her skirt to her thighs, revealing shapely legs. Long ebony hair was caught behind her ears with scarab beetle shaped combs.

"As beautiful as her voice, if I could only take those combs out and see her hair tumble down," he mused. Lost in a fantasy, he almost forgot the reaction he was supposed to make and purposefully clipped a rock with his toe. She stopped singing and wheeled, taking an involuntary step deeper into the river at the sight of him. Her face paled under her tan and her eyes opened wide as she staggered, caught by an eddy.

"Don't be frightened, please." He held his hands up, palms out. "I heard you singing and it drew me here. I only wanted to give my thanks for your song." He remembered his words exactly as he needed to speak them.

She laid one hand across her throat, toying with an amulet dangling there. Poised to bolt, the girl appeared wary.

"I apologize." He kicked off his sandals and waded into the water at an angle from her. The net drifted lazily in a whirlpool; he reached out and caught it, lifting the tangled strands from the river.

"Oh, please don't! You'll ruin your fine kilt, Sir." She came to him hastily and took the net from his hands. "The river runs muddy at this time of the year. Your servants will labor in vain to get the stains out."

He glanced at his waist, remembering he was wearing the white kilt of a nobleman. He followed her to the shore as she splashed through tiny waves with her net. "I have no servants to worry with such things."

While putting his sandals back on, Khurfek frowned at the river crocodiles lying deceptively immobile on the opposite bank, then glanced at her. "You take great risk, walking into the river with those beasts nearby."

One of the animals twitched. Khurfek glared at it with a strange lament in his heart. The creature met his eyes for a second, and then



He stuttered in a calming breath to wash away the vivid memories. She appeared to see none of his distress. "I agree with that assessment, good Sir," she said, answering a question that he did not even ask. Khurfek had played this game a hundred times, but sometimes it was too painful to role-play again.



settled onto the sand.

"I'm protected." She was busy folding the net and packing it atop a basket of fish. She didn't even spare a moment to consider the predators across the water.

He reflexively coughed to cover his laugh. "Protected?"

She stood briskly, raised her chin and tugged another amulet free from under the neckline of her dress to show him. It was a small, green stone crocodile hanging on a frayed, black leather thong. "My mother was the last priestess of the temple on the bluff above."

He indicated the amulet. "May I see it?"

The girl undid the cord from her neck and handed the necklace over. "Mother told me the amulet was blessed by Sobek, the Crocodile God himself, and that it would protect me from his creatures."

Khurfek chuckled, holding the tiny figurine in his large hand. "Mighty protection indeed." He momentarily closed the pendant in his fist and concentrated, then, satisfied, tossed it to her with a slight bow. He was a sorcerer of some might and could sense subtle magic in such items. "Nonetheless, you shouldn't take such chances. Crocodiles are crafty and fierce."

When she refastened the stone pendant, it fell between her shapely breasts. She unhitched her skirt pleats and the simple dress fell to its full length down to her ankles. As she bent to lift her basket of fish, Khurfek put his hand atop hers on the handle. She gave him a wide-eyed glance but stepped aside to let him lift her burden.

"Thank you, Sir. I'm going to sit by those trees and eat my dinner now." She pointed at the nearby grove of palms. "Would you care to join me?"

"I'll sit with you, if you don't object, but I'm not hungry. However, an hour of good conversation is a pleasant way to end the day."

She peeked sideways at him while she walked. Eventually she



smiled shyly. "My name is Tia-Sitre, or just Sitre."

She stood nearly as tall as him, unusual for a woman of this region, but he found it distinctly attractive. Her face was lovely, oval, and browned by the sun, which set off her sparkling black eyes. She was lush in curves and had smooth skin.

She was such an innocent maiden, of good family by her educated speech, not a woman to be lightly trifled with for an evening. He realized he was standing rooted to one spot, lost in admiration of her beauty. Shaking his head, he started walking again to catch up with her. "Call me Kharfek." But he spoke too late and missed his next prepared remark.

She continued without him as if having a completely different conversation, "A propitious name for this place, if your naming was in tribute to the Crocodile God." Sitre slanted a look at him sideways and chuckled. "You wear the garb of a sorcerer." Not waiting for an answer, she sank under the tallest palm. Lifting a shawl that lay draped there across some wicker hampers, she pulled out a hard roll filled with dried meat.

Kharfek set the basket of fish on the sand. He lowered himself into a cross-legged position and leaned against the tree. "I have strong ties to water and the river ways. I travel along the River Phoenix quite often."

She raised her eyebrow. "Did you come to see the temple ruins?"

He nodded. "In a way."

She disregarded his ambiguous answer, "It is beautiful, isn't it? From down here looking up at it, it appears as I imagined Sobek's home must appear."


Glimpses of crimson red pooling out along the river's water consumed Kharfek's thoughts. The horrid sound of the beast's jaws clamping shut and her soprano voice rising in a shrill scream for help. The pooling redness....

He stuttered in a calming breath to wash away the vivid memories. She appeared to see none of his distress. "I agree with that assessment, good Sir," she said, answering a question that he did not even ask.

Kharfek had played this game a hundred times, but sometimes it was too painful to role-play again. He jumped back into his part. "I would also say that you too are a vision from the gods."

She turned away from him at that moment, blushing at his bold compliment. She kept the back of her head to him as she stared off into the setting sun. She began to appear almost translucent.

Kharfek seized his moment. "I miss you with all my heart, with all my being. I am lost without you." He knew he would not see her face again; she would not turn around to look at him. He lifted the green-stone necklace in his hands, the same that she now wore around her neck. "I wish I had actually put a true protection on this all those years ago. I know that if I crush this, you will be released and be at rest...but, I am weak, my love. I am weak and I will return here every night to see you once more. For as long as the gods allow it, I will return here each night." As he spoke these last words, her haunting image began to fade from his vision. She slowly disappeared with the last ray of the setting sun.

Kharfek let his vision linger where his love had once sat so many years ago. He slowly stood and brushed the sand from his legs. He turned to make the ascent to the city proper and, as he did, he looked once more at the crocodiles sitting along the banks. 



Woe: Hapuseneb

Once an adventuring cleric of Pharasma, Hapuseneb died two centuries ago while exploring Jistkan ruins in the Darklands of Sekamina. Unfortunately, Hapuseneb perished near an outcropping of magical lazurite and rose as a wretched ghoul. He wandered starving and mad until he came upon the necropolis Nemret Noktoria, where the ghouls fed him well and converted him to the worship of the demon lord Kabriri.

The great ghuls of the necropolis gave Hapuseneb a new purpose as emissary and spy. As a master linguist, he travels to Osirion, Geb, and Katapesh at the bidding of his masters. He uses makeup, heavy clothing and spells to masquerade as a wandering priest of Pharasma. His obsequience to the ghul lords is far from complete, however, and he often pursues his own goals. Recently, he has taken an interest in converting Jaali, intrigued by the dhampir's zeal and intellect.

Hapuseneb finds Jaali to be an engaging conversationalist and enjoys sharing the lore of life and death over fermented date wine. He uses the discourse to subtly manipulate Jaali, cultivating a sense of pride as well as distaste for his human peers. He finds the game of corrupting the dhampir amusing, but his patience runs thin. Hapuseneb contemplates simply infecting Jaali with ghoul fever and spiriting him away to Nemret Noktoria.

Adventure Hooks

- The PCs need translation of documents in any number of exotic languages, which Hapuseneb provides in exchange for news regarding the undead.
- The PCs have heard of a scholar-cleric of Pharasma who claims to have found an entrance to the Darklands.

Drawback

If slain, his unholy power casts a curse on the creature delivering the final blow. This acts like ghoul fever, but functions in all other ways as *bestow curse* (DC 19).



CR 6

HAPUSENEB THE GHOUL

XP 2,400

Male ghoul cleric (separatist^{UM}) of Kabriri 6

CE Medium undead

Init +1, **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 20 (+4 armor, +3 deflection, +1 Dex, +2 natural, +1 shield)

hp 68 (8 HD; 2d8+6d8+32)

Fort +9, **Ref** +3, **Will** +13

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2

Immune undead traits; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +9 (1d6+4 plus disease and paralysis) and claw +9/+9 (1d6+4 plus paralysis) or +1 *dagger* +10 (1d4+5/19–20) and bite +4 (1d6+2 plus disease and paralysis) or silver dagger +9 (1d4+3/19–20) and bite +4 (1d6+2 plus disease and paralysis)

Ranged light crossbow +6 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks channel negative energy (3d6, DC 17, 7/day), paralysis (1d4+1 rounds, DC 15, elves are immune to this effect)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +11)

At will—*lore keeper*; *remote viewing* (6 rounds/day)

7/day—*copycat* (6 rounds)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 6th; concentration +11)

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 19), *blindness/deafness* (DC 19), *invisibility purge*, *nondetection*^D

2nd—*bull's strength*, *death knell* (DC 18), *detect thoughts*^D (DC 17), *resist energy*, *silence* (DC 17)

1st—*bane* (DC 16), *cause fear* (DC 17), *comprehend languages*^D, *detect good*, *ray of sickening* (DC 17), *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 16), *detect magic*, *guidance*, *read magic*

D Domain spell; **Domains** Knowledge, Trickery

TACTICS

Before Combat Hapuseneb casts *nondetection* before going into public, and keeps well informed of opponents' activities with magic like *speak with dead* or *detect thoughts*. If he expects hostilities, he casts *shield of faith*, *bull's strength*, and *resist energy* (fire).

During Combat Hapuseneb uses *blindness* and *silence* on casters and *bestow curse* on men-at-arms. He attempts to eliminate clerics first.

Base Statistics Without spells, Hapuseneb has **Resist** —; **AC** 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17; **Melee** bite +7 (1d6+2 plus disease and paralysis) and claw +7/+7 (1d6+2 plus paralysis) or +1 *dagger* +8 (1d4+3/19–20) and bite +2 (1d6+1 plus disease and paralysis) or silver dagger +7 (1d4+1/19–20) and bite +2 (1d6+1 plus disease and paralysis); **Str** 14; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 18; **Skills** Climb +5, Swim +2.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 23

Feats Command Undead, Selective Channeling, Spell Focus (Necromancy), Weapon Finesse


Skills Acrobatics +0, Bluff +13, Climb +7, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +19, Knowledge (Religion) +11, Linguistics +11, Perception +10, Sense Motive +14, Stealth +6, Swim +4

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Jistka, Kelish, Necril, Common, Orvian, Osiriani, Undercommon

SQ aura

Combat Gear *scroll of protection from good*; **Other Gear** mwk chain shirt, light wooden shield, +1 *dagger*, light crossbow with 20 bolts, silver dagger, *hat of disguise*, silver holy symbol of Kabriri, spell component pouch, wooden holy symbol of Pharasma, 228 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disease (Su) *Ghoul Fever*: Bite-injury; *save* Fort DC 15; *onset* 1 day; *frequency* 1 day; *effect* 1d3 Con and 1d3 Dex damage; *cure* 2 consecutive saves. 





Osirian Traps:

Dangers for the Curious and Greedy

By Robert Swanston

Art by Andrew DeFelice



Cryptic warnings in ancient languages on the outside of tombs often hint at the perils found within. The following are a few of the deadly traps for dealing with trespassers.

Pinions Trap

"Death will come on swift pinions to those that disturb the Pharaoh's rest."

Usually set in a hallway or antechamber, this ranged attack trap can be reset a number of times before it runs out of ammunition. A character stepping in the wrong spot sets off a hail of deadly, bronze stymphalian feathers, targeting anyone within a 5-foot radius of the trigger.

PINIONS TRAP

CR 7

XP 3,200

Type mechanical; Perception DC 24; Disable Device DC 24

EFFECTS

Trigger Touch; Reset 2 rounds

Effect Attack +20 ranged (1d8 stymphalian feathers; 1d4+2/x3); multiple targets (all creatures within 5 feet of trigger)

PINIONS TRAP, POISONED

CR 11

XP 12,800

Type mechanical; Perception DC 29; Disable Device DC 29

EFFECTS

Trigger Touch; Reset 2 rounds

Effect Attack +20 ranged (1d8 stymphalian feathers; 1d4+2/x3 plus large scorpion venom); multiple targets (all creatures within 5 feet of trigger)

Sand Slide

"Shifting sands will deliver to the underworld any who enter within."

Typically set up in a larger room or hallway, this room is under a permanent *darkness* spell banishing all illumination from mundane light sources. The sound of sand falling and shifting is clearly heard by all who approach. Removing the *darkness* effect reveals numerous openings from which sand pours into the room like a heavy rain. Intelligent observers note that despite the great volume of sand moving into the room, it never fills up. The level of the sand stays roughly one foot below the level of the entrance. The sand flows in eddies and currents across the floor like treacherous waters. The sand hides pit traps or sand slides; one wrong step and the character is gone.

SAND SLIDE (CHUTE)

CR 6

XP 2,400

Type mechanical; Perception DC 29; Disable Device DC 29

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic



Effect A successful DC 23 Reflex save means the character manages to leap to safety. Failure results in the character being swallowed whole by the sand and taken on a fast, but short wild ride down a chute that exits against a wall. The character takes 3d6 damage (bludgeoning) from the violence of the collision. If she can find a light source, she sees she is in a large room that is collecting sand from various other chutes with a massive whirlpool gently pulling sand into it.

Drowning Sand

"I curse now to lose all breath, those who rouse me from my endless slumber."

A large metal grate sits in the floor, and below it, an underground river flows fast and strong. Just beyond the grate, a set of massive bronze doors stands wide open. Beyond these doors, further into the room, are more doors, closed and foreboding. Stepping past the grate into the room causes the open bronze doors to swing shut. After five rounds, the inner doors slowly start to open, allowing sand to rush into the room, filling the chamber in 3 rounds.

Characters within the room must find a hidden latch that triggers the mechanism causing both the sand doors to close again and opening a secret passage hidden by the underground river. Triggering the latch opens the closed bronze doors, allowing the sand to spill out onto the grate and fall into a steadily decreasing flow of water. Within 15 rounds, the water flow stops and searching below reveals a secret passage leading deeper into the tomb. The trap resets and water starts to flow again within 10 minutes. If the trap is set off and no character is able to pull the lever, the bronze doors reopen after 10 minutes, and the sand and river flow reset to their previous levels.

DROWNING SAND


CR 8

XP 4,800

Type mechanical; Perception DC 29; Disable Device DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger Touch; Onset Delay 1 round; Reset 10 minutes

Effect DC 25 Reflex to avoid being locked in the room. Sand floods the room and fills the chamber in 3 rounds. A successful DC 25 Perception check locates the latch to open the doors and stop the trap. If a character fails to find the latch within 3 rounds, she begins to suffocate. 



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The Embalmer:

Guide of the Eternal Night

An Investigator Archetype

By Robert "Snorter" Feather

Art by James Keegan



The rich and powerful of Osirion have long depended on the skills of the embalmer to prepare their bodies after death for their journey to the afterlife and to protect living family members from a relative's unexpected return. Embalmers are experts in the lore of the undead and know the secret rites to calm them, destroy them, and, sometimes, to create them.

Embalmers often officiate at funerals, and many are granted priestly rank or are treated as divine emissaries.

Though not strictly divine casters, they still revere the gods for their dominion over the afterlife, and their devotions still attract the attention of deities, who permit their divine gifts to be emulated by the embalmers' mixture of arcane magic and the scientific method.

Embalmers design and build the crypts for the deceased, including the traps to protect them from robbery. Many also offer their skills at healers, herbalists, surgeons and midwives. It is rare for an Osirion temple, especially one devoted to a deity of healing, not to employ one or more these specialists, in addition to clerics and oracles. The benefits of their combined disciplines are seen as greater than the sum of their parts.

Most embalmers tend toward Lawful and Good alignments, but sometimes, one falls from favor, and turns from the path of duty, seeking out darker paths that make a mockery of their former oaths. The most common deities revered by embalmers are Anubis, Isis, Nephthys, Osiris, Prah, and Selket, with disfavored or outlaw members of their calling favoring Set, or even turning to foreign deities or fiendish lords, if they are in exile.

It is believed the cult of Lamashtu maintains a sorority of embalmers, both to aid in the delivery of troublesome offspring, and to preserve and animate the strongest "blessed" offspring who fail to survive the birth. These monstrosities are used to guard the cult, and to provide materials for mutating future progeny, their blood and tissues being a major component in the Waters of Lamashtu.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Investigators are proficient with simple weapons, plus the sap. They are proficient in light armors, but not shields. This modifies the investigator's usual proficiencies.

Divine Alchemy (Su): At 1st level, an embalmer creates alchemical substances and extracts with a focus on healing and aiding others. Evil embalmers turn their knowledge to spreading disease and deformity.

The embalmer uses a modified version of the alchemist formula list to determine the extracts he can learn. Extracts that duplicate divine spells never have a divine focus requirement. All multiple-target spells become single-target effects on the drinker of the

extract/infusion, or the creature or object coated.

Applying oil-like infusions to an unwilling target requires the target to be restrained or helpless in some way. Otherwise, the embalmer must succeed at a touch attack that provokes attacks of opportunity.

Add the following spells to the formula list:

Level 1: *bless water*, *carriion compass*^{USH}, *curse water*, *deathwatch*, *decompose corpse*, *hide from undead*, *inflict light wounds*, *remove fear*, *remove sickness*, *sanctify corpse*

Level 2: *blessing of courage and life*, *deathwine*^{RotRLAE}, *delay pain*, *disfiguring touch*, *gentle repose*, *inflict moderate wounds*, *lesser animate dead*, *life channel*, *remove paralysis*, *soothing word*, *surmount affliction*

Level 3: *animate dead*, *blood biography*, *contagion*, *inflict serious wounds*, *speak with dead*

Level 4: *skeleton crew*^{PortIS}, *inflict critical wounds*, *plague carrier*, *poison*, *rest eternal*

Level 5: *cleanse*, *greater contagion*, *mark of justice*, *raise dead*, *reprobation*, *smite abomination*^{ISG}, *undeath ward*

Level 6: *create undead*, *epidemic*

An embalmer who repeatedly fails his patron deity, or commits a gross crime or heresy, may find his access to some of the above bonus spells withdrawn, at the GM's discretion, just as if he were a cleric or other divine caster. A period of atonement, redressing the error, and possibly the *atonement* spell may bring the embalmer back into the deity's favor. Otherwise, the apostate embalmer may have to seek a new divine patron, possibly renouncing or reversing his previous vows.

This ability functions like the Investigator's Alchemy ability except as noted above and modifies that ability.

Inspiration (Ex): An Embalmer cannot spend Inspiration to increase attack rolls or saving throws, but gains a permanent +2 competence bonus on attack rolls versus undead. The ability to augment saving throws may be purchased as an optional talent (see below). This ability modifies the inspiration ability.

Infusion: At 2nd level, the embalmer gains the alchemist infusion discovery, so his extracts may be applied to his patients, earlier in his career. He has the choice of creating these infusions as ingested liquids, or applied oils, so as to apply to an object or corpse, or aid those who are unconscious or otherwise unable to swallow the contents. This ability replaces Poison Resistance.

Investigator Talent: The embalmer does not gain access to the following investigator talents: blinding strike, combat inspiration, confusing strike, deafening strike, greater combat inspiration, repositioning strike, rogue talent, stealing strike, or toppling strike.

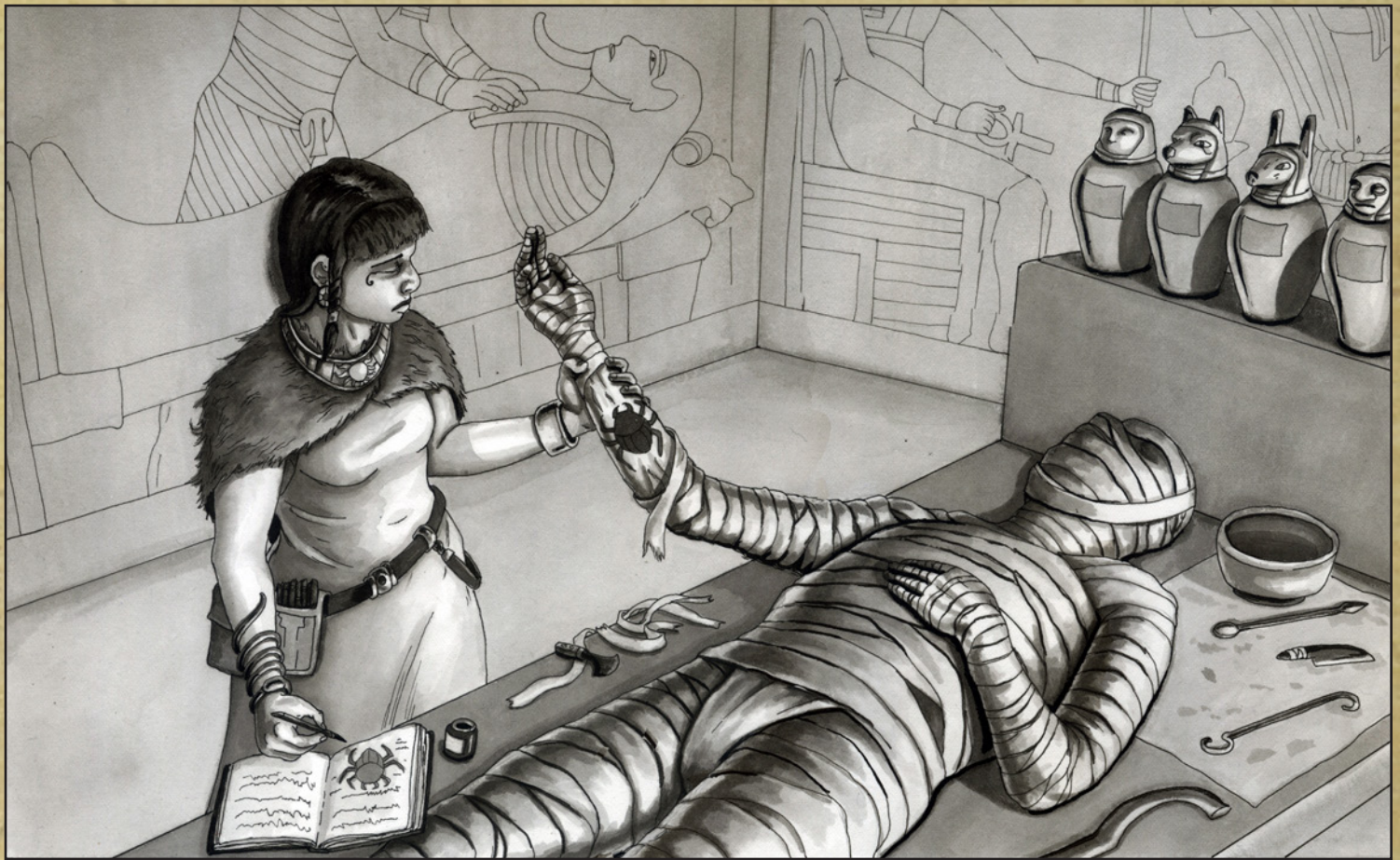
He gains access to the remaining investigator talents, plus the new talents below. This modifies the Investigator Talent ability.

Death Curse: The embalmer performs rites to bind his soul to his divine patron, granting him retribution against any who would end his life before his allotted time. If the character is killed by an attack or spell, the attacker suffers the curse of death (Will negates). If the embalmer ever betrays his divine patron, this ability is unusable until the embalmer atone and spends a week in service to a new patron. The embalmer must be at least 7th level to take this talent. An embalmer with the decaying curse talent cannot select this talent.

Curse of Death: *save* Will DC 10 + 1/2 investigator's level + investigator's Charisma bonus; *effect* target is no longer affected by healing spells and can't heal damage naturally by resting.

Decaying Curse: The embalmer performs rites to bind his soul to his divine patron, granting him retribution against any who would end his life before his allotted time. If the character is killed by an attack or spell, the attacker suffers the curse of decay (Will





negates). If the embalmer ever betrays his divine patron, this ability is unusable until the embalmer atones and spends a week in service to a new patron. The embalmer must be at least 7th level to take this talent. An embalmer with the death curse talent cannot select this talent.


Curse of Decay: save Will DC 10 + 1/2 the investigator's level + investigator's Charisma bonus; effect target takes 1 point of Con damage per day and ages at a rate of 1 year per day (eventually incurring all of the penalties of old age but none of the bonuses).

Inspired Saves: The embalmer gains the ability to use his inspiration pool to augment his saving throws, as though he were a standard investigator.

Master Craftsman (Ex): As the feat of the same name. Good skill choices are Craft (trap) and Profession (herbalist, midwife, undertaker). The embalmer must be at least 5th level to take this talent.

Poison Resistance (Ex): As the investigator ability of the same name.

Power Over Undead (Su): The embalmer receives Command Undead or Turn Undead as a bonus feat. He can channel energy a number of times per day equal to 1 + his Intelligence modifier, but only to use the selected feat. The investigator may select feats that add to this ability, such as Extra Channel and Improved Channel, but cannot that feats that alter this ability, such as Elemental Channel or Alignment Channel. The DC to save against this ability's effects is equal to 10 + 1/2 the embalmer's level + his Charisma modifier.

Purity of Body (Ex): Either through a rigid program of ascetism or by repeated exposure to filth and decay, the embalmer becomes resistant to disease. He gains a +2 bonus on all saving throws against disease. This bonus increases to +4 at 7th level, and to +6 at 10th level. At 13th level, the embalmer becomes completely immune to disease. 



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Tanjit's Travel Guide

Shiman-Sekh

By Tanjit Frepath (aka Kalyna "LightSprite" Conrad)

Art by Tyler Clark



There is no shortage of sights to see while exploring the wonders of the Osiriani deserts: the great city of Sothis, the many sphinxes, and the myriad wondrous gardens rising out of the sand. But if you want a true surprise, be sure to pay a visit to the city on the Golden Oasis: Shiman-Sekh. While the entire city is a feast for the senses, from the elegant, floral-inspired architecture to the fabulous locally grown food, I've highlighted a few key sights that are not to be missed.

The Lotus Palace

This white-walled structure spirals high into the air and marks the center of the lotus-shaped city. The palace was constructed by the Song Pharaoh, Shiman-Sekh's founder. Tradition states that the beauty of this place must never go unappreciated. Currently, the palace is home to the Governor of Shiman-Sekh and his arcane advisor, but the gilded main hall and extensive grounds are open to visitors from sunrise to sunset.

Tanjit's Tip: Visit the Gazebo of the Moon Tree. Set in the back of the gardens, this trellised gazebo is formed entirely out of one tree that has been coaxed to grow into its delicate shape. Legend has it that the gazebo will glow with a soft, white light under the illumination of the moon.

Obelisks of the Song Pharaoh

Upon hearing of the death of the city's founding pharaoh, the inhabitants raised these five pale white standing stones in her honor. Elaborate gardens have been cultivated around these stones over the years. They create an air of peace and contemplation for all to enjoy.

Tanjit's Tip: Visit the garden at sunset and climb up the hill to the center of the standing stones for an incredible view out across the city and oasis.

The Slave Markets

Founded by the Keleshites shortly after they took power, Shiman-Sekh's slave market is one of the longest-running in all of Osirion. Whether you're there to shop for some sturdy agricultural slaves, browse the fetching pleasure slaves, or just take in the atmosphere, this market is not to be missed. It is in full operation every day of the week.

Tanjit's Tip: If you're not looking for slaves, this market also boasts an excellent selection of food stands and interesting souvenir shops.

The Temple of Sarenrae

Shiman-Sekh's temple to the Dawnflower is one of Osirion's largest. It is second only to the temple in Sothis itself. Mimicking the pale colors and smooth flowing lines of the Lotus Palace, this structure is a marvel of light, airy design. Even if you're not a devout follower of the Dawnflower, the temple is worth a visit.

Tanjit's Tip: If you're in need of religious items or healing potions, they have an excellent apothecary.



About the Author

Tanjit Frepath is a gnomish travel writer and avid adventure seeker. She tours Golarion with her trusty pen by her side and wonder in her heart.



Shiman-Sekh Aviary

This aviary is maintained for the enjoyment of visitors and locals alike. Shiman-Sekh's location, caught between the Golden Oasis and the desert's heat, has made the region's soil extremely fertile. This has allowed for the cultivation of many trees which are not native to the area, creating a lush arboretum which is home to many exotic birds, both local and foreign, that can't be seen anywhere else in Osirion.

Tanjit's Tip: For one copper you can buy a guide at the entry gate which will help you identify any birds you may happen across.

Hidden Gem

The One-Tree Orchard and Cidery is my favorite discovery in the great city of Shiman-Sekh. Run by an Elven Druid named Estariel, this orchard consists of a single apple tree which blooms each morning and produces a full bushel of apples each evening. Estariel ferments the juice from these apples into a delightful, crisp cider. Due to the unique size and nature of his orchard, there is a very limited amount of cider available for consumption each day.

Tanjit's Tip: If you wish to try this delight, be at Estariel's house on Orchard Street by first light. He serves the day's cider on a first-come, first-served basis until it's gone. There will be a line, but this beverage is definitely worth the wait.





Personalities of the Desert Sands

A Traveler's Guide

By Liz "HerosBackpack" Smith

Art by Catherine Batka



The desert is a harsh mistress, granting no mercy. Those who choose to live or journey there must hone their own survival skills.

To outsiders, those who call the Osirian deserts home may appear strange, but their ability to thrive in the cruelest places is a marvel. Some of those you may encounter include:

Adijo Kotuna (LE male human bard 5): *"The hyenas take the hindmost—such is life—but I'll offer you a much fairer deal."* The ruthlessly efficient Adijo runs a small, but prosperous, trading empire throughout the deserts of Osirion. His caravans run from the Underdunes to the Salt Hills and from the Coast of Graves to Sothis. Adijo's solemn countenance rarely breaks into a smile, even for a profitable deal.

Grey hairs, like threads of silver, weave through the dark braids wound tightly around his head. He wears them as a badge of honor, outlasting many younger men in this harsh environment. Adijo believes every man should fend for himself, though for a price he'll deliver goods to outposts. He's even taken travelers into his caravan, as long as they don't slow him down.

Daïen "Lop" Stone (N male half-elf ranger 7):

Dark-haired Daïen began his career as a guide leading adventurers to their assigned tombs. He quickly realized he could double his pay by leading bandits to his location to ambush returning adventurers and take their hauls. Eventually, a bounty hunter caught him, cut off his left ear—hence Daïen's nickname—and left him for dead. Lop survived, thanks only to a desert hawk dropping a jerboa under his nose. He later tamed the hawk, naming his new companion "Dibs." Lop claims to have turned over a new leaf. He hasn't been caught abandoning sites since, but he sends Dibs

off to "hunt" regularly or carry messages "to suppliers." Adventurers hiring Lop should take care and plan a backup method of returning to civilization.

The Dune Riders: Arael (LN male human expert 7) and Eshia (NG female human magus 6/horizon walker 2): Distant cousins and childhood friends, Arael and Eshia dreamed of nothing more than raising camels. This simple goal is complicated by the pair's physical resemblance to the Dune Runners—the Ruby Prince's errant twin heirs—and Arael and Eshia's unfortunate choice of stable name. Sometimes people refuse to buy their trained camels, assuming they're stolen. Others send the Risen Guard after them. The Guard (and by proxy, the Prince) get angry over wasted time on false reports while the real Dune Runners are still out there. Arael grumbles about the interruptions and frequently suggests changing the stable name. Eshia, more amused than upset, is willing to keep Arael happy rather than insist on sticking to the name the pair dreamed up as children.

Enhara Weathersky (CG female halfling oracle

(nature) 8): *"Ghost-eyes. Cloud-eyes. I have many*

names." Once a bright, lively child, Enhara has become more withdrawn as her body wastes and its color drains away. Instead, she turns to the study of world around her. She wears loose, sand-colored robes covering all but her now ice-pale eyes,

eyes that seem to draw the very clouds into them. She always watches the sky. She can spot sandstorms coming a week away and uses this information to keep those around her safe. Her skill at weather prediction has earned both her name and tolerance from those who might otherwise regard her as a waste of scarce resources. Experienced desert travelers and merchants seek her out to learn the safest times to travel.

Inexperienced ones are encouraged to follow their example. Enhara takes only what little she needs as payment, asking that any extra be given to those who need it.

Sarariki Dawnstriker (N female awakened dire bat

ranger 3): Riki began life as

the companion of an elderly Yerbira druid. Knowing

his death was near, the druid awoke Riki as a

parting gift. She has since continued to work with


the Yerbira serving the nomadic tribes as a

scout, messenger, and hunter. She's

also spawned desert legends.

More than one tale involves her

swooping down on a fallen

traveler, picking them up, and dropping them off at the nearest oasis. An equal number involve her swooping down and eating travelers. Riki enjoys the confusion and refuses to confirm or deny either tale. Instead she giggles or gives her usual monosyllabic answers in Common if questioned. 



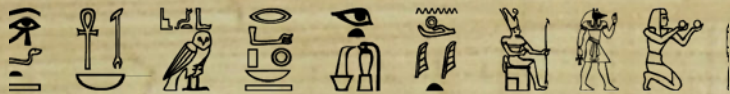


Keeping the Dead Down

An Extremist Order in the Church of Pharasma

By John "Moonstonian" Leising

Art by dodeqaa Polyhedra



In a land as old as Osirion, more than secrets are buried under the sands. And there is one group committed above all others to keeping it that way—the Scions of the Scarab.

All who revere Pharasma believe that the undead are an abomination, but the Scions take their commitment to the extreme. Not satisfied with eradicating the undead whenever they are found, they also advocate destroying the vessels unquiet spirits might inhabit.

Taking their name from the relentless beetles that find their way into tombs and devour all the organic material they find, the Scions idealize these creatures and work to follow their example. No effort to destroy the undead or to prevent their rise is seen as excessive by these zealots.

The Scions practices often set them at odds with the traditions of Osirion, in which the dead are preserved and glorified through the rites of Anubis. The Scions see this as an invitation for the undead and subvert these activities whenever they can. They work within sanctified spaces, gathering and destroying earthly bodies to eliminate vessels for the undead. These activities are unpopular, however, forcing the Scions to keep their organization secret.

Still, there are many of their number patrolling the Necropolis of the Faithful. It is said that Inebni Andabar, the high priest of the Necropolis, placed his trusted lieutenant Enkhi Sarroun in charge of these patrols to ensure that the Scions of the Scarab are represented throughout the city of the dead. Sarroun's opposition to the shadowy figures that watch over the Necropolis by night is well known, but he has been unable to sway his superior. Rumors circulate that the order has swarms of sacred scarabs patrolling by night to act as its eyes and ears.

The order is also unpopular with the traders and minor magicians who trade in Osirian's fetishism of the dead. The Scions' agents destroy the source of the antiquities they sell and publicly expose charlatans when they find them. Members of the Osirion underworld commonly "sweep the room" for spying vermin before getting down to business.

The Scions are at odds with the Ruby Prince, as their stated belief is that the death and subsequent raising of his personal guard is an affront to Pharasma and her final judgment over the dead.

The order's headquarters in Sothis are in a manor house clinging to the outer shell of the Black Dome, near a bazaar populated by goatherds and butchers. The area is very quiet in the nighttime hours, due to the stink from the daytime trade and the beetle

swarms that scour the market in the darkness.

The order's nominal leader is Nephet Animadas—known as the Gray Lady—who lost her family when her eldest son began dabbling in necromancy and allowed the estate to be overrun by ghouls. She is tall, pale, and severe, and always wears mourning ashes around her eyes. Others in the order have adopted this custom, and it is not uncommon to see ash-shadowed eyes looking out from the helmets of Necropolis guards.

There are few other obvious trappings of members of the order. The scarab symbol is very popular throughout Osirion and is not overtly used by the Scions. However, many tattoo the symbol on their stomachs at the spot where an upward thrust would end their lives in case of infection by the undead. Even those who have been blessed by Pharasma with scarab companions keep them hidden, often using the *carry companion*^{KoTIS} spell to transform them into stone figurines.

While it is no secret the Scions of the Scarab are based in Sothis, their headquarters bear no outward sign of the order beyond a scarab motif in the architecture and the spire of the Pharasmin shrine within. Citizens know that they can always come to the order when creatures threaten them from across the boundary of death.

In other Osirion towns, the smoke from cremation furnaces may be the only indication of the order's presence. The group's influence is spreading, however. More and more of Pharasma's temples in the region now emit columns of smoke from the sanctified incinerators deep within them.

In areas where undead have caused particular damage, the common people have adopted the Scions' tenets. These places, usually small villages and remote outposts, cremate their dead and keep their ashes in specially consecrated communal forges.

Secrets of the Scions

Clerics make up the majority of the Scions of the Scarab, but more than a few inquisitors have joined their ranks. The true death^{BoA} inquisition is a popular choice for these stalwarts. The sentinel^{ISG} prestige class also makes a good fit with the beliefs of this order. A growing number of druids are also joining in the fight. While not normally associated with the Lady of Graves, many druids share her abhorrence of the undead.

Priests among the order are committed to their cause to the exclusion of other aspects of Pharasma's faith. They believe that the scourge of undeath is a danger to all life and a subversion of fate and destiny. This double affront to Pharasma's teachings is how they justify their single-minded determination to destroy and prevent the creation of undead.

In addition to the normal domains available to worshipers of Pharasma, Scion clerics may also choose from the following subdomains:

Interment Subdomain

You are the weapon that keeps the dead from rising. You seek out their hidden lairs and crush their hungry spirits with the strength of your faith.

Associated Domain: Repose.

Replacement Powers: The following granted powers replace the gentle rest and ward against death powers of the Repose domain.

Cryptsight (Sp): As a standard action, you can see the auras of the undead as per *detect undead*.

Resolute Blow (Sp): At 8th level, when you damage an undead





with a melee attack, you can force it to make a Will save (DC equal to 10 + 1/2 your cleric level + your Wisdom modifier) or become dazed for one round. Additionally, the attack's damage cannot be healed by channeled negative energy for the next 24 hours. This ability can affect even mindless undead. You can use this power a number of times per day equal to your level + your Wisdom modifier.

Replacement Domain Spells: 1st—*sanctify corpse*^{UM}, 2nd—*consecrate*, 3rd—*halt undead*, 4th—*rest eternal*^{APG}, 5th—*hallow*, 8th—*holy aura*, 9th—*soul bind*.

Scarab Subdomain

You have a kinship with the sacred messengers of Pharasma, the cleansers of Osirion's darkest tombs. You can command them to appear and do your bidding.

Associated Domain: Death.

Replacement Powers: The following granted powers replace the bleeding touch and death's embrace powers of the Repose domain.

Spirit Scarab (Sp): As a standard action, you can create a scarab-shaped missile of force and send it toward any single foe within 30 feet. This is a ranged touch attack that deals 1d4 points of force damage + 1 point for every two cleric levels you possess. Undead suffer 1d4 points of force damage + 1 point for every cleric level you possess. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

Vermin Companion (Ex): At 4th level, you gain the service of either a scarab swarm (as cockroach swarm^{B4}) or a giant beetle as a vermin companion^{UM}. Your effective druid level for this animal companion is equal to your cleric level – 3. (Druids who take this ability through their nature bond class feature use their druid level – 3 to determine the abilities of their vermin companion).

Replacement Domain Spells: 1st—*summon swarm* (scarab swarm only, as cockroach swarm^{B2}), 2nd—*carry companion*^{KotIS}, 3rd—*vermin shape*^{IUM}, 4th—*giant vermin*, 5th—*insect plague*, 6th—*swarm skin*^{APG}, 7th—*creeping doom*, 8th—*scarab storm*, 9th—*transmute blood to acid*^{UM}.

New Spell: Scarab Storm

SCARAB STORM

School conjuration (summoning); **Level** cleric/oracle 8, druid 8, sorcerer/wizard 8, witch 8

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M/DF (scarab shell)

Range 30 ft.

Area 30-ft.-radius spread centered on you

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Fortitude partial; **Spell Resistance** yes

DESCRIPTION

When you cast this spell, swarms of incorporeal scarabs burst forth from your body in every direction, devouring everything in their path, especially creatures pulsing with negative energy. You may exclude one creature or object per caster level from the effect of the storm. Any other creatures within the area take 1d8 points of damage per caster level (maximum 20d8). Undead (including incorporeal undead) take twice this damage. A successful saving throw halves the damage. In addition, the storm devours all unattended organic objects in the area of effect with hardness 5 or less not excluded by the caster.



Heroes' Hoard:

Sacred Oils of Osirion

By Cole Kronewitter

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



Although less exciting than golden sarcophagi or regal mummies, cosmetic oils and perfumes played a significant role in ancient Osirion. For ancient Osirians, cleanliness and grooming were an important part of both social and religious life. As such, it is common to find jars of beautifully scented oils hidden away in burial tombs.

Though valuable, most perfumes in ancient Osirion were mundane in nature. An important exception, however, are the religious oils used by the priests of the Osirian pantheon. In order to emulate the ideals of their deities, the ancient Osirians often went to great expense to craft magical oils and balms with wondrous powers. Presented below is a collection of seven sacred oils that can still be found hidden in Osirian crypts.

OIL OF HORUS

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 7th

Slot none; **Price** 750 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This black paint is kept in a jar resembling a celestial falcon and smells strongly of roses. The oil was commonly used by priests of Horus in their quest to exterminate minions of Set. To activate the oil, it must be painted onto an exposed portion of the body in the shape of the eye of Horus (a process taking 1 minute). Once applied, the oil grants the benefits of a *protection from evil* spell. Additionally, the oil also allows the user to sense the location of any minions of Set within 100 feet. The jar has a single dose of oil, and its magic fades 24 hours after application.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *locate creature*, *protection from evil*; **Cost** 375 gp

OIL OF RA

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 7th

Slot none; **Price** 1,200 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This clear oil smells faintly of olives and was used to emulate the glory of Ra. To activate the oil, it must be rubbed into the skin during an hour-long cleansing ritual in the morning. After it is applied, the oil grants its wearer one sun charge per hour that she spends in direct sunlight (maximum of 4 sun charges). Each sun charge grants the wearer a +1 competence bonus to either Diplomacy or Intimidate checks (chosen when the oil is applied). Additionally, the wearer may use a standard action and expend sun charges to produce the following effects:

- Cast *light* or *command* (DC 13) (1 charge)
- Cast *suggestion* (DC 15) (2 charges)

- Cast *daylight* (3 charges)
- Imbue a weapon with the *flaming* special ability for 1 minute (4 charges)

The jar only has a single dose of oil, and its magic fades 24 hours after application.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *daylight*, *flame blade*, *suggestion*; **Cost** 600 gp

EBON PAINT OF APEP

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 9th

Slot none; **Price** 2,100 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This viscous oil reeks of decay. To activate the oil, it must be painted onto the skin in the image of 4 small snakes. This must be done at night in a ritual that takes 5 minutes. Once applied, the snakes grant a +4 natural armor bonus to the wearer. Additionally, as a swift action the wearer can cause a snake to leap from her skin to attack a foe. This reduces her natural armor bonus by 1 and allows her to make a touch attack against the target. If the attack succeeds, the target takes 1d4–1 damage and must save versus poison (Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 13; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d2 Con; *cure* 1 save). The jar only has a single dose of oil, and its magic fades 24 hours after application.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *barkskin*, *poison*; **Cost** 1,050 gp

PERFUME OF BASTET

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 5th

Slot none; **Price** 1,550 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This perfumed oil smells of lily, myrrh, and cinnamon. Sacred prostitutes of Bastet frequently incorporated this perfume into rituals and holidays. The perfume can be applied as a standard action and grants its wearer a +2 circumstance bonus to Charisma for 24 hours. Additionally, the perfume allows the wearer to speak to cats as if she had cast *speak with animals*. Finally, the wearer can impart blessings on willing or helpless targets by kissing them. The wearer can bless a number of targets equal to her Charisma modifier and cannot bless a target more than once. She may choose from the following blessings:

Blessing of the Aegis: Target gains a +2 circumstance bonus on saving throws versus diseases, poisons, and spells with the Evil descriptor for 24 hours.

Blessing of the Sistrum: Target gains a +4 circumstance bonus to Perform and Diplomacy skill checks for 24 hours.

Blessing of Obedience: Target must succeed a DC 15 Will save or become charmed, as per the spell.

The jar only has a single dose of oil, and its magic fades 24 hours after application.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *charm person*, *protection from evil*, *speak with animals*; **Cost** 775 gp

SALVE OF ISIS

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 3rd

Slot none; **Price** 500 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This sweet-smelling salve is typically stored in a colorful jar sealed

by wax. Blessed by the Goddess Isis, this magical salve brought the powers of rebirth to the battlefields of ancient Osirion. To activate the oil, it must be painted onto the skin in the image of a bird (a process taking 5 minutes). During the next 24 hours, if a target within 30 feet is reduced to negative hit points, the wearer may use an immediate action to cause the painted bird to fly from her body and heal the target for 1d8+3 hit points. If this healing raises the target's hit points above 0, the painted bird returns to the jar and refills it with more salve. If not, the magic is spent and the bird and salve disappear after healing the target. The jar only has a single dose of salve and its magic fades 24 hours after application.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *cure light wounds, summon monster I*; **Cost** 250

OIL OF SET

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 5th
Slot none; **Price** 1,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This oil has a black sheen and smells of smoke and sand. Ancient priests of Set frequently used this oil to sow confusion among their enemies. To activate the oil, it must be rubbed onto the skin in a layer that covers the entire body in black (a process taking 15 minutes). When applied in this fashion, the oil grants the benefits of a *protection from good spell* to the wearer for a period of 24 hours.

Additionally, the wearer can use the oil to surround herself with a sandstorm with a 100-foot radius, centered on her, for 1 minute (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 431). The wearer can see through this sandstorm normally. After being expended, this sandstorm ability cannot be used again by the wearer unless she spends an hour in total darkness. This recharges the oil and allows the wearer to summon a sandstorm again for 1 minute. The jar only has a single dose of oil, and its magic fades 24 hours after application.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *protection from good, shifting sand*^{APG}; **Cost** 500

OINTMENT OF SOBEK

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 5th
Slot none; **Price** 1,750 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This thick oil is dark green and smells of reptiles. Warriors and sailors used the ointment to bring the might of Sobek to the battlefield. To activate the oil, it must be painted onto the skin in the image of 3 small crocodiles (a process taking 10 minutes). Once applied, the wearer gains a +4 circumstance bonus to Stealth checks while in water and can hold her breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times her Constitution score before she risks drowning.

As a standard action, the wearer can cause one of the painted crocodiles to leap from her skin and attack a foe within 30 feet. This spectral crocodile cannot be damaged, but is otherwise identical to a

typical crocodile (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 51). If the spectral crocodile hits with its bite attack, it deals damage and can attempt to establish a grapple. If this grapple succeeds, on subsequent rounds the crocodile begins to use its death roll ability. The spectral crocodile persists with its attacks for as long as it can maintain a grapple. If at any point the crocodile's target escapes the grapple, the magic is dispelled and the crocodile disappears. Whenever the oil's wearer is in a body of water, all her spectral crocodiles receive a +2 circumstance bonus on attack rolls and grapple checks. If a spectral crocodile successfully kills its target, the beast slithers back to the wearer and reappears on her skin. Otherwise, the crocodile disappears and cannot be used again.

The jar only has a single dose of oil, and its magic fades 24 hours after application.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *summon monster III, water breathing*; **Cost** 875 gp



2014



Night's Companion

By Anthony "Template Fu" Adam

Art by James Keegan



A sudden shaft of lantern light pierces the veil of dusk, streaming from a door ahead and to your right. A silhouetted figure beckons you over urgently.

"Come, hurry! The sun is down. Hurry!"

The urgency in the stranger's voice causes you to rush over. The old man ushers you inside his home, hurriedly closing and barring the door behind you, muttering to himself about strangers and dangerous nights. He quickly guides you down the small corridor, through a tapestry curtain and into the main living area of his small home. An open fire pit dominates the center of the room; hundreds of *shabti* on shelves and floor fill the room's perimeter.

"Stranger, eh? Come to delve old Wati? Others have come, yes, many others. Disturbed the dead they have. The dead, they walk, seeking those who have disturbed their eternal slumber. The streets at night are no longer safe...for anyone."

He moves around the room in a well-rehearsed rhythm, closing and barring shutters, stoking the fire pit, arranging the cushions and mats for the night.

"Sit, eat, tell me of yourself and I shall tell you of Wati." The old man gestures to a mat and cushion, while drawing a decorated knife from his waistcoat, and then begins to slice dried meats, fruits, and vegetables to roast over the fire pit. He notices you glance fearfully at the drawn blade and offers it to you. You are surprised to find the blade is ground flint rather than steel or metal, its ivory handle emblazoned with images of the local wildlife.

"A *gebel el-arak*," he explains, "is the family knife worn by the patron." He points to the animal etchings on the handle, depicting the image of a man standing between two lions, grasping their manes. "This represents the order of life, and this the head of the family. The lions revere family, known as their pride. Thus, we pride family." He turns the knife over, the other side of the handle bearing etchings representing war and conflict. "The family knife protects. In war it takes life, but at meal times, it gives it." The old man turns back to the food, and some time passes in silence. Soon, he presents you with a meal of delicately roasted vegetable and thinly sliced meats, spiced and pungent, yet delicious.

Outside, a scratching noise is heard against the shutters. Then comes a snuffling sound accompanied by a low moaning. The old man goes quiet, raising a finger to still the question on your lips. The sounds move off, shuffling and hesitant in their departure. He notices you looking around the room at all the statues.

"Ah, no my friend, it is not the *shabti* that protect us, it is our silence, the walls, and the shutters. Now you understand why I called you into my home." Your gaze lingers on the exquisitely carved statuettes around the room.

"We believe that when we are called to our god's side, the *shabti* we collect in our life will come with us. Infused with our families' love, they come alive in that other place and serve us to the end



"Here," he continues, pointing to darker, more menacing symbols, "we find those events that can change the course of your life: theft, murder, war, pestilence, disease—these we try to avoid as we navigate the board. The rest, we will explain as they occur." He hands you the dice. "Now, throw and begin your journey."



of time." He looks around his room, his eyes beamingly proudly. "When we die, we must have one *shabti* for each day of the year and one for our chosen god. I need to collect just three more and I am prepared for when I am called."

He carefully picks one off the shelf and hands it to you. It is carved from stone in the shape of a young lady carrying a vessel of water on her shoulder, the water spilling from the lip and down onto her hair. The craftsmanship is so fine, she seems almost alive, the water flowing freely. You suddenly realize why it has taken a lifetime to gather so many of these items. A sad sigh brings your attention back to your gentle host as he reaches out to reclaim one of his prized possessions.

"This was carved in the image of my beloved wife. When I go to my god's side, she will be brought back to me through this." He delicately places the *shabti* back in its place beside four large canopic jars, with a soft whisper on his lips, "I am here and will come wherever you bid me."

He pats the ceramic jars almost reverently, and turns to face you. "Here is where my viscera shall reside, here in these limestone jars." Touching each, he explains, "This shall hold my stomach so that I shall never hunger in the lands of my god, and this my intestines, so that I cannot foul those wondrous lands. This, my lungs, so my breath does not sully the pure air, and this last, my liver, a gift to my god for his table."

"I see my beliefs are strange to you, but they bring me solace in my aching age. My time is short now, so is it not wise to take comfort in my beliefs?"

You smile and nod while more strange sounds, almost feral this time, pass nearby outside.





“Tell me, my friend, have you ever played *Senet*?”

You shake your head.

The old man smiles pleasantly. “Then tonight you learn. It is the game of life.”

“This is you.” The piece he holds out is an inch long ivory carving of man dressed in plain working linens. “This represents all men.”

“These are the rest.” You notice a female laborer, a soothsayer, a regent, a soldier, and some half-inch-tall pieces that represent children.

The old man places some dice and a board before you and selects his own piece.

Then he points to the board, explaining, “We start here, and follow the journey of life.” His finger traces the route around the board. He touches places marked on the life track. “Here are the major events of life: leaving home, finding work, getting married, having children, becoming an orphan, and journeying to your god’s side.”

“Here,” he continues, pointing to darker, more menacing symbols, “we find those events that can change the course of your life: theft, murder, war, pestilence, disease—these we try to avoid as we navigate the board. The rest, we will explain as they occur.” He hands you the dice. “Now, throw and begin your journey.”

You become completely absorbed by the game, noticing neither the passage of time nor the sounds of the dead roaming the streets outside. You place your piece on the last square, after moving exactly the number of pips the dice show on the last throw of the game.

“Ah, you win life’s reward—eternity with the gods.”

A bell resounds across the city. Deep and resonant, vibrating in your subconscious, you seem to awaken from a trance-like state and notice that it is midnight.

“The darkest hour begins,” your host states, his eyes twinkling. “You seem tired my friend, but do not sleep yet. Keep the night for being awake, sleep in the morning light. Then shall you be safer in Wati.” He smiles, and offers you a triangular goatskin filled with deep red wine. “Drink. It will fortify you for the remainder of the night.”


The wine tastes of plums and dates with an aftertaste of honey, a strangely sweet yet heady mixture. You feel mellow and relaxed. Glancing up, you notice the old man looking at something on a chain around his neck. It looks like an eye made from amber, surrounded by silver filigree.

You ask if you could see it, saying that you appreciate beautiful things and you have not seen its like before. At first hesitant, the old man agrees, and hands you the amulet.

“Please be careful; it was my father’s and his father’s before that and his before that. It is the oldest and dearest thing I have.”

You look down at the amulet, holding it carefully so as not to break the delicate latticework of silver. You realize immediately the lines of the latticework form the shape of the eyelids around the eye, with the amber as the pupil. It feels like it is looking back at you and a moment of unease passes through you as you descend deeper and deeper into that unrelenting gaze.

The old man chuckles, reaches down, and takes the amulet from you. He puts it back on and, reaching down a second time, picks you up and places you beside the *shabti* of his wife. Stepping back, he admires the final addition to his collection. Barely 8 inches tall, exquisitely constructed, the statuette of you represents you perfectly, your weaponry clearly visible in miniature. He bows slightly.

“Thank you, my warrior. You will protect my wife and I, serving and protecting us until the end of days.” 





Side Trek Seeds

By Bran Hagger and Cole Kronewitter

Art by Kat Cuseo



River Secrets

Plot Hook

Brothers Yukat and Sarrath Kajani, papyrus farmers from Tephu, find a young girl washed up on the banks of the Asp River during flood season, and take her in as their own. Curiously, the girl speaks only in an ancient Osiriani dialect. After hearing the brothers speaking with a local scholar about a young girl who speaks Ancient Osiriani, greedy Osirionologists attempt to kidnap her in order to learn her secrets, and the brothers are forced to search for help to keep her safe.

Backstory

Almost four millennia ago, the young girl Sallal swam up a disused aqueduct channel on a dare. Her desire to prove herself soon gave way to wonder when she discovered that the channel opened into the secret entrance to a forgotten tomb. Due to her small stature, Sallal managed to bypass most of the trapped pressure plates and trip wires, but she ran afoul of a temporal stasis trap when she tried to steal a golden collar with a brilliant tanzanite gem to convince her friends of the tale. Earlier this year, the temporal stasis somehow failed and she woke to a new Osirion.

Seasoned Osirionologists doubt the veracity of the girl's tale, but their younger and greedier colleagues hope that she might remember the location of tombs now lost to history. Recently, two especially determined such souls attempted to kidnap Sallal. They were discreetly hired by a middle-aged Keleshite woman named Janna, who is simultaneously trying to convince the Kajani brothers that she is only interested in seeking to repair the cultural damage done to Osirion by her people's occupation.

Potential Resolutions

If the player characters protect Sallal from her would-be kidnappers, the Kajani brothers consider them part of the family and offer them hospitality should they ever return to the area. In this case, the girl proudly tells them of the tanzanite-studded collar. The collar is an enchanted symbol of truth sacred to the followers of Maat. Should it be recovered, the temple priests see it as a sign of their power in the new age and will pay for its return.

The Slumbering Beast

Plot Hook

Every 30 days, a massive whirlpool appears in the middle of the River Sphinx. Although mysterious, most sailors are accustomed to this phenomenon and simply avoid it. A tight-lipped man named Khefera, however, is keenly interested in the whirlpool. He offers to cast *water breathing*^{APG} on the PCs for free if they investigate the phenomenon, and promises to reward them with ancient Osirion gold when they return with a full report.



Backstory

The whirlpool is created by a huge stone door that regularly opens to let in fresh water. This door leads to a massive underground aquifer, which contains the hidden pyramid of the forgotten Pharaoh Hapedi II. His tomb is affixed to the back of an 800-foot mummified crocodile.

Khefera is secretly a werecrocodile and already knows about the pyramid. In fact, he hired adventurers to investigate the pyramid last month. After following them, he discovered a *rod of control* for the undead crocodile, but it requires a ritual with 5 sacrifices to activate. He fulfilled 4 of these sacrifices by betraying previous adventurers and then returned to the surface to lure more fools to their demise.

Potential Resolutions

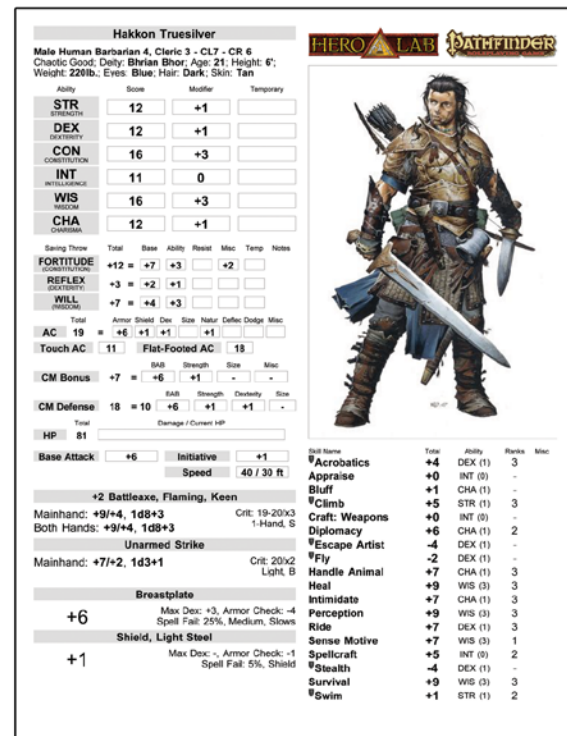
The previous sacrifices partially awakened the crocodile which now thrashes in its sleep causing disruptive earthquakes. Regardless of whether the PCs fall for Khefera's ruse, someone will eventually have to travel to the submerged pyramid to deal with the slumbering beast. If Khefera remains undetected, he follows the PCs to the final ritual chamber in the pyramid and attacks them there, hoping to kill one of them quickly and activate the rod.

What Khefera does not know, however, is that the mummy of Hapedi II will also be awakened by the ritual. Upon awakening, Hapedi II steals the *rod of control* and flees to the inside of the crocodile's empty skull. The PCs must find their way inside the cranium of the undead crocodile and defeat Hapedi in order to end his rampage with the awakened beast.





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Warriors of the Ancient World

Tools and Tactics of the Warriors of Osirion

By Ian "Set" Turner

Art by Jeremy Corff and Emilie Cormier



Over seven millennia, Osirion has bred many warriors of unique talent.

Dune Walker (Cavalier, Fighter or Paladin)

Archetype

When one travels the deserts, sometimes heavy armor is more danger than protection. Some warriors have developed special techniques when wearing lighter armor, using their enhanced mobility to gain extra benefit from their shields.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A dune walker does not gain proficiency with medium or heavy armor. Instead, when a dune walker is wearing light or no armor, he gains an additional +1 shield bonus to armor class from a buckler or light shield, or an additional +2 shield bonus to armor class from a heavy shield or tower shield. This modifies the cavalier, fighter or paladin's weapon and armor proficiency.

New Feats

Beast Breaker (Combat)

You have learned to weaken your foes by destroying their armor and weapons, even then they are the hide and claws of dangerous monsters, like the giant scorpions and hetkoshu crocodiles in the Tripoint Arena at An (*Osirion, Legacy of Pharaohs* 39).

Prerequisites: Int 13, Knowledge (any) 3 ranks, Improved Sunder.

Benefit: You can make a Sunder attempt against a creature's natural armor or natural weapon. You must first use the appropriate Knowledge skill identify a monster's abilities and weaknesses. Choose one of the following: the creature's natural armor, one of the creature's primary weapons, or one of the creature's secondary weapons. Then make a sunder attempt as normal. Treat the hardness of the creature's natural armor and secondary weapons as equal to its natural armor, and the hardness of its primary weapons as equal to its natural armor +5. If you successfully deal damage in excess of this effective hardness, the target's natural armor

or natural weapon gains the broken condition for 1d4 rounds. Further sundering broken natural armor or a broken natural weapon successfully adds an additional 1d4 rounds to the duration of the broken condition.

Special: If you have Greater Sunder, you also apply any damage to the natural armor or natural weapon to the creature.

Maftet Dervish (Combat)

Training under the students of the sphinxes themselves, the majestic maftet, you have learned their signature style of fighting with paired scimitars.

Prerequisites: Dex 15, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (scimitar).

Benefit: If you are wielding a scimitar appropriate to your size in your primary hand, you can wield a second scimitar of the same size in your off-hand as if it were a light weapon.

Normal: A scimitar is a one-handed melee weapon.

Maftet Runner (Combat)

Even without wings, you have mastered the most advanced of the maftet dervish techniques.

Prerequisites: Combat Reflexes, Double Slice, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Maftet Dervish, base attack bonus +8.

Benefit: You can make a full attack at the end of a charge, so long as all of the attacks are made with one or more scimitars.

Maftet Tattoo

You have scarred and colored your flesh with the runic glyphs of the mysterious maftet, evoking some small measure of their eldritch power.

Prerequisite: Must be able to read and write the Sphinx language, base attack bonus +6 or caster level 6.

Benefit: You gain the ability to cast either *mage armor*, *magic weapon* or *protection from evil* on yourself, on a maftet, or on anyone with the Maftet Tattoo feat as a spell-like ability once per day at a caster level equal to your character level. If you take this feat a second time, you gain two more uses of this daily spell-like ability (which can be used to cast any of the three spells). If you take this feat a third time, you gain another two uses of this ability, and add *cat's grace* (self only) to the

spells available, although using *cat's grace* in this way requires the expenditure of two daily uses of this ability.

Special: You can take this feat up to three times.

Equipment

Special Material: Coldsilver Thread

The Garundi desert can be unforgiving to a heavily armored warrior, and yet, for all Sarenrae's mercy, weapons do not bite any less deeply under the hot sun. Pharaohs' soldiers have developed several items to endure their harsh climate such as alchemical cooling salves, hide armor harvested from frost drakes specially treated to remain cool, and cleverly vented armor. Coldsilver is the latest innovation in this ongoing battle.

In the hot nations of northern Garund, the skymetal known as cold siccate is a prized commodity, with thin wires of this "coldsilver," as



it is locally known, woven into garments or worked into the lining of armor to make them more comfortable to wear. Thuvian alchemists once monopolized secret techniques to reforge hot siccattite into cold siccattite for this purpose, doubling the supply of this rare material, but the technique has spread to Rahadoum and the Osirian Pahmet dwarves, making it more widely available.

Any suit of armor or clothing fashioned with such wires affords its wearer a +4 bonus on Fortitude saves to resist the negative effects of environmental heat, which stacks with any bonuses that might be gained from a hot-weather outfit (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 89), or the penalties typically suffered by wearers of armor or heavy clothing (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 444), or vented armor (*Pathfinder Player Companion: People of the Sands* 28). Coldsilver clothing and armor confers a -4 penalty on Fortitude saves to resist the negative effects of cold weather.

Incorporating coldsilver threads into a suit of armor adds 300 gp to the cost of light armor, 600 gp to the cost of medium armor, and 1,200 gp to the cost of heavy armor. Armor with this improvement is always considered masterwork.

Magic Items

SPEAR OF THE FOUR-FACED FIEND

Aura moderate illusion; **CL** 5th

Slot none; **Price** 8,600 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 *short spear* has a head of green veinstone as hard as iron and decorated with four heiracosphinx feathers. Three times per day, as a swift action, when you strike a foe with the spear, you create an illusory double of yourself to appear flanking that target. This image remains in position, moving to continue flanking the target if you do, so long as an open space remains. Although it can't attack and does not threaten squares, as long as the image opposite your position remains, you are considered flanking the target. Any damaging attack directed against the image dispels it. If the target successfully attacks you, there is a 50% chance the flanking image is dispelled and you are teleported to its space, taking no damage. If not dispelled, the image lasts for 1 minute.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *dimension door*, *mirror image*; **Cost** 4,300 gp

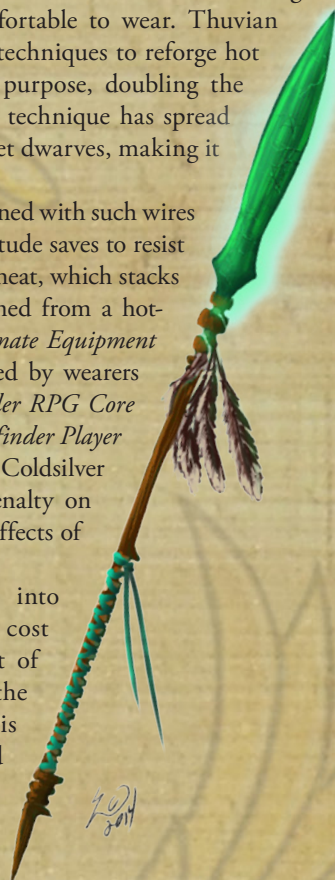
EYE OF POWER

Aura faint evocation; **CL** 5th

Slot eyes; **Price** 3,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This delicate golden foil pattern fastens to your face, surrounding one of your eyes and granting you low-light vision and immunity to the dazzled condition. When you are in combat, it flares up and reflects ambient light, so that as long as you are in daylight or a brightly lit area, enemies in melee combat with you are dazzled unless they avert their eyes.



CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *dazzle*, *light*; **Cost** 1,500 gp

HETKOSHU SCALE CHARM

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 5th

Slot none; **Price** 2,500 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This glossy black scale hangs from a thin cord that allows it to be tied to a wrist, the brow, one's belt or even the haft of a weapon. When affixed, the wearer can draw upon its power as a swift action to surge forward like the mighty hetkoshu, gaining *haste* for a single round, up to twice per day.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *haste*; **Cost** 1,250 gp

SCARAB SURGEON


Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 5th

Slot none; **Price** 2,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This shiny golden clockwork scarab attaches itself to your clothing and scurries into action when you suffer a bleed effect or are disabled and dying. At the end of the round it activates, it stabilizes you or an adjacent dying person you designate or ends a bleed effect affecting you or a willing adjacent creature. The scarab can be activated three times before it has to be manually rewound, taking 1 minute per use to fully recharge.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *cure light wounds*, *stabilize*; **Cost** 1,000 gp 



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Disturb Not the Dead

Tomb curses of Osirion

By Dain "zylphryx" Nielsen

Art by Basil Arnould Price



Alhrea brushed the dust away from the engravings above the tomb entrance. As soon as the markings became clear, her face paled. She turned to her companions.

"We may not want to go in here."

* * *

Everyone has heard tales of archeologists, tomb robbers, or adventurers who ignored the warnings posted on the entry to a tomb and suffered strange events and bizarre deaths as a result. While some may scoff at the idea, these curses are quite real. Spell casters usually placed them upon the tomb or sarcophagi of powerful or important individuals, giving them heightened power specific to the tomb they protect.

The curses of interred Osirian royalty and their minions are unusually potent, having some limited effect even on those who avoid the main effect of the curse. The most potent curses require powerful magic to remove. Many of the tomb curses are also poetic in their delivery, which lends an air of mystery to their effect until it manifests. Many victims have assumed to know the effects of a curse only to have their preparations be ineffective against the actual effects.

Elements of an Osirian Tomb Curse

Osirian tomb curses have the following elements:

Inscription: This is the actual text of the curse. These curses follow a specific pattern in their wording. The inscription begins with the curse's triggering conditions followed by the effect of the curse. Both sections may be either as clear as a perfectly cut diamond or as opaque as the silt in the River Asp during the rains.

Trigger: This lists the specific action or actions required to activate the curse. There can be multiple triggers; making any of the triggering actions will require one or more saving throws.

Save: This lists the DC and saving throw type for the primary effect.

Primary Effect: On a failed save, this is the main effect of the tomb curse.

Secondary Effect: This is the secondary effect of the tomb curse and affects anyone who triggers the tomb curse, regardless of the results of her saving throw. The secondary effects do stack with the primary effect, though the secondary effects are typically restricted to the area of the tomb itself.

Removal: A successful *remove curse* will cleanse most Osirian tomb curses. The more powerful tomb curses may require stronger magic (such as *wish* or *miracle*), specific actions (such as *consecrating* the tomb or returning any looted items), or both.

Sample Curses

Inscription: "Those who would defile my tomb or contents therein shall be known to the creatures that crawl upon the land and shall know no peace."

Trigger: Any act of looting or opening of sarcophagi within the tomb.

Save: DC 15 Will

Primary Effects: Any vermin or vermin swarm encountered will focus their attacks upon the victim. Magic that would normally calm or control vermin have no effect and vermin or vermin swarms summoned by allied casters, or by the victim herself, also target the victim.

Secondary Effect: Suffer a -2 penalty to attack and damage rolls against vermin within the tomb.

Removal: *remove curse*

* * *

Inscription: "Cursed be those who plunder or desecrate my tomb. Their bodies shall succumb to the venom of the asp and their souls shall be granted no rest."

Trigger: Any act of looting or opening of sarcophagi within the tomb.

Save: DC 15 Will

Primary Effects: The victim automatically fails all initial saving throws versus poison. Additionally, when she sleeps, the victim is plagued by dreams of a ghostly form chasing her relentlessly through the desert, causing her to awaken every morning fatigued.

Secondary Effect: Suffer a -2 penalty on all saves versus poison made within the tomb.

Removal: *remove curse*

* * *

Inscription: "Should any dare disturb my rest, the power of Ra shall burn your body and turn your soul to ash."

Trigger: Opening the tomb's primary sarcophagus.

Save: DC 20 Will

Primary Effects: The victim acquires light blindness and vulnerability to fire. In direct sunlight, she suffers 1d6 fire damage per round.

Secondary Effect: Suffer a -2 penalty to saving throws against fire-based spells and effects within the tomb.

Removal: *remove curse*

* * *

Inscription: "Woe unto those who disturb my tomb. A plague be set upon your house, leaving you weak for the slaughter at the hands of your enemies."

Trigger: Entering the tomb.

Save: DC 20 Will

Primary Effects: The victim must also make a DC 17 Fortitude save or be struck with the withering (see below). Additionally, until the curse is removed, all opponents gain a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls against the victim.

Secondary Effect: Opponents encountered within the tomb gain a +2 bonus to attack rolls against those suffering this effect (this effect stacks with the primary effect).

Removal: see The Withering below

THE WITHERING

Type curse, disease; **Save** Fortitude DC 17

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

Effect 1d6 Str; **Cure** the withering is both a curse and disease and can only be cured if the curse is first removed, at which point the disease can be magically removed. Even after the curse element of the withering is lifted, a creature suffering from it cannot recover naturally over time. Anyone casting a conjuration (healing) spell on the afflicted creature must succeed on a DC 20 caster level check, or the spell is wasted and the healing has no effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

* * *

Inscription: "Herein lies the favored of Osiris, protected by the god's will from those who would pillage what is not theirs. With great

vengeance shall his will smite those who would dare violate his favored servant's tomb."

Trigger: Any looting of items in the tomb.

Save: DC 25 Will

Primary Effect: The victim receives only half the amount of healing from conjuration (healing) magic and cannot be brought back from the dead. Anyone casting any conjuration (healing) spell upon the victim must succeed on a DC 20 caster level check or the spell fails to deliver any healing and is wasted.

Secondary Effect: While in the tomb, any time a victim of the curse takes damage from any source, she suffers an additional 5 points of damage.

Removal: This curse can only be removed with a *miracle* or *wish* spell.

* * *

Inscription: "The claim has been made and the deal struck with Pthah. Let none usurp it. Misfortune follow any who enter this sanctuary and doubly so on those who would violate the claim."

Trigger: Entering the tomb and any looting within it.

Save: DC 25 Will

Primary Effect: The victim must roll two dice for all attack rolls, skill checks, saving throws and ability checks and take the worse of the two results. If the victim participates in any looting within the tomb, the victim's opponents roll two dice for all attacks made against the victim and take the better of the two. Additionally, every night, half of the victim's coin, gems and jewelry vanish.

Secondary Effect: All attack, damage, skill, saving throws and ability checks suffer a -2 penalty while in the tomb.

Removal: This curse requires a *miracle* or *wish* spell to remove. All looted items must be returned within 24 hours or victims are again subject to the curse.

* * *

Inscription: "Those who enter my sacred tomb with impure heart, or who disturb my body or those of my servants, shall be drained of soul and left to wander the deserts for all eternity."

Trigger: Anyone of a differing alignment of the deceased entering the tomb or any looting within the tomb.

Save: DC 30 Will

Primary Effect: The victim is affected by an energy drain and receives 2 permanent negative levels. Each day the victim is under the effects of the curse, she must make an additional Will save or suffer an additional 2 permanent negative levels. If a victim dies while under the effects of the curse, her spirit manifests as a spectre the following night. She is drawn back toward the tomb, cursed to be its guardian.

Secondary Effect: All saving throws made against negative energy effects have a -5 penalty while in the tomb.

Removal: This curse requires a *miracle* or *wish* spell to remove. Negative levels cannot be removed until the curse is removed.

* * *


Inscription: "Behold the resting place of Kek the Mad, servant of those from beyond. Breach not the seal lest those who lost a servant seek to gain one anew."

Trigger: Anyone opening the tomb or crossing the threshold.

Save: DC 30 Will

Primary Effect: The victim goes mad, as per *insanity*.

Secondary Effect: Victims' faces are marked with a sign of the Old Ones, as *greater brand*^{APG}. Worshipers of the Old Ones gain a +2 profane bonus to attack and damage rolls against bearers of the brand.

Removal: Each of these effects requires a *miracle* or *wish* spell to remove. Each casting removes only one of the effects. 





Lamashtu Be Praised!

By Todd Stewart and Tanith Tyrr

Art by Darran "Haunted Jester" Caldemeyer



Absolutely not, my Lady," Menkhaf shook his head, as worry creased his deeply tanned face. "You cannot even think of going!"

"Are you telling me what I cannot do?" There was patient amusement in her voice. Nearly twice her servant's age, the Merchant Queen of Eto looked a full decade younger. Disdaining the excesses of vanity, Shai-Nefer wore the simplest of traditional Osiriani linens and the merest hint of kohl around her eyes. Only a few pieces of carnelian and lapis signified her social station.

"The caravan route passes through dangerous territory. Two of ours have been attacked this year." On her map, the sands west of Eto were crisscrossed with trade routes between oases to Shiman-Sekh. Daubs of red ink marked their hazards like drops of blood. "Seven from other merchant houses were also attacked. The bodies were carved up like meat, and the survivors were carried off."

Shai-Nefer frowned. "I'm well aware. We discussed the issue at the most recent meeting of the city council, and I will be speaking with the merchants of Shiman-Sekh to determine our unified course of action. Sothis has done nothing to suggest that they are even aware of the problem. We have to act on our own."

There was anguish in his eyes as he replied, "My Lady, I have been in your employ for five seasons now. I deeply admire..." He stopped briefly, then continued, "I admire your keen mind for coin. I know this venture is important, but I do not wish you to come to harm."

"Your advice is appreciated, Menkhaf," She reached across the table, laying her hand upon his. Her touch was soft and graceful. "But the decision, as always, is mine."

A whiff of her perfume entered his nose, and he sighed deeply. As a guard and a slave, he was far below her station. The trip would be dangerous, but he would serve and protect her to the best of his ability. There was nothing more he could honorably do.

A dozen camel-drawn wagons wove their way through the desert. The air shimmered with a malevolent heat that licked the parched sand. The desert between Eto and Shiman-Sekh was a barren ocean of drifting dunes and exposed bedrock dotting the sands like stony islands in a windswept, trackless sea.

"Gozreh spit in Saranrae's face and grant us some clouds," Menkhaf wiped the sweat from his brow and grimaced. "I'll even settle for a soft breeze." Sitting atop the largest wagon, his eyes nervously roamed the horizon.

The other wagons carried expensive cargo: perfume, herbs, imported gems, vellum, brilliantly colored inks, and a dozen reams of silk from far off Tian-Xia. This one carried only Shai-Nefer. She rode alone in its armored interior, which was silk-draped and as richly appointed as her sitting room in Eto.

When he last entered, she had been deep in some kind of prayer a talisman held to her forehead as she chanted quietly to herself. He knew that she was devout, perhaps even among the clergy. He was curious



The furious horde outnumbered them nearly four to one. The moon shone down with cold clarity on the merciless slaughter. Two more gnolls fell at Menkhaf's hand as he barred the door to Shai-Nefer's wagon. Three hurled down their torches and hefted spears, laughing gutturally as they approached for the kill.

"Beasts! You will not have her!" He shouted with savage despair as the gnolls charged.



where her faith lay, but it seemed a private thing. He never had the courage to ask.

"Your prayers are appreciated, my Lady," Menkhaf bowed. "I will do my part to keep us safe as well."

"I know you will."

Her confidence filled his heart and made the task of watching the trackless horizon an honor instead of a burden.

Evening fell, and the wagons circled defensively. Shai-Nefer was applying makeup in a silvered mirror by a conjured ball of light when Menkhaf brought a plate of dried meat, dates and bread. An elaborate wedjat of kohl decorated her right eye. As she listened to his report of their progress, she ate the simple meal with her fingers with a sinuousness that took his breath away.

"You've done well. Continue and the gods will see to your wishes." Menkhaf bowed and pondered her enigmatic words as he departed. Shai-Nefer's gaze followed him as he left the wagon. She licked her lips and turned back to her reflection, taking up the kohl again. It was almost time.

The stars twinkled in the cloudless sky as Menkhaf turned restlessly atop the wagon. Shai-Nefer permeated his thoughts more than the haunting feeling that the brigands that had attacked nearly a dozen caravans would find them easy prey. He only half dozed, his hand never leaving his khopesh. The chink of metal on metal from outside the ring of wagons and the soft scrape of loose sand under a padded foot woke him instantly.





"Guards! Awake!" Menkhaf bellowed at the top of his lungs. "Defend the wagons!"

The desert night exploded in a conflagration of erupting torches and the roar of men and beasts. Screaming inhuman invocations to their unholy goddess, gnolls fell on the caravan in a frenzied rage. Blood poured on sand as the butchering began.

Menkhaf dropped to the ground and narrowly avoided a flaming arrow. One of the gnolls lunged at him, a savage miscegenation of man and hyena in patchwork armor, its blade already stained with blood.

"Stay in the wagon!" He called out to Shai-Nefer, gasping with effort as he took the creature's first blow on the edge of his sword. Another block, a deft feint followed by a thrust, and he stared into the gnoll's dying eyes, feeling its hot blood spurt out over his hands.

The furious horde outnumbered them nearly four to one. The moon shone down with cold clarity on the merciless slaughter. Two more gnolls fell at Menkhaf's hand as he barred the door to Shai-Nefer's wagon. Three hurled down their torches and hefted spears, laughing gutturally as they approached for the kill.

"Beasts! You will not have her!" He shouted with savage despair as the gnolls charged.

Two more fell. One's throat was cut open and sprayed blood into the air in ragged pulses like a staccato hymn to Gorum. Another was disemboweled in a clean, swift stroke. Menkhaf gasped. He was bleeding from slashes to his arm and thigh. The fear and horror of what would happen to his lady should he die in her service cut deeper than the wounds to his body. As always, it was all he could do for her. And as always, it would not be enough.

He spared her a last glance as he was pressed by his attackers. "Be brave, my Lady!" He could see her watching patiently from the window with a terrible calm.

He did not look away quickly enough. Another gnoll struck with

savage quickness and pierced Menkhaf's side. He fell to the ground and reflexively swung his sword. It cleaved through the beast's leg. Its cry of triumph turned into one of agony, even as its companions continued to laugh like the mad hyenas they were. Moments later, Menkhaf's own screams joined the unholy cacophony as a spear punctured his arm and pinned it to the sand.

"Shai-Nefer!" He cried out as loudly as he could as his lungs burned and heaved. He knew his death was imminent, "I loved you!"

The door opened. Shai-Nefer stood backlit in painted splendor, pale witch-light from the wagon spilling out into the desert night. The gnolls' gibbering laughter died away as they stopped and stared.


"No, Shai-Nefer!" Menkhaf choked through his pain, "Run!"

Irrationally, she began to smile.

Her form blurred and darkened as it enlarged. A throaty hyena chuckle split the night air, but it did not come from the gnolls. They whimpered eagerly like puppies and prostrated themselves on the blood-soaked sand.

She came to him on all fours. She sniffed and smiled at her fallen warrior. Hot breath billowed over him like a carrion wind and a soft tongue lapped delicately at the blood on his thigh. Rough pads and jagged claws that should have been pale bejeweled fingers tenderly touched his face.

Alashra's gleaming yellow eyes traced the lines of his body possessively. The Eighth Witch of Lamashtu smiled and her black lips curled back from her fanged maw. Menkhaf cried out as she sliced the wedjat into his forehead and opened a third eye for him in blood. Her claw on his lips silenced him. She licked her lips. She was hungry for flesh and drooled in anticipation.

Her voice was guttural but understandable. "My beautiful Menkhaf, did I not say the gods would see to your wishes? The Mother of Monsters will also see to mine. Lamashtu be praised!" 





Into The Pyramid:

Treasure Hunters And Undead Busters

By Margherita "Bardess" Tramontano

Art by Peter Fairfax



Unimaginable riches lay under the sands and in lost temples and tombs. Forgotten traps and evils also lurk there, waiting for unwary adventurers. Be it ancient mummies or pyramid mazes, bold treasure hunters should better prepare themselves before entering these dangerous places.

PURGER OF THE DEAD

(INQUISITOR ARCHETYPE)

The undead are a pox upon the burial chambers of our ancestors. When tombs are desecrated, purgers of the dead are called upon to utilize their divine gifts and cleanse the tombs of these unholy abominations.

Trap Sense: At first level, a purger of the dead gains trap sense as a rogue of her level. This ability replaces stern gaze.

Favored Judgment: The purger of the dead can select the Favored Judgment^{UM} (Undead) feat in place of a bonus teamwork feat.

Detect Undead (Sp): At 5th level, a purger of the dead can use *detect undead* as a spell-like ability at will. Her caster level is equal to her inquisitor level. This replaces discern lies.

Impervious Mind (Su):

At 11th level, the purger of the dead becomes immune to energy drain and to the mind-affecting abilities of undead. This replaces stalwart.

SPELLFILCHER (MAGUS ARCHETYPE)

Treasure hunters and tomb raiders, spellfilchers defy ancient traps and protective spells to gain possession of arcane scrolls and lost artifacts of power.

Arcane Thief (Ex): A spellfilcher can use Disable Device to disarm magical traps as per a rogue's trapfinding ability, and gains a +4 bonus on saves against magical traps, language-dependent effects, and symbols, glyphs, and magical writings of any kind. At 4th level, the spellfilcher gains a bonus equal to half his magus

level on Spellcraft checks to identify magic items or decipher scrolls and may take 10 on such checks. This replaces spell recall and improved spell recall.

Arcane Talents: A spellfilcher may select any rogue talent in place of a magus arcana. At 12th level, the spellfilcher may select a rogue talent or advanced rogue talent in place of a magus arcana.

Spells: A spellfilcher adds *Aram Zey's focus*^{PSFG} and *Aram Zey's trap ward*^{PSFG} to his spell list.

Magus Arcana: The following magus arcana complement the spellfilcher archetype: arcane cloak^{UC}, critical strike^{UM}, divinatory strike^{MM}, prescient defense^{UC}, silent magic^{UM}, spell trickery^{B&TM} and still magic^{UM}.

TEMPLE RAIDER (INQUISITOR ARCHETYPE)

A temple raider is a lone agent of secretive churches, tasked with sneaking into enemy dens to assassinate heretics and recover stolen relics.

Divine Skullduggery (Ex): A temple raider adds Disable Device to her list of class skills. She applies her Wisdom modifier (rather than her Dexterity modifier) to Disable Device checks and can use Disable Device to disarm magical traps like a rogue. This ability and roguishness replace solo tactics.

Roguishness (Ex): At 3rd level, a temple raider can use sneak attack, as a rogue, to deal an extra +1d6 points of damage. At 7th level and every 4 levels thereafter (7th, 11th, 15th, and 19th), this bonus damage increases by an additional +1d6, to a maximum of +5d6 at 19th level. This ability and divine skullduggery replace solo tactics.


Rogue Talents: At 3rd level and every 3 levels thereafter (6th, 9th etc.), a temple raider selects a rogue talent, up to a maximum of 6 at 18th level. At 12th level, the temple raider may select a rogue talent or advanced rogue talent. The temple raider may replace the last rogue talent she selected with another the same way a normal inquisitor may replace the last bonus teamwork feat selected. This replaces teamwork feats.

Spells: The temple raider adds *vanish*^{APG} (1), *invisibility* (2), *invisible sphere* (3), and *shadow step*^{UM} (4) to her spell list.

NEW INQUISITION: CHANNEL

Granted Powers: You tap more deeply into the power of your deity, receiving power over the undead, either to put them to rest or use them.

Channel Energy (Su): You can channel energy like a cleric of your alignment. Using this ability consumes one use of your judgment ability. You use your inquisitor level as your effective cleric level when channeling energy. This is a Charisma-based ability.

Channeling Light (Sp): At 10th level, when you channel energy to heal, you may choose to heal only half the normal amount and add the effects of a single judgment (other than Healing) to your channel as per the *judgment light*^{UC} spell. You need not have the selected judgment active when using channel energy in this way. The judgment's effects last for a maximum of 1 minute. 

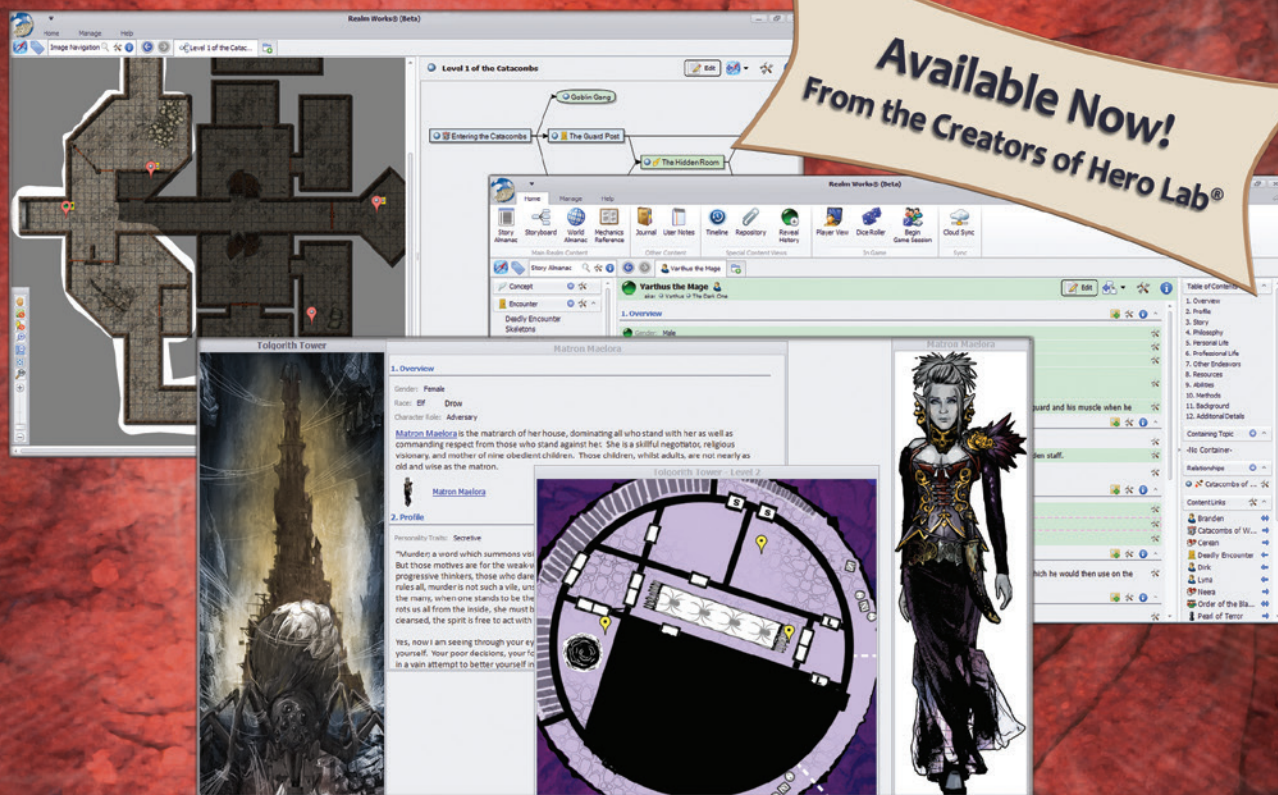


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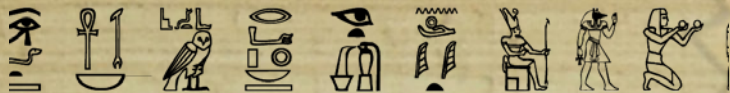
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Bestiary

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Anubian

This dark-skinned, muscular human male bears the head of a jackal. He wears a shendyt and carries a khopesh.

ANUBIAN	CR 4
XP 1,200	
LN Medium outsider (extraplanar, lawful)	
Init +5; Senses darkvision 120 ft., <i>detect chaos</i> , low-light vision, scent; Perception +10	
DEFENSE	
AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+1 Dex, +1 dodge, +6 natural; +2 deflection vs. chaotic)	
hp 39 (6d10+6)	
Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4; +4 vs. poison, +2 resistance vs. chaotic	
DR 5/chaotic; Immune blindness, exhaustion, fatigue, fear; SR 15	
OFFENSE	
Speed 50 ft.	
Melee bite +8 (1d8+2), 2 claws +8 (1d4+2) or mwk khopesh +9/+4 (1d6+3), bite +3 (1d8+1)	
Special Attacks knockdown	
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th, concentration +6)	
Constant— <i>detect chaos</i> , <i>locate object</i>	
At Will— <i>greater teleport</i> (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), <i>message</i>	
STATISTICS	
Str 15, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 10	



Base Atk +6; **CMB** +8 (+10 trip); **CMD** 19

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will

Skills Acrobatics +10, Intimidate +9, Perception +10, Sense Motive +10, Stealth +16, Survival +14; **Racial Modifiers** +6 Stealth, +4 Survival

Languages Ancient Osirian

SQ nightstalker

ECOLOGY

Environment warm deserts

Organization squad (4–12)

Treasure masterwork khopesh

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Knockdown (Su) An Anubian receives a +2 bonus on checks made to trip a foe. Whenever it successfully trips an opponent, that opponent provokes attacks of opportunity.

Nightstalker (Su) An Anubian only exists at night and vanishes in the light of the sun.

The existence of Anubians, or grave guardians as they're also known, is veiled in mystery. Some claim they are nothing more than bandits dressed in jackal masks who wait for nightfall to steal the bounty of other tomb robbers. Others claim they are the recent creation of a powerful wizard who wishes to claim the ancients' secrets for his own. Still others claim they are a curse, sent as a bane to those who would take precious items from the tombs of Osirion's pharaohs of old. Whatever the Anubians' origins, those unfortunate enough to see them rarely live to tell the tale.

In truth they are returned souls who have sworn to protect their dead masters' property and honor. When night falls, they rise up from the robbed or vandalized resting places of their long-dead masters to avenge the insult of the tomb's desecration. They can locate any stolen items and single-mindedly focus on recovering them. The more valuable the stolen items, the greater the number of Anubians that arise. They fade if caught in the morning sun but return the following night to resume their hunt.

During combat, they gain the upper hand through stealth and pair up against a foe when possible. They follow simple tactics, usually tripping their opponents with their khopeshes and striking any foes who fall prone. They fight until they either recover the stolen item or fall in battle. Once defeated, the souls return to their planes of existence, resuming the afterlife they have earned until their masters need them again.



Aucturn Cat

This slender, silver-eyed, night-black cat opens its mouth far wider than any normal being could, revealing three impossibly long tentacles instead of a tongue.

AUCTURN CAT

CR 7

XP 3,200

NE Tiny aberration

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 feet; Perception +24

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 16, flat-footed 18 (+4 Dex, +6 natural, +2 size)

hp 85 (10d8+40)

Fort +7, **Ref** +7, **Will** +10

Defensive Abilities impossible geometries, out of this world;
Immune disease

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft., swim 40 ft.

Melee 3 tentacles +12 (2d4+2), 2 claws +13 (1d3+4)

Space 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft. (10 ft. with tentacles)

Special Attacks twisting angles

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 18, **Con** 18, **Int** 13, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 23

Skills Acrobatics +17, Climb +12, Disguise +12 (+32 when pretending to be a normal cat), Knowledge (dungeoneering) +14, Perception +24, Stealth +25, Swim +12;
Racial Modifiers +20 Disguise when pretending to be a normal cat, +8 Perception

Feats Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (tentacle)

SQ no breath, self-mummification, twisting paths

Language Aklo (cannot speak); telepathy, 100 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Impossible Geometries (Ex) An Aucturn cat is a being of complex dimensional geometry extending beyond the three spatial dimensions. It passes through any visible opening, even those too small for its apparent size, and operates as if under a constant *freedom of movement*.

Out of This World (Ex) Despite masquerading as an innocent animal, an Aucturn cat is an alien being from beyond the stars. Any dragon, fey, humanoid, or monstrous humanoid targeting an Aucturn cat with a spell or spell-like ability that specifically targets animals becomes staggered for 1 round and sickened for 1d4 rounds; this reveals the Aucturn cat's alien nature, removing its disguise. This is a mind-affecting effect.

Self-Mummification (Ex) An Aucturn cat can enter a form of hibernation, slowly drying its internal organs into husks. In this state the Aucturn cat has hardness 8, is immune to aging, starvation, thirst, and radiation, can survive the vacuum of space, and does not register as a living being to any magic less powerful than *true seeing*. It remains dimly aware of its surroundings and can revive itself in 1d4 rounds at will.

Twisting Angles (Ex) The impossible geometries of an Aucturn cat's anatomy allow its tentacle attacks to strike at weird angles and extend beyond the three dimensions ignoring concealment, cover, displacement, and miss chances, and dealing full damage



to incorporeal and ethereal targets. A creature struck by an Aucturn cat's tentacle has its speed halved for one round. On a critical hit the victim has its speed reduced to 0 and becomes flat footed for one round. *Freedom of movement* or *dimensional anchor* prevents loss of movement.

Twisting Paths (Ex) Aucturn cats do not have innate teleportation abilities on their own but can follow shadow walk or any teleportation effect used within 60 feet of them.

Aucturn cats are alien cat-like beings that appear in early Osirian legends associated with the Dominion of the Black. According to the few surviving hieroglyphs, a few Aucturn cats arrived along with strange, god-like beings and remained behind. Their presence might be the source of Osirian worship of and deference to cats, encouraging the ancient people to show respect to animals that might be much more powerful alien beings in disguise. The practice of mummification and burial of cats might be a reflection of Aucturn cats' ability to hibernate for hundreds or thousands of years as dried husks. Even now, grave robbers meet terrible fates by disturbing a hibernating Aucturn cat mistaken for the mummy of a mundane animal.

The actual origins of Aucturn cats are unknown, and despite their name, they probably came from far beyond Golarion's solar system. A few Aucturn cats can be found on the system's other planets—Castrovel, Akiton, Eox, the moons of Liavara, either spread through the system of portals or seeded by whatever power brought them to Golarion in the first place.

Aucturn cats are selfish, capricious, and cruel beings, likely to play with their food (which they prefer alive) with little consideration for others, unless fancy strikes them or their victims appeal to their vanity. When they communicate telepathically, they project no words or concepts, instead sending arrays of dizzying headache-inducing images and scenes of alien worlds and beings.



Creamfoot Fennec

This tiny cream-colored fox tilts its head, its large ears ever alert for both prey and predators.

CREAMFOOT FENNEC

CR 1/4

XP 100

N Tiny animal

Init +3; **Senses** blindsense 10 ft., low-light vision; Perception +5 (+9 when listening)

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +2 size)

hp 4 (1d8)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +3 (1d3–3)

Space 2½ ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

STATISTICS

Str 5, **Dex** 17, **Con** 11, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +0; **CMB** –5; **CMD** 8 (12 vs. trip)

Feats Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +3 (+11 when jumping), Perception +5 (+9 when listening), Stealth +11; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Acrobatics when jumping, +4 Perception when listening

SQ desert runner, sand hunter

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate and tropical deserts and plains

Organization solitary, pair, skulk (3–8)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Desert Runner (Ex) A creamfoot fennec has a +4 racial bonus on Constitution checks and Fortitude saves to avoid fatigue, exhaustion, and other ill effects from running, forced marches, starvation, thirst, and hot or cold environments.

Sand Hunter (Ex) Creatures that normally gain concealment by being buried or burrowing do not receive that benefit within range of the creamfoot fennec's blindsense.

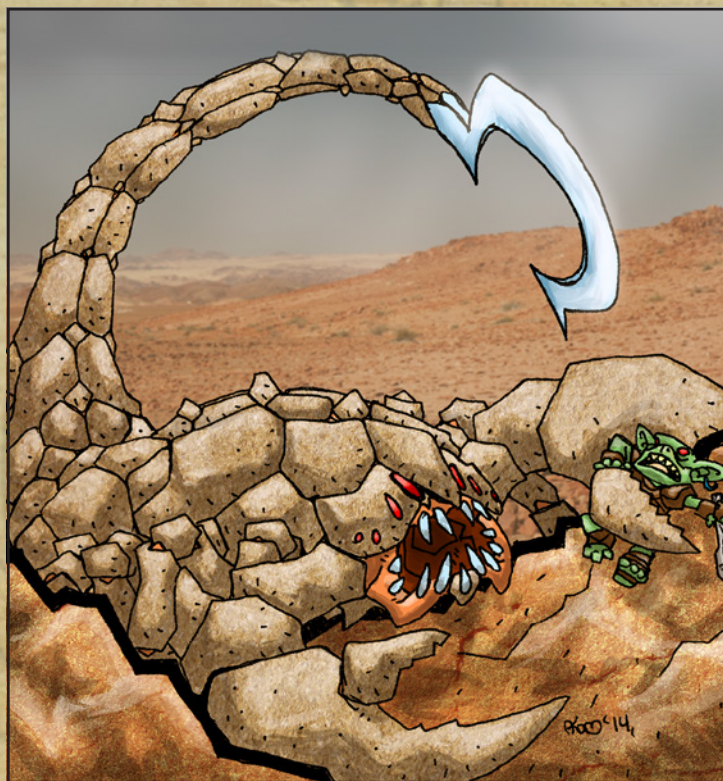
Familiar The master of a creamfoot fennec familiar is treated as possessing the desert runner quality.

Creamfoot fennecs, like their brushtail^{LOFPG} and firefoot^{ISWG} cousins, are the smallest wild canids, with black tips on their sleek tails and oversized ears on otherwise completely sandy-colored pelts. They

are superbly adapted to hunting burrowing prey in brutally harsh desert environments. Wild creamfoots are intensely curious, especially of humanoids, and they make excellent pets and familiars when weaned young and hand-reared.



In the tropical plains and deserts of Garund and Casmaron, they are widely (and mistakenly) believed to supernaturally ward off fiends and undead. Cheliax and Isger previously imported them as a cheaper substitute to firefoot pelts, but this superstition led to their bloody purging upon House Thruene's ascendancy. Both wild and pet creamfoots often meet mysterious, gruesome deaths in Cheliax as warnings to any who would think of upsetting the current Hellish power structure.



Scorpion, Giant Khopesh

Until it moves, this giant scorpion with a mottled carapace appears like an outcrop of weathered sandstone. Its tail ends in a razor-sharp chitinous blade that resembles a khopesh sword.

GIANT KHOPESH SCORPION

CR 5

XP 1,600

N Large vermin

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 60 ft.; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 10, flat-footed 16 (+1 Dex, +7 natural, –1 size)

HP 45 (7d8+14)

Fort +7, **Ref** +3, **Will** +2

Immune mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee 2 claws +8 (1d6+4 plus grab), tail +8 (1d8+4/19–20 plus bleed)

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

Special Attacks bleed (1d6), constrict (1d6+4)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 3

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +10 (+14 grapple); **CMD** 21 (33 vs. trip)

Skills Climb +8, Perception +4, Stealth +5 (+9 in deserts);

Racial Modifiers Climb +4, Perception +4, Stealth +8 (+12 in deserts)

SQ khopesh tail blade

ECOLOGY

Environment warm deserts or mountains

Organization solitary or nest (2–5)

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Khopesh Tail Blade (Ex) Instead of a poisonous stinger, a giant khopesh scorpion's tail ends in a curved blade with a keen edge. The scorpion's tail attack has a critical threat range of 19–20 and deals slashing damage like a khopesh sword. Furthermore, the damage a giant khopesh scorpion deals with its tail attack causes persistent wounds that deal 1d6 points of bleed damage.

Unlike most scorpions, a giant khopesh scorpion's tail ends in a chitinous blade capable of inflicting grievous wounds that bleed profusely. A giant khopesh scorpion is an ambush predator that uses its camouflaged carapace to hide among sand and rocks. When prey wanders near, it rushes out to attack with its tail and claws. If it encounters substantial resistance, a giant khopesh scorpion retreats and waits for its prey to expire from blood loss. When the scorpion detects no further movement, it returns to claim its meal.

To avoid the heat of the sun, giant khopesh scorpions sometimes lie in wait under rocky overhangs, and may drag their prey short distances to be eaten in the shade. When a shaded area is near a desirable hunting ground and large enough to accommodate several of the large arthropods, giant khopesh scorpions may nest there together for a time. In such cases, the lair may contain incidental treasure. Giant khopesh scorpions weigh up to 3,000 pounds and their bodies are over 8 feet long.

Hephtethnet the Reaver

This creature's leonine body is the size of a house and surmounted by the head of a great falcon with gold and white feathers. Broad wings stretch as it regards its prey with eyes filled with malign intelligence and barely-contained hunger.

HEPHTETHNET THE REAVER

CR 17/MR 2

XP 102,400

Male invincible giant advanced hieracosphinx (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*; *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 253; *Pathfinder RPG Mythic Adventures*)

CE Gargantuan magical beast

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +32

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 11, flat-footed 25 (+5 Dex, –4 size, +19 natural)

hp 252 (16d10+164)

Fort +19, **Ref** +15, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities block attacks; **DR** 10/epic; **Resist** acid 15, cold 15, electricity 15, fire 15, second save

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (poor)

Melee bite +20 (3d8+23), 2 claws +20 (2d6+23); or unarmed strike +20/+15/+10/+5 (1d8+23)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks pounce, shriek

TACTICS

During Combat Hephtethnet begins combat by using his shriek ability. If he can fly, he uses Flyby Attack with Snatch to fly opponents high into the air and drop them. Supremely confident, he always uses Power Attack (factored into the stats above), uses Cleave whenever possible, and pounces often. When faced with attacks that target his touch AC, he uses Snake Style, and



when forced to fight in closed spaces, he will often make full attacks using his unarmed strikes.

STATISTICS

Str 37, **Dex** 20, **Con** 29, **Int** 16, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +16; **CMB** +33; **CMD** 48 (52 vs. trip)

Feats Cleave, Flyby Attack, Greater Flyby Attack, Improved Unarmed Strike, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception), Snake Style^{UC}, Snatch

Skills Acrobatics +20, Climb +28, Fly +14, Perception +32, Sense Motive +17, Stealth +8; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception

Languages Ancient Osiriani, Common, Kelish, Sphinx

Deep beneath the Barrier Wall Mountains lies the Tomb of the Bound Sphinx, built by the Pharaoh Kenaton in –1146 AR. He intended it to be his burial site, but the violent predations of Hephtethnet the Reaver forced him to change his plans. Born of some unknown power, the massive beast possessed greater intelligence than any other hieracosphinx. He was skilled in combat; a few rare texts say that he once captured a master from ancient Tian Xia and learned the monk's ways before killing and eating him. Hephtethnet's strength and resilience were so great that the Pharaoh's best warriors could not destroy him.

After many attempts to engage the creature directly, the Pharaoh lured him to the tomb and, as his last great act, he sacrificed his own *ka* and *ba* to create two stone guardians, mythic golems in the shape of an androsphinx^{B3} and gynosphinx. These entities bind Hephtethnet to the tomb, magically and physically, until he can collect 1,000 unique riddles. The task became more difficult a few decades later when a portion of the tomb collapsed into an underground chamber upon which it had been built. Although explorers can still access the tomb, the broken halls and shifted rooms are much more difficult to navigate.



Hephtethnet waits impatiently for visitors to bring him new riddles to set him free. He has made alliances with some of the tomb's other denizens, who herd explorers to him. He forces captives to tell him riddles, hoping he has not already heard them. If the intruders fail, he attacks, and then cruelly plays with his food. If they succeed, he shows his deep gratitude by killing and eating them quickly.

While those who know the legend of Hephtethnet the Reaver are glad that he remains imprisoned in the shattered tomb, others seek to release him. Some are crazed warlords hoping to harness the mythic creature's power to threaten enemies. Others are worshipers of Rovagug who want the creature to resume its destructive attacks. These lunatics cling to information about new riddles or try to create their own, in the hope of releasing the sphinx.

Meanwhile, Kenaton's divided spirit endures. His *ren* holds power as long as others remember him and speak his name. His *khu*, the shining soul, rests with the gods. And his *sheut*, the "soul shadow", remains with the two golems he created. Kenaton's priests placed the Pharaoh's body within the Tomb of the Bound Sphinx, hidden close to the golems, ready to receive his *ba* and *ka* should they ever be released from the guardians.

Source: *Osirion, Legacy of Pharaohs*, p. 19.

Hieroglyph Swarm

The characters in this array of hieroglyphs glow with an internal light.

HIEROGLYPH SWARM	CR 9
XP 6,400	
N Fine construct (swarm)	
Init +11; Senses blindsight 60 ft.; Perception +0	
DEFENSE	
AC 25, touch 18, flat-footed 18 (+7 Dex, +8 size)	
hp 78 (12d10+12)	
Fort +3; Ref +12; Will +3	
DR 10/adamantine; Immune construct traits, swarm traits	
Weaknesses vulnerability to acid	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)	
Melee swarm (3d6 plus distraction)	
Space 10 ft.; Reach 0 ft.	
Special Attacks ancient's tongue (DC 16), distraction (DC 16)	
STATISTICS	
Str 7, Dex 24, Con —, Int —, Wis 11, Cha 1	
Base Atk +10; CMB —; CMD —	
Feats Improved Initiative ^B , Toughness ^B	
Skills Fly +23, Perception +0, Stealth +23	
Languages understands Ancient Osiriani	
ECOLOGY	
Environment desert or underground	
Organization solitary or mural (2-4)	
Treasure none	
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
Ancient's Tongue	

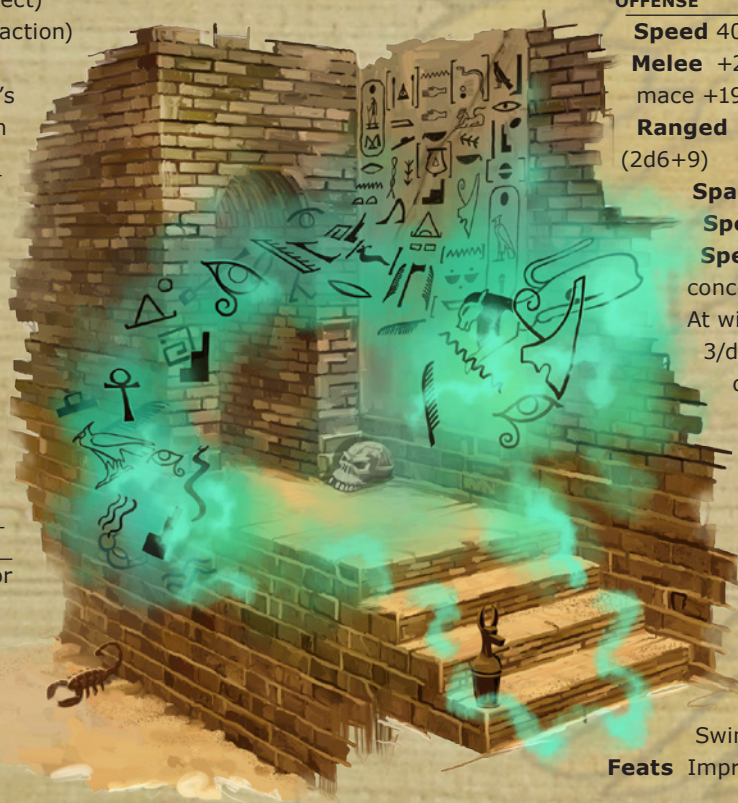
(Su) As a standard action, a hieroglyph swarm may hover in place as the individual characters in the swarm coalesce into long ribbons of text that emit a 40-foot sonic burst around itself. Creatures in the burst take 8d6 sonic damage and become fascinated for 1d6 rounds (Fort DC 16 halves, and Will DC 16 negates the fascinated condition), loudly reading aloud the jumbled Ancient Osiriani text without any idea of what they are saying. This ability is usable once every 1d4+1 rounds. This is a sonic, mind-affecting affect.

When writing hieroglyphs onto the walls of their most sacred of buildings, several inspired artists began to see the words themselves as a possible way to deter plunderers. Treated with magical oils and spells, hieroglyph swarms are deadly guardians of Osirion's ancient vaults. These hieroglyphs, given a life and cause of their own, lay dormant for several millennia, never moving from their initial spot until they are disturbed. When activated, each character that makes up the hieroglyph swarm silently peels itself from the surface it was written on and deposits itself into the growing cloud of ancient text. The swarm quietly stalks its prey, intuitively pasting itself to a nearby surface if its prey scrutinizes it and activating its ancient's tongue ability.

Pheyrach

This statuesque, 10-foot-tall, dark-skinned man wears rich Osirian clothing and a pharaonic beard.

PHEYRAOH	CR 11
XP 12,800	
LN Large fey	
Init +4; Senses low-light vision; Perception +23	
DEFENSE	
AC 25, touch 13, flat-footed 21 (+4 Dex, +12 natural, -1 size)	
hp 142 (19d6+76)	
Fort +10, Ref +15, Will +14	
DR 10/cold iron and magic	
Weakness vanity	
OFFENSE	
Speed 40 ft.	
Melee +2 flail +19/+14 (2d6+10) and +2 light mace +19/+14 (1d8+6)	
Ranged +5 composite longbow +18/+18/+13 (2d6+9)	
Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.	
Special Attacks blessed insignia, sure grip	
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th; concentration +21)	
At will— <i>create water</i> , <i>plant growth</i>	
3/day— <i>control water</i> , <i>create food and drink</i> , quickened <i>summon nature's ally VI</i> (1 huge earth or water elemental, 1d3 dire lions or 1d4+1 satyrs only)	
1/day— <i>heroes' feast</i> , <i>weather control</i>	
STATISTICS	
Str 26, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 21	
Base Atk +9; CMB +18; CMD 32	
Skills Bluff +27, Diplomacy +27, Intimidate +27, Knowledge (local) +23, Perception +23, Sense Motive +23, Swim +30	
Feats Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Iron Will,	





Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*summon nature's ally VI*), Rapid Shot, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (flail), Weapon Focus (light mace), Weapon Focus (longbow)

Language Ancient Osiriani, Sylvan

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary or court (one pheyaoh and 5–30 lesser fey)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blessed Insignia (Su) As a swift action, a pheyaoh can conjure paired weapons, a flail and a crook, that act in his hands as a +2 *flail* and a +2 *light mace*, respectively. They vanish when they leave his grasp for more than 24 hours or when he uses a free action to dismiss them. The pheyaoh can use the flail as *rod of rulership* that works only on fey and the crook as a *rod of splendor* (Charisma bonus not included in the abilities and skills). Alternatively, the pheyaoh can conjure a +5 *composite longbow* (+4 *Str*) that creates its own arrows when drawn.

Sure Grip (Ex) A pheyaoh doesn't suffer the usual –2 penalty to all attack rolls when fighting with two weapons or performing Rapid Shot.

Vanity (Ex) A pheyaoh is a vain entity, susceptible to flattery and adoration. He is unable to assault anyone prostrating before him, including any creature that is lying prone. This protection is negated for one round after the creature attacks the pheyaoh. Additionally, flattery grants a +2 bonus to Bluff and Diplomacy checks made to trick or influence the pheyaoh.

Pheyaohs are masters of fertile oases and riverbanks, sovereigns over the lesser fey of Osirion. They view themselves

as divine rulers demanding respect, obedience, and worship—and they have penchant for issuing their own version of laws, rules, and decrees. They are easily angered by a lack of respect or disobedience to these laws but can be generous to those who obey their rules. As fey beings, they do not fully comprehend the nuances and purposes of law, issuing laws corresponding to their whims and sense of aesthetics instead of social or economic needs.

Some pheyaohs become patrons of lone villages, distant from other centers of civilizations and the protection of mundane authorities. They bless the village with fertility and protect it from threats as long as the villagers worship the pheyaoh and obey his laws, which might be occasionally tedious or awkward to the villagers but rarely became real burdens to them.

On rare occasions, the tangle of laws becomes too cumbersome to function, with laws growing contradictory or the pheyaoh growing too vain—demanding increasingly ridiculous or dangerous shows of fealty without understanding the needs and limits of mortal existence.

Ravening Jackal

This man-sized jackal is gaunt and emaciated with sickly, blackened skin. In place of forepaws, it has twisted and taloned humanoid hands, and a malevolent spark of hungry intelligence gleams in its eyes.

RAVENING JACKAL

CR 4

XP 1,200

NE Medium undead

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +6

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+5 Dex, +4 natural)

hp 27 (3d8+14)

Fort +1, **Ref** +4, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2, turn to dust

Weaknesses cursed hunger

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +7 (1d6+3 plus trip and hunger of Set) and 2 claws +2 (1d4+1)

Special Attacks opportunistic bite

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd, concentration +5)
3/day—*dust form*^{UC}

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 20, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 20 (24 vs. trip)

Feats Improved Initiative, Stealthy, Toughness^B, Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +8, Escape Artist +7, Knowledge (religion) +7, Perception +6, Stealth +17, Survival +6 (+10 when tracking by scent); **Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth, +4 Survival when tracking by scent

Languages Ancient Osiriani

ECOLOGY

Environment warm deserts or plains and underground

Organization pack (3–10)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Cursed Hunger (Su) A ravening jackal is cursed with a constant and insistent hunger that can never be sated. It receives no benefits from potions or other effects that require ingestion.

Hunger of Set (Su) Curse and disease—bite; save Fort DC 13; onset immediate; frequency 1/day; effect target requires twice as much food and drink as normal to survive. Additionally, potions, elixirs, and other consumables or spell effects that require ingestion by the target only last for half their normal duration. Consumables and effects with instantaneous durations, such as *potions of cure light wounds* only provide half of any normal numerical effect. After a second failed save, this changes to four times the normal amount of food and drink to survive and one quarter the normal duration or effect for ingested items. After the third failed save, the target can no longer receive any sustenance from food or drink and begins starving to death, and gains no benefit from ingested items. After the third failed save, the disease is instead treated as a curse and can only be ended by a *remove curse* effect; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Opportunistic Bite (Ex) On a successful bite attack against an opponent a ravening jackal flanks or one denied its Dexterity bonus to AC, the jackal deals 1 additional point of damage.

Turn to Dust (Su) When hit by an attack or targeted by an area of effect spell, a ravening jackal can take an immediate action to change its body into a swirling cloud of dust, becoming incorporeal as per the *dust form* spell. This effect lasts until the beginning of its next turn. Using this ability requires an expenditure of one use of the jackal's spell-like ability.

Life is harsh in the desert, even for scavengers and opportunistic hunters like jackals. Though they feast on the remains of creatures killed by other predators or the environment, sometimes these pickings are scarce and starvation ensues.

Occasionally, the jackal-headed god Set takes note of these deaths and takes pleasure in using the bodies of his rival Anubis' sacred animals for his own ends. The god infuses them with the souls of lowly cultists who disappointed him in life, giving them another chance to serve him in the forms of ravening jackals. These abominations stalk the desert wastes, cursed with a contagious hunger that can never be satisfied, seeking to please Set in the hopes that he releases them from their torment.

Ravering jackals usually congregate in packs, as they prefer safety in numbers. They are sometimes found in the service of cynosphinxes (*Pathfinder Adventure Path #82: Secrets of the Sphinx*) who venerate Set, and less often in a pack led by a sha or a Set beast (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path #80: Empty Graves*). Ravering jackals combine the scavenging and ambush predator instincts that served their bodies in life with the evil that stained their souls. They sneak up on prey and attack those at their weakest or most unprepared, attempting to infect as many targets as possible with hunger of Set.

As cowardly creatures, ravering jackals generally keep their *dust form* spell-like ability in reserve to retreat from combat should their prey prove too dangerous to take down immediately. They then track their prey, often for a week or more, waiting for afflicted victims to succumb to starvation. Though ravering jackals possess humanoid hands, they rarely use manufactured weapons or tools.



Sphinx, Riddleborn

This skeletal sphinx is surrounded by a storm of glowing words and maddening whispers.

RIDDLEBORN SPHINX

CR 9

XP 6,400

CE Large undead

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +15

Aura riddle aura (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 14, flat-footed 17 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +8 natural, -1 size)

hp 119 (14d8+56)

Fort +8, **Ref** +8, **Will** +12

DR 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** cold, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

Melee 2 claws +18 (2d6+6/19–20 plus grab)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks steal riddles

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 9th)

Constant—*comprehend languages*, *fly*, *see invisibility*

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 19, **Con** —, **Int** 8, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +18 (+22 grapple); **CMD** 24 (28 vs. trip)

Feats Alertness, Dodge, Improved Critical (claw), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (claw)

Skills Bluff +10, Fly +9, Intimidate +10, Perception +17, Sense Motive +12

Languages Common, Draconic, Sphinx

ECOLOGY

Environment warm deserts and hills

Organization solitary, pair, or cult (3–6)

Treasure double

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Riddle Aura (Su) A riddleborn sphinx is surrounded by a 30-foot storm of glowing riddles written in countless languages. Although these words have no physical form, they make it difficult to see the sphinx and grant it concealment. Creatures





in a wave of negative energy that reanimates its corpse. This horrible transformation burns away much of the sphinx's original wisdom and intellect, leaving behind nothing but a savage lust for claiming riddles.

Due to their penchant for waylaying travelers, riddleborn sphinxes often have lairs near ancient crossroads in the desert. In particular, the Sahure Wastes are a well-known haunt of riddleborn sphinxes. Many travelers tell stories of abandoned roads uncovered overnight by shifting desert winds that seem to whisper riddles. Those brave enough to follow these roads quickly discover the bone-littered lair of a riddleborn sphinx, which is often filled with ancient treasures gathered from its many victims. Typically, riddleborn sphinxes are solitary creatures, although they occasionally congregate in large groups to accomplish a common dark purpose.

The skulls of slain riddleborn sphinxes hold a fraction of their original knowledge and are prized by mystics throughout Osirion for their powers of divination. Each skull sells for 500 gp and adds 2 to the caster level when used as a material component for a divination spell. The skull disintegrates into dust as the spell is cast.

Sandling Ooze

The sounds of sand whirling contained in a shifting, slumping mound coalesces. A dusty tasting presence surrounds this ever congealing—yet endlessly swirling—blob of sand.

SANDLING OOZE

CR 2

XP 600

N Medium ooze

Init +0; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft.; Perception –5

DEFENSE

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

hp 28 (3d8+15)

Fort +5, **Ref** +0, **Will** –4

Defensive Abilities ooze traits, sand infiltration;

Resist fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.; sandstorm (30 ft. fly, perfect)

Melee slam +3 (1d6+3 plus entrap)

Special Attacks entrap (DC 15, 1 minute, hardness 0, hp 5), sandmill

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 11, **Con** 20, **Int** —, **Wis** 1, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 13

SQ congealing, fired glass

ECOLOGY

Environment any desert

Organization solitary, pair, or dune (5–7)

Treasure incidental, plus fired glass

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Congealing Whenever a sandling ooze is doused with at least a gallon of water, it loses its sandstorm movement ability for 1d4 rounds.

Fired Glass If a sandling ooze is killed by an attack that deals fire damage, it melts and solidifies into a small, deformed glass sculpture of itself worth 150 gp.

Sandstorm (Sp) Three times per day as a standard action, a sandling ooze may break apart into a small sandstorm. While in this form it can fly up to 30 feet per round and pass unobstructed through squares occupied by other creatures. The sandling ooze returns to its original form at the end of its

standing within the riddle aura hear a cacophony of whispered riddles and answers whirling around them. Every round, each creature within the aura takes 1d4 points of Wisdom damage as the hushed riddles eat away at its mind. A creature can avoid this damage by successfully answering one of the floating riddles with a DC 14 Intelligence check. Alternatively, creatures with ranks in the Linguistics skill can translate the jumble of mixed languages in the aura with a DC 14 Linguistics check and pick out a correct answer. A correctly answered riddle disappears from the riddle aura and deals 1d6 points of damage to the sphinx.

Steal Riddles (Su) A riddleborn sphinx can pull all knowledge of riddles from a grappled opponent's mind. If the sphinx establishes or maintains a pin, it may inhale deeply and draw glowing words from the victim's mouth, adding them to its riddle aura. This heals the sphinx 1d10+9 hit points or grants it 1d10+9 temporary hit points for 1 hour (up to a maximum number of temporary hit points equal to its full normal hit points). The victim temporarily forgets all riddles that it has ever known and must also succeed at a DC 20 Will save or become silenced for 1 hour. Silenced creatures cannot answer riddles and always fail their checks for the riddle aura. A creature cannot have its riddles stolen more than once, and killing the riddleborn sphinx immediately ends the silence effect.

Riddleborn sphinxes are undead abominations that thirst for riddles as a vampire thirsts for blood. They derive from particularly cruel gynosphinxes that spend a lifetime asking fiendishly difficult riddles and devouring all those that they deem too witless. As a gynosphinx's lair becomes littered with the bones of travelers, so too does it fill with the misery of 1,000 riddles that had no answer. When the sphinx at last meets its end, this misery manifests itself



movement and may not end its movement in an occupied square. Any creature occupying a square that the sandling ooze travels through while in its sandstorm form must succeed at a DC 12 Reflex save or become blinded for 2 rounds.

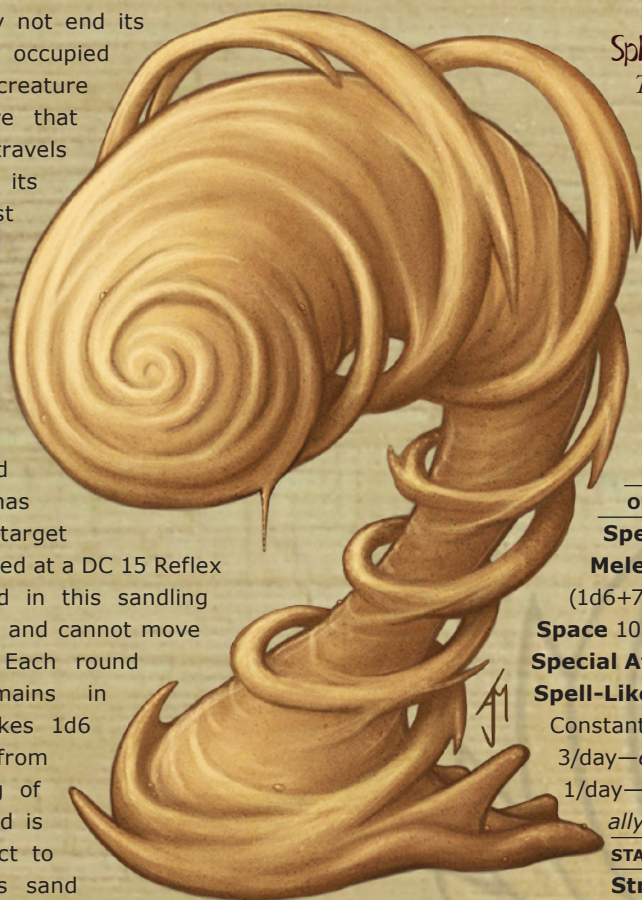
Sandmill (Ex) As a standard action, a sandling ooze can break apart and scour a creature it has entrapped. The target creature must succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save or be trapped in this sandling ooze's swirling form and cannot move out of its space. Each round the creature remains in the sandmill, it takes 1d6 slashing damage from the violent whirling of the coarse sand and is automatically subject to the sandling ooze's sand infiltration ability. A creature can escape the sandling ooze's sandmill by making a successful CMB check or Escape Artist check (DC = the sandling's CMD) as a full-round action. This attack can also be used against unattended objects, in which case it ignores the target's hardness.

Sand Infiltration (Ex) Attacking a sandling ooze frees some of its body, which gets stuck in metallic armor. Each time a creature successfully hits a sandling ooze with a melee attack while wearing metal armor, it must make a DC 13 Reflex save or have its armor check penalty increased by 2 and maximum Dexterity bonus decreased by 2 until the armor is taken off and cleaned or thoroughly doused in water for 1 round. Multiple effects of this stack, further increasing the armor check penalty (maximum -10) and decreasing the maximum Dexterity bonus (minimum +0).

The sandling ooze forms spontaneously from concentrations of magic, sand, and pockets of moisture. It is a mindless predator, seeking to grind and consume any material it can get its dusty body around.

The sandling ooze often carries the half-eaten pieces of other adventurers' gear. When slain with fire, glass formations that look like misshapen sandling oozes sometimes survive to provide odd souvenirs mainly sold to those who would pretend to be adventurers. These small facsimiles serve as disturbing reminders of the dangers of life in the open to those who survive their creation.

Stories tell of the sandling ooze's movement and the folly in attacking one head-on. The grits of sand composing its body make for a grinding, blinding—yet localized—sandstorm, with the sandling ooze reforming at the end of the sandstorm's raging. Even worse, attacking the creatures up close spews the sand everywhere, getting into armor joints and making it nigh impossible to move without cleaning out the dastardly particles.



Sphinx, Saurosphinx

The head of a large crocodile rests incongruously on the body of a winged lion. Its mouth opens in the mockery of a smile, revealing dozens of sharp teeth.

SAUROSPIX

CR 8

XP 4,800

N Large magical beast

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 9, flat-footed 21 (+12 natural, -1 size)

hp 114 (12d10+48)

Fort +12, **Ref** +8, **Will** +8

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (poor), swim 20 ft.

Melee bite +18 (2d6+10/19-20 plus grab) and 2 claws +13 (1d6+7)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks lunging bite, powerful bite

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th; concentration +16)

Constant—*detect animals or plants, speak with plants*

3/day—*entangle, goodberry*

1/day—*commune with nature, plant growth, summon nature's ally IV* (1d3 crocodiles only), *thorn body*

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 10, **Con** 18, **Int** 14, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +20 (+24 grapple); **CMD** 30 (34 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Casting, Hover, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Natural Attack (bite), Power Attack, Skill Focus (Knowledge [nature])

Skills Fly +3, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (nature) +23, Perception +10, Sense Motive +16, Swim +16

SQ hold breath

Languages Common, Sphinx; speak with plants

ECOLOGY

Environment warm deserts and rivers

Organization solitary or colony (1 plus 3-12 crocodiles)

Treasure incidental plus 1d3 rare plant species

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hold Breath (Ex) A saurosphinx can hold its breath for a number of minutes equal to 6 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

Lunging Bite (Ex) Once per minute, a saurosphinx can extend the reach of its bite attack by 5 feet. This extended reach applies only to the saurosphinx's bite attack and lasts until the start of its next turn.

Powerful Bite (Ex) A saurosphinx adds 1-1/2 times its Strength bonus to its bite attack.

The least understood of the sphinxes, saurosphinxes are the protectors of nature's secret places. They lair in hidden oases, concealed wadis, and other undiscovered patches of greenery in the desert. Once settled, saurosphinxes attempt to drive away anyone who might exploit the area using their fierce visages, powerful jaws, and the environment itself. However, those who respect nature might find saurosphinxes willing to keep their company for a short period of time.

Saurosphinxes welcome the company of crocodiles to their oases, and exhibit a kind of calming influence on those crocodiles that remain in the saurosphinx's influence for a long period of time, though both the sphinx and the creatures retain their tendency to snap.

Despite their appearance, saurosphinxes are contemplative creatures. They spend their days engrossed in botanical endeavors, cultivating the landscape and growing unusual flora. Saurosphinxes delight in developing a new species of orchid or variety of date and guard these discoveries jealously, refusing to share them with other saurosphinxes or humanoids. Adventurers questing for a cure for a new disease or a rare reagent might seek out a saurosphinx, but it is an undertaking to get one to part with its knowledge. They might trade one rare plant for another, especially a new species developed by another saurosphinx.

Saurosphinxes are always male and refrain from associating with other sphinxes. The saurosphinxes treat the lesser intellect of the criosphinx with disdain and consider hieracosphinxes' violent temperament and cynosphinxes' fascination with death distasteful. Saurosphinxes treat androsphinxes with deference but otherwise avoid them if possible. During those rare times that the instinct to mate comes upon a saurosphinx, it will seek out the nearest gynosphinx and attempt to woo her with flowers and obscure herb lore. While some gynosphinxes take pity on these sad suitors' awkward displays, most rebuke saurosphinxes on sight. Saurosphinxes take such rejection stoically, moving on to the next gynosphinx. When saurosphinxes procreate the offspring is always a saurosphinx, which the father spirits away to a small oasis, leaving it there to fend for itself.

A saurosphinx's diet consists mainly of fruits and vegetables, with the occasional fish caught with its mighty jaws. Sometimes a saurosphinx becomes so engrossed in its studies that it forgets to eat regular meals for a few days, subsisting solely on a single *goodberry*. When it comes out of this reverie, it is often quite ravenous, feasting upon any game it can find and occasionally going so far as to attack a passing caravan.

An average saurosphinx stands at slightly more than 11 feet tall and weighs about 1,000 pounds.



Spawn of Apep

This enormous snake-like creature is shrouded in darkness. Its roiling body shifts and rearranges itself constantly.

SPAWN OF APEP

CR 12/MR 5

XP 19,200

CE Gargantuan aberration (aquatic, mythic)

Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +20

Aura darkness (60 ft., 2 steps), unnatural (60 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 10, flat-footed 26 (+4 Dex, +20 natural, -4 size)

hp 207 (16d8+135)

Fort +11, **Ref** +9, **Will** +11

Defensive Abilities unstoppable; **DR** 10/epic and lawful;

Immune poison; **Resist** negative energy 15; **SR** 25

Weaknesses light blindness, vulnerable to light

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 40 ft.

Melee bite +22 (2d8+21 plus bleed and grab and poison)

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

Special Attacks bleed (2d6), mythic power (5/day, surge+1d8), poison, swallow whole (8d6 bludgeoning damage, AC 20, hp 21), trample (2d6+21, DC 32)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th; concentration +18)

3/day—quicken *confusion* (DC 15)

STATISTICS

Str 38, **Dex** 18, **Con** 22, **Int** 12, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +30 (+38 grapple, +36 sunder); **CMD** 38 (42 vs. sunder, can't be tripped)

Feats Greater Sunder, Improved Initiative^M, Improved Sunder^M, Lightning Reflexes, Quicken Spell-Like Ability, Power Attack^M, Sundering Strike^{APG}, Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +15, Intimidate +15, Perception +20, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +10, Stealth +11, Survival +16, Swim +26

Languages Aklo, Ancient Osiriani

SQ amphibious

ECOLOGY

Environment hot deserts, water (rivers, coastlines)

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Chaotic Body (Ex) A Spawn of Apep can expend one use of mythic power as an immediate action to become amorphous for 1 round. It may use this ability after an attack is confirmed, but before damage is rolled.

Darkness Aura (Su) As a free action, a Spawn of Apep can activate its darkness aura, which reduces the light level within 60 feet of it by 2 steps. It can expend one use of mythic power to counter each magical light effect within the aura's area as targeted *greater dispel magic*.


Poison (Ex) bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 24; *frequency* 1/round for 8 rounds; *effect* 1 Wis drain; *cure* 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

The Spawn of Apep are gargantuan snake-like creatures, born of scales and blood spilled on the sands of Osirion by Apep in his conflict with Wadjet at the dawn of the world. Their bodies are

shifting masses of flesh and shadow; though serpentine, the chaos they embody causes their organs to move and shift at will. When they are active, they are tremendous forces of destruction and darkness, prowling the waterways of Osirion in search of ships, farms, and even isolated villages to devour. Spawn of Apep detest all living things, but they have a special enmity toward the cults of Wadjet and the followers of deities that represent law, order, and the sun.

Spawn of Apep stalk the targets of their scorn for dozens of miles through the evening desert, hiding in their personal darkness and hoping that their quarry will lead them to more like-minded victims. However, the chaotic serpents may grow bored and attack their target even if it has not lead them to more prey. Born of the same blood, Spawn of Apep do not attack each other, but neither do they help one another without the direct instruction of their divine patron. They will often attack the same targets when chance brings two or more of them together, but there is no purposeful coordination in their actions. The only real cooperation between two Spawn of Apep is in their single-minded focus on speeding the rise of their creator, doing all in their power to raise him from the depths.

There are few creatures that present a Spawn of Apep with a credible threat. Spawn of Apep often toy with their foes, biting and poisoning them, bleeding them dry, confounding their prey with confusion, and using Sundering Strike to destroy anything within reach. Only when seriously threatened will they use their truly devastating attacks, trampling and swallowing foes. They constantly use their darkness aura to keep the battlefield shrouded in comforting shadows.

If a Spawn of Apep is killed but not thoroughly destroyed, it decays over 24 hours. The corpse dissolves into a swarm of poisonous snakes that eventually disperses across the desert. These snakes are larval Spawn, and the few that survive 100 years in the wild mature into adult Spawn of Apep with all of their progenitor's memories. 

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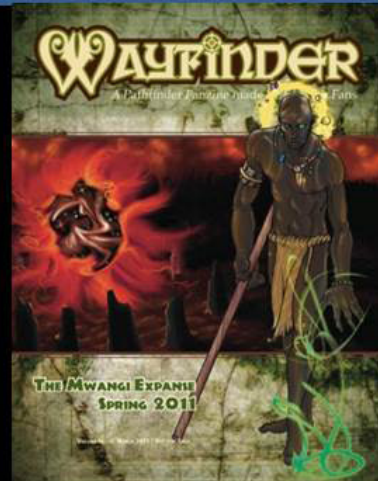
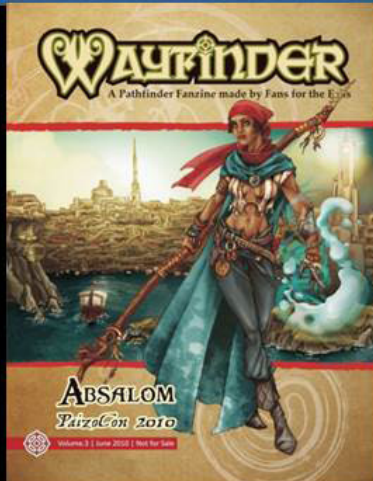
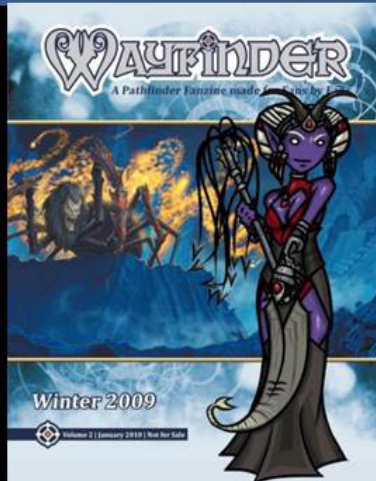
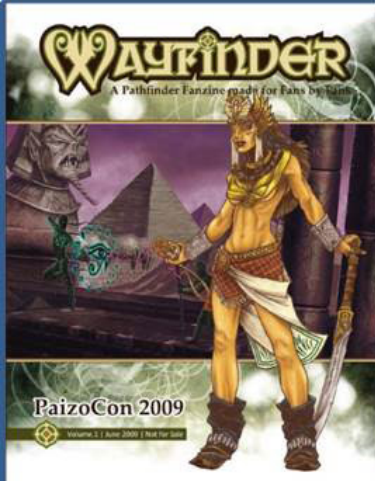
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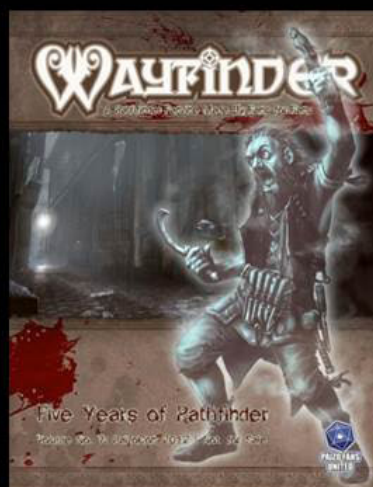
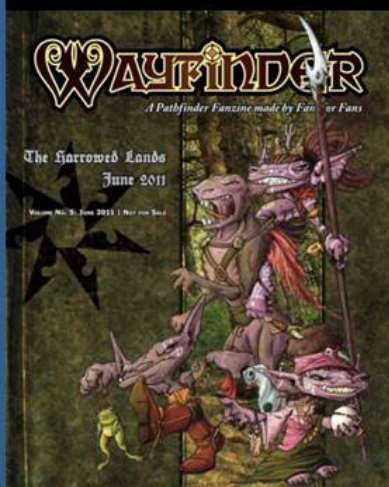
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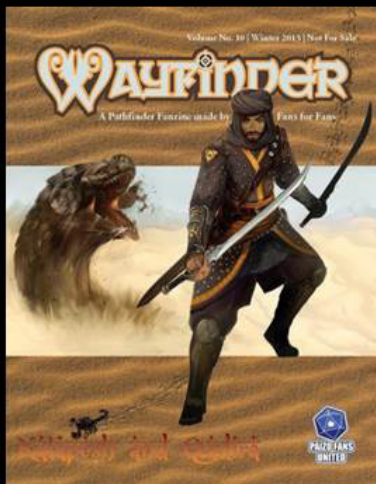


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