

WATERFINDER

A Pathfinder Fanzine Made By Fans For Fans



Fey and the First World

Volume 18 | PaizoCon 2018 | Not For Sale



Table Of Contents

Foreword	1
Weal Or Woe: A Tangled Division	2
Memories Of The Lost Path	4
Someone To Watch Over Me	8
Strange Magics: The Power Of The Tane	10
Snatch The Shawl	12
First World Trade	14
Altars Of The Eldest	16
Weal Or Woe: Fire And Fletching	18
First World Anthems: Fey-Themed Bardic Masterpieces	20
Songs Of The First World	21
Danse Macabre	22
Golarion Gazetteer: The Palakar Provinces	24
Realm Of The Fellnight Queen: An ACG Adventure	25
Why Can't We Be Friends? Gerbie Corruption	26
Bogeykin	28
Fun and Torture: Laughing It Up With The Lantern King	29
Fear Of The Dark: Songs To Keep The Little Ones Quiet	30
A Difference Of Taste	32
The Magical Traditions Of The Eldest Fey	34
First World Physics: Gravity is Just a Suggestion	36
Feats of the Fey	37
Heroes' Hoard	38
Gruepert's Market	42
Old Uncle Wallerbee in the Palace of Seasons	44
Weal or Woe: Buyer Beware	46
Side Trek Seeds	48
Form Of The Fey: First World Style Feats	50
Atonement Among The Stars	52
Sailing Across Eternity	54
The Seasonal Courts	56
First World Shaped Companions	58
Bestiary	60

Contributing Authors

Charlie Brooks, Calder CaDavid, Robert Cameron, Benjamin Chason-Sokol, Jeremy Corff, Jason Daugherty, Matthew Duval, Robert Feather, Kim Frandsen, Wojciech Gruchala, Amy C. Goodenough, Taylor Hubler, Luke Hudek, Chris L. Kimball, John Laffan, Crystal Malarsky, Randal Meyer, Jacob W. Michaels, Daniel Angelo Monaco, Stewart Moyer, Dennis Muldoon, Andrew Mullen, Dave Nelson, Nicholas S. Orvis, Emily Parks, Lyn Perrine, Amanda Plageman, Matt Roth, André Roy, Stephen J. Smith, Kendra Leigh Speedling, Jeff Taft, Brendan Ward, Christopher Wasko, Nicholas Wasko, and Kerney Williams.

Contributing Artists

Catherine Batka, John Bunger, Tyler Clark, Snow Conrad, Jeremy Corff, Liz Courts, Andrew DeFelice, Jess Door, Catarina Eusébio, Peter Fairfax, Silvia Gonzalez, David Hoffrichter, Fil Kearney, Danny Hedager Krog, Alberto Ortiz Leon, Clay Lewis, Mike Lowe, Dionisis Milonas, Jesse Mohn, Alex Moore, Adam Munger, Beatrice Pelagatti, Jessica Redekop, Tanyaporn Sangsnit, Kristiina Seppä, Ashton Sperry, Bob Storrar, Carlos Torreblanca, Todd Westcot, and Stephen Wood.

Special Thanks To

Foreword: Dain Nielsen (with art by John Bunger)

Front Cover Art: Bob Storrar

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A Pathfinder Fanzine
made by Fans for Fans

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Editor-in-Chief/Publisher
Tim Nightengale

Assistant Editors-in-Chief
Kalyna Conrad
Eric Hindley

Layout Design/Production
Dain Nielsen
Troy Daniels
Benjamin Chason-Sokol

Art Director
Tim Nightengale

Cover Design and Layout
Bob Storrar
Dain Nielsen

Editors:
Jason Owen Black
Mara Lynn Butler
Skeeter Green
Brent Jans
Thomas LeBlanc
Meagan Maricle
Jacob W. Michaels
Jeff Lee
Matt Roth
Allen Snyder

Kendra Leigh
Speedling
Megan Tenbarge
Mike Welham

Foreword

Greetings all you PaizoCon attendees! I wish I could be there with you all this year, but alas, fate did not will it to be so, nor did a fairy godmother flit down and bestow upon me airfare and accommodations, so I must make do with wishing you all a most entertaining PaizoCon here in the foreword of the final print issue of *Wayfinder*. Open its pages and breathe deep of the awesome creations of some of your fellow gamers. Even if the creations are fey in nature.

Now, don't get me wrong. I love the content of this issue. The material I read while putting it together struck me as old school Brother's Grimm fey. The "if you make a deal you best be on your toes" kind of fey. The mischievous and nowhere near benign fey. Your true villain types and stuff of nightmare types of fey. The kind of fey that make for good gaming.

But truth be told, while I love running a game where I can have the players encounter these types of beings, when I am a player part of me dreads the encounters. Not due to lacking in entertainment, but rather I know from being on the other side of the screen that what I expect to happen with a fey encounter will go in some unforeseen direction. There is something about those odd folks from the First World that make GMs a little more mischievous ... a little sneakier ... a little more blood-thirsty ... a little more like the creatures they are running.

I can honestly say I have lost more PCs to denizens of the First World than to pretty much any other type of encounter.

And I have enjoyed every single loss.

It has, however, created a feeling of loving animosity to fey in Pathfinder and the systems that came before. They are the villains I love to hate, the pranksters I enjoy getting the better of, the alien encounter that is never the same and while often vexing is always a source of good fun.

It seems somehow fitting that the issue for which I am writing the foreword is an issue dedicated to Fey and the First World. When dealing with fey, one should always be careful what one asks for, lest you receive exactly that and then some. Back in 2011, I made that fateful statement to Tim: "If you need some help with layout, I can lend a hand."

Low and behold, I not only was lending a hand, but as Liz Courts had accepted a position at Paizo, I ended up handling the entirety of the layout for issue #6 ... and with this publication, twelve additional issues. One would almost think there was some fey in Tim's bloodline.

No two issues have been the same, neither in content nor in experience. Each has had its own mix of pleasure, pain, and sleep deprivation for all parties involved.

But just like the fey encounters as a player, they have all been truly entertaining and pleasure to put together. And I do love creating the look of *Wayfinder*.

So, with that, allow me to say a hearty and well deserved thanks to all the folks who have aided with *Wayfinder* over the years. The writers, the artists, the editors, the proofreaders, the folks who have been crazy enough to make the same inquiry I made back in 2011, and especially Tim and all the folks who herd the cats to get these publications from concept to reality. We have really put together some incredible stuff over the years and I look forward to putting more content into the hands of the fans from the hands of the fans.

Enjoy PaizoCon! Enjoy

this issue of *Wayfinder* (and be sure to ask Tim about any back issues you might be missing when you see him)! And, as always, please be sure to leave a review on the product page at paizo.com.

What? Too soon for the review plug?



Dain Nielsen



Weal Or Woe: A Tangled Division

By John Taffan and Crystal Malarsky

Art by Tanyaporn Sangsnit

Weal: Belsa Ollend

Born in the Mwangi city of Nantambu to merchant parents, Belsa Ollend was raised on the stories of great places and thirsted to see them with her own eyes. She collected maps and atlases, using them as references to practice her skill at cartography. Her natural aptitude earned her an apprenticeship with a local scribe, but she yearned for more than replicating the works of others.

Shortly after reaching maturity, Belsa set out to explore remote regions and document her findings. She traveled to distant shores, delving into ancient ruins and forgotten temples. Life became one thrilling adventure after another, and all to record the locations in expert detail on paper. Her work soon met with wide acclaim from both peers and patricians.

After many years of exploration, age started catching up with Belsa. She sought out the favor of the fey to help her stay at the top of the pack. Frequent visits to the Witchmarket allowed her to stay competitive but cost her dearly in other areas, particularly her memories. Vendors at the Memory Market offered commissions for her to see wondrous locations or engage in peculiar experiences in exchange for bolstering her health and talent. As such, despite her years the halfling's sepia skin remains smooth and radiates a healthy bronze glow. Even her raven curls remain free of gray, though one look into her deep-set, amber eyes reveals the truth.

Adventure Hooks

- The PCs plan to enter an ancient burial tomb and are in need of a map to study the location and prepare for their adventure.
- Belsa learns of the PCs desire to visit a strange cavern where it is said a mysterious ghoran has been abducting explorers for his own ends. She approaches them asking to accompany them so she can map the area under their protection.

Boon

Belsa often rewards those that help her by gifting them with one of her maps. Using one of her exquisite maps grants a +3 to Survival and Knowledge (Geography) of the area.



BELSA OLLEND

CR 6

XP 2,400

Female halfling bard (archaeologistUC) 7

NG Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +2; Senses Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 42 (7d8+7)

Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +6; +2 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk quarterstaff +7 (1d4)

Ranged +1 sling +9 (1d3+1)

Special Attacks archaeologist's luck 7 rounds/day (+2)

Bard Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +10)

3rd (2/day)—*secret page*, *see invisibility*

2nd (4/day)—*cure moderate wounds*, *daze monster* (DC 15), *delay poison*, *tongues*

1st (5/day)—*alarm*, *cure light wounds*, *detect secret doors*, *erase*, *identify*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *haunted fey aspect*^{UC}, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat Belsa casts *alarm* on her abode in the morning and at night. She casts *see invisibility* if she suspects trouble.

During Combat Belsa tries to avoid combat, and uses *daze monster* to help her escape. If with allies, she supports with healing spells and giving any information she can about their opponent.

Morale If by herself, Belsa prefers to run rather than engage, but will do everything in her power to make sure any allies make it home from an expedition.

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 8, Cha 16

Base Atk +5; CMB +4; CMD 16

Feats Arc Slinger^{UC}, Athletic, Point-Blank Shot, Skill Focus (Craft [mapmaking])

Skills Acrobatics +14 (+10 when jumping), Appraise +13, Climb +14, Craft (mapmaking) +16, Perception +14, Stealth +16, Survival +6, Swim +9, Use Magic Device +13;

Racial Modifiers +2 Acrobatics, +2 Climb, +2 Perception

Languages Common, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Halfling

SQ bardic knowledge +3, clever explorer +3, favored terrain (forest +2), lore master 1/day, rogue talent (terrain mastery^{UC})

Combat Gear *potion of darkvision*, *wand of explosive runes* (2 charges); **Other Gear** +1 studded leather, +1 sling, mwk quarterstaff, cloak of resistance +1, 175 gp

Woe: Morenthir

Morenthir's current life cycle began when a druid rescued his ghorus seed in the wilds of Nex.

The druid was part of a zealous cabal dedicated to wiping out civilization and raised him alongside her people. She manipulated the young ghoran into despising mortals by showing him examples of their destructive and selfish behavior. By the time Morenthir fully blossomed, this bitterness had rooted itself into his consciousness.

This ultimately backfired on the druid when Morenthir, a creature of nature, came to view the group as part of the civilization he'd been

raised to abhor. He rejected their hospitality and retreated deep into the forest to begin his own legacy. In time, he built up his own circle of devoted followers and used them to lay the groundwork for his sinister endeavors. Unlike the druids who raised him, Morenthir desired power over petty vengeance. He sought to be a master of nature and exploited his influences among kindred creatures to forge a criminal empire through numerous unsavory methods, including his favored tactic of bending the will of others.

While ghorans have no set gender, Morenthir typically prefers to take on a masculine form enshrouded with thorns and adorned with a crown of brambles and berries atop his head. Bloodroot is his signature flower which he often incorporates into his visage and utilizes in his minions' arsenal of poisons.

Adventure Hooks

- The PCs encounter a small band of myceloids and twigjacks harassing a miller to pay his "protection fees" to their benevolent woodland patron.
- A rash of mysterious deaths breaks out among a local excavation crew tasked with clearing out an overgrown tower. Each corpse is found with a bloodroot flower placed atop its lips.

Drawback

With his ability to plant a ghorus seed as a failsafe, Morenthir can easily become a reoccurring villain in your campaign. As the players thwart his plans, his next incarnations will have the skills and knowledge to best defeat them. He tries to learn who the PCs' allies are, and charm or manipulate them away from the PCs. Note, if you choose to have him plant his ghorus seed, it inflicts a negative level on the stat block below.

MORENTHIR

CR 6

XP 2,400

Male ghoran^{BS} mesmerist^{OA} 7

LE Medium plant

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 12, flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +2 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 63 (7d8+28)

Fort +5, **Ref** +8, **Will** +9; -1 penalty vs. anger or rage effects

Weaknesses delicious, light dependent

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk ironwood sickle +6 (1d6)

Ranged mwk hand crossbow +8 (1d4/19-20)

Special Attacks +1 on attack rolls vs. humanoids, bold stare (disorientation, timidity, hypnotic stare (-2), manifold tricks (2), mental potency (+1), mesmerist tricks 7/day (gift of will, mesmeric mirror, spectral smoke, vanish arrow), painful

stare (+3 or +2d6+3)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +11)

1/day—*detect poison*, *goodberry* (sprout from own body), *purify food and drink* (DC 14)

Mesmerist Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +11)

3rd (2/day)—*bestow curse* (DC 17), *confusion* (DC 18)

2nd (4/day)—*blur*, *inflict pain*^{OA} (DC 17), *invisibility*, *suggestion* (DC 17)

1st (5/day)—*charm person* (DC 16), *disguise self*, *hideous laughter* (DC 16), *hypnotism* (DC 16), *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 14), *daze* (DC 15), *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *message*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 14)

TACTICS

Before Combat Morenthir surrounds himself with allies and minions. Depending on the situation he may implant a mesmerist trick to aid them.

During Combat Morenthir prefers to have a plan before engaging, but if surprised he starts with his most powerful spell and tries to cripple the most dangerous-looking opponents. If he has allies, he would rather support them and manipulate the battlefield rather than directly engage a foe.

Morale Morenthir will fight to the death if he has a ghorus seed planted, trying to focus on killing at least some of his attackers so he can come back for the rest later. If he has no seed planted, he will flee at the earliest opportunity and plot his revenge for later.

Base Statistics If Morenthir will be encountered with his ghorus seed planted, make the following adjustments to this stat block: **Init** +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +8; **hp** 58; **Fort** +4, **Ref** +7, **Will** +8; -1 penalty vs. anger or rage effects; **Melee** mwk ironwood sickle +5 (1d6); **Ranged** mwk hand crossbow +7 (1d4/19-20); **Base Atk** +5; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16; **Skills** Appraise +3, Bluff +16, Diplomacy +7, Disguise +8, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (nature) +3, Linguistics +4, Perception +8, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +10, Spellcraft +3, Stealth +5, Use Magic Device +7

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 15, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 17

Feats Bleeding Stare^{OA}, Nature's Wrath^{VC}, Spell Focus (enchantment), Toughness
Skills Appraise +4, Bluff +17, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +9, Knowledge (history) +6, Knowledge (nature) +4, Linguistics +5, Perception +9, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +11, Spellcraft +4, Stealth +6, Use Magic Device +8

Languages Aklo, Common, Gnome, Sylvan

SQ consummate liar +3, ghorus seed, past-life knowledge, touch treatment 7/day (moderate)

Combat Gear *potion of barkskin* +2, *wand of hold person* (7 charges); **Other Gear** +1 *chain shirt*, mwk hand crossbow, mwk ironwood sickle, *cloak*

of resistance +1, *fungal slippers*^{VC}, 114 gp



Memories Of The Lost Path

By John Taffan and Crystal Malarsky

Art by Stephen Wood

Cartography by Alex Moore



Adventure Background

The Witchmarket occasionally comes to the Material Plane, buying and selling all manner of things both physical and ephemeral. One of the busiest areas is the Memory Market,

where lost memories are bought and sold. **Belsa Ollend** (NG female halfling bard 7) is a famous cartographer with many past dealings with the Witchmarket. To help pay for the great skills she received from the fey, Belsa sold several memories, including the secret location of the legendary Luminous Fountain, a font of magical water which grants numerous benefits to anyone who drinks from it. The insidious **Morenthir** (NE

ghoran mesmerist 7) seeks possession of the fountain to use for his own nefarious whims. This criminal views himself as a master of plants, and uses them as spies and slaves to gather information and power. He considers this unique fountain a way to bolster both himself and his minions, and intends to move his base of operations there once he can locate it.

Adventure Summary

The adventure starts with the PCs looking for Belsa Ollend in order to learn the whereabouts of the Luminous Fountain. When they arrive at her home, Belsa is under assault by Morenthir's minions. After the PCs assist her in driving them off, she explains that the memory they seek was sold to the Witchmarket. She suggests they try the Memory Market auction and gives them a wooden token to access that section of the Witchmarket. Using this item, the PCs arrive in the Witchmarket and must navigate the strange place and contend with the dangers therein. Once they arrive at the auction where Belsa's memory is being sold, the PCs must bid against other hopefuls, including their chief rival for this endeavor, Morenthir. An accident during the bidding also provides the PCs with the opportunity to gain boons if they manage to stop any escaping memories. If the PCs win the auction, they are ambushed by Morenthir and his agents. If they fail, they have an opportunity to ambush Morenthir themselves.

Getting Started (CR 8)

The PCs seek the Luminous Fountain and recently learned that renowned cartographer, Belsa Ollend (see *Weal or Woe: A Tangled Division*, pg. 2), visited it and knows its location. They arrive at her dwelling—a small, remote cottage—just as she is being attacked by Morenthir's minions.

ajar. Various vegetables and flowers bloom within the cottage's enclosed garden. Loud shouts erupt from a dark-skinned halfling woman on the front step surrounded by leafy creatures attacking her.

Morenthir sent his minions to get the location of the Luminous Fountain from Belsa. One of the leshys has already left the battle and reported back to Morenthir before the PCs arrive. Belsa fights along with the PCs during this encounter, but she is at 15 HP and has the sickened condition for 2 rounds from the leshy digestion ability.

LESHY, FLYTRAP (4)

CR 4

XP 1,200 EACH

hp 39 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 5*)

TACTICS

Before Combat The four leshys have surrounded Belsa, using flanking and their sneak attacks.

During Combat The flytrap leshys try to stay near Belsa.

At least one will attempt to attack her until otherwise engaged, while the other three move against other opponents, hoping to use digest ability on as many enemies as possible.

Morale The leshys have been whipped into a zealous fervor by Morenthir and fight to the death.

Treasure: Each of the leshys had a *feather token*, *bird* to communicate with Morenthir, and 350 gp worth of rare herbs.

After the encounter, Belsa thanks the PCs for their assistance and invites them to come inside for tea. Below is a list of potential questions the PCs may ask and Belsa's answers.

Why were those creatures attacking you?

"Normally leshys are gentle folk, but those ones are working under the influence of Morenthir. He's a ghoran who fancies himself a paragon of the forest, but he's little more than a brute. He has a sizeable network of plant and fey followers that he uses to amass influence. These ones wanted to know where to find the Luminous Fountain, so I guess he's looking for it."

Where is the Luminous Fountain?

"I'll tell you exactly what I told them; I sold my memory of the fountain in the Witchmarket years ago. In my field, it's hard to stay competitive after a certain age, so bargains must be made from time to time to stay ahead of my peers. If you're also looking for the fountain, you might want to hurry along—one of those critters ran off before you arrived, probably to report back to his master. You'll want to get to the market before Morenthir does. I suggest checking out the auction in the Memory Market, a lot of memories end up there."

Did you map the location of the fountain before you sold your memory?

"No, that memory was a commission. Sometimes I work out deals with the fey in advance. They'll ask me to scout out a specific site, they take the memory, and then I collect my prize."

What do you know about the Witchmarket?

"It's a traveling caravan of fey merchants, and a dangerous place

A white fence surrounds a thatch-roofed cottage, its front gate

if you're not careful. Your coin won't get you far there; the fey ask for far more precious prices. Be careful in your dealings and mind your words. A poorly phrased deal can land you in a lifetime of enslavement. Finding its location can be tricky, but luckily for you I have a little something that can get you in and out..."

After speaking with Belsa, she offers the PCs a wooden token. This token acts as a modified *Witchmarket coin* (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lost Treasures*) that can only be used twice before losing its power and dissolving into dust—once to enter the Witchmarket, and the second to return to where it was first activated on the Material Plane. It can be activated from anywhere and sends the targets to a specific point at the front of the Memory Market. To return back to the Material Plane, however, it must be activated within 10 ft. of that same point in front of the Memory Market. Belsa instructs the PCs on how to use the coin and asks only that they open the portal far away from her home so none of the fey come through to harass her.

With the token in hand, the PCs can now continue to the Witchmarket. If the PCs ask Belsa to join them, she declines and explains she's avoiding it due to some unpaid debts she owes to some of the market's denizens.

A. The Memory Market

An array of colorful tents line several meandering pathways, which stretch through the surrounding woodland. Dazzling streamers dance from branches as a breeze sweeps through the treetops. The din of excited chatter buzzes in the air from the mixed crowd of fey and mortal creatures. The strangely familiar scents of sweet floral perfume, exotic incense, and freshly baked

pastries emanate from nearby stalls.

The coin transports the PCs to the front of the Memory Market area of the Witchmarket. From here they must head to the auction grounds, where Belsa's memory is up for sale.

Most of the market's crowd includes fey creatures, but there are a handful of gnomes, elves, and humans wandering about as well.

A1. The Ambush (CR 6)

As the PCs travel the path into the market, a group of masked artisans wait in ambush nearby.

These artisans are behind on their payment of life energy to their leanan sidhe patrons at the Laughing Muse. Morenthir learned of this and offered to help them. Instead, he used the hypnotism skill unlock of diplomacy to implant a *suggestion* that they attack any outsiders. (For more information on The Laughing Muse see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting First World: Realm of the Fey*). Note that The Laughing Muse is not located in this area of the Witchmarket, so GMs should improvise should the PCs attempt to seek that tent.

LOCAL CELEBRITY (4)

CR 2

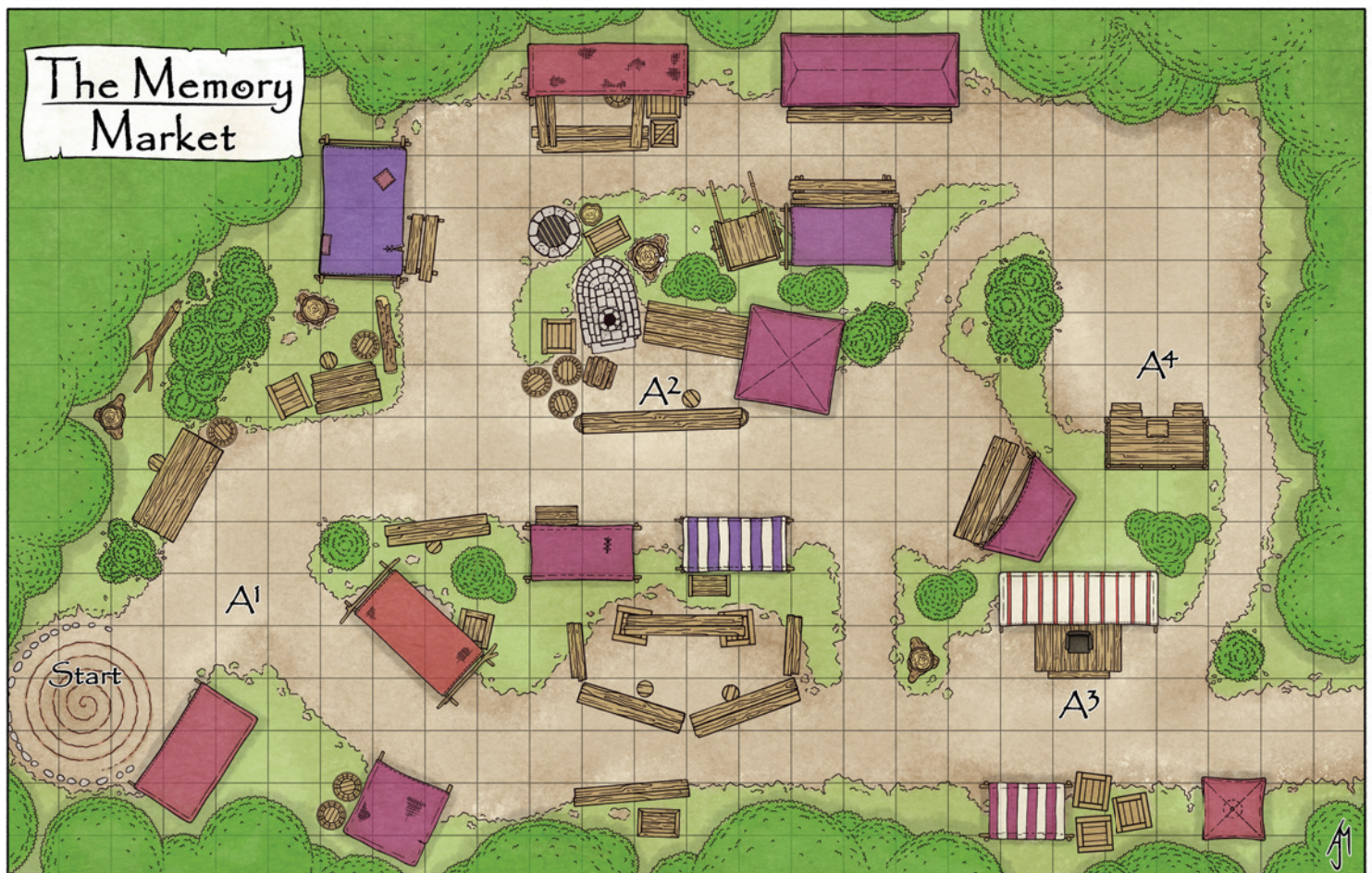
XP 600 EACH

hp 20 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: NPC Codex*)

TACTICS

Before Combat Two of the bards drink their *potion of invisibility* before the ambush. The other two approach as a distraction.

During Combat One bard inspires courage while the others try and subdue as many PCs as possible with *charm*, *sleep*, and *hypnotism*. Thanks to Morenthir's suggestion the bards believe that they can use the blood of others in place of their own life energy to pay their debts, so they try to stab the PCs as much as possible. The bards target PCs that have been



subdued or are wearing the lightest armor. After they have done about 50 hp of damage, they feel that is enough and flee to The Laughing Muse as quickly as possible.

Morale None of the bards want to die, so they flee if brought to 7 HP or less. They all have their own deals with their patrons, so individual bards may leave allies or stay and fight even if outnumbered, desperate for just a little more blood to pay off their debts.

Treasure: In addition to their combat gear (*potion of invisibility*, masterwork dagger, *bracers of armor* +1, 48 gp) each bard has various art works (paintings, sculptures, etc.) worth 90gp.

After the encounter there is a mix of applause and indifference from the other bystanders who quickly return to going about their business. If the bards subdue the PCs, they split the damage between the PCs, trying not to kill any unless necessary, and leave them on the street.

R2. Tempting Morsels

A trio of tiny fey named **Cindrene**, **Jorriel**, and **Lubella** (CN female danthiennes^{B6}) sell a variety of delicious baked goods from their stall. Eating one of these delightful treats inexplicably replays the consumer's happiest memory in their head. Consuming a pastry acts as if being targeted by *cleanse*^{APG} (CL 8), but with the following restrictions: it only cures 2d8 points of damage and does not grant the *break enchantment* effect. It also gives -2 to Perception and Initiative checks for 10 minutes after eating (DC 14 Fortitude save to negate). Eating a treat is a standard action.

If the PCs pass within 15 feet of the stall, the danthiennes beckon them over using their innate enchantments. The danthiennes preferred payment is a piece of juicy gossip, but they only sell one treat per customer per day. PCs succeeding in a DC 21 Bluff, Diplomacy, or Perform (Oratory) skill check appease the fey. They also accept jewelry and pieces of fabric whose value adds up to 500 gp.

R3. Blithe's Respite

In the market's southeastern clearing, **Dr. Blithe** (NE male bogeyman^{B3}) and his assistant **Marionette** (N female soulbound doll^{B2}) have a shop where they offer to take away frightful memories free of charge. The sinister fey tries to lure passersby to sit in an ebony chair he calls the Throne of Respite. Those who take up the proposal find their scariest memory permanently sucked away. However, such a feat is not without its drawbacks. Any person who has their worst memory taken in such a way finds their sleep haunted by nightmares of Dr. Blithe for three consecutive nights. This acts as a *nightmare* spell (a DC 22 Will save negates). Additionally, the person is also unknowingly targeted by *phobia*^{HA} (GM may decide the exact nature of the phobia the PC receives). Dr. Blithe attempts to conceal this information from his clients to the best of his ability.

Dr. Blithe also sells sticks of incense made from these terrifying memories. When burned, they act as *crushing despair* (CL 10th, DC 21), but in a 30 ft. radius rather than cone-shaped burst. The smoke lasts for 10 minutes. A stick costs 700 gp, but Dr. Blithe offers a discounted price of 500 gp for those who sit in the chair.

TABLE 1: AUCTIONED MEMORIES

AUCTION	RIVAL BUYER	FAIRY BARGAIN PRICE	NUMBER OF BIDS	AID
Secret of a River Lord	Eucaloris	Eye Color; (Eyes turn dull grey)	3	Each PC gets a Token of the Dryad (see Fey Revisited)
Changeling's Abduction	Kamlyn Fenmore	Ability to speak a planar language	5	Kamlyn casts cure light wounds on each PC once
Dragon's Defeat	Dusana Reznik	Length of time to hold one's breath; 28 Rounds	—	Dusana's team accepts two fairy bargains on the PCs' behalf
Luminous Fountain	Morenthir	*see text	9	N/A

R4. The Auction (CR 7)

Once the PCs arrive at the auction there are several bidders already there. The auctioneer, **Argyle Thistlemint** (CN male leprechaun^{B2}), guides the proceedings from his podium. Argyle is dressed in ostentatious Galtan fashion and speaks in clipped rapid Sylvan. He treats any quips or other superfluous chatter as a bid, much to the chagrin of the uninitiated.

While the auction is packed with numerous strange attendees, there are four other meaningful bidders. **Kamlyn Fenmore** (CG male human witch 3) seeks the memory of where a hag took his changeling daughter. **Eucaloris** (CG female dryad) wants blackmail on a lord from the River Kingdoms who is aggressively deforesting his lands and brought two brownies with her to help her bid. **Dusana Reznik** (LN female human ranger 5) is the leader of a group of Rostlandic loyalists who are hoping to get the memory of a great battle with a red dragon named Pindrinu in which the beast was reportedly fatally injured. Dusana has three apprentice dragon slayers with her who hope to gain fighting tips and perhaps the location of the dragon's horde. Finally, Morenthir is competing directly with the PCs for Belsa's memory.

While many attendees are interested in the fountain's location, most are hesitant to pay the steep price. Morenthir bids aggressively and has several of his followers along with him to intimidate rival bidders. During the bidding war, he tries to taunt the PCs and learn more about them. If the players attempt to fight Morenthir in the vicinity of the auction or steal the memory during the auction, GMs should discourage them by pointing out the alert fey guards who are ready to intervene in either case (see developments below for information on the fey guards).

Auction Rules

The auction starts with Argyle presenting a memory in the order listed on Table 1 and asks for the associated fairy bargain. To bid on a memory, one person must give up the requested fairy bargains. A group can share the cost of the bid. Argyle knows the desires of each client and may accept additional fairy bargains if the players offer, at the GMs discretion (for more details on Fairy Bargains see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting First World: Realm of the Fey*). If the PCs go higher than the listed number of bids needed (for example, more than three pairs of eyes for the first bid) they win the auction. No price is collected unless a person (or group) wins the bid. The PCs have a chance to bid on other memories and GMs may change these memories to be more enticing to their players. If the PCs help other bidders acquire their desired memories, these bidders give the listed aid.

During the bidding for the Dragon's Defeat memory, the auctioneer accidentally knocks the bottle over. The memory runs wild, burning some of the attendees and the PCs. To subdue the memory, the PCs must force it back into the bottle. Treat the memory as a haunt with the following adjustments.

DRAGON'S DEFEAT

CR 7

XP 3,200

CE haunt (living memory)

Caster Level 9th

Notice Perception DC 17 (Hear the roar of a dragon)

hp 32; **Weakness** energy damage, cold iron weapons (immune to positive energy).

Tricked by *invisibility*, *Stealth*; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** persistent

Effect When the living memory is triggered, the large crimson form of Pindrinu appears. Arrows and spears riddle his body and one limp wing is covered in ice. The enraged dragon breathes fire over as many living things as it can. This effect acts as dragon's breath, using red dragon's cone of fire (DC 17).

Destruction The memory can be affected by energy damage and cold iron weapons. When it is required to attempt a saving throw, instead of automatically failing, it can attempt a saving throw with a +9 bonus. If it succeeds at a saving throw against a spell or effect that would normally deal it damage, it instead takes no damage. Also due to the combative ability of Pindrinu, attacks to hit the memory must strike AC 15. Once suppressed, the memory retreats back into the bottle which can be resealed to contain it.

If the PCs rebottle the memory, Argyle is very grateful. The auction continues as normal but afterwards he offers to cover the cost of one of the fairy bargains for one of the PCs, and gives them each a choice of either *eyes of the eagle* or *goggles of minute seeing* for their trouble.

The location of the Luminous Fountain is the last memory auctioned. The seller is interested in the following prices: the favorite memory of one's mother, the ability to see spiders, or the ability to wear metal armor. Morenthir and his agents bid all of these things, but since he and the topiaries have no memory of their mother, the total bargains he can bid is 9. If the PC's bid a total of 10 bargains or more, they win. If there are more than four PCs, GMs may consider increasing the number of agents Morenthir brings to increase the severity of the bid.

Development: For each auction the PCs win, award them 400 XP.

Violent Resolutions (CR 9)

This adventure assumes the PCs successfully obtain the memory of the Luminous Fountain during the auction, in which case Morenthir and his henchmen assault them after they leave the auction grounds. Alternatively, if the PCs lose the bid and want to ambush Morenthir use these stats for his entourage.



LIVING TOPIARY (2)

CR 4

XP 1,200 EACH

hp 42 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4*)

TACTICS

During Combat The topiaries move to engage, trying to keep martial characters from reaching Morenthir.

Morale The topiaries fight to the death.

MORENTHIR

CR 5

XP 1,600

hp 58 (see *Weal or Woe: A Tangled Division*, pg. 2)

TACTICS

Before Combat Morenthir implants a trick in himself after seeing the PCs fight the haunt at the auction. He has planted his ghrous seed, thus lowering his CR for this encounter.

During Combat Morenthir uses *confusion* first on the group, and then *bestow curse* on the most dangerous adversary. He uses his painful stare to help the topiaries protect him. Morenthir will target one PC continually, particularly if it looks like he will lose, hoping to kill at least one and weaken the group for their next encounter.

Morale Morenthir fights to the death secure that his ghrous seed will save him.

REDCAP

CR 6

XP 2,400

hp 60 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2*)

TACTICS

Before Combat Morenthir has implanted his Gift of Will mesmerist trick on the redcap.

During Combat The redcap tries to reach spellcasters and disrupt them, targeting divine casters first and then arcane.

Morale The redcap fights to the death.

Treasure: Morenthir has a *potion of barkskin* +2, *wand of hold person* (7 charges), +1 *chain shirt*, mwk hand crossbow, mwk ironwood sickle, *cloak of resistance* +1, *fungal slippers*, 114 gp.

Development: Onlookers do nothing to prevent or aid in the ensuing battle between the PCs and Morenthir, though some cheer them on, eager for bloodshed. If the fighting causes harm to a vendor or destruction of their property or stall, a blodeuwedd (*Pathfinder Adventure Path 33: The Varnhold Vanishing*) guard and her two boggle (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4*) companions show up to quell the dispute and escort the troublemakers out of the

Memory Market.

Concluding The Adventure

At the end of this adventure, the PCs should have Belsa's memory of the Luminous Fountain in hand. The memory may be placed in a scrying pool to watch the memory play out, or alternatively it may be drunk. If used in a pool of water, the memory may be returned to the bottle and replayed again, but if it is consumed only the person who drank it receives the memory and it can't be put back into the bottle.

The memory reveals Belsa's harrowing journey to the Luminous Fountain which opens up a whole new adventure for the PCs. However, since Morenthir planted his ghrous seed before his showdown with the PCs, he may show up to exact revenge on them in the near future. 🌿

Someone To Watch Over Me

By Amanda Plageman

Art by Beatrice Pelagatti

Fey Protector (Cleric Archetype)

Fey protectors guide and nurture fey, defending them from encroaching humans.

Fey Patron: Races with the fey type may not become fey protectors. Fey protectors must worship one of the Eldest, or another fey entity capable of granting spells to worshippers. In addition to a cleric's usual alignment restrictions, a fey protector's alignment must contain a neutral element. The fey protector gains Sylvan as a bonus language. This ability alters the cleric's race, alignment, and bonus languages.

Fey Aversion: Fey protectors may never wear armor, carry a shield, or wield weapons made of cold iron, and may never use items that include or mimic cold iron (including but not limited to cold iron weapon blanches).

A fey protector who wears or uses prohibited items loses the ability to cast spells or use class abilities for 24 hours after the forbidden items are discarded. This ability alters the cleric's weapon and armor proficiencies.

Class Skills: A fey protector gains Knowledge (nature) as a class skill in place of Linguistics. This ability alters the cleric's class skills.

Focused Channeling: A fey protector's dedication to her fey charges alters her ability to channel energy. A fey protector must choose to channel positive energy, even if her fey patron's alignment would normally make this impossible. The fey protector's ability to channel positive energy increases when a creature of the fey type is within the channel's area of effect, rolling d8s instead of d6s. Channeling feats with prerequisites including a minimum number of d6s channeled can be taken normally.

At 7th level, a fey protector may spend 3 daily uses of channel energy to cast *breath of life* on a creature with the fey type. In the First World, the fey protector may spend all remaining daily uses of channel energy (minimum 3) to cast *breath of life* on

any creature that could normally benefit from the spell. This ability alters channel energy.

Expanded Orisons: While the fey protector is expected to guide and care for her fey charges, she also learns many of the incidental magics that come so easily to the fey. At 3rd level and every other level thereafter, the fey protector adds another orison to her list of spells per day. At 5th level and every 5 levels afterward, the fey protector adds a single cantrip or knack to her spell list. These are considered orisons for all purposes, and the fey protector must still pray for them like other orisons. This ability alters the cleric's orisons.

Diminished Spellcasting: A fey protector is less concerned with the traditional spellcasting that most clerics receive. A fey protector receives one fewer spell slot at each spell level. If this results in a fey protector receiving no spells per day at a spell level, she may still cast domain spells normally, but may only cast non-domain spells of that level if she receives them as bonus spells. This ability alters the cleric's spellcasting.

Denial of Ignorance: Fey are known for their whimsy, and the Eldest are, at best, inscrutable. However, a fey protector can never excuse her actions based on ignorance of what her fey patron would expect. The fey protector gains the benefit of a *phylactery of faithfulness* attuned to her fey patron. This benefit does not confer a physical phylactery, does not occupy an item slot, and can never be suppressed, though it can be ignored if the fey protector so chooses. Because the fey protector can never plead ignorance, an atonement spell to recover lost class abilities carries extra restrictions, per ex-fey protectors below.

Fey Reward: At 20th level, the fey protector's long service is rewarded. Her type changes to fey, she ceases aging (but any previous age-related ability score losses remain), and she gains DR 10/cold iron.

Ex-Fey Protectors

A cleric who grossly violates the code of conduct required by her fey patron loses all spells and class features, except for armor and shield proficiencies and proficiency with simple weapons. She cannot thereafter gain levels as a cleric of any fey patron until she atones for her deeds (see the *atonement* spell description). Furthermore, the *atonement* spell must either be cast in the First World or must be cast by a creature with the fey type. Finally, because an ex-fey protector innately knew the actions which caused their fall were wrong, the caster often requires the completion of an unusual quest or service before agreeing to cast the *atonement* spell. 🌿



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Strange Magics The Power Of The Tane

By Benjamin Chason-Sokol

Art by Tyler Clark



In a time before the memories of mortals, a great war tore through the First World. The Eldest, gods of the fey, were on the brink of crushing defeat. With secret magics and forgotten spells, the Eldest wove a new breed of weapon, the Tane—massive living weapons with strange and mysterious powers.

Tane Bloodline (Sorcerer Bloodline)

You were conceived in a location where the walls between the Material Plane and the First World are thin, and your birth was marked with the power of the Tane. You are born of powerful bandersnatches, jabberwocks, jubjub birds, sards, and thrasfyr, the greatest powers ever seen in the First World.

Class Skill: Intimidate.

Bonus Spells: *ear-piercing scream*^{UM} (3rd), *see invisibility* (5th), *stone shape* (7th), *kiss of the first world*^{ISM} (9th), *hungry pit*^{APG} (11th), *getaway* (13th), *legendary proportions*^{PC:AA} (15th), *fey gate*^{UW} (17th), *storm of vengeance* (19th).

Bonus Feats: Fey Obedience^{FWRotF}, Greater Feint, Improved Feint, Intensified Spell^{APG}, Moonlight Summons^{UM}, Taneblood Styleⁱ, Taneblood Strangenessⁱ, Taneblood Powerⁱ

ⁱSee below

Bloodline Arcana: Your blood is infused with the power of the Tane, the mythical living weapons of the First World, and their might lives within you. When you cast a spell with a range of personal, you grow one size category larger (as *enlarge person*) for a number of rounds equal to twice the spell's level.

Bloodline Powers: TYou display an array of your Tane patron's talents as you increase in level.

Burble (Sp): At 1st level, you can burble like a jabberwock as a standard action. This blast of strange noises and shouted nonsense causes one creature within 30 feet to become confused for 1 round. A Will saving throw negates this effect (DC 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer level + your Charisma modifier). You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Charisma modifier. This is a mind-affecting sonic effect.

Thrasfyr Bond (Sp): At 3rd level, you can swear fealty to a creature as a full-round action, creating a bond between you for a number of hours equal to

your sorcerer level. While bonded, both you and your master can sense each other's condition as if both of you were under the effects of a *status* spell. You can maintain a bond with only one master at a time. You may use this ability once per day at 3rd level and an additional time per day at 6th level and every 3 levels thereafter.

Bandersnatch Quills (Su): At 9th level, you grow small quills, which aid you in your defense. These quills act as +1 *spell storing armor spikes* that deal 1d10 points of damage. Any creature that strikes you with a non-reach melee weapon, unarmed strike, or natural weapon takes damage as though you had struck them with an attack from your armor spikes.

Jabberwock Wings (Su): At 15th level, you sprout massive jabberwock wings from your back as a standard action, giving you a fly speed of 60 feet with average maneuverability. You can dismiss the wings as a free action.

Sard Thorn Quills (Su): At 20th level, you can spend a move action to apply sard poison to your bandersnatch quills. You never risk poisoning yourself with sard poison. *Sard Poison*—injury; save Fort DC 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer level + your Cha modifier; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d2 Dex and 4d6 electricity; cure 2 consecutive saves.

Taneblood Style

You learn to apply the power of your blood to your combat practice, dealing death like the Tane of the First World.

Taneblood Style (Combat, Style)

Prerequisites: Caster level 3rd, tane bloodline

Benefit: You can intimidate your enemies with the strangeness of your combat, distracting them long enough to cut through their defenses.

You can use Intimidate instead of Bluff to feint in combat. This feat counts as

Combat Expertise for the purposes of meeting the prerequisites of Improved Feint, as well as feats that require Improved Feint as a prerequisite.

Taneblood Strangeness (Combat, Style)

Prerequisites: Caster level 6th, tane bloodline, Taneblood Style, Improved Feint

Benefit: Your strange presence both terrifies and distracts your targets. You can make a single Intimidate check as a standard action to feint and demoralize a creature.

Taneblood Power (Combat, Style)

Prerequisites: Caster level 9th, tane bloodline, Improved Feint, Taneblood Style, Taneblood Strangeness

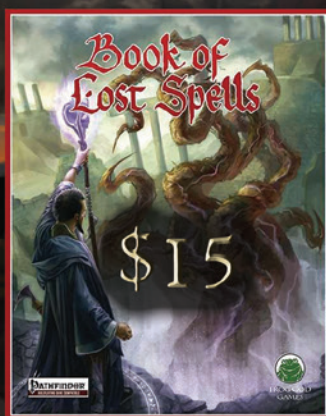
Benefit: When you enter Taneblood Style, you can choose to grow one size category larger than your base size (as *enlarge person*, even if you are not humanoid). You may use this ability once per day per 6 character levels you possess. 🌿



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Snatch The Shawl

By Luke Hudek

Art by David Hoffrichter



Hjorn and Vernar were always a handful. They did things like this from time to time, though usually they did not make it far from the tavern's door, and usually it was much later in the evening. Tonight was different. The evening was young, and they were far from the comforting lantern posts on the outskirts of northern Jol.

Maybe if they'd had a bit more to drink, they would not have had the energy to stumble into the nearby forest, or maybe they had drunk too much and lost all sense of judgement. Either way, I needed to find them before they got themselves killed or worse.

As usual, mist blanketed the outskirts north of town. It was part of living close to Grungir Forest, a wood with which I was all too familiar. I blame Drina for that. Drina—she would be useful here. A small incantation and... no. I had no idea what range of arcane powers ran through that woman's blood. It was very possible that even if she were here she would be of no use. These thoughts ran through my head as fast as my heart pumped blood into my legs. Every step on the cobblestone road led me farther from the tavern and closer to uncertainty. I was not willing to admit how quickly I was becoming panicked; how heavy the weight of every step became as I headed north.

In under a half hour's time, I arrived before the autumn forest's edge. Evening's glow revealed a few paths before me as I approached. "Hjorn, Vernar!" I cried out, worried my voice might garner unwanted attention. Blue light emanated from the forest and sky alike in the utter silence that followed. Each moment I did not see or hear from the brothers worried me exponentially. "Erastil, guide my steps as you have guided my bow," I muttered and took the closest path.

How much time had passed since I started walking into the forest? I'd left the bar in haste with no real supplies. Hell, I didn't even have my hunting bow. I rushed into this forest too hastily, just like I had with Drina. Sounds, like children's laughter, echoed beside me in all directions. Think. I spent two years studying the fey, in no small part thanks to Drina. Damn that fey sorceress. The blasted woman had nearly gotten me lost in these woods countless times in the short period I knew her. This much I knew: I was slowly slipping into the fey realm... if I was not already engulfed by it.

Trees, fungi, and weeds grew alongside the path, but the path itself was never overgrown. I would say the forest was guiding me, but the harsh truth was I was lost. Drina used to say, "The harder you try to find fey, the less they want to be found... unless they already wanted to be found!" It was this

and other nonsense that drove a wedge into our relationship. It dawned on me that Hjorn and his brother might not even be in here. It had been foolish of me to not check their other haunts first. The idea of them at home, drunkenly sleeping on a soft cot comforted me somehow, but it did nothing to help my current predicament.

After passing the same tree five times, I stopped. The fey wilds run like a river, that's one of the few things on which every author I read agreed. The harder you try to fight against the current, the more it drags you under. Closing my eyes, I lay completely flat on the earthen path and took slow, deep, steady breaths. It only took a few minutes before the path in front of me closed. I lifted my head to see trees as tall as the sky bend over themselves to seal it. A new path opened perpendicular.

This new trail led to a sparkling moonlit stream that wove in and out of itself. Before the water stood Hjorn, Vernar, and a nereid. I felt both elation and fear. A damn nereid! She stood about four feet tall, a green-blue shawl draped around her neck, barely covering her pale body. As silent as the night, I crept up on them. Each step I took weighed far more than it should, as though my legs were iron. Below me, the grass looked more akin to small jagged hills than actual plant life, but it behaved just the same.

With each step, new information became apparent. The fey was dancing! Hjorn and Vernar's eyes were swollen, and they moaned as they stumbled about. Haste be my ally, for time was of the essence.

I had only one hope: snatch the shawl. We'd played it as kids. It was a silly game. A way of gaining the attention of a girl you fancied by taking something of hers, then wooing her when she came to retrieve it. Though, I never thought I'd have to retrieve an actual shawl from an actual fey because my friends' tankards had run empty one too many times. If I was lucky, I could grab the shawl without her noticing my presence. My hand inched ever closer to the fey, my friends' moans and cries filling my ears like an amplified infant's screams. Almost there, just a tiny bit more...

Slap! I barely caught a glimpse of the green haired beauty as she turned around and struck my face. Through the pain that followed her touch, darkness was all I could see. "So predictable, you humans!" a high-pitched voice rang out. "You come here to see my elegance and don't even offer a greeting before trying to take my things! Such gullible, predictable, boring outsiders."

Like summer and winter, the stream nearby alternated a warm and cool breeze that left me even more perplexed. Sweat rose to my skin as my blood ran cold. Emotions unchecked are how you die, and the First World only amplified this problem. Gram always said "In dire times, let Erastil guide your actions." If Gram could see me now, I think she would shroud my existence from Old Deadeye out of embarrassment. Though I hated to admit it, a little chaos could be advantageous right now. I could feel Drina's cocky smile at the mere thought. "Hjorn, do you still have your Holy

Drina used to say, "The harder you try to find fey, the less they want to be found... unless they already wanted to be found!"

Tankard on you?" I asked.

"Is that you, Jun? You came to find us again? Well, this may be your last chance at that, eh? You know I got my tankard on me. Odd time to convert, but I guess there isn't much time left!" His spirits were jolly even under such grim circumstances; I attributed this to willful stupidity.

"Hey, stop talking!" the fey's voice squeaked. "I'm just about to finish my routine and give you all a goodnight kiss!"

Ignoring her words, I spoke to Hjorn again. "So, you wanna fill up that tankard and gimme a drink? Even blind, I can't stomach this grotesque insect's performance."

This had to work, we really were out of options.

"How?! Well, if that's the way you feel, then you're first!" the nereid shrieked

If any of the Accidental God's luck was with us tonight, it had to be now.

The air around me moved, and, with it, the fey. I clasped my hands in front of me in a wild grab. Silky and slimy, I felt it: the fey's shawl. Before she had time to react, I yanked it from around her neck.

"We aren't always predictable," I remarked. My grin was impossible to hide. I could only assume her reaction was quite different.

"Give that back!" Her voice seemed desperate now, without its earlier cockiness.

Holding the shawl above my head, I made a simple request: "Lead us out of the wilds, and you can have it." Barely a moment passed before I felt the world around us shift.

"Fine," the creature said. "But be warned, if I ever catch you in my wilds again, your lungs will be filled with my revenge."

This was a risk I was willing to take. "Lead the way." I gestured forward, hoping we could somehow stumble in the footsteps of the creature.

After bumbling about for less than a minute, we found ourselves back on the outskirts of the forest. Even without sight, I knew we were no longer in the realm between ours and that of the fey. The shawl fell from my hands and gently landed on the grass. High pitched whispers were left in our wake as we stumbled our way back into town. When our sight returned, I looked to the sky to see that no time had passed. Hjorn and Vernar looked at me.

"Let's never speak of this again...and you're buying the next round." They nodded, and we set off back to the tavern where the night's adventure began. 🌿



First World Trade

By Taylor Hubler

Art by Jeremy Corff

The fey of the First World do not have any interest in coin or currency (unless it is that rare antique coin from a limited run with an error that made the king's nose twice its normal size). Instead, the fey deal in obscure and sometimes metaphorical trade and barter. You want the sword made of light from the full moon? In trade, they might ask for puppy dog kisses or your lost childhood toys. Another fey merchant might ask for your forgotten promises or the perfect day. This leads to effects that people don't often foresee as they trade with the fey from the First World. Some of these effects are beneficial, some harmful, but the majority are harmless and, at most, annoying until you grow accustomed to them. In extreme cases, you end up deeply changed, but, in most cases, the changes are more subtle; life is simply a little different from what it was before the trade.

Any time a character makes a trade deal with a merchant from the First World, the GM may roll for or choose one of the options on the table below. It is recommended that the GM not tell the player what the result is, but use that result to inspire the fey merchant's bargain. For example, if the result

is the character's cup never being empty until they want it to be, the trade may be for a disappointing drink or the empty moments in the character's life. Once the trade is made, it is up to the GM to decide if the side effect of the deal happens immediately or gradually over time.

Allowing the player to discover the effects is half the fun of trading with fey! Even if the effects are harmful, the player shouldn't feel like he is being punished for the trade. GMs are encouraged to add onto or alter the effects generated by this table to expand on the story. Additionally, the characters can remove unwanted effects with *remove curse*.

TABLE 2: UNINTENDED SIDE EFFECTS OF FIRST WORLD TRADING

ROLL	RESULT
1–2	You gain one additional spell known or in your spellbook (or familiar) but it must be at least one level below the highest spell level you can cast. If your class does not have spellcasting, you gain one cantrip that you can cast once per day.
3–4	You may use the spell <i>enthrall</i> once per day as a spell-like ability, but you recite terrible romantic poetry while the spell is in effect.
5–6	Each time you hit with any weapon, you have a 1% chance of maximizing the damage dice on that hit. Additional damage dice from critical hits may never be maximized.
7–8	You gain a familiar with the fey creature template. If you already have a familiar, you gain a second one at half your caster level. If your class does not ordinarily get a familiar, your effective wizard level is your character level -3.



9–10	You gain the ability to speak to one type of animal. They believe you are just an odd-looking member of their species and treat you like the village idiot. Additionally, they will attempt to feed you or lead you to food appropriate for their species.
11–12	You gain a +1 bonus in a random Craft, Perform, or Profession skill.
13–14	You gain proficiency with a single weapon you were not proficient with before.
15–16	You always act in the surprise round, going last if you failed your Perception check.
17–18	All animals have a starting attitude of at least indifferent towards you.
19–20	All shops offer a small discount if you agree to do some form of advertising or promotion for them.
21–22	Your cup is never empty until you want it to be.
23–24	You only need half as much sleep as normal but your dreams are disturbing and unnerving.
25–26	You have a very positive reputation in a random town you don't remember visiting. There is even a statue of you in the town square.
27–28	You can run twice as fast as normal as long as you constantly wail as loud as possible.
29–30	You remember the name of everyone to whom you have been introduced.
31–32	All shirts you wear have a colorful floral print. Even your armor becomes brightly decorated.
33–34	You must say one inappropriate thing to each new person you meet.
35–36	You are invisible to yourself, even in mirrors and reflections.
37–38	When you knock on a door, you have to use a specific, overly long pattern.
39–40	You answer questions with a question.
41–42	You wake up each morning with a different nose. Any depiction of you will have the same nose and everyone is certain that you always had that nose.
43–44	You have scars all over your body that make you appear as if you were hacked up into pieces and stitched back together. A random part of your body is from someone else's body.
45–46	Every dog with an attitude of friendly towards you is a bit too friendly.
47–48	Your overwhelming desire for the perfect burrito is never satisfied.
49–50	You are obligated to pass out pamphlets and literature about uncomfortable subjects to everyone you meet. Your stock is replenished each night while you sleep by a pamphlet fairy.
51–52	You end your introductions with, "Have you heard the good word of the dark lord?"
53–54	You have a forked tongue that is twice as long as your previous tongue.
55–56	Your fingernails always look black and blue, as if you have smashed them with a hammer.
57–58	You must always ask for permission before eating (though you don't need the permission to do so).
59–60	You must always ask permission before going to the bathroom (though you don't need the permission to do so).
61–62	You always get names wrong in some small, but annoying, way.
63–64	Your battle cries are "I AM A PRETTY BUTTERFLY!" and similar oddities.
65–66	You gain a +1 bonus to Profession (scribe) and feel compelled to spend at least an hour each evening writing a full report of the day's proceedings, including an expense report, an accounting balance sheet, and a plan for the next day. You place the sizable report into a large envelope, which you put under your pillow each night. The next morning the envelope is replaced with blank forms and stationery for that day's reports.
67–68	You actually don't know what the back of your hands look like. Each time you look at them, you swear you are looking at a completely different set of hands.
69–70	You can't use the pronouns "I," "me," "mine," and "my" while speaking or writing. Telepathic communication has no such limitation.
71–72	You can only speak in a loud shout and write in all capital letters.

73–74	You speak in maddening gibberish every time you lie.
75–76	Everyone you touch must make a DC13 Will save or become hostile towards you.
77–78	All items you carry weigh twice as much.
79–80	The next intelligent creature you kill will haunt you forever. The creature is actually okay with being dead, but enjoys reminding you of how much of a jerk you were for murdering them.
81–82	Anyone who sleeps within 60 feet of you has horrific nightmares.
83–84	The next time you die your body will teleport 1d10 miles away, leaving behind a detailed treasure map to lead people to it. They will find it in a glass coffin and under the effects of <i>gentle repose</i> .
85–86	You age to your next age category.
87–88	You cannot disbelieve illusions and even simple sleight of hand tricks always amaze you.
89–90	You become shaken when under open sky, because you fear the sun and moon are out to kill you.
91–92	You lose the ability to understand Common, but can still speak and write it.
93–94	If you fall you have a hard time rolling off your back, and standing takes a full-round action.
95–96	If your head is covered with a blanket, you believe you no longer exist and are stunned until the blanket is removed.
97–98	You become part fey. Cold iron weapons deal 1 additional point of damage to you.
99–100	Roll twice and use both results.



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Altars Of The Eldest

By Lyn Perrine

Art by Carlos Torreblanca



The following altars use the rules presented in Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Gods.

ALTAR OF COUNT RANALC

Aura moderate abjuration and divination [chaotic]; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 1,000 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This dark gray stone altar depicts two humanoid figures, one stabbing the other in the back with a rapier. Praying at the altar grants a +2 circumstance bonus on Stealth checks and the worshipper gains sneak attack 1d6, which stacks with existing sources of sneak attack.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *guidance*, *magic circle against law*, creator must worship Count Ranalc; **Cost** 4,000 GP

ALTAR OF THE GREEN MOTHER

Aura moderate abjuration [evil]; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 150 lbs

DESCRIPTION

Lips wrapped in briars protrude from the top of this wooden altar. Depictions of the green mother in elf, nymph, and dryad form are carved into its sides. Praying at the altar grants a +2 morale bonus against mind-affecting effects and a +2 circumstance bonus on Bluff and Sense Motive checks.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *magic circle against good*, *magic circle against law*, *resistance*, creator must worship the Green Mother; **Cost** 4,000 gp

ALTAR OF IMBEX

Aura moderate abjuration and transmutation [lawful]; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 1,200 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This statue depicts twin androgynous reptilian humanoids holding hands. Praying at the altar grants a +2 circumstance bonus on Knowledge (engineering) checks and on Craft (sculptures), Craft (stone-masonry), or Craft (carpentry) checks.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *crafters fortune*^{APC}, *guidance*, *magic circle against chaos*, creator must worship Imbex; **Cost** 4,000 gp

ALTAR OF THE LANTERN KING

Aura moderate abjuration and transmutation [chaotic]; **CL** 10th

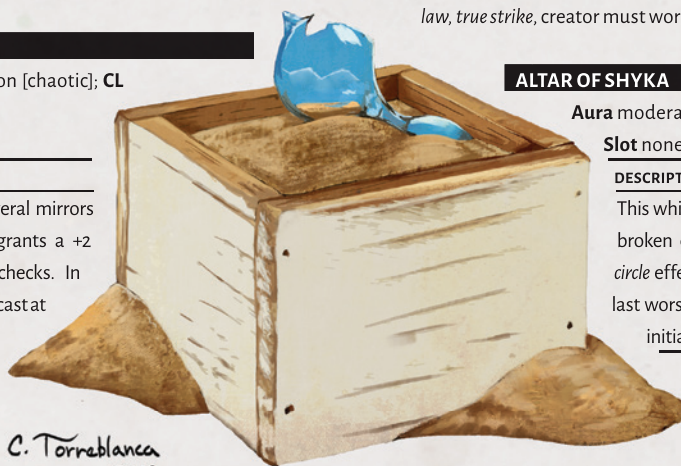
Slot none; **Price** 16,000 gp; **Weight** 400 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This golden lantern glows with smoke and several mirrors cast dancing shadows. Praying at the altar grants a +2 circumstance bonus to Bluff and Disguise checks. In addition, spells of the polymorph subschool are cast at +1 caster level.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *guidance*, *magic circle against law*, *polymorph*, creator must worship the Lantern King; **Cost** 8,000 gp



C. Torreblanca
2018

ALTAR OF THE LOST PRINCE

Aura moderate abjuration and divination; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 1,800 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A raven perches atop this weathered dark stone tower. Unlike most altars, its *magic circle* effect is aligned against one alignment component chosen at creation. Praying at the altar grants a +2 circumstance bonus on Spellcraft checks to identify magic items and a +1 insight bonus to armor class while no allies are adjacent to the worshipper.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *guidance*, *identify*, *magic circle against chaos/evil/good/law*, creator must worship the Lost Prince; **Cost** 4,000 gp

ALTAR OF MAGDH

Aura moderate abjuration and divination [lawful]; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 16,000 gp; **Weight** 750 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This pewter altar is topped with a reflecting pool at the feet of a three-headed female humanoid. Praying at the altar grants a +2 circumstance bonus to Knowledge checks three times a day. If the person praying at the altar casts *augury*, the chance of getting a successful answer increases by 5 percent but still has the 90 percent maximum chance of success.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *augury*, *guidance*, *magic circle against chaos*, creator must worship Magdh; **Cost** 4,000 gp

ALTAR OF NG

Aura moderate abjuration, divination and transmutation; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 10,000 gp; **Weight** 900 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This silver statue of a hooded figure has gloved hands and no visible face. Instead of a *magic circle* effect, the altar is protected by *misdirection*. Praying at the altar grants a +2 circumstance bonus on Survival checks to avoid becoming lost and on saving throws against weather effects, grants a +1 sacred bonus on Fortitude saves, and the worshipper always knows the direction of true north.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous item, *endure elements*, *know direction*, *misdirection*, creator must worship Ng; **Cost** 5,000 gp

ALTAR OF RAGADHN

Aura moderate abjuration and divination [chaotic, evil]; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 400 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This serpentine sculpture made of driftwood curls into two loops and appears to devour its own tail. Praying at the altar grants a +2 circumstance bonus on Swim checks and a +1 morale bonus on attacks made in saltwater.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *guidance*, *magic circle against good*, *magic circle against law*, *true strike*, creator must worship Ragadahn; **Cost** 4,000 gp

ALTAR OF SHYKA

Aura moderate abjuration and divination; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 750 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This white stone box is filled with sand, a broken hourglass, and broken objects of various ages. Unlike most altars, the *magic circle* effect on this altar changes to match the alignment of the last worshipper. Praying at the altar grants a +1 sacred bonus on initiative checks.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *heightened awareness*^{ACC}, *magic circle against chaos/evil/good/law*, creator must worship Shyka; **Cost** 4,000 gp



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Weal Or Woe: Fire And Fletching

By Brendan Ward and Amy C. Goodenough

Art by Kristiina Seppä

The actions of a hunter bent on protection and revenge draw a forest community and the fey that skirt its edge into conflict. A mighty and rare beast, a flaming delgeth^{B5}, lies dying from wounds inflicted by a local hunter. The dryads, whose trees depend on the delgeth's fires to germinate seeds, are growing desperate for justice, while the hunter rallies the town to kill the creature.

Weal: Laenan

While the image of wildfire running through ancient woods may spark terror in many, for the dryads of Varisia's Sanos Forest^{AP3}, these fires are an important part of the forest's life-cycle. Living in trees that need fire to germinate seeds means that the dryads rely on the fires set by the delgeth to clear the way for new growth. Now, as the silver-haired dryad Laenan waits for her womb to quicken, she needs a powerful wildfire, like the delgeth's, to prepare the ground for her infant's tree.

After a hunter from the nearby village of Wartle mortally wounded the Sanos Forest's delgeth, Laenan moved her bonded tree close to a hunters' trail and rallied the woodland fey to barricade the wood's heart—not only to keep the humans away, but to prevent the dying delgeth from attracting more dangerous predators. If the creature were to die, the fey would seek vengeance on the town responsible. With darker beings than dryads capable of crossing from the First World through the forest's rift, the standoff could quickly escalate. The more powerful and enigmatic denizens of the First World may not respect the long mutual tolerance between the fey of Sanos Forest and the village.

While Laenan seethes, she is fundamentally bound to the forest and would rather return to the days when the town and fey were at peace. She would not oppose a diplomatic resolution. The humans' hunting and husbandry are part of the forest's own system, and ultimately, the dryad wants balance more than she wants the hunter to pay for his crime.

Adventure Hook

- While they're stopping in the village of Wartle for supplies, a liminal sprite

contacts the PCs. She knows of the conflict and fears it could lose her the eaves she calls home. She tasks the PCs to negotiate a solution.

Boon

If the PCs offer to deliver the dryad her vengeance, the fey of Sanos Forest will be useful allies, offering their magic and knowledge. If the PCs can instead track the delgeth and restore it from the brink of death, Laenan will reward the PCs with her token. If they engage her deeply in conversation, her advice grants the PCs a +2 bonus on Knowledge (geography) and Knowledge (nature) checks relating to the forest and its inhabitants.

LAENAN	CR5
XP 1,600	
Dryad Bard 2 CG Medium fey	
Init +6; Senses low-light vision; Perception +9	
DEFENSE	
AC 19, touch 16, flat-footed 13 (+6 Dex, +3 natural)	
hp 46 (8 HD 6d6+2d8+16)	
Fort +6, Ref +14, Will +6; +4 vs. bardic performance, language-dependent, and sonic	
DR 5/cold iron	
Weaknesses tree dependent	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft.	
Melee dagger +10 (1d4)	
Ranged mwk longbow +11 (1d8)	
Special Attacks bardic performance 12 rounds/day (countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire courage +1)	
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th)	
Constant— <i>Speak with plants</i>	
At will— <i>entangle</i> (DC 15), <i>tree shape</i> , <i>wood shape</i> (1 lb. only)	
3/day— <i>charm person</i> (DC 15), <i>deep slumber</i> (DC 17), <i>tree stride</i>	
1/day— <i>suggestion</i> (DC 17)	
Bard Spells Known (CL 2nd; concentration +6)	
1st (4/day)— <i>cause fear</i> (DC17), <i>cure light wounds</i> , <i>nature's paths</i> ^{VC}	
o (at will)— <i>dancing lights</i> , <i>daze</i> (DC 16), <i>ghost sound</i> (DC 16), <i>message</i> , <i>prestidigitation</i>	
TACTICS	
Before Combat If confronted by a group with a clear leader, or anyone visibly bearing cold iron, Laenan will try to use her <i>charm person</i> ability to avoid conflict or at least prevent her target from harming her.	
During Combat Laenan is wary of cold iron and axes. She casts <i>entangle</i> , <i>deep slumber</i> and <i>cause fear</i> to neutralize the most dangerous targets before buffing her allies with her bardic performance. If she is badly wounded, she retreats into the nearest big tree to hide and wait for rescue from her allies.	
STATISTICS	
Str 10, Dex 23, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 22	
Base Atk +4; CMB +4; CMD 20	
Feats Great Fortitude, Stealthy, Weapon Finesse	
Skills Acrobatics +11, Bluff +11, Climb +10, Craft (sculpture) +12, Diplomacy +11, Escape Artist +17, Handle Animal +12, Knowledge	

(geography) +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Knowledge (nature) +12, Perception +9, Perform (dance) +11, Sense Motive +6, Spellcraft +8, Stealth +17, Survival +7; **Racial Modifiers** +6 Craft (wood)

Languages Common, Elven, Sylvan; speak with plants

SQ bardic knowledge +1, tree meld, wild empathy, versatile performance (dance), woodcraft

Woe: Tahatan

Wartle has always been prone to seasonal forest fires, and in recent years, the townsfolk have become desperate for a reprieve from the damage. Tahatan, a Shoanti given over to settled Varisian village life, is Wartle's chief hunter and has protected the village from the dangers of the forest for most of his life. When a great fire destroyed his home a decade ago, Tahatan was severely burned trying to rescue his father. A tall man who goes about with his body covered and a hood drawn to hide his scarred face, Tahatan is a respected member of the town.

When Tahatan saw the mighty elk with hooves of flame, he knew to draw his bow. Like the wildfire blazing in its wake, the beast was beautiful but far too dangerous to move unchecked towards the village. This, he was certain, was the creature that started the blaze that left his village gutted and his body a scarred ruin. Faced with a being that he was sure was the cause of his woes, the hunter acted without hesitation.

Tahatan let his arrows fly as the beast stood its ground. A delgeth is a fearsome foe, and their battle left the clearing smoldering, with both the hunter and his quarry severely wounded. Tahatan's companions beat down the flames and carried the burned man home. Some time has passed without a blaze, but the villagers complain bitterly of a shadowy form that follows hunters, stepping from the trees, letting loose arrows, and disappearing again. Tahatan has rallied the town's hunters and rangers (treat as human commoner 3). Now, Tahatan plans to track the beast to its lair and finish what he started. However, he is still ultimately interested in the village's safety. He may be open to a diplomatic solution if the town's situation looks dire enough.

Adventure Hooks

- The PCs find the town's smith in makeshift stocks. Tahatan has branded him a traitor for refusing to make weapons against the dryads. The smith begs the PCs to interfere with Tahatan's plans, offering a reward for stopping the hunter.
- In the town square, the PCs see Tahatan arguing with a logger who is

convinced that something dangerous now stalks the forest since Tahatan wounded the delgeth.

Drawback

Tahatan is the leader of the band of local hunters. If the PCs interfere with his hunt of the delgeth, he and the hunters will lay traps across the most dangerous routes of the forest, and the PCs will find a cold reception and steep prices in the town if they go looking for supplies.

TAHATAN

CR 4

XP 1,200

Human Slayer 5

N Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+3 Dex, +4 armor, +1 dodge)

hp 32 (5d8+10)

Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk cold iron longsword +8 (1d8+2/19-20)

Ranged mwk composite longbow +9 (1d8+2/x3)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

Before Combat Tahatan is a careful hunter, using stealth to approach his enemies unseen. He studies a target before trying to make the most of his sneak attack from behind cover. He drinks a *potion of invisibility* if he is worried about being seen.

During Combat Tahatan tries to keep at range and use cover to avoid damage. If pushed into melee, he will try to flank with members of his hunting party. If injured, he drinks his *potion of cure moderate wounds*, and if the battle turns against him, he drinks his second *potion of invisibility* to flee and regroup.

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 21

Feats Deadly Aim, Dodge, Extra Slayer Talent, Point-Blank Shot

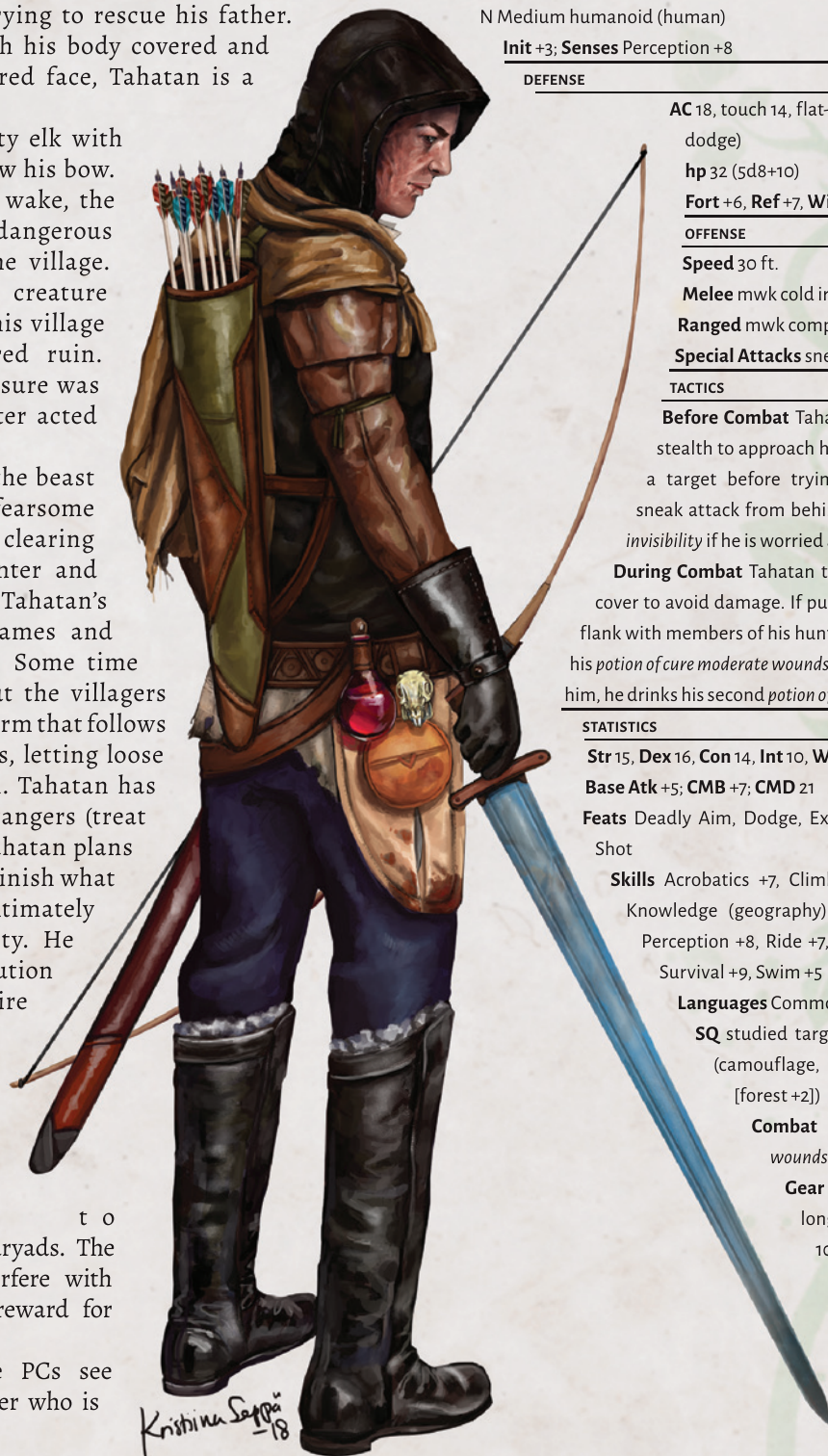
Skills Acrobatics +7, Climb +7, Heal +7, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (geography) +6, Knowledge (nature) +2, Perception +8, Ride +7, Sense Motive +5, Stealth +11, Survival +9, Swim +5

Languages Common

SQ studied target +2, track +2, slayer talents (camouflage, fast stealth, terrain mastery [forest +2])

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of invisibility* (2); **Other Gear**

masterwork composite longbow (+2 Str) with 20 arrows, 10 cold iron arrows, masterwork cold iron longsword, +1 studded leather armor



Krishna Sappi 18

First World Anthems

Fey-Themed Bardic Masterpieces

By Kendra Leigh Speedling

Art by Clay Lewis



Many bards draw inspiration from the raw beauty of the First World. The following masterpieces are commonly learned by those who have an affinity for the fey or are devotees of one of the Eldest.

The Chronochord (String, Percussion, Wind)

Summoning a trace of influence from Shyka the Many, you bend time to your advantage with a single stirring note.

Prerequisite: Perform (string, percussion, or wind) 15 ranks

Cost: Feat or 5th-level bard spell known

Effect: When you activate this performance, you tweak the variables of time so a previously made decision is undone. This must be a single choice taking no longer than one round to carry out. The effects of this decision are immediately undone; for example, having taken damage due to moving to a particular location or expending a spell. This decision must have been made within a number of rounds equal to your bard level.

Use: 10 bardic performance rounds

Action: 1 immediate action

Fury of Hachan Ke (Oratory, Sing, Percussion)

You can use a fragment of power from Hachan Ke, the Tane known as the Glory in the Blood, to inspire yourself to incredible strength.

Prerequisite: Perform (oratory, sing, or percussion) 4 ranks

Cost: Feat or 2nd-level bard spell known

Effect: You use your performance to invoke wrathful strength into your veins. While maintaining this performance, you are affected as per the *rage* spell, except it only affects you and you do not take the -2 penalty to AC. However, even a small fraction of Hachan Ke's power is difficult to manage, and each round you maintain this performance, you take 1 point of bleed damage. You are able to maintain this performance while under the *rage* effect.

Use: 1 bardic performance round

Action: 1 free action

Redcap's Delight (Act, Dance)

Inspired by a redcap's sadistic glee at bloodletting, you can cause others' wounds to worsen.

Prerequisite: Perform (act) or Perform (dance) 7 ranks

Cost: Feat or 3rd-level bard spell known

Effect: Your mockery has a supernatural effect on your opponents' injuries, causing all enemies within a 30-foot radius of you to take 1 point of bleed damage per round if they are injured during that round. This bleed damage does not increase if an enemy is injured more than once in a round, but increases by 1 for each round you maintain the performance. The bleed damage from this performance stacks with itself, but not with other sources of bleed damage.

Use: 3 rounds of bardic performance

Action: 1 standard action

Requiem of Solitude (Sing, String)

You channel your loneliness and longing into a beautiful, heartrending song that pains those who hear it.

Prerequisite: Perform (sing) or Perform (string) 7 ranks

Cost: Feat or 3rd-level bard spell known

Effect: Your mournful requiem causes foes to share in the melancholy of the Lost Prince. All enemies within a 30-foot radius of you suffer the effects of *crushing despair* (Will negates) as long as you maintain this performance.

Use: 1 bardic performance round

Action: 1 move action

Silkstring Minuet (Dance)

The grace of this dance, inspired by the Green Mother, is preternaturally alluring to others.

Prerequisite: Perform (dance) 5 ranks

Cost: Feat or 2nd-level bard spell known

Effect: Your graceful movements enthrall even those who would not otherwise be attracted to your race or gender. For the effect's duration, all those you interact with are considered to be potentially attracted to you for the purposes of effects such as *seducer's eyes*^{1SG} or the *charming* trait. If they could ordinarily be attracted to you, the effect's bonus increases by 1.

Use: 1 bardic performance round per 10 minutes of the effect's duration

Action: 1 minute

Wisps of Growing Shadow (Dance, Sing)

Like Count Ranalc, your mastery of shadows enables you and your allies to move about unseen.

Prerequisite: Perform (dance) or Perform (sing) 10 ranks

Cost: Feat or 4th-level bard spell known

Effect: This performance, either taking the form of a graceful dance or a slow, steadily building aria, attunes you and your allies to the shadows. For the effect's duration, you and allies who listen to your performance (to a maximum number of creatures equal to your Charisma modifier) can shadow jump, as per the *shadowdancer* ability. Each creature affected can jump up to a total of 40 feet in this way during the duration.

Use: 1 bardic performance round per 10 minutes of the effect's duration

Action: 1 minute



Songs Of The First World Masterpieces For The Fey-Minded Bard

By Chris L. Kimball

Art by Mike Lowe



Stories and music of the First World are woven into most cultures on Golarion, oft repeated and changing with the generations. However, few bards and historians are daring (or foolhardy) enough to track down the undiluted versions or record these works directly from the fey themselves. Those who do find that in mortal hands these masterpieces still hold a little fey magic.

Dance Of Autumn Leaves (Act, Dance)

Moving in unison with nature itself, your body sways and bends in a primordial dance, blurring the vision of witnesses with the majestic beauty of the changing season.

Prerequisite: Perform (act) or Perform (dance) 3 ranks

Cost: Feat or 1st-level bard spell known

Effect: Hushed whispers tell of the dryads performing this mysterious, ritualistic dance before winter puts their groves to sleep. As the masterpiece begins, a cloud of brightly colored leaves whirls around you. Allies that can see you and move more than 5 feet on their turn gain concealment against ranged attacks until the beginning of their next turn as swirls of autumn leaves obscure their passage.

Use: 1 bardic performance round, +1 round per ally affected

Action: 1 standard action

Satyr's Jig (String, Wind)

You play an irresistible tune, pulling at the toes of the listener and causing their feet to caper to an unbidden beat.

Prerequisite: Perform (string) or Perform (wind) 5 ranks

Cost: Feat or 2nd-level bard spell known

Effect: A favorite among those who dare the revels of the fey. The jovial beat of this lilting piece conveys a bit of fey mischief which sends the listener's legs into an energetic dance. When you activate this performance, the target attempts a Will save. Failure means the target loses control of its legs as long as you maintain the performance. Each round the target is under the influence of the masterpiece, you can force it to make a move action on its turn to any location within its move speed. Otherwise, that target is forced to dance in place. A target can still make non-move actions as normal. If the target is forced to move to a location that might cause it harm, such as over a cliff or if the movement would provoke an attack of opportunity, the target receives another Will save with a +4 bonus against the effect.

Use: 1 bardic performance round

Action: 1 standard action

The Tale Of The Bully And The Pixie Queen (Oratory, Sing)

You spin a cautionary tale of a bullying giant shrunk to the size of the wee folk who learns the error of their ways.

Prerequisite: Perform (oratory) 7 ranks or Perform (sing) 7 ranks

Cost: Feat or 3rd-level bard spell known

Effect: As this impossible tale begins, one target within earshot begins to shrink. Each round the story continues, the target shrinks one size category, down to Fine. If the target is unwilling, they may attempt a Fortitude save against the effect each round to remain their current size. Unlike *reduce person*, items that leave the target's possession (dropped items or projectile and thrown weapons) do not immediately return to their full size, instead growing one size category each round after they are dropped until they are normal sized. The effects of this masterpiece last for one minute for each round of bardic performance used, but may be ended by the performer as a standard action after the story has finished.

Use: 1 bardic performance round

Action: 1 full round

Call To The Hunt (Percussion, Wind)

You sound the notes of the Wild Hunt, transforming yourself and allies into a pack of hounds.

Prerequisite: Perform (percussion) 11 ranks or Perform (wind) 11 ranks

Cost: Feat or 5th-level bard spell known

Effect: The Wild Hunt is the fey court's most sacred event and by blowing its heralding notes, you and all adjacent allies take the form of massive fey hounds. You and your pack transform (as if by the spell *beast shape II* using the form of a dire wolf). In addition, all those transformed gain the ability to communicate with each other telepathically up to 60 ft. The transformation lasts for 10 minutes, but may be extended by paying the bardic performance cost again while all pack members howl for a turn. The effect can be ended at any point, but if one ally chooses to end it the effect ends for all.

Use: 10 bardic performance rounds

Action: 2 full rounds 🍀



Danse Macabre

Written by Emily Parks

Art by Catarina Eusébio



I dance. I danced. I will dance. Time does not exist in this place. The lights are soft and cast a pleasant light on everything I see. It is all beautiful. I am with my friends. I smile because I am happy. The music tells me so. The music is all around me and inside me. I twirl from one partner and into the waiting arms of another. My skirt is a shimmering rainbow as it flares out, reflecting the lights and the other dancers dance upon the fragments for a moment—or an eternity. I smile. My new partner is beautiful. He has roses growing out of his eye sockets that climb up to form a sweeping bouquet crowning his head. He smiles at me.

The flow of the music sends me spinning from my partner's arms and out across the dance floor. A new partner catches me, but roughly, fingers digging into my arms. This is a feeling I have not felt in a long time. I turn to see my partner, and I see that she is ugly. Her face is blemished, her hair unkempt, and she wears armor unseemly for a ball. I notice her armor is bloody.

"There you are!" she says. She pulls me to her for an embrace, but I resist. I don't want to get blood on my dress. This is wrong. She doesn't belong here. The music in my head gets muddled. The world around me changes. I begin to be able to count my own breaths. The world is becoming less beautiful. I don't smile anymore. I look around. I need to find someone who can make her go away.

"Which one did you make the deal with, Elli?" the woman demands, refusing to release me. I turn to call someone, anyone, to help. People are looking at us curiously, but no one comes to help me. I see the rose man across the dance floor, with a different partner. He's not looking in my direction. I open my mouth to call out to him, but before I can, my head explodes in pain.

My head is empty for a moment before it fills with feelings I haven't felt in a long time, chief among them rage and pain. My feet are in intense pain. I turn back to embrace the woman beside me and see her brandishing a crystal wand in my direction, surely the thing that just dispelled the enchantment on me. I lunge forward and embrace her, dress be damned.

"Sister," I sob. Then I realize. I pull away from her, "How are you here? You need to leave before they catch you. You're in their realm." It is undoubtedly my sister, but

she's changed. The Aliss I remember was only recently out of girlhood. The woman standing before me looks older, and wears an incredibly distressed Eagle Knight uniform. A realization creeps into my newly freed mind.

"How long?" I ask. "How long have I been here?"

"You have no idea the things that I went through to get here. I've dealt with enough crazy nonsense to write a book in finding an entrance to the Dreamlands and navigating here. Look." She lifted her cloak to reveal a razor-edged sickle on her belt. The metal was cold iron. "I spoke with a sage. He believes that if we can get your dream self out of here, we can end the curse. If not, we can always just kill the bastard who put it on you in the first place. Do you know which one it was?"

I look around for the rose-eyed man, the one who brought me here. As I look around the ballroom, I can see the telltale vacant smiles of other mortals cursed to dance away eternity in this hall. I also see the eldritch fey creatures intermingled with the rest, creatures far more alien than the rose-eyed man. I watch a pair next to us as the fey partner—a woman with pale lavender skin and milk-white eyes—caresses her mortal companion's

face. The skin she touches withers and pales as her cheeks flush. She closes her eyes as if in ecstasy. Seeing this, I notice how frail each mortal looks. I look down at my own wrists sticking out from piles of gathered lace, at the bones that protrude. They've been feeding on me, on all of us here, the whole time. I fear what I would see if I looked in a mirror. I don't know if I would even be able to

My head is empty for a moment before it fills with feelings I haven't felt in a long time, chief among them rage and pain. My feet are in intense pain.

hold a sword now.

I smile, hoping to still appear enchanted in order to evade their notice. I take my sister's hand and lead her in an awkward dance toward the grand double doors at the front of the hall.

"I don't see him," I whisper to her, "let's go while we can." She nods.

While we waltz I can feel the strength in her arms. That alone makes me want to cry from happiness. It had been a tragedy of my own making when I enthusiastically brought my little sister to investigate a seemingly abandoned farmhouse, only to be ambushed by unliving shadows that left my sister's frame atrophied and near-skeletal. People do foolish things for love. I hardly denied her anything over the course of our lives, even knowing the risks. When a stranger came around claiming he could heal her, I should have asked more questions.

We're ignored the entire way to the doors, and we open them with little trouble. I suppose my captors don't expect their prisoners to leave through the front door. We step outside, and see a staircase that descends into a manicured garden path, and then into mist. My sister pulls at my arms and starts to run. I follow.

"You're leaving without even informing your host?" says

a voice behind us. The voice pulls on me. It becomes music in my head. I start losing sense of myself again, and struggle to shake it off. My sister stops running and draws her sickle. I turn. The rose-eyed man stands behind us, framed in the double doors, the music and laughter of the ball leaking out behind him. It's such beautiful music.

"We're leaving. Try and stop us and your blood will end up all over your fancy suit," my sister says.

The man crosses his arms and frowns. He seems hurt. "I don't understand. I've done no wrong to either of you. I granted her wish to heal you, and extended her an invitation to our ball. I even welcomed you in to join your sister."

"You kidnapped me." I snap.

"You made a deal," he responds, "and you," he turns to my sister, "came here of your own volition, so stay. There will be a feast after the dancing is over. Enjoy yourselves. You can leave after that."

"We're leaving now," I say. I take Aliss' hand and we walk toward the mist, toward home. Then I stop. My little sister's skin is withering in my grasp. I look up at her face, and she looks at me with surprise and fear. I backpedal up onto the palace stairs, and in moments Aliss' skin is unblemished once more.

I snarl up at the rose man where he still stands at the top of the stairs, "What is this?"

"I thought that's what you wanted, for your deal to end. You're welcome to leave if you like."

"And everything will be as it was. I'll be free, and Aliss will be dead."

The man shrugs.

"Go, Elli. I shouldn't be alive, anyway. I don't want to be alive if I know it's because you're here."

"Aliss. Don't be an idiot. Go home. Live your life. Find another way to free me. You have plenty of time to do that if you're alive."

"What a conundrum. My lady," the rose man said, looking at my sister with something approaching chagrin, "Do you wish to be with your sister always?"

"Shut up. Of course I do, and that's what we're going to do."

The rose man smiled.

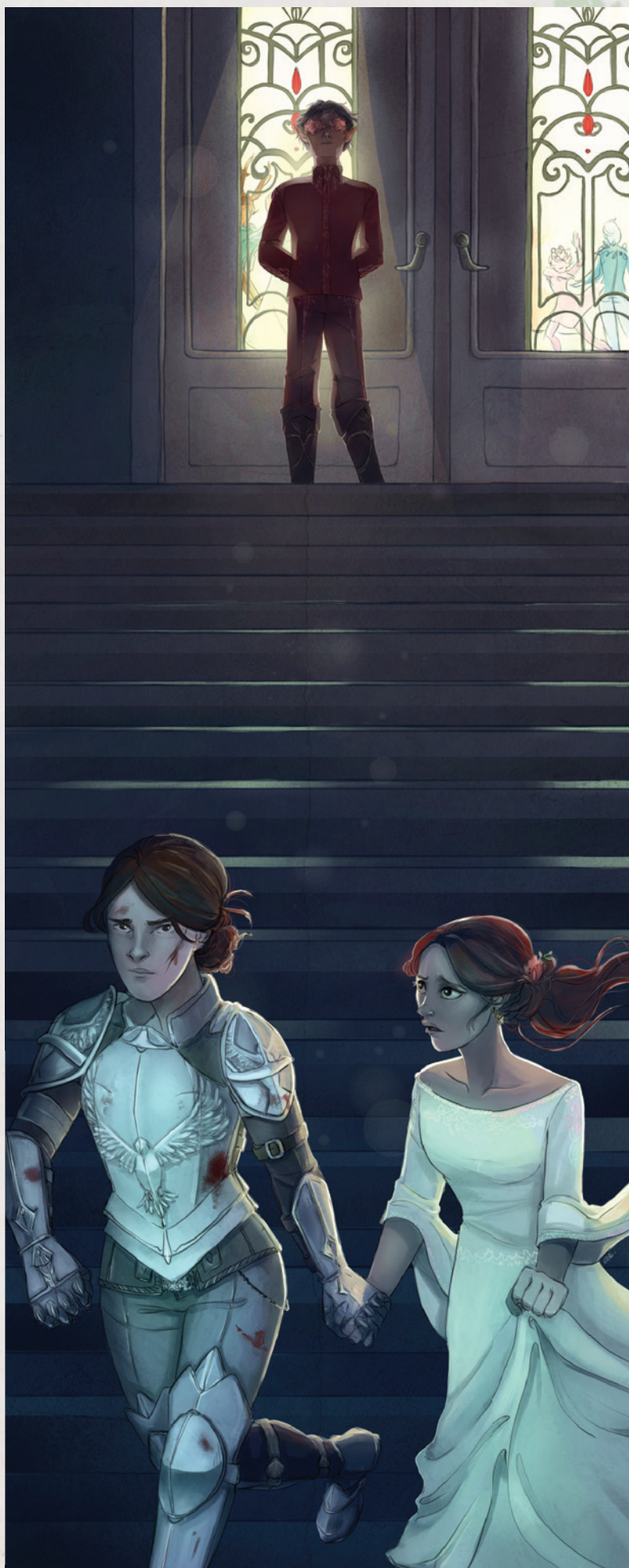
"Aliss, no. Go—"

"Granted, then." The rose man cuts me off. The wand and sickle both drop from Aliss' hands, but I don't hear them hit the stone ground. The music fills my head again.

"Come, return to the dance." He extends his hand. I look down the path and into the mist, then back at my sister. Were we going somewhere? My sister is wearing a pale blue gown. I always thought blue was a pretty color on her. She smiles at me.

"Elli?" she says. I nod. In unison, we walk up the stairs and take the rose man's extended hands. The music swells as we pass through the doors and into the ball once more.

My sister is here. I smile because I am happy. We dance. We danced. We will dance. 🌸



Golarion Gazetteer

The Palakar Provinces

Written by Jacob W. Michaels

Art by Jesse Mohn



Split into thirds by the Profit's Flow and Great Goldpan Rivers, Druma's Palakar Forest is home to three realms ruled by rival fey courts. In times of peace, the inhabitants of each realm typically keep close to home, with trespassers risking a flare-up in centuries-old conflicts. Freer to travel in each realm are the human inhabitants of Macridi^{PCS:ISWG}, a large logging town nestled in the heart of the forest. With the Prophecies of Kalistrade encouraging a long-sighted approach to their harvests, the loggers of Macridi have a productive, symbiotic relationship with the fey of all three provinces. They work largely in safety, though they are often guided to specific trees in a proxy dance of the three courts.

The Coven Court

The eastern province is led by its self-styled Queen **Vidria** (CG female advanced giant dryad witch 8), who guides her region's fey with the help of the seven members of her grove, all of which are bound to ancient, towering paueliel trees. Known as the Coven Court, these dryad witches (CG female advanced dryad witches 5) seek consensus among the many inhabitants of their realm, doing their best to lead by offering wise counsel.

Influenced by the court's inability to stray far or long from their home trees, the province is the least aggressive of the three ruling realms, instead turning its efforts to forming an impregnable defense. With her sister dryads offering support via their mutual coven hex, Vidria enlists treants and twigjacks, as well as the region's wild animals, to punish any who come into her woods with ill intent. In an effort to prevent a potentially ruinous conflict, Vidria guides Macridi's lumberjacks to trees whose removal will lead to healthier growth overall; though, she typically points them to darkwood or paueliel trees in the neighboring provinces, sparing those in her own home.

The Shimmering Court

Elophis (CG female nymph druid 14), the queen of the southern Palakar Province, is widely considered the most powerful fey in the entire forest, as much for the devotion she demands from her subjects as for her own personal power. Dubbing her retinue—largely other nymphs, but also a smattering of fauns and the occasional rusalka—the Glimmering Court, Elophis eschews the more advisory role of the Coven Court or the wild behavior of the Horned Court.

As far as she's concerned, all who enter her realm are subject to her laws and whims, and woe to any who believe otherwise. In return for proper tribute in the form of gold or other less material treasures such as poems or songs, she allows Macridi's lumberjacks to carefully harvest the wealth of her province. Other visitors to the province are wise to make similar

arrangements no matter what their purpose in the woods, lest they find themselves facing her wrath.

The Horned Court

The western region, the section of the forest that encompasses Macridi, proves the most dangerous, and most lucrative, of the Palakar Provinces.

The satyrs who dominate this region's Horned Court are characteristically hedonistic, more interested in their raucous pursuits than exerting any authority over their home or protecting its natural resources. This frees the city's lumberjacks to harvest more wood than they can in other regions, but also leaves them vulnerable to the Horned Court's more vicious kin. Darker fey, such as gangs of redcaps, roam the woods, and the Wild Hunt finds it a welcoming place for sport. The satyrs themselves don't begrudge the lumberjacks their wood, but expect in return that the residents of Macridi will be similarly nonchalant when they or their families are lured into raucous bacchanals.

No single satyr controls the Horned Court for long, with primacy changing based on backing of the fey masses—and that most often follows the best party. Recently, control of the court switched to **Polyxio**, a satyr who has adopted his own form of the Prophecies of Kalistrade (or, more accurately, a bad parody of the Prophecies). The white-gloved Polyxio has called for an effort to unite the three provinces into a single fey kingdom. He sent an emissary to Elophis with an offer to become her consort in return for an alliance to overwhelm the stout defenses of the Coven Court. It's not clear what the Glimmering Queen thinks of such an offer, but the fey of all three provinces wait to see what will come of it. ✨



Realm Of The Fellnight Queen: An ACG Adventure

By Nicholas Wasko

This adventure serves as a short replacement for Into the Worldwound, the first adventure of *Wrath of the Righteous*, the third set in the *Pathfinder Adventure Card Game*. It requires cards from the *Wrath of the Righteous* Base Set and *Adventure Deck 1*. The game box should only contain cards with a set indicator of B or C. The adventure's adventure deck number is 0.

In the town of Bellis, the long-awaited marriage of two local socialites turns to mayhem when the arrival of a bloodthirsty army of fey brings the festivities to a gruesome halt. To save the townsfolk and stop a mysterious enemy from corrupting the entire region, a band of heroes must drive the invaders back to their domain: a demiplane of shadow and malice called the Fellnight Realm. There, the heroes must find allies among the realm's embattled natives and rally them to defeat Rhoswen, the Fellnight Queen.

This adventure echoes the *Pathfinder RPG* module *Realm of the Fellnight Queen* by Neil Spicer.

Complete the scenarios in this order:

1. Wedding Crashers
2. Lost in the Mists
3. The Fellnight Realm

During this adventure: Replace the Demon trait with the Fey trait on all banes. The servitor demon is the henchman Derakni, which gains the Servitor trait.

Reward: Each character gains a card feat.

Wedding Crashers

What began as a jubilant wedding celebration quickly dissolves into chaos when swarms of awakened vermin descend on the town of Bellis. The invaders' commander is Tenzekil Braybittle, a gnome beekeeper who resided in Bellis before succumbing to the terminal affliction known as the Bleaching. Defeating the Fellnight Queen's vanguard means hunting down the mad beekeeper and his giant bee companion, Fulvid, before his swarms of vermin engulf the entire town.

Villain: Tenzekil Braybittle and Fulvid (Use Thurl and Inhaz, but replace Thurl's traits with the Gnome and Druid traits and replace Inhaz's traits with the Vermin trait)

Henchmen: Vescavor Swarms

Locations:

- 1: Temple of Iomedae
- 1: Cemetery
- 1: Collapsing Bridge
- 2: Defender's Heart
- 3: Watchtower
- 4: Manor House
- 5: Marketplace
- 6: Family Tomb

During This Scenario: Increase the difficulty of all checks to defeat

banes with the Vermin trait by 2. If a bane with the Vermin trait is undefeated, look at the top card of the location deck. If it is a boon, banish it and replace it with a random monster. Shuffle the deck afterwards.

Reward: One character receives the weapon Cold Iron Longsword. All other characters draw a random item from the box.

Lost In The Mists

The Fellnight Realm envelops Bellis in rolling mist, slowly merging the two realms. Defeating the Fellnight Queen in her own domain requires aid from the Realm's more benign fey. The heroes of Bellis may embolden Rhoswen's enemies to overthrow the tyrannical nymph by hunting the wicked beasts that stalk the forest.

Villain: none

Henchmen: Carnivorous Stump, Fiendish Tree, Tangle Traps

Locations:

- 1: Dark Forest
- 1: Canyon
- 1: Abyssal River
- 2: Wounded Lands
- 3: Cavern
- 4: Befouled Altar
- 5: Abyssal Rift
- 6: Defender's Heart

During This Scenario: After a character defeats a henchman, summon a random ally from the box. If the character fails to acquire the ally, shuffle the henchman back into the location deck. If the character successfully acquires the summoned ally, she may attempt to close the location. The barrier Arboreal Blight summons and encounters the scenario's servitor demon instead of the Fiendish Tree.

Reward: One character receives the cohort Vinst. All other characters draw one random blessing or spell (player's choice) from the box.



The Fellnight Realm

The final battle for Bellis' freedom takes place in Rhoswen's palace, a shadowy fortress grown from a giant thistle. To end the Fellnight Queen's reign of terror, the heroes must hunt down Rhoswen and her haunted fey minions without succumbing to her umbral power. Will the heroes drive the Fellnight Queen back into the shadows, or will they become prisoners of the spiteful nymph for eternity?

Villain: Rhoswen (Use Jeslyn, but replace her traits with the Fey and Sorcerer traits)

Henchmen: Wights (gain the Fey trait)

Locations:

- 1: Great Hall
- 1: Occult Library
- 1: Cell
- 2: Torture Chamber
- 3: Armory
- 4: Forsaken Cloister
- 5: Cavern
- 6: Watchtower

During This Scenario: If the top card of the blessing deck has the Corrupted trait, increase the difficulty of all checks to defeat banes with the Fey trait by 4.

Reward: Each character chooses a type of boon other than loot and draws a random non-Basic card of that type from the box. 🌿

Why Can't We Be Friends?

Gerbie Corruption

Written by Kerney Williams

Art by Tiz Courts

Gerbies are the adorable furry fey manifestation of interspecies friendship, understanding, and nonviolence introduced in *First World: Realm of the Fey*. Many of these creatures happily travel the First World teaching the value of friendship, whether those who encounter them welcome it or not. Using their own unique fey magic, they frequently achieve this goal.

However, prolonged exposure to gerbies can have a long-term effect on creatures. Gerbies also know that certain creatures are habitually violent once they leave gerbie influence. To prevent this, gerbies attempt to thwart regression with heartfelt gifts that fill the recipient with goodwill. The problem is they are as just as likely try to prevent violence against a rampaging owl bear or a tribe of goblins as a human village.

Catalyst

Gerbies can corrupt creatures in two ways, either by prolonged exposure (such as by residing in a gerbie village) or by giving gifts, such as food, which are willingly consumed or used. Gerbies target those who regularly engage in violence for such interventions.

The rules for gerbie corruption follow the rules detailed in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Horror Adventures*, which notes that corruption can come from either evil or alien mindsets. While gerbies are not evil, they are alien in a uniquely fey way, viewing the spread of non-violence as a priority above all other considerations, including free will.

Progression

The corruption progresses when potentially hostile encounters are resolved nonviolently, or at the very least without physical harm to potential opponents. It is up to the GM to determine what qualifies as a nonviolent resolution. Whenever you do so you must attempt a Will saving throw (DC = 15+ your manifestation level. You must also attempt this saving throw after any month in which the number of potentially hostile encounters is less than your manifestation level. If you fail any of these saving throws, you are overcome with the desire to commit an utterly selfless act in the spirit of friendship; this also causes you to advance to the next corruption stage. If others prevent this utterly selfless act, you shake off this urge, but the DC of future saving throws to prevent the corruption's progress increases by 2. This increase stacks each time you shake off the urge, but it resets when you reach the next corruption stage.

Corruption Stage 1: The first time you resolve a violent situation peacefully, your alignment shifts one step toward chaotic good. Their features become a little bit softer and more adorable.

Corruption Stage 2: You find you are protective of all living things. Your alignment shifts to chaotic good.

Corruption Stage 3: The third time your corruption progresses, you are overwhelmed with love for all living things. You gain the fey template and refuse to involve yourself in activities that



are likely to lead to violence or aid violence even indirectly. You become an NPC under the GM's control.

Removing the Corruption

Unfortunately, the cure for gerbie corruption is the intensely personal trauma which comes from witnessing cruelty alien to the gerbie mindset. This is not the routine violence of adventuring, but rather the kind of gut wrenching trauma that comes from seeing suffering inflicted on a close friend or family member rather than oneself. This reminds the corrupted sufferer that perpetrators of such crimes would not make good friends, and that part of being good in alignment is to oppose such behavior. What this involves is up to the GM.

Special: Gerbie corruption can be considered an alternate cure for the accursed corruption. Similarly, acquiring Infernal or Demonic corruption can be considered an alternate cure for gerbie corruption

Manifestations

Please Don't Hurt Me

You are so adorable even the most hardened heart is reluctant to harm you.

Prerequisite(s): Manifestation level 5th, Utterly Adorable.

Gift: While you are using the total defense action, if a melee attack would still exceed your AC, you can attempt a Diplomacy check with a DC equal to the foe's attack roll as an immediate action. If you succeed at the check, the attack misses. This manifestation cannot be used against a target more than once in a 24 hour period.

Stain: While doing this you may not aid in violence in any way, including indirect action such as maintaining bard song, casting spells that increase combat effectiveness, or providing a flanking bonus.

I Don't Want to Make You Bleed

You are reluctant to hit anyone too hard, lest you do permanent damage.

Prerequisite(s): Manifestation level 3rd.

Gift: You take no penalty when attempting to do nonlethal damage in melee.

Stain: You suffer a -4 penalty when attempting to do lethal damage unless your target has an Intelligence score of 2 or lower, or is immune to non lethal damage.

I Don't Want This Spell to Hurt

Your damage dealing spells might hurt someone. What are you to do?

Prerequisite(s): Manifestation level 3rd.

Gift: You gain the Merciful Spell metamagic feat as a bonus feat.

Stain: You are so concerned about not hurting anyone that you become distracted. You take a -4 penalty to concentration checks.

Utterly Adorable

You are so cute that creatures can't help but like you.

Gift: You gain a +2 racial bonus to all Bluff, Diplomacy, and Perform checks (except Bluff checks to convince someone you intend them harm). At manifestation level 3rd this increases to +4.

Stain: You can no longer use the Intimidate skill. In addition, if someone uses Intimidate successfully on you, you are staggered for the next round, in addition to any other effects.

Let's be Friends

You have a special way of building rapport quickly.

Prerequisite(s): Manifestation level 4th.

Gift: Once per day when you succeed at a Diplomacy or Perform check against a creature, you can charm that creature as if using charm monster with a caster level equal to your character level. If the creature fails its save, it is charmed for a number of days equal to your character level.

Stain: Friendship is a two-way street. When you successfully use your gift, you in turn are charmed by the target for the same duration.

Calm Down

You are a natural at defusing tension.

Prerequisite(s): Manifestation level 2nd, Share the Fun.

Gift: You can cast calm emotions and calm animals as spell like abilities once per day. At corruption level 2, you may use this ability twice per day, and up to three times a day at corruption stage 3.

Stain: You are unable to benefit from morale bonuses or emotion based effects, such as rage, which provide combat bonuses.

Share the Fun

You gain skills to entertain or play with all your new friends.

Gift: You gain one of the following skills: Climb, Swim, Perform, or Craft with ranks equal to your Hit Dice. All allied creatures around you gain a +2 circumstance bonus for using the same skill and can use it untrained. This increases to +4 at corruption Stage 2.

Stain: You're so eager to share, your judgment is not the best on who to include. Suffer a -4 penalty to Sense Motive checks.

Open Mind

You are open to understanding others.

Prerequisite(s): Manifestation level 4th.

Gift: Whenever you succeed at a Sense Motive check to get a hunch about a creature, you can attempt to read that creature's mind as if using detect anxieties or detect desires as a standard action (revealing all the information from 3 rounds of concentration).

Stain: The close mental contact makes it hard for you not to sympathize with the targeted creature. The targeted creature may make a Perception check equal to your original Sense Motive check to notice your usage of this ability. If it succeeds, it may implant a Charisma based suggestion.

Think of the Children

Your pleas touch the cruelest hearts.

Prerequisite(s): Please don't hurt me, Manifestation level 6th.

Gift: Once per day, you may make a Diplomacy check in combat against a creature within 30 feet (DC = 10 + target's Hit Dice). This is a full round action that provokes attacks of opportunity. If the check is successful, the victim is shaken for 1 round and must succeed at a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your Hit Dice + your Charisma Modifier + 1 for every 5 points by which you exceeded the DC of the Diplomacy check) or be staggered for as long as the target can see or hear you, as it struggles with the moral dilemma placed upon it. Your effective caster level for these effects is equal to your character level.

Stain: You gain the dark, bulbous eyes of a gerbie, and your features become gentler and less menacing. This is a physical alteration that can't be hidden by magic. Further, you take a -4 penalty to Disguise checks. 🌿

Bogeykin

Written by Calder CaDavid

Art by Adam Munger

Bogeykin (Spiritualist Archetype)

Sometimes a bogeyman is killed before it feels it has inspired enough fear in the mortal world. When this happens, its spirit lingers and seeks out a mortal through which it can continue to sow terror.

First World Link: A bogeykin's ability to cast spells is tied to her relationship with her bogeyman phantom and the First World. She uses her Charisma score rather than her Wisdom score to determine the highest spell level she can cast, the saving throw DCs of spells she casts, and her bonus spells per day. This ability alters spellcasting.

Bogey Magic (Sp): From the link with her bogeyman phantom, the bogeykin gains a number of spell-like abilities. A bogeykin can use each of these abilities once per day, plus one additional time per day for every 4 spiritualist levels she possesses beyond the level at which she gained the spell-like ability. The saving throw DCs for these spell-like abilities are equal to $10 + 1/2$ the bogeykin's class level + the bogeykin's Charisma modifier, rather than being based on the spell's level.

She gains *ghost sound* at 2nd level, *suggestion* at 4th level.



5th level, *hold person* at 7th level, *crushing despair* at 9th level, and *nightmare* at 16th level. This ability replaces *detect undead*, *calm spirit*, *see invisibility*, and *call spirit*.

Bogeyman Phantom

The bogeykin is bonded to the phantom of a bogeyman. A bogeyman phantom functions as a phantom, except for noted changes. A bogeyman phantom is from the First World, not the Ethereal Plane. All bogeyman phantoms must take the fear emotional focus. A bogeyman phantom cannot manifest in ethereal form and is limited to manifesting in an ectoplasmic form.

Due to its fey nature, the bogeyman phantom has a vulnerability to cold iron. In ectoplasmic form a bogeyman has DR 5/slashing. At 5th level the bonus becomes DR 5/cold iron. This bonus increases every five levels, improving to DR 10/cold iron at 10th level, DR 15/cold iron at 15th level and DR 15/- at 20th level. This ability alters phantom.

Sneak Attack: At 3rd level, a bogeyman phantom gains the sneak attack ability as a slayer of the same level. The damage from this attack increases by 1d6 every three levels. 2d6 at 6th level, 3d6 at 9th and so on. This ability replaces *deliver touch* spells.

Feast on Fear At 2nd level, if a bogeyman phantom begins its turn adjacent to a creature who is shaken, frightened, panicked, or cowering it gains fast healing equal to half its Hit Dice.

Deadly Pursuits A bogeykin selects one slayer talent at 2nd level and a second slayer talent at 10th level. This ability replaces bonded senses and fused consciousness.

Stranger's Guiding Hand (Su) At 3rd level, as a swift action, a bogeykin can call on her bogeyman phantom and the wild nature of the First World. The bogeyman phantom retreats into the bogeykin's consciousness, whispering threats, praise, and dark words to its 'child', granting the bogeykin a variety of abilities borrowed from the fey.

While using stranger's guiding hand, the bogeyman phantom can't be damaged, dismissed, or banished. A bogeykin may use this feature a number of rounds per day equal to 3 + her bogeykin level. The rounds need not be consecutive. She can dismiss the effects as a free action, but even if she dismisses stranger's guiding hand on the same round that she used it, it counts as 1 round of use.

When a bogeykin uses the stranger's guiding hand, she receives a +4 bonus vs. fear effects and the ability to use her bogeyman phantoms's sneak attack ability. At 8th level the bogeykin embodies the secretive and hidden aspect of the bogeyman phantom and wraps herself in darkness for protection. The bogeykin gains concealment (20% miss chance) except in areas of bright light. At 13th level the bogeykin's attacks achieve new sinister heights. When she damages an opponent with a Sneak Attack, she may make an immediate Intimidate check as a free action to attempt to demoralize her opponent. At 18th level the bogeykin's magic becomes corrupted by the bogeyman phantom's presence, and the bogeykin may apply the Fearsome Spell metamagic feat to any spell she casts by sacrificing one remaining round of her stranger's guiding hand ability.

This ability replaces bonded manifestation. ❁

Fun and Torture Laughing It Up With The Lantern King

Written by Benjamin Chason-Sokol

Art by Dionisis Milonas

Laughing Knight (Antipaladin 1st Archetype)

A whimsical psychopath, the lantern knight spreads mirth and mischief to his unsuspecting victims. These knights utilize the laughter of The Lantern King, the most capricious of the Eldest.

Lantern's Emissary: The laughing knight must worship The Lantern King. Additionally, creatures who gain a bonus on saving throws against spell-like and supernatural abilities of fey retain that bonus against the laughing knight's class features and spells. This modifies alignment.

Lantern's Laughter (Su): The laughing knight uses the disconcerting laughter of The Lantern King to his advantage when he smites his foes. In order to use his smite ability, a lantern knight must laugh continuously. If he is ever prevented from providing an emotion or vocal component, the benefits he gains from his smite are suppressed until he can provide them again.

When the laughing knight smites a creature, that creature must make a Will saving throw ($DC = 10 + 1/2$ the antipaladin's level + the antipaladin's Charisma modifier). On a failed save, the target of the smite is confused for the duration of the smite, cannot provide emotional or verbal components, and cannot speak. These additional effects end once the target is no longer engaged in combat with the lantern knight. This modifies smite good.

Mischievous Aura (Su): At 3rd level, the laughing knight radiates an aura of mischievous whimsy that causes all enemies within 10 feet to take a -4 penalty on saving throws against spells and abilities which cause confusion. Creatures who are mindless, immune to mind-affecting effects, or immune to confusion can be affected by confusion while within this aura. This ability functions only while the antipaladin remains conscious, not if he is unconscious or dead. This replaces aura of cowardice.

Fae Spells: The laughing knight draws on the power of the First World when casting spells. He uses the ranger spell list, instead of the antipaladin spell

list, when preparing spells. Additionally, the laughing knight adds *hidesous laughter* to his spell list as a first level spell. This modifies spells.

Laughing Strike (Su): At 5th level, the laughing knight may spend a standard action to enter a state of incessant cackling for a number of minutes equal to his paladin level. While in this state, when the laughing knight hits with an attack, his target must succeed at a Will saving throw or be confused for 1 round ($DC = 10 + 1/2$ the antipaladin's level + the antipaladin's Cha modifier). Multiple uses of this ability increase the duration of the confusion. The laughing knight may enter this state once per day at 5th level, an additional time per day at 8th level, and every 3 levels thereafter. This replaces fiendish boon.

First World Mischief (Su): At 14th level, when a creature would successfully strike the laughing knight with a melee attack, he may spend an immediate action to redirect that attack to another random creature adjacent to his attacker. If the attack succeeds, the attack strikes the new target and deals its normal damage. The laughing knight may use this ability once every 1d4 rounds. This replaces aura of sin.

Lantern King's Champion: At 20th level, the laughing knight becomes a favored emissary of The Lantern King, and can choose two of the following benefits. Once these choices are made, they cannot be changed without a wish granted by The Lantern King.

First World Soul (Sp): When the laughing knight dies, his soul is reformed in the First World 1d6 days later. Additionally, the laughing knight gains *plane shift* as an at-will spell-like ability, though he may only shift between the Material Plane and the First World.

Always Laughing: When the laughing knight smites a non-fey creature, that creature is not allowed a saving throw against his lantern's laugh ability. The laughing knight is never prevented from providing verbal or emotion components for the purposes of using his smite good class feature.

Laughing Cruelty (Su): The laughing knight can subject the target of his touch of corruption to the whimsy of permanent insanity. When the laughing knight uses his touch of corruption class feature, he may drive his target insane, as per insanity.

Lantern King's Form (Su): Once per day, the laughing knight may take the form of the Lantern King for 20 minutes. He becomes immune to all spells and spell-like abilities that allow spell resistance, except *magic missile* and *maze*, and gains DR 10/-.

This replaces unholy champion.



Fear Of The Dark

Songs To Keep The Little Ones Quiet

By Robert 'Snorter' Feather

Art by Ashton Sperry

"Come now, it's time for bed. Long day tomorrow.
"Oh, you want a song, do you? Well, I know plenty, but I don't know if they're ones fit to sing little ones to sleep. Maybe a little scary, but if you insist...
"We grown-ups always tell you not to wander; to always tell someone where you're going, with good reason. If you don't, you may end up like the silly fellow in this song, who doesn't listen to his young lady, and goes gallivanting about. And he regrets it, he does."

The Woodsman's Folly

to the tune of '39' by Queen

In the Springtime of my days, I waved good bye to my fiancée
As a woodcutter's work is never done.
As I sweated, and I heaved, I heard a song among the leaves
That led me far from the light of the sun.

Where the air was damp and cool, I came upon a lonely pool
Wherein bathed a maid so fair.
A girl, more vivid, verdant green, than I had ever seen
Who frolicked naked, with nary a care.

"Won't you please come stay?" I heard the willow lady say.
"Men are pleasing to my kind."
So under grass, and under loam, we made our living, loving home
And forgot the life I left behind.

In the Autumn of my days, I woke as if from drunken haze,
Worried for my wife-to-be.
But in the village, as I neared, children giggled, and they jeered
My appearance a poor sight to see.

By a church I saw a stone, that in still and somber tone
Told a tale that chilled through me.
A daughter I had never known, lived her life, fully grown
And passed away, in the past century.

I lifted my head high, and gave a long and mournful cry.
"Nothing here remains for me.
I swear by mistletoe and oak, I wish I had never woke
From my dream, of my queen of Faerie."

I can hear her song, though my beard is three feet long
And my ears have had their day.
From modern world I turn away, no more can it now betray
With my wife, in the green, I will lay.

"Well, he was a stupid man to wander off the path, wasn't he? Because things live in the woods who don't take kindly to strangers, and we have to be very careful to respect their home. That means we eat the windfall fruit before picking new ones.

"And we always say thank you, in case someone's watching. Because if you don't...? Well. The forest has ways of teaching rude people a lesson. It sends the redcaps to sort you out. And we know a song about them, as well."

Old Mister Red Cap

to the tune of 'The Fairy Feller's Master Stroke' by Queen
(He's a hairy feller...)

The fairy folk are dancing, in the new moon light.
When suddenly their revels end, in fear and fright.
As the crimson gore stains the clearing floor,
They know the redcap... has STRUCK that night.

He's come out to collect his tithe,
Pumpkins severed with his favorite scythe.
He's nobody's pal, oh no.

Drunkard, reeling home, hears a sound
Then his turnip flies, and hits the ground.
(What a blow!) He keeps a running tally-oh.

Mothers warn their children to be on their guard.
What has prompted this sanguineous promenade?
(Why must we fear so?)

Learn your lesson, do not question nature's cruel decrees.

Old Mister Red Cap? He must have his little sprees.

Deforestation or decapitation? Is the tough choice for the fey.
And the Scarlet Reaper decides to save the daaaay-ay!

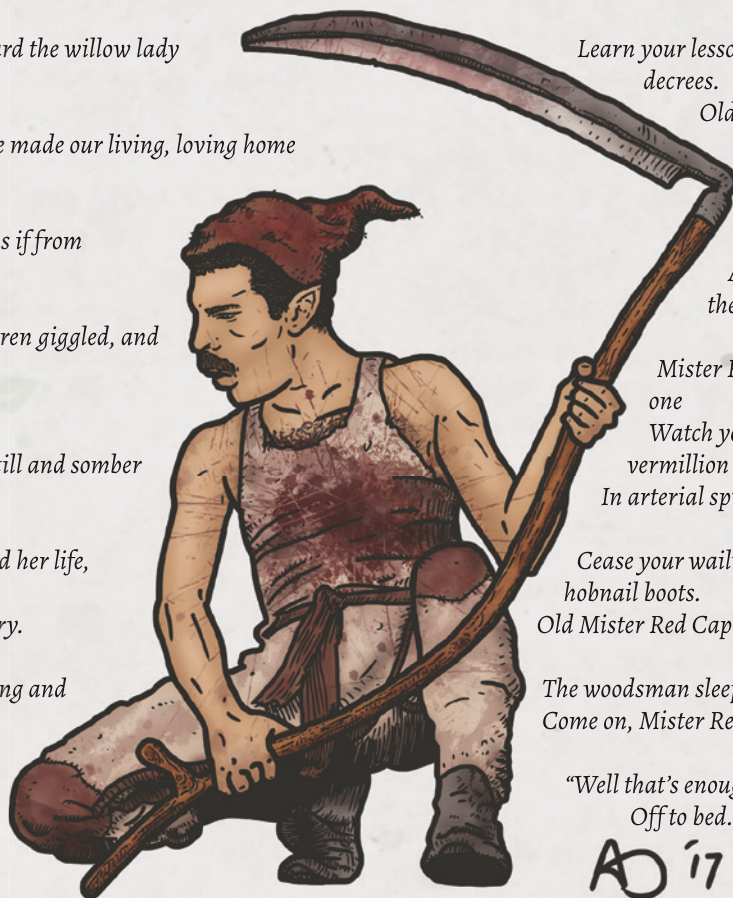
Mister Rosey Red Hat, he is really such a silly one
Watch your step tonight or he'll be spilling your vermillion
In arterial spraaaay-ay!

Cease your wailing, listen for the nails in his huge hobnail boots.
Old Mister Red Cap? He'll feed you to the forest roots.

The woodsman sleeps with his head on his knees,
Come on, Mister Red Cap, crack him open if you please.....

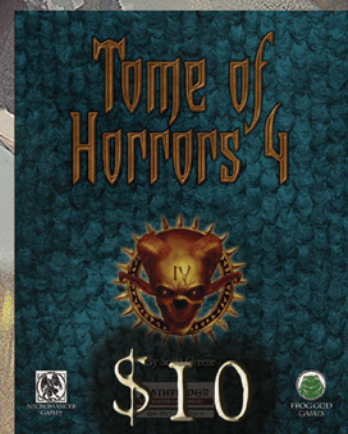
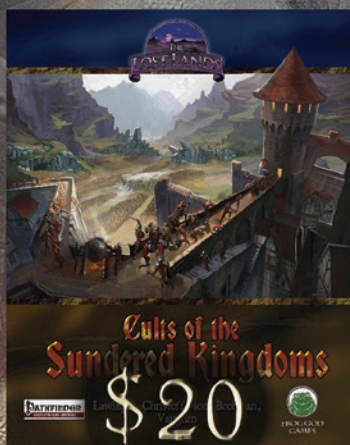
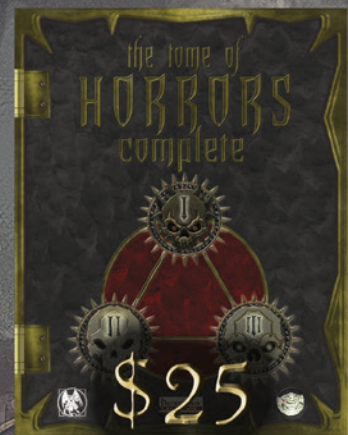
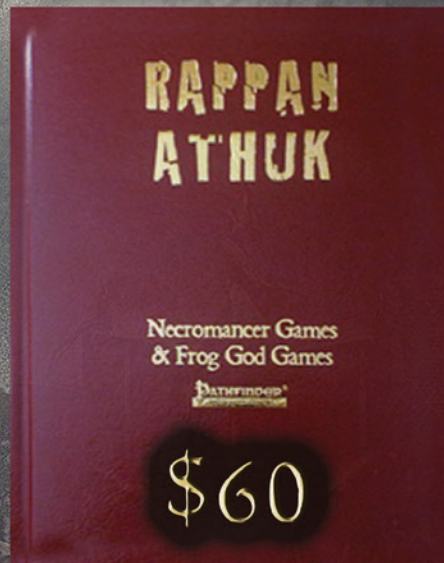
"Well that's enough songs for one night I think, my loves.
Off to bed. Sleep well, and sweet dreams!" 🌸

AD '17



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A Difference Of Taste

By Robert Cameron

Art by Catherine Batka

Head Mistress Valentina sat in reverie when a dismal shred of daylight lanced through the solitary window set in the face of the Palais de Jouissance and broke her concentration. She resisted the urge to acknowledge the intrusion, but her emotions roiled behind her dull black eyes.

An entire forest to blot out the sun, she thought, and yet here it lay. This miserable beam in this miserable forest, whose roots gnaw on our foundations.

Were there curtains she would have ordered a servant to come draw them, but all such touches of creature comfort and personality had been obliterated upon her elevation many years ago. Function led form at knife-point in this most respected house of carceral torture. The spare features of the office were her desk (darkwood, scrupulously clean), her chair (also darkwood, absent cushion), the window (mostly ignored, now hated), and the whisper-holes that led up from oubliettes and interrogation chambers. From the darkness below came shrieks and confessions more melodious than the finest music, but those silvered pipes presently hit a sour note.

"Mistress!"

The call came from the central opening, the ecclesiastical chamber. If the Palais were imagined as a true palace—as Valentina often did—the ecclesiastical chamber was the pleasure garden. Each wall gleamed in mirrored perfection; only closer examination revealed it was composed of interlocking scalpels, pincers, scrapers, and every other instrument of flesh distortion imaginable. When Desnans were brought to her, she wanted them to see the artistry of their captors as they were re-sculpted into something more beautiful.

"MISTRESS!"

The call rose up again. The tenor of distress did not cover the tone of command implicit in the cry. Valentina was going to make sure that whomever it was that had called her in such a manner would never do so again. She was out the door when a third imperative echoed out from her office. Her teeth ground together in frustration.

Those screams will be among your last. Her pulse and pace quickened with anticipation and anger. It tugged at the wires threading her elegant gown to her body, from her clavicle down to

her hips, stretching her skin and the sumptuous fabric. She descended the stairs to the oubliettes, but the darkness was all wrong, it no longer ate the light from the torches as it should. It was as if both the light and the darkness were flames that guttered in a strong wind. But she only saw this with passion-blinded eyes as it passed over her awareness and away.

She pushed open the door and found herself staring and gaping. Past the table of bladed and hooked starlight, beyond the dripping rack, roots had grown through one of the mirrored instrument walls—all of which now lay on the floor in displaced metallic drifts—and opened a veranda onto a lush, starry vista. Besides the torturer and his client, there stood a slim, green man with pointed ears dressed in the most garish purple suit Valentina had ever seen.

"I am supremely disappointed at this turn of events," he said, casting his gaze around the room. "There's nothing charming or clever about any of this."

Valentina struggled to find a phrase that would re-establish the order of her world, but the torturer broke in. "He just came through," he said, the last word punctuated with a jab toward the now-open wall. "And he won't leave."

The interloper was inspecting the tray of specially chosen implements and the racked client. Valentina found her voice as the green man started to finger a scalpel.

"Remove yourself! This is a most sacred and—"

"My goodness, a blade?! As though you could peel your pleasure out of their skin like you would from a ripe fruit," the stranger interrupted, scoffing and knocking the tray aside.

This was becoming unbearable to Valentina, but something held her, something like... fear?

"I strike out in search of virgin territory and when I crack the wall on the horizon I'm met with this dismal little sight." The newcomer ran a hand along the client's brow, lifting their head to meet his emerald gaze.

The client's eyes opened and glittered with jewel-like tears. Parting blood-caked lips, they whispered. "Thank you! Thank you, Desna, my prayers—"

"I wouldn't thank your god yet," the Green and Purple Dandy broke in. He turned and faced the dazed Kuthites. "What exactly were you attempting to accomplish here? What kind of proper torture victim still has hope?"

He paced the room, taking it all in once more before stopping in front of Valentina. She felt transfixed under his appraising gaze. Her lofty birth and long-sought position afforded her the pleasure of command, but she stood now as merely an object of scrutiny, like a portrait or a statue in which the patron found nothing but flaws.

"No, none of this will do, none of this will do at all." He plucked at the weeping wire that girded Valentina's ribs. "Your Prince should have



instructed you against such grotesquery. I mean, where is the art in all this ugliness? I considered it a great misfortune that my adventure should have brought me to such a dreadfully boring little hole, but now I see that I was led here by Fate itself to take you as my pupils! We shall return to my domain at once."

He crossed the room in two long strides that brought him to the open wall. He gripped a root tightly in both hands, and in a motion somewhere between spreading out a sheet and tearing a page from a book, the Green and Purple Dandy tore the wall and ceiling from the room, and all four creatures now found themselves in that starry landscape looking at a gleaming castle surrounded by shadowy, verdant gardens. The still-racked victim babbled a string of pious thanks between sobs.

"First, we'll need some light." The Dandy snapped two fingers and a flame sprang forth. With the other hand it reached out and pulled open the praying—and now wailing—Desnan's chest as though it were hinged like a door. He scooped out the organs with a disgusted gesture until only the (still!) beating heart remained, then reached in with the burning finger and lit the heart like the wick in a lantern. The Dandy closed the door to the chest and looked thoughtfully at the dull light peeking through the skin and ribs. With a flourish from the Dandy, the chest whorled and transformed into brilliant colored glass. The prismatic light blazed out of the screaming, still living, lantern.

"What have you to complain about?" The Dandy shouted in exasperation. "All artists must suffer to bring something lovely into the world. You rotted in a dungeon and now you illuminate royalty with beautiful, heartfelt light. Be grateful." He sighed and turned to the torturers, now beyond terror and admiration at what they had just witnessed.

"We'll have to do something about that noise though, wouldn't you

agree?" The Dandy reached out for the throat and, with a light brush of the fingers, the screams warbled and warped into the trilling of birdsong. The Dandy pulled the human lantern from the rack and swung it gaily about before it waved a hand and led the torturers through the garden toward to the castle. The trees and flowers swayed discordantly; no wind blew the boughs, they simply moved and twisted according to something beyond sensation.


The Dandy came to a halt in a small clearing amid an orchard and hung the burning Desnan from a nearby branch.

"Take this lamp as an object lesson. You sliced and scraped, but you did nothing to their soul. There is an artistry at work that you lack knowledge of, but in the depths of contemplation you might come to know it. Come, gaze into the light."

The Dandy reached for Valentina and she obliged, standing where she was placed, watching the gently swaying anthropoid lantern, listening to it sing a song so miserable it transcended emotion. She was rooted by it. Or rather, she had grown roots as she listened. The wire along her chest, now trunk, tightened and burst and she grew outward, sap spilling down her. She saw the Dandy bring her former subordinate in front of her, and watched in awed vegetal silence as he twisted and pulled him into a thorny vine which wrapped so snug and tight that it pierced her bark and oozed sap.

"Keep looking, my most twisted apple tree." The Dandy plucked a newly formed fruit from her bark-covered limb and bit it hungrily. "One day you'll understand. I'll know when there's a difference of taste, but for now, your misery is quite delicious."

The Green and Purple Dandy capered back to his castle with a song on his lips. 🌿



*"IT IS BETTER TO LIGHT A
SINGLE LAMP THAN TO
DO NOTHING BUT
CURSE THE DARKNESS."*

- ARAM BIN KALEEL,
FOUNDER, LAMPLIGHTERS

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The Magical Traditions Of The Eldest Fey

By Jason Daugherty and Wojciech "Drejk"
Gruchala

Art by Jess Door



The powers of the Eldest are beyond the comprehension of most mortals, and even the fey who serve them often find their intentions and desires to be inscrutable. Some practitioners of magic have probed the powers and domains of these fearsome creatures. Through significant study and communing with powerful fey, theories and practices to harness a mere fraction of this magic have been brought to you here. Use them with caution. Catching the attentions of beings such as the Eldest of the Fey can be detrimental to your mental, physical, and spiritual well-being.

EYES OF THE THREE

School divination [curse, meditative]; **Level** cleric 4, druid 4, oracle 4, shaman 4, sorcerer/wizard 4, witch 4

Casting Time 60 minutes

Components V, S, M (incense worth 200 gp), F (a still pool of water)

Range special

Target personal

Duration 24 hours

Saving Throw special; **Spell Resistance** yes

By spending an hour meditating on the paths of the future while preparing your spells, you are able to harness the insights of Magdh. Until the spell expires a burning pair of eyes appear over each of your ears. For 24 hours, you receive a +5 insight bonus on Perception and initiative checks. At any time during the spell's duration, you can expend the spell's remaining duration as an immediate action to focus your foreknowledge on a creature within line of sight to impose a penalty on all d20 rolls of -1 per three caster levels (maximum -5) for a number of rounds equal to half your caster level. This is a curse effect. A successful Will save reduces the duration to 1 round.

FEY ROAD

School divination; **Level** alchemist 6, bard 5, druid 6, shaman 6, sorcerer/wizard 6, witch 6

This spell functions as *shadow walk*, except it guides you and the allowed up to one touched creature per level along the border between the Material Plane and the First World only. This spell must be cast in forest, hills, mountains, or on crossroads. If cast in any other location, the spell is expended but fails to function.

FEY ROAD, SOLITARY

School divination; **Level** ranger 4

Target caster and his animal companion

This spell works like *fey road*, except it only affects you and your animal companion.

GUIDANCE OF THE HOODED ONE

School transmutation; **Level** bard 3, druid 3, ranger 2, shaman 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range touch

Target up to one touched creature/level

Duration 1 hour/level

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** yes (harmless)

Ng teaches that travel is not without its challenges and his followers learn from his example. All allies affected by the spell gain an insight bonus on Perception checks equal to half your caster level (maximum +5) to avoid being surprised by a foe. In addition, they are unaffected by penalties to Perception from bad weather, protected from extreme heat and cold (as *endure elements*), and gain the benefits of *pass without trace*.

LIAR'S LIGHT

School illusion (glamer); **Level** bard 2, inquisitor 2, mesmerist 2

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, M/DF (a firefly)

Range touch

Target object touched

Duration 10 min/level (D)

Saving Throw special; **Spell Resistance** no

This spell functions as *light*, except for the duration of the spell you can, as an immediate action, affect an object in the radius of the *liar's light* with a glamer to change its physical appearance to something of a similar size and form (an apple could appear to be an orange, for example, or a treasure chest a rock). This action can be taken once for every 2 caster levels you possess. If a creature other than the caster interacts with the glamered object they receive a Will save to disbelieve the effect. The glamer lasts for the duration of the spell and immediately fades if the object ever leaves the radius of *liar's light*.

LORD'S BLESSING

School enchantment (compulsion) [mind-affecting]; **Level** bard 2, inquisitor 2, mesmerist 2, occultist 2, psychic 2, sorcerer/wizard 2, witch 2

Casting Time 1 immediate action

Components V

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

Target one creature

Duration 1 minute

Saving Throw Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

You cause the runes of The Lost Prince to briefly appear on the target, making them unable retain their memory. If the target fails their Will save, they are unable to retain any specific details about what occurs during the spell's duration. The target would remember being in combat, for example, but not who his opponent(s) were, why the fight occurred, or other details.



MEMORY'S EMBRACE

School enchantment [meditative, mind-affecting]; **Level** cleric 3, druid 3, oracle 3, sorcerer/wizard 3, witch 3

Casting Time 1 hour

Components V, S, M (incense worth 200 gp)

Range personal

Target you

Duration 24 hours

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** none

You spend the time while you prepare spells mentally perusing The Memory Palace of Raghadan. You receive a +5 insight bonus on Craft, Knowledge, and Profession skill checks. This bonus increases to +10 to identify dragons, fey, or creatures with the aquatic or water subtypes. When targeted by a mind-affecting effect, you may discharge the spell's remaining duration to briefly send your mind back to the Memory Palace, allowing you to roll twice on your saving throw and take the better of the two rolls.

MOTHER'S EMBRACE

School conjuration (creation); **Level** druid 3, shaman 3, witch 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M/DF (a handful of seeds and spores)

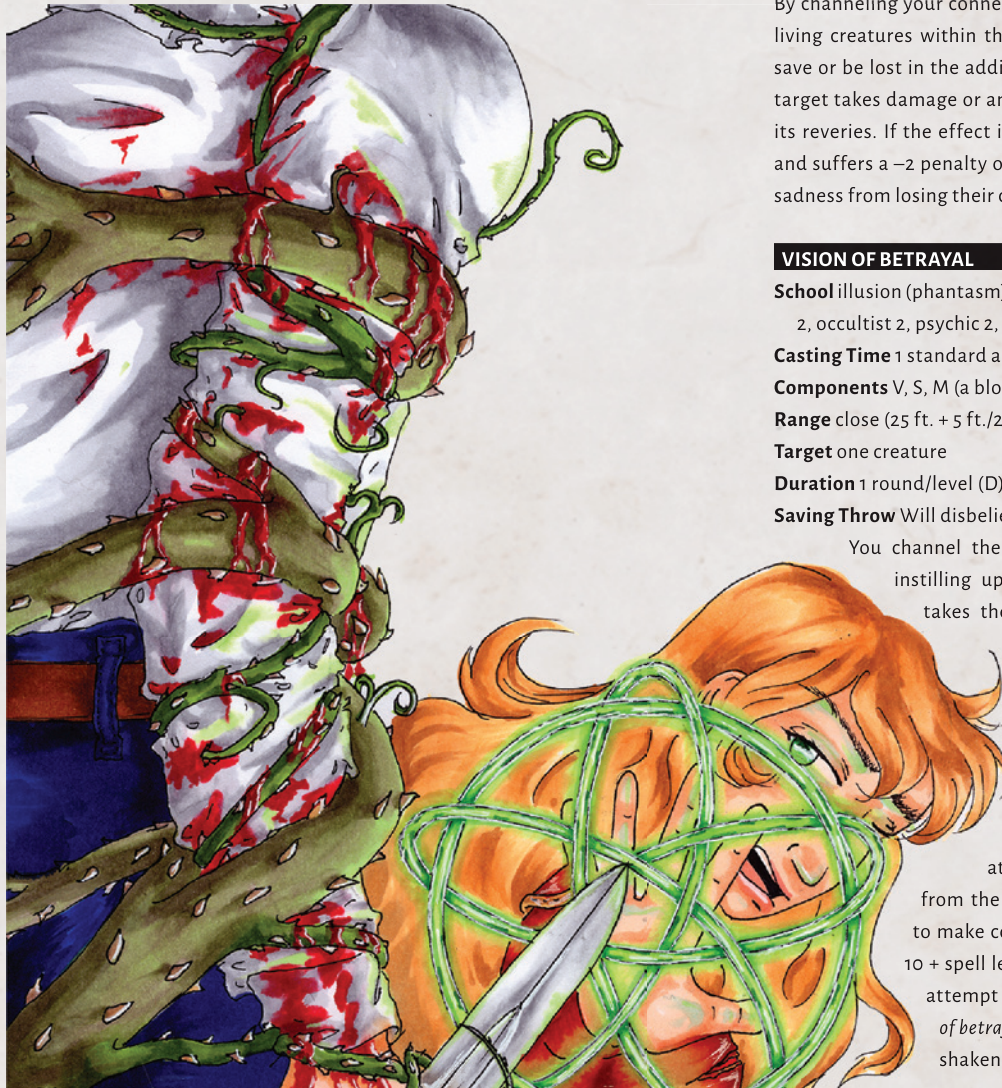
Range close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Target one creature

Duration 1 round/level (D)

Saving Throw Fort negates; see text; **Spell Resistance** no

You blow a cloud of seeds and spores at the target that sprout upon landing. The target is covered in growing fungus and vines that causes them to become



entangled. If the target fails its save it also takes 1d6 points of bleed damage per 3 caster levels (maximum 5d6) as the plants feed on them. Any amount of fire damage dealt to the target ends both effects as it burns off the young plants and cauterizes the wounds.

SENE SCHAL'S REBUKE

School transmutation; **Level** bard 4, mesmerist 4, sorcerer/wizard 6, witch 6

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V

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

Target one creature

Duration 1 round/level

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

You speak a scathing rebuke that has been handed down to Shyka's followers by Yael, their seneschal, forcing a creature to fight the very flow of time itself. The targeted creature is staggered, flat-footed, can no longer ready actions, and acts last in every round of combat. A successful save reduces the duration of the spell to 1 round.

TOUCH OF THE TWINS

School enchantment [emotion, mind-affecting]; **Level** bard 4, mesmerist 4, psychic 4, sorcerer/wizard 4

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range long (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Area The caster and creatures within a 15-ft.-burst, centered on the caster

Duration 1 min/level

Saving Throw Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

By channeling your connection to Imbrex, you are able to assault the minds of all living creatures within the area of effect. Creatures affected must make a Will save or be lost in the addictive visions the Eldest provides. This effect ends if the target takes damage or an ally spends a standard action to rouse the target from its reveries. If the effect is ended early, the creature is staggered for 1d4 rounds and suffers a –2 penalty on all attack rolls and skill checks during this time as the sadness from losing their connection overwhelms them.

VISION OF BETRAYAL

School illusion (phantasm) [emotion, fear, mind-affecting]; **Level** bard 2, mesmerist 2, occultist 2, psychic 2, shaman 2, sorcerer/wizard 2, witch 2

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (a bloody handkerchief)

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

Target one creature

Duration 1 round/level (D)

Saving Throw Will disbelief; see text; **Spell Resistance** yes

You channel the fury of Count Ralnac upon a single living creature, instilling upon them a vengeful phantasm. The *vision of betrayal* takes the form of the creature the target has most recently betrayed and torments the target with tales of the consequences of betrayal, interfering with their every action. The target must attempt a Will saving throw to disbelieve the vision or become shaken. In addition, if the target does not take a move action to silence the vision each turn, the phantasm further interferes with their actions, doubling the penalties to attack rolls, skill checks, saving throws, and ability checks from the shaken condition to –4, as well as forcing spellcasters to make concentration checks as though for vigorous motion (DC 10 + spell level) to cast spells. As a standard action, the target may attempt a new Will saving throw to permanently silence the *vision of betrayal*. On a success the vision fades, but the target remains shaken until the end of the spell's duration. 🌿

First World Physics: Gravity is Just a Suggestion

By Benjamin Chason-Sokol

Art by Jessica Redekop

First World Physicist (Alchemist Archetype)

The First World physicist utilizes a mélange of boundary breaking chemicals to forcefully merge the incomprehensible physics of the First World with the Material Plane. Doing so requires a flocculant, which latches onto the First World's planar energy and causes it to be injected into the Material Plane.

First World Physics (Ex): The First World physicist can prepare a planar flocculant, a concoction using planar essence of the First World and the Material Plane

which, when applied correctly, can mingle the physics of the two planes.

The First World physicist can deliver a planar flocculant as a thrown weapon attack against a square (AC 5). If the attack misses, the flocculant's vial breaks uselessly and must be prepared anew. If the planar flocculant hits, the square and each adjacent square gain a random First World trait (see Table: First World Traits below). These traits last for one minute per alchemist level. If a trait requires a saving throw, the DC is equal to $10 + \frac{1}{2}$ the alchemist's level + his Intelligence modifier. First World traits that can manifest are:

First World Flowers: This trait enlarges the native plant life as the vivacity of the First World commingles with the Material Plane. The area is affected as per *entangle* for the trait's duration (Reflex negates, each target must check separately).

First World Gravity: This trait brings the inconsistent gravity of the First World into the Material Plane. Creatures within this area of this trait are affected by *hostile levitation*^{UC} (Will negates).

Jubjub Shrieks: This trait brings the ringing shrieks of the jubjub bird into the Material Plane. Casting a spell in the area of this trait requires a concentration check (DC 15 + the level of the spell being cast). When this trait is first inserted into the world, creatures in the affected area must succeed on a Fortitude saving throw or else be stunned for 1 round.

Reformation: This trait brings the undying quality of the First World's denizens to the Material Plane. Creatures within the area of this trait automatically stabilize when

brought below 0 hit points.

Unreliable Distance: This trait twists space by creating an area of unreliable distance from the First World to the Material Plane. Creatures within the area of this trait are considered to be within reach of each other when making attacks.

Whifflewind: This trait stirs the air like a whiffing jabberwock. Creatures take a -4 penalty on ranged attack rolls and Perception checks in the area of this trait. When this trait is first pulled into the world, creatures within are knocked prone (Fortitude negates).

It takes 1 hour to brew a flocculant, and once brewed it remains potent until used. A First World physicist can only maintain one flocculant at a time—if he brews a second dose, any existing flocculant becomes inert. As with an extract or bomb, a flocculant that is not in the alchemist's possession becomes inert until he picks it up again. Flocculants are only effective on the Material Plane, and are blocked by effects which block planar travel. This ability replaces the mutagen class ability.

Defensive Flocculant (Ex): At 8th level, the First World physicist can prepare a defensive flocculant when preparing a flocculant. A defensive flocculant only applies the reformation First World trait. Additionally, creatures within the area of this flocculant gain *fast healing 1* for the flocculant's

duration. A defensive flocculant cannot restore more hit points than twice the alchemist's level plus his Intelligence modifier. This ability replaces the discovery gained at 8th level.

Potent Flocculant (Ex):

At 14th level, the First World physicist can have two flocculants prepared concurrently, and each flocculant he throws creates

two First World traits, instead of one. This ability replaces the persistent mutagen class ability.

Flocculating Bombs (Su): At 16th level, when the First World physicist hits a creature with a bomb, he may imbue one square occupied by the struck creature with a First World trait of his choice.

This trait lasts for a number of rounds equal to the First World physicist's level. This ability replaces the discovery gained at 16th level.

Grand Flocculant (Ex): At 20th level, when the First World physicist creates a flocculant, he may choose three First World traits instead of creating random traits. If the First World physicist does not choose traits when creating a flocculant, that flocculant creates four random First World traits when thrown. This ability replaces the grand discovery class ability. 🌿



Feats of the Fey

Cold Iron Style feat line and Fey Origin Feats

By Stewart "Reduxist" Moyer

Art by John Bunger



Cold Iron Style (Combat, Style)

You have learned how to get the most out of cold iron weapons.

Prerequisites: Weapon Material Mastery^{PC:WMH}, 9th-level fighter.

Benefits: Whenever you wield a cold iron weapon, you gain a +1 bonus to attack rolls. This stacks with feats and abilities such as Weapon Focus. Additionally, you can use cold iron's benefit from the Weapon Material Mastery feat against the same enemy without waiting for 24 hours. Whenever you score a critical hit with a cold iron weapon, you can choose whether or not to activate the additional effect.

Normal: You can only use the cold iron benefit from the Weapon Material Mastery feat on the target once every 24 hours.

Cold Iron Reave (Combat, Style)

You can use cold iron to weaken your foe's defenses.

Prerequisites: Cold Iron Style, Weapon Material Mastery, 11th-level fighter.

Benefits: You gain an additional +1 bonus to damage rolls with cold iron weapons. This stacks with Cold Iron Style. Additionally, whenever you confirm a critical hit with a cold iron weapon on a target with spell resistance, the target must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC = your fighter level + your strength modifier) or take a penalty to spell resistance equal to 1/2 your base attack bonus for a number of rounds equal to your strength modifier. Once a creature is targeted by this effect, they cannot be affected by this effect for 24 hours.

Cold Iron Corruption (Combat, Style)

You can leverage cold iron's resistance to magic to drain your enemies.

Prerequisites: Cold Iron Reave, Cold Iron Style, Weapon Material Mastery, 13th-level fighter.

Benefits: You gain an additional +1 bonus to attack rolls with cold iron weapons. This stacks with Cold Iron Style and feats that have Cold Iron Style as a prerequisite. Whenever you confirm a critical hit with a cold iron weapon, if the target can cast spells or spell-like abilities, they must

succeed at a Will save (DC = your fighter level + your strength modifier) or lose the ability to cast spells and spell-like abilities for one round. Once a creature is targeted by this effect, they cannot be affected by this effect for 24 hours.

Cold Iron Annihilation (Combat, Style)

You have learned to punish creatures already weak to cold iron weapons.

Prerequisite: Cold Iron Corruption, Cold Iron Reave, Cold Iron Style, Weapon Material Mastery, 15th-level fighter.

Benefits: You gain an additional +1 bonus to damage rolls with cold iron weapons. This stacks with Cold Iron Style and feats that have Cold Iron Style as a prerequisite. Whenever you make a full-round attack action with a cold iron weapon, when you successfully hit a creature that possesses DR X/cold iron, not only is the DR bypassed, the target takes an additional amount of damage equal to the amount of DR/cold iron they possess. This damage only occurs once per target per round.

Fey Follower

Your connection to fey grows, even as you are separated from them.

Prerequisite: Fey Foundling^{ISWG}, 5th level.

Benefits: Choose either Reflex or Will saves. You gain a +2 bonus to the selected save. This stacks with Iron Will or Lightning Reflexes. You also gain sonic resistance 5. However, you can no longer use, wear, or wield cold iron equipment.

Special: You can take this feat a second time. If you do, you gain a bonus to the save you didn't select and you gain sonic resistance 10.

Fey Forerunner

Your fey origins are so overwhelming that they have become part of your very being.

Prerequisite: Fey Follower, Fey Foundling, 10th level.

Benefits: Once per day, whenever you receive magical healing, you can also receive fast healing 1 for a number of rounds equal to the amount of damage you were healed. You also gain DR/cold iron equal to the number of hit dice you possess for a number of rounds equal to the amount of damage you were healed.

Forlarren's Despair

You can invoke the muddled morality of your forlarren heritage.

Prerequisite: Tiefling^{B1}, must be taken at 1st level.

Benefits: Once per day, whenever you are hit by an enemy attack, you can overwhelm them with remorse. The attacker must then succeed at a Will save (DC = 10 + 1/2 your character level + your charisma modifier) or become nauseated for 1d4 rounds. The nauseated duration increases to 1d6 at 5th level, to 1d8 at 10th level, to 1d10 at 15th level, to 1d12 at 20th level. This is a mind-affecting effect. ☘



Heroes' Hoard

By Jeremy Corff, Matt Duval, Jason Daugherty, Wojciech Gruchala, Kim Frandsen, and Dennis Muldoon

Art by Carlos Torreblanca



Magic of all varieties abounds in the First World and magic items are no exception. Depicted herein are a collection of First World items fit for any discerning hero's collection.

AURIC HUSH

Aura faint illusion; CL 3rd

Slot none; **Price** 12,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This ancient gold coin bears blemishes and stains from wear and exposure to the mouth secretions of innumerable past bearers. One side shows the face of a stylized gnome with a jagged X carved over their mouth, and on the other side is a magpie.

As a move action the bearer can place the coin on their tongue. Once the Auric Hush is in place they can make a melee touch attack to steal the voice of another. The target must make a DC 13 Will save or lose the ability to speak, cast spells with verbal components, or activate command word items. Only one voice can be stolen in this manner at any time. The target remains mute until such time as the user of the auric hush removes the coin from their tongue, speaks, casts a spell with a verbal component, or makes any audible exhalation. Should the user take damage of any kind, they must make a Fortitude save with a DC equal to 10 + 1/2 the damage taken or inadvertently make a sound and release the voice of their victim.

However, while using the auric hush, the bearer suffers a severe speech impediment and any spells they cast with a verbal component have a 20% chance of failing, wasting the action but not expending the spell. This penalty does not apply to a spell cast with a stolen voice, though the voice is returned to its victim as normal.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *silence*; **Cost** 6,000 gp

BRANCHING HOURGLASS

Aura moderate divination; CL 10th

Slot none; **Price** 5,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Sand falls between the bulbs of this wooden-framed hourglass through a myriad of extravagantly convoluted necks. The bearer can utilize the spell *augury* once per day.

If Shyka is the bearer's patron deity, when the bearer uses divination magic she increases her chance of receiving a meaningful reply by 5%. In addition, the bearer gains a +2 insight bonus on initiative checks.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *augury*; **Cost** 2,500 gp

CLOAK OF THE TRAVELER

Aura moderate abjuration; CL 9th;

Slot shoulders; **Price** 4,500 gp; **Weight** 1 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The voluminous hood of this silver cloak can be pulled over the wearer's head and drawn to obscure their face from view while enhancing their senses. This cloak grants its wearer a +5 competence bonus to Survival checks and to Perception checks to avoid being surprised by a foe.

If Ng is the wearer's patron deity, the cloak provides a +2 sacred bonus on saving throws against effects that damage, drain, or penalize ability scores.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *resistance*, creator must possess the Travel domain; **Cost** 2,250 gp

COLD IRON BELL

Aura strong abjuration; CL 10th

Slot none; **Price** 35,000 gp; **Weight** 18 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Rigid, sharp glyphs wrap around the base of this dark metal bell. When struck it sounds a single, deep tone that weakens creatures of the First World. Fey creatures within 50 feet of the bell when it is rung are nauseated for 1 minute unless they succeed on a DC 17 Will save. Creatures that make their save are sickened for 1 minute instead. Only creatures that can hear the bell are affected and a creature that hears the bell cannot be affected again by the same bell for 24 hours.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *mass cacophonous call*^{APC}; **Cost** 17,500 gp

GREMLIN BAIT

Aura moderate conjuration; CL 11th

Slot none; **Price** 4,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

When the timer on this gruesome mechanical clock goes off, the clock is destroyed as 2d6 HD of gremlins appear, surrounding it. Activating the clock causes its timer to go off in 1d4

hours. The conjured gremlins are uncontrolled and malicious toward anyone nearby, bringing misfortune and breaking things, while trying to remain hidden and subtle (in their own opinion). There is 20% chance that the person that activated the gremlin bait left an intangible magical trail the gremlins may follow.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *entice fey*^U, creator must be chaotic; **Cost** 2,000 gp

HOMEWARD STONE

Aura moderate divination; CL 5th;

Slot none; **Price** 1,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This circular pearly stone seems to have no real purpose until it is brought next to a compass or slotted into a *wayfinder*. When placed so, it forces the needle to point towards the nearest portal to the First World on the material plane. Unfortunately, the stone gives no indication of height or depth of the portal's location. Travelers discover the stone does not help find a way back to their original plane once in the First World.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *know direction*; creator must be a First World denizen; **Cost** 500 gp



C. Torreblanca
2018

LIVING SPEAR

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 12th

Slot none; **Price** 50,002 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +3 called spear is made of living wood, occasionally sprouting leaves and tending to take root if left stuck into earth for too long. Made of an oak reshaped into a weapon without killing the tree, a dryad inhabits the weapon, despite its new form appearing to be too small to fit her. The wielder of the weapon can speak with the dryad and hear her answers. The dryad can leave or meld with the weapon whenever she chooses, treating the spear as her bonded tree.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *lesser entice fey*, *wood shape*; **Cost** 25,002 gp

NYMPH'S VISAGE

Aura faint abjuration; **CL** 5th

Slot none; **Price** 13,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Created from fine silks, with motifs of creeks, rivers, and leaves adorning it, this silk shawl has animals sewn into the weave along the edges, forming a border along the edges of the shawl.

When worn, this shawl provides the wearer with a +1 deflection bonus to Armor Class and a +1 resistance bonus to all saves.

Once per day, as a standard action, the wearer can lower the shawl, and all humanoids within 30 feet must take a DC 14 Fortitude or be permanently blinded.

Finally, once per day, as a standard action, the wearer can unleash a gaze attack on a single creature within 30 feet. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Fortitude save with a or be stunned for 1d4 rounds.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *blindness/deafness*, *resistance*, *shield of faith*; **Cost** 6,500 gp

SPRINGHEART

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 9th

Slot ring; **Price** 11,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

Occasionally given as a token of affection by fey creatures to mortals, a springheart appears to be a dull green caterpillar tightly curled up in a spiral. When placed into the palm of a hand it slowly uncurls, crawls to a free finger, and then encircles it. After a few moments in place as a ring it brightens to a lustrous green and gold color and taking on a sheen like a polished stone. Once the ring has been worn for 24 hours, a springheart provides the wearer with DR 1/cold iron. On command it begins a 10-minute process—on the first 3 rounds it uncurls and climbs to the end of a finger; for the next 9 rounds it quickly wraps itself in a cocoon; the cocoon gestates for the remaining 8 minutes and finally at the end of the duration it bursts forth as an incorporeal butterfly that departs to carry a message to a specific individual as sending (but without a chance to fail if the recipient is on another plane.) The cocoon left behind then crumbles to dust and the springheart is destroyed, while the incorporeal butterfly returns to the First World after delivering the message.

If the wearer should die without having used the sending power, one round afterward the springheart begins the process on its own, taking the sad tidings to the former wearer's dearest loved one.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Forge Ring, haunted fey aspect, *sending*; **Cost** 5,500 gp

THREADS OF FATE

Aura faint divination; **CL** 5th

Slot hands; **Price** 7,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

These thick golden threads are remnants recovered from severed fates that norms snipped through. When worn twisted around the wearer's hands, the wearer can calm her fate and avoid any unusual twists of luck. Once per day, the wearer can take to on a saving throw.

If Magdh is the wearer's patron deity, the wearer can utilize the spell *threefold sight*^{PC:LoTFW} once per day.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *threefold sight*; **Cost** 3,500 gp



C. Torreblanca
2018

TINCTURE OF MADNESS

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 13th

Slot none; **Price** 4,500 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This small vial contains a dropper and enough bitter gray liquid for ten drops. The tincture is administered by stirring drops into a glass of wine or other potable liquid as a full-round action. The tincture remains viable indefinitely while concentrated in its vial, but a dose loses its effectiveness 24 hours after mixing. The effects vary by the number of drops consumed, and all effects last for 24 hours:

1 drop: The drinker's perception of the world alters subtly, giving them a +2 insight bonus to saves against spells and spell-like abilities with the illusion descriptor cast by fey creatures. They also suffer a -2 penalty to all Charisma-based skill checks made to influence creatures other than fey as their mannerisms become strange and unpredictable.

3 drops: The drinker finds familiar things are now odd and foreign to them as they can see glimpses of the world behind the scenes. They gain a +4 insight bonus to saves against spells and spell-like abilities with the illusion descriptor cast by fey creatures. Additionally, they can clearly see fey creatures that are under the effect of an extraordinary, spell-like, or supernatural ability that would normally render them invisible, such as the leprechaun's *invisibility* spell-like ability or the lurker in light's

blend with light supernatural ability. They suffer a -8 penalty to all Charisma-based skill checks made to influence creatures other than fey as they become prone to outbursts of gibberish and wild proclamations.

10 drops: The drinker can clearly see the truth hidden behind the world around them. They gain the effects of *true seeing* for the duration, but only against the spells and abilities of fey creatures. The drinker takes on the appearance of a raving lunatic. They suffer a -20 penalty to all charisma-based skill checks made to influence creatures other than fey, and must make a DC 20 Charisma check each round to communicate clearly with a non-fey creature. If successful the drinker may communicate normally that round, though they still have a -20 penalty to influence non-fey creatures as described above. On a failed check, all attempts to speak to or otherwise communicate with a non-fey creature emerge as unintelligible ranting and gibberish. Regardless of the result of the check, the drinker understands speech and other communications as they normally would.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Brew Potion, *true seeing*, *fumbletongue*; **Cost** 2,250 gp

VACABOND'S CLOAK

Aura faint illusion; **CL** 3rd

Slot shoulders; **Price** 3,600 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This shifting long garment twists around the wearer, concealing her movements. The wearer can turn the cloak inside out to change its style and color, though it always appears frayed and travel-worn. In addition, the wearer gains a +5 competence bonus on Sleight of Hand checks.

If the Lantern King is the wearer's patron deity, the wearer can roll twice and take the better result when attempting a Bluff, Sleight of Hand, or Stealth check once per day. In addition, the wearer can utilize the spell *disguise self* once per day.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *disguise self*, creator must have 5 ranks in Sleight of Hand; **Cost** 1,800 gp

VEIL OF THE FIRST WORLD

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 5th;

Slot head; **Price** 7,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

Gifted by powerful fey, this fine lace veil often finds itself in the hands of their minor functionaries, especially those from the Material Plane. When the wearer places the veil on their face, the veil molds itself to fit them, enhancing their physical appearance and mannerisms, giving them a +5 circumstance bonus to Charisma-based and Sense Motive skill checks when dealing with fey creatures. It also gives a +3 insight bonus on will saves to disbelieve illusion effects created by fey creatures.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *eagle's splendor*, creator must be a fey; **Cost** 3,500 gp

WARY TRAVELER'S HOOD

Aura moderate illusion; **CL** 10th

Slot head; **Price** 17,500 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This simple silver hood shrouds the wearer's features. The hood shifts the wearer's appearance and motion to blend with the surroundings, making her hard to notice when not directly engaged with her. The wearer gains a +10 competence bonus on Stealth checks when not in combat.

If Ng is the wearer's patron deity, the wearer can use Stealth to hide while on a road or other marked path even while being observed.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, creator must have 10 ranks in Stealth; **Cost** 8,750 gp



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Gruepert's Market

By Stephen J.
"Piratey Steve" Smith
Art by Todd Westcot

Located in a fenced-in, shadowy nook nestled hard against Squallshield Hill on Port Peril's Crescent Harbor^{AP57} island, Gruepert's Market offers a wide range of unusual goods plundered from all across Golarion: weapons, oddities, occult paraphernalia, alchemical creations, illicit drugs and poisons, and a variety of relics salvaged from shipwrecks and the sea floor by an allied adaro^{B3} named **Czorscar**. During their time in the market the PCs may encounter a number of unique personalities:

Master of the Market

Gruepert (NE male monaciello gremlin^{B4} rogue [charlatan^{UC}] 3) seems to be the undisputed master of the marketplace that bears his name, but he secretly shares his power with Archemaeni Staal (see below). More emotionally stable and people-friendly than most of his kind, Gruepert has a keen eye for unusual or valuable trade goods and a sharp nose for profit. Although impeccably honest in his trading with his customers (other than occasionally marking up the asking prices of his wares), the monaciello is a lot less scrupulous in his means of acquiring his wares. He is less corpulent than the average monaciello and is a snappy dresser, wearing a long tuxedo-like black topcoat over a ruffled white shirt with no pants underneath. Dozens of holy and unholy symbols—some of which are centuries-old antiques—dangle from fine chains around his neck to clank together lightly or rest against his stomach paunch. Gruepert habitually fusses with them while haggling

with customers, occasionally using one as a makeshift toothpick. His toenails are painted black.

The most important part of the gremlin's wardrobe, however, is the plain leather satchel doubly secured to his person by a stout leather shoulder strap and a glimmering length of mithral chain clasped onto the belt encircling the waist of his topcoat. Gruepert keeps all goods of great value, as well as a handful of lesser items promised to customers he doesn't trust, in this magical bag. He threatens to toss it aside, causing the irretrievable loss of all its contents, if he feels a customer plans to cheat or double-cross him.

Thus far, Gruepert has used his modest rumormongering skills mainly to prop up the reputation of his marketplace while subtly badmouthing those of others on the isle. He's also spread some misinformation exaggerating the protection of his trading compound—the foremost being that he has an invisible stalker^B at his beck and call. The greedy gremlin has also cleverly blackmailed most of Crescent Harbor's smuggling operations, threatening to reveal them to the Hurricane King's bureaucrats if he's not paid a small bribe or offered first buying rights on incoming merchandise.

Gruepert's success on the island has also brought him to the attention of other unsavory and, in some cases, downright wicked fey. Gruepert has been approached by a danthienne^{B6} named **Omniana** who deigned to make the monaciello her latest companion, but she was thwarted by the efforts of Archemaeni. Convinced that she has a brighter future than merely being a big fish in the small pond of this squalid pirate port, Omniana now bides her time, waiting to enchant the perfect pirate captain to sail her across the horizon to a better life. She still visits the market to chat and gossip, bringing the presence of other fey lurking in the pirate city to Gruepert's attention. The monaciello has vehemently turned down separate danthienne-brokered deals with "**Lumpy**" **Ludgar Barterman** (a bagman^{AP105} posing as a human peddler in the subterranean mainland bazaar known as the Knotworks^{AP57}) and with a mob of erinat gremlins^{PCS:ABoF} (who Gruepert realized would only bring upheaval and disgrace to his burgeoning empire).

Of more interest to Gruepert, however, is the recent arrival of a chaneque^{B4} named **Mogwar**, who spends his days sheltered in a



small cave in Squallshield Hill. The dark fey has offered to use his powers to steal the souls of officials on Crescent Harbor and then give the controlling skulls to Gruepert and his allies, for a price. Although Gruepert's long-term plans call for him to eventually become master of the island (and perhaps—Dare he dream it?—all of Port Peril), he's wary of making a power grab too soon.

Market Associates

Archemaeni Staal (N female aranea alchemist 2) appears as a stately, middle-aged human female with a fondness for anagrams. She works out of her own large booth, Lady Staal's Stall, in the market, selling alchemical concoctions, spell components, and a handful of home-brewed potions, along with more mundane charms, bracelets, and necklaces made of coral and seashells. Her latest venture, in collusion with Gruepert and his vermin-loving mite^B slaves, is the creation and maintenance of a colony of dream spiders^{AP7} in secret caverns in the hillside to the north. The aranea is in the process of manufacturing shiver^{GMG} from the arachnids, and soon a new and dangerous product will be peddled surreptitiously out of the marketplace.

Curiously, Archemaeni took a liking to the erinat gang Gruepert turned away, crafting human aliases for them out of the letters of their race's name: Arnie, Artie, Ian, Nate, Erin, Rita, Teri, and Tina. The erinats, now operating in pairs, have taken over Cap'n Lil's Arrphanage near the center of the island, using it as a base of operations as they work their mischief on the unsuspecting locals.

Archemaeni has befriended a female mockingfey^{B6} she's named **Polly**. The green-feathered parrot-like fey provides not only a bit of companionship to the aranea but also contributes in the marketplace. Polly takes the miniaturized form of market patrons, either the next customer to be served or shady-looking ones to be watched carefully.

Ozquarr (CN male advanced grimple gremlin^{B4}) dwells in a trash bin in a shadowy nook halfway between the market gates and the northern hillside. The opossum-like fey's craggy-toothed grin is creepy, but he has a genuine friendliness in his banter. Ozquarr serves as a combination greeter/watchman/sanitation expert for the marketplace. The third title is a bit of a misnomer as the mangy creature is infested with gremlin lice, which he passes on to those market-goers foolish enough to get too close to him or accept a handshake from him.

Isenmussels (NE male kech^{B3} rogue 2) is a powerfully-built specimen of his race who provides an added level of security to the marketplace. The leering shirtless brute spends most of his time hidden amongst the light foliage of Squallshield Hill, fingering his top-notch (masterwork) composite bow. He makes hourly forays through the stalls to grin humorlessly at the customers and occasionally make his mighty kech pecs dance, both to intimidate would-be thieves and impress the ladies. He resents when Polly shows him which customers to watch, shooing the bird-fey away dismissively for implying he can't do his job. As a result, the two guardians dislike one another.

Tabletalk, a mimic^B, also calls the market home. It usually takes the form of a large weapons display table. The creature uses its adhesive to lock the exhibited wares in place until Gruepert gives the command to release one or more pieces for closer examination or sale. Tabletalk has been ordered to call out an alarm if someone persistently attempts to pry an item from its grasp or succeeds in doing so. Its first priority, though, is to keep the other display items safe, so it isn't allowed to grapple would-be thieves.

Blue Express Delivery Service

Gruepert's Market features a delivery service made up solely of surviving members of a mite tribe that dwells in tunnels underneath the hill, conquered by Gruepert, Ozquarr, and their allies when the more powerful fey first claimed this little slice of Crescent Harbor. Each ugly cobalt creature (mite^B expert 1) has undergone extensive training to learn rudimentary Common, advanced techniques for controlling their beloved vermin mounts, and the basics of diplomacy in regards to customer service and relations (including resisting the urge to pronounce doom upon dwarves, gnomes, and folks who tip poorly).

Dressed in dapper cerulean uniforms trimmed in black and white, the mites of the **Blue Express Delivery Service** (called BEDS for short, and whose slogan is 'What Can Blue Deliver for You?') scurry across the island, carrying important missives or transporting items not in stock when their purchasers first visited the marketplace. When an item absolutely, positively has to be somewhere faster than a mite can scamper, the creepy couriers hop astride agile giant crab spider^{B3} (advanced, Medium-sized) mounts—colored a brilliant tropical sea blue via prestidigitation—to race across the island. Gruepert plans on one day expanding BEDS to mainland Port Peril, but such an undertaking requires approval from the Hurricane King's bureaucrats and likely relies upon the conquest and subsequent training of a second mite tribe currently living in the caves southeast of the Sunken Plaza^{AP57}.

Gruepert also employs a roster of more mundane guards. Daytime watchmen are human, while those who work nights are half-orcs or other humanoids gifted with darkvision. 🌿

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Old Uncle Wallerbee in the Palace of Seasons

By Nicholas S. Orvis

Art by Peter Fairfax



Now if ever there was a gnome who didn't need to be afraid of the Bleaching, it was our old Uncle Wallerbee Waxenhammer. It probably helped that he was, you might say, definitely Not All There. But his luck was second to none, and his whiskers stayed a wondrous shade of violet up until the very day he left to join the Pathfinders a hundred and sixty-two years ago.

My daddy, who was old Uncle Wallerbee's younger half-brother, used to tell us stories about what Wallerbee would get up to back in the Old Country—what you call the First World. Daddy's favorite story is about the time Uncle Wallerbee left their home to go visit the norn who lived in the hollow and see if she could repair the hole that had opened up in the seat of his pants. On the way, though, he got distracted watching the fish in a stream. Well, that norn saw him coming and, having been asked to repair a dozen different articles of clothing by then-young old Wallerbee in the past week, decided that this was too much. So, she moved the whole stream that Wallerbee was looking at, and Wallerbee himself, to a different place.

Naturally, it was a bit of a surprise to Wallerbee when he looked about and discovered that the stream in which he'd been watching the fish was suddenly located on a flat mountaintop in the wind instead of a downy meadow in the sun. The fish were a bit taken aback as well! Wallerbee wasn't particularly concerned to find himself shifted away from home, but he was getting mighty chilly on the top of this big mountain.

"I'll just clamber down," he said to himself, "and take a look-see at where I am."

He climbed (and sometimes fell) for hours, until he found himself at the foot of the mountain in a vast, empty desert. Sand, sand, and more sand, as far as the eye could see. So old Wallerbee picked himself up and picked a direction, walking toward what he hoped was home.

He walked and he walked and he walked. It might've been a couple of days—it might have been just hours. Either way, Wallerbee was getting awfully tired and footsore and hot, and he started to grumble. But he didn't have long to complain, for just as he made his loudest moan, the Old Country answered him.

"Ooooooooooh," said Wallerbee, as he crested a ridge and saw a giant onion poking out of the sands. "Why, that looks good enough to eat!"

He ran toward the onion, and the closer he got, the larger it became.

But rounding a dune, he saw the truth at last. "Well, phooey!" he said. For the onion, you see, was no onion at all; it was merely the dome on the highest tower of a massive palace of sand-colored stone. The walls of the palace were shaped like a flower, and the tops of the towers were all domes and spires. And in the very middle of the wall nearest him, though there was no road or track to be seen, rose a tall golden gate, impressed with a lotus.

The lotus-stamped gate opened at a touch. Inside, there was a wide courtyard cut in half by a walkway of arches. Beyond the arches he could see, plain enough, that the buildings of the palace lay tumbling every which way.

The doors suddenly shut behind him, and as he looked back, Wallerbee saw a broom float through the air and begin to sweep his footsteps away.

Wallerbee jumped, for he'd heard no one approach. As he whirled, he bumped a pedestal, and a jar began to topple: "The Season of Carnivorous Muskrats."

"Oh, hello!" he said, rather grateful to see evidence of another person, even if they were invisible. "What's your name? I'm Wallerbee Waxenhammer, and I'm a bit lost!"

The broom did nothing but continue sweeping. So Wallerbee tried again.

"Do you live in this castle?"

The broom continued to sweep.

"Do you like living here?"

The broom paused.

"Hello?" he asked hopefully.

The broom hurried away.

With a sigh, Wallerbee turned back to the courtyard. "Very well," he said, "If I have to find my own way around, then find it I shall!" He set off into the halls.

The only way out of the courtyard was the walkway, and there was no way out the other side. So Wallerbee chose one direction (the one that smelled nicest) and began to walk. The hallway wove in and out of buildings, around courtyards full of statues and plants, and past one large fountain. The outside walls were covered in symbols he didn't know, and the inside walls had amazing paintings that moved. Finally, he found a door. It was oaken and ironbound, and Wallerbee knew that on the other side there must be something fantastic.

So, he pushed it open. What else could he do?

The room that Wallerbee found beyond was huge, and in the hall's middle were great stone pedestals that rose past his head. Nearly fifty there were—seven times seven—and on each rested a glass jar filled with swirling, riotous color. Wallerbee walked among them, and looked at the names engraved on each plinth. "The Season of Ash and Flame." "The Season of Acid Rain." "The Season of Rolling Stones." Near the very back, he found four empty jars: "Winter," "Spring," "Summer," and "Fall."

"You should not be here," a voice said suddenly, behind him.

Wallerbee jumped, for he'd heard no one approach. As he whirled, he bumped a pedestal, and a jar began to topple: "The Season of Carnivorous Muskrats."

The hooded figure caught the jar with one hand and replaced it swiftly. The figure was tall, robed all in white, and wearing long gloves. Wallerbee always swore later that he couldn't see

the person's body, and the hood was too dark to show a face. The voice was male, but sounded like nothing: neither happy nor sad, neither angered nor afraid. Wallerbee grinned and waved.

"Wallerbee Waxenhammer, at your service! Limping lampads, you're the first soul here I can actually see! What's your name?"

"I am Ng, the Hooded, Lord of the Crossroads."

"Huh. That's a lot of titles! Well, pleased to meet you, Ng!" He reached out his hand to shake. After a few motionless moments, Wallerbee grew unnerved and put his hand away.

"So, anyway," he continued, as bravely as he could, "I'm rather lost. I came in here because it looked nice...but I've just been looking for someone to direct me back home! If you know which way I need to go, just point me to that road and I'll be off!"

There was a long and weighty pause. "Do you know who I am?"

Wallerbee blinked. "Uh...no? Sorry? I'm not a great listener. Mother always says I'm..." He frowned, trying to recall.

"Never mind." Finally, the voice sounded like something—it sounded annoyed. But Wallerbee was busy trying to remember what his mother had called him, and he paid it no mind. "If you have no knowledge of why you are here, I suppose you had best follow me."

Wallerbee blinked, brought back to the moment. "Oh, that's swell! Thanks! Say, what did you say your name was again? It was hard to catch, and I want to pronounce it right..."

"Follow silently," the figure said. So, he did.

They left the great hall and went through the porticoes, down many flights of stairs until at last they came to an underground chamber. There sat a large archway, humming with energy and rippling with light. Wallerbee watched, agog, as the figure ran its hands over the archway and the light changed colors. It stepped away from the arch and indicated the doorway with its hand.

"The Manifold Door," the figure said. "I wish you well, Wallerbee Waxenhammer. You are a strange little man. If you think of me at the crossroads, I shall be pleased."

Wallerbee grinned. "I'll do my best to think of you at all times, your Lordliness! Oh, it will do my mother good to know that in the midst of the desert I met such a one as you to guide me safe home. I'll tell everyone I know of you and your palace!"

"Please don't."

"Don't be silly! Thank you for your hospitality, and all. I would stay longer, but these pants are really badly ripped." Wallerbee bent over to show him. "I'd best be getting back if

I'm to have them fixed before sundown."

And with that, he reached forward, seized Ng's stunned hand, and shook it hard before stepping through the portal. All was as he'd left it: the woods were still green, the fields were still ripe, and the old norn was just sitting down to tea.

Old Uncle Wallerbee never did listen when we told him what a narrow escape he'd had from the Hooded. But then again... maybe he didn't escape after all. Not long after that, he started his wandering... ❁



Weal or Woe: Buyer Beware

By Kendra Leigh Speedling
Art by Beatrice Pelagatti

Weal: Sestienne

The Witchmarket is the only home Sestienne has ever known. When she was a baby, her Varisian father traded her to a huldra^{B4} peddler in the market, ashamed of his dalliance with her hag mother. The kindly huldra raised the child as her own, training her in the ways of the Witchmarket and the fey. As she grew, Sestienne developed mesmeric powers closely tied to nature and the fey. She felt an affinity for the Lantern King from a young age and eventually dedicated herself, swearing to protect the Witchmarket from all those who would abuse its services or trade unfairly. Unfortunately, she never imagined one such abuser would be a half-sister. Although soft-spoken, Sestienne's familial resemblance to her sister, keen sense of mischief, and wit are enough for the gossips of the Witchmarket to run wild, much to her dismay.

Adventure Hooks

- Suspecting someone in the Witchmarket is cheating customers, Sestienne asks the PCs to assist her investigation.
- When the Witchmarket comes to the PCs' town, complaints of strange pranks and cursed items soon follow. They must seek out Sestienne's help to find the culprit.

Boon

As one sworn to the Lantern King, Sestienne is greatly respected among the traders of the Witchmarket, and her influence improves their attitudes toward the PCs by one step. She is also willing to offer free spellcasting to those who catch her fancy.

SESTIENNE

CR 6

XP 2,400

**Female changeling mesmerist^{oa} (fey trickster^{uh}) 5/
feysworn^{fwrotf} 2**

CG Medium humanoid (changeling)

Init +2; **Senses** breacher, darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +9

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +1 natural)

hp 54 (7d8+14)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +5; +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects, +4 vs. illusions

Defensive Abilities feyskinned (DR 10/cold iron, 2 minutes/day); **Weaknesses** feymarked

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 whip +7 (1d3+1 nonlethal) or 2 claws +4 (1d4)

Ranged +1 light crossbow +7 (1d8+1)

Special Attacks bold stare (timidity), hypnotic stare (–2), manifold tricks (2 tricks), mesmerist tricks 7/day (mesmeric mirror, misdirection, spectral smoke [DC 17]), painful stare (+2 or 1d6+2)

Mesmerist Spells Known (CL 6th; concentration +11)

2nd (4/day)—*animal messenger*, *burning gaze*^{APG} (DC 17), *euphoric cloud*^{ACC} (DC 17), *wood shape*

1st (6/day)—*entangle* (DC 16), *faerie fire*, *hydraulic push*^{APG}, *planar orientation*^{FWrotF}

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *flare* (DC 15), *mending*, *read magic*, *spark*^{APG}

TACTICS

Before Combat Sestienne starts the day with her mesmeric mirror trick implanted.

During Combat Sestienne softens enemies up from a distance with her stares and spells before moving in to subdue them with her whip.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 15 hp, Sestienne surrenders if she thinks her foes will show her mercy, unless they are enemies of the Lantern King, in which case she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16

Feats Extended Stare^{oa}, Fey Obedience^{FWrotF}, Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Diplomacy +15, Handle Animal +11, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (nature) +11, Knowledge (planes) +11, Perception +9, Sense Motive +9, Use Magic Device +9

Languages Common, First Speech, Sylvan

SQ consummate liar +2, fey veil 8/day, nature's lure, sea lungs, woodland stride

Combat Gear *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +1 light crossbow with 20 bolts, +1 whip, +1 studded leather, cloak of resistance +1, *snapleaf*^{UE}

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fey Veil (Sp, Su) Sestienne can use fey veils to assist herself and allies in befuddling their opponents. By touching a target, she can subtly alter its aura, granting the target a +2 circumstance bonus on Diplomacy, Intimidate, or Handle Animal checks for 1 minute. Using this ability is a standard action (or a swift action if she calls up a veil over herself). This is an illusion and glamor effect.

Woe: Runa Ilario

Born of a hag mother and a Chelish merchant, Runa had a luxurious upbringing in Korvosa. Her father concealed her heritage until she began feeling a strange pull toward the Varisian wilds. After her father admitted the truth, she resisted this call not out of virtue, but refusal to become a hag's pawn. Finding Korvosa too confining, Runa struck off on her own, cheating others with dubious bargains and enjoying the trail of



misfortune left in her wake. When a portal to the First World called to her, and she eagerly entered, only to find herself emerging as a fey-blooded creature. She recently arrived at the Witchmarket, delighted by the array of unsuspecting marks, but it did not take her long to recognize familiar talents in one of the market's most staunch defenders. The untimely reunion with her half-sister has put a damper on her scheming, and Runa is eager to be free of any reminder of her parentage.

Adventure Hooks

- One of the PCs purchases an item from Runa, only to realize that their "bargain" is anything but.
- Posing as an innocent merchant unfairly targeted by the Lantern King's capricious guard, Runa asks the PCs to clear her name.

Drawback

Runa can subtly vex those who thwart her interests. If the PCs anger her, as long as they remain in the Witchmarket, they take a -2 on all Diplomacy and Appraise checks as she spreads misinformation.

RUNA ILARIO CR 6

XP 2,400

Female fey^{B3} changeling bard (hoaxer)^{PC:BM} 6

CE Medium fey

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex)

hp 51 (6d8+14)

Fort +5, **Ref** +8, **Will** +5; +4 vs. mind-affecting effects, +4 vs. curses, hexes, and language-dependent effects, +1 Will vs. spells from creatures suffering from curse, hex, or mind-affecting effect

DR 5/cold iron; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +5 (1d6)

Ranged +1 light crossbow +7 (1d8+1)

Special Attacks bardic performance 25 rounds/day (bad deal, buyer beware [DC 18], fascinate [DC 18], personal guarantee, suggestion [DC 18]), hexes (charm [DC 18], evil eye [-2], misfortune [DC 18]), misery (+1 attack and damage vs. creatures suffering from curse, hex, or harmful mind-affecting effect)

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

3/day—*dancing lights*

1/day—*deep slumber* (DC 16), *entangle* (DC 16), *faerie fire*, *glitterdust* (DC 16)

Bard Spells Known (CL 6th; concentration +11)

2nd (4/day)—*blistering invective*^{UC} (DC 17), *hold person* (DC

17) *mirror image*, *scare* (DC 17)

1st (6/day)—*adoration*^{UC} (DC 16), *biting words*^{MTT}, *charm*

person (DC 16), *ear-piercing scream*^{UM} (DC 16)

0 (at will)—*daze* (DC 15), *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 15), *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*

TACTICS

During Combat Runa avoids direct combat, but if forced into it, she stays at range and attempts to debilitate enemies with her spells before making her escape.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 20 hp, Runa flees; if she cannot, she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16

Feats Craft Wondrous Item, Extra Performance, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot

Skills Acrobatics +11, Appraise +7, Bluff +17, Diplomacy +11, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Perception +4, Perform (dance) +12, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +11, Spellcraft +3, Use Magic Device +10; +3 on Craft, Knowledge, Linguistics, or Perception to detect counterfeit or forgery (can attempt untrained)

Languages Common, Sylvan, Varisian

SQ counterfeiter +3, sea lungs

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *wand of charm* fey^{FWRotF} (10 charges), *wand of hideous laughter* (20 charges); **Other Gear** mwk rapier, +1 light crossbow with 30 bolts, +1 chain shirt, ring of protection +1, cloak of resistance +1

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bad Deal (Su) As a standard action that provokes attacks of opportunity, Runa can use 1 round of bardic performance to invest a bit of luck, whether good or bad, into an object. This object must be light enough to hold in one hand, and cannot be magical. It remains hexed as long as she spends 1 round of bardic performance each round as a swift action to maintain it, until she drops the item, or until triggered. The hex triggers immediately upon being willingly accepted by a new creature, targeting its new owner. It cannot be forced on the creature or slipped into its possession without its knowledge, but she can lie or cheat to convince the target to accept the object, or use spells like *beguiling gift*^{APC}.

Buyer Beware (Su) Runa can convince someone to accept a gift or trade as per *beguiling gift*^{APC} (DC 18), by spending 1 round of bardic performance on a supernatural sales pitch.

Curse Crafter (Ex) Runa can use her crafting feat only to craft cursed items. She can craft items that appear magical but have no true magical properties, as if permanently under *magic aura*, for 50 gp.

Personal Guarantee (Su) Runa can prevent her hexed wares from afflicting a target until she is out of sight. She can spend up to 6 rounds of bardic performance while hexing an object. For every round expended, the hex is delayed for 1 minute before triggering and hexing its current owner. 🌿



Side Trek Seeds

The Nereid's Shawl

By Randal Meyer

Plot Hook

Desi and Tanner (teenagers from a nearby fishing village) approach the party, asking for help to stop their grandmother Tessa from sacrificing herself in a traditional village ritual. As the oldest person in the village, Tessa has already begun the weeklong preparation for this ritual. Unable to talk the village out of the tradition, Desi and Tanner have taken it upon themselves to seek outside help.

Backstory

Millennia ago, an ancient gate was placed on the shore of a small lake. As time passed the lake grew deeper and engulfed the gate. Even submerged, the gate still opens once a year, granting access to a lake in the First World. During this time, countless fish pass through the gate to mate and spawn. Fifty years ago, a nereid^{B2} druid named **Shensa** traveled through the gate to investigate a new village forming near the lake.

During this visit, Shensa found a baby crying on the shore, wrapped it in her shawl, and took it to the village. Out of fear, villagers chased Shensa back into the lake where she declared that if her shawl wasn't returned to her, no fish would spawn in the lake again. Ignored, she was true to her word and commanded the fish to leave without spawning. Fearing another year without one of their major sources of food, the villagers offered their oldest resident dressed in their finest shawls as a sacrifice to appease Shensa when the gate reopened. The fish returned soon after and a new tradition began.

While this tradition has been handed down for the past fifty years, and is considered the source of the village's exceptional fishing success, the younger generation believes it all to be morbid superstition. A recent plague struck down many of the village's older inhabitants, leaving Tessa as the village elder though she is barely fifty years old and an active, beloved leader of the community.

Potential Resolutions

While defeating Shensa is the simple solution, this could lead to more fey looking for her. Finding the shawl and returning it is the more positive solution, and just might earn a favor from Shensa. Unbeknownst to Tessa, she is the baby from the story, and the shawl is in a box of family heirlooms.

Rise Of The Gerbie

By Amanda Plageman

Art by Adam Munger

Plot Hook

Lately, small groups of humans have been seen preaching a message of friendship, peace, and harmony as they roam the countryside. Lone travelers who encounter these bands have a tendency to disappear, only to resurface weeks later preaching the same message with the light of absolute conviction in their eyes.

As the bands of faithful grow larger, they become more determined to 'protect those with violent tendencies from their own actions,' usually by abducting such people for intensive instruction in the tenets of their new faith. After a nearby village's entire militia vanishes overnight, the village council asks the PCs to rescue them.

Backstory

Lepta Wrightsilk (CG female gerbie^{PCS:FWRotF} mesmerist [cult master^{OA}] 10) was frustrated. She never had trouble making friends, and teaching others the error of their violent ways was her greatest delight. But though her visiting friends often agreed with her lessons, they forgot them the moment they returned home.

Eventually, Lepta learned how to make them listen. And remember. And spread the word.

Now her minions—erm—her friends bring their friends to hear her. And they spread her message further. She's heard distressing rumors that some of her friends have been hurt or even killed while bringing her message to the outside world. This is distressing, since Lepta truly loves her friends, but she knows what to do: make friends with a powerful druid or cleric to help return her friends to life once again!

When Lepta learns of the PCs, she makes every effort to save the adventurers from themselves. If the party contains a druid or cleric, they are particularly targeted for indoctrination even if they cannot currently raise or reincarnate the dead.



Potential Resolutions

There are several things that need to be done to resolve this. The abductees must be rescued before they join Lepta's cult, the cultists must be freed from Lepta's influence, and Lepta herself must be dealt with in some way. Perhaps she can be convinced that her methods of instruction are coercive, and that the ends don't justify the means. Or perhaps the PCs will come to see things her way...

The Believers

By Amy C. Goodenough and Brendan Ward

Art by Jessica Redekop

Plot Hook

Learning of their intent to travel, a local approaches the PCs, asking them to stop at a village on their route and check on Father Lassen, a friend and a priest of Desna who is late in writing back after taking a new posting at a small Desnan temple. When they reach the village, however, Lassen is nowhere to be found. Instead, the mysterious Mother Oaja has taken up the post, and is preaching bizarre, almost blasphemous heresies. Some villagers are alarmed by this new faith, while others have become zealous evangelists, bent on converting others, peacefully or otherwise.

Background

Emerging from the forest in human guise, **Oaja**, a huldra^{B4} (standard or advanced), encountered Lassen on the road. When the priest told her of his purpose, Oaja was fascinated: gods, temples, faith, and prayer were all foreign to her ears, yet intriguing. She wished to learn more of this strange worship, and so asked to take Lassen's place. When Lassen refused, she placed him into a deep slumber, and smuggled him into the church. Now in disguise, she has taken up Lassen's place, though she knows little of Desna, or even of religion as a concept. With her magic, however, she has won the hearts of several members of the congregation, who follow her blindly, even while others privately question this strange new faith.

Potential Resolutions

If the players investigate the church, they will find Lassen in an enchanted slumber in the rectory, and learn of Oaja's true nature. Confronting either the huldra or her congregation carries risks, however: Oaja is enjoying her sojourn in the village, and will resist fiercely—though not to the death—any attempt to remove her. On the other hand, her devout will refuse to believe testimony against her without evidence, and may resort to violence if the matter is pressed. If the PCs manage to safely restore Lassen to his position, the church of Desna will doubtless be grateful.

The Singing Seed

By Jeff Taft

Plot Hook

The infamous Questing Tree^{PCS:FWRotF} has always been one of the great draws of the Witchmarket, its boughs sheltering numerous arcane and exotic items destined to lead their would-be owners to glory. However, this time the Tree's guardian, **Hamala**^{PCS:FWRotF}, finds herself in the role of questgiver. During its most recent jaunt between the First World and the Material Plane, the Singing Cittern was jostled from the Tree's branches. The distressed dryad offers adventurers a choice of any of the Tree's items in return for the Singing Cittern, directing them to the point where the Witchmarket entered this plane.

Backstory

The tale is more than that of a misplaced trinket, however. The Singing Cittern, named for the fact that when played it produces tales of lost legends and heroic journeys not yet undertaken, contains at its heart a seed from the Questing Tree itself. The seed has bonded with a magic cittern created with only a minor amount of power. The bonding is what powers the Singing Cittern and allows the seed to express itself. But recently the seed feels the urge to grow and yearns to be free of its parent and tell its own tales, and once found, aims to convince those who discovered it to aid its own quest for freedom. Unfortunately, the Questing Tree's seedling believes the only worthy place for it to take root is within the Hanging Bower of the Silkwood.

Potential Resolutions

Should the party choose to throw in with the Singing Cittern, they face opposition from the denizens of the Silkwood, particularly the monstrous spiders who weave the Green Mother's treetop court. If successful, the Singing Cittern does make good on its deal, making the party the first of those to receive a questing item from it, along with a promise to provide more such noble inspiration once it has sprouted to its full glory.

Hamala is equally grateful to see the seed's ambitions quashed and the Cittern returned, though this task is accomplished against the will of the Cittern itself, which, once aware that it is being returned, uses its magic to reach out to nearby intelligent beings and lure them to its aid with a 'quest' for its own liberation. The fossegrim^{B4} Isgelv also has designs on the artifact, as yet another means to lure heroes to an untimely demise. 🌿



Form Of The Fey: First World Style Feats

By Matt "Helio" Roth

Art by Alberto "Eester-Naissen" Ortiz Leon

The denizens of the First World are diverse, living everywhere from the dense forests for which the realm is renowned to the limitless, wild seas and desolate, unforgiving deserts. These varied inhabitants and environs give rise to unique combat styles. Most are named for the creatures that inspired them, but others are named for their region of origin or general theme. Regardless, explorers of the First World have trained with dedication to give lasting legacy to these distinct techniques.

First World Style

This combat style is said to be the forefather of all martial arts, the very template upon which warfare was built. It is a strange, mutable style that makes many First World masters dangerously unpredictable.

First World Style (Combat, Style)

You can change tactics in the blink of an eye.

Prerequisites: Quick Draw, base attack bonus +3

Benefit: While using this style and wielding a melee weapon, you deal an additional 1d4 points of damage against any opponent you've damaged with a unique damage type (bludgeoning, piercing, slashing, or energy damage) until the end of your next turn, to a maximum of 4d4 points of bonus damage. Weapons that deal multiple types of damage (such as a *flaming morningstar*) may provide only one form of damage per attack, but can be used over multiple attacks to provide its full bonus.

First World Erraticism (Combat)

Your unconventional style leaves few openings for your foes.

Prerequisites: Dodge, First World Style, Quick Draw, base attack bonus +6

Benefit: While using First World Erraticism, every 1d4 points of bonus damage you would inflict against an opponent grants a +1 dodge bonus to AC against that creature's attacks until the start of your next turn.

First World Whimsy (Combat)

Unpredictable maneuvers make you doubly dangerous to everyone around you.

Prerequisites: Dodge, First World Erraticism, First World Style, Quick Draw, base attack bonus +11

Benefit: While using First World Whimsy, the damage and defensive bonus from using unique damage types applies to attacks against multiple opponents. You gain a cumulative +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls against every target after the first. This bonus increases to +2 if you use a different weapon or damage type while doing so.

Nymph Style

Not known for their martial prowess, practitioners of this combat style are famed for their ability to maintain stoic poise and precision amidst the chaos of war. Said to be the style of the Silent Sister of the Wallows as she commands her servants, this form of the nymph is frighteningly aloof.

Nymph^{B1} Style (Combat, Style)

Your elegance turns aside blades and magic alike.

Prerequisites: Cha 15, Weapon Finesse, base attack bonus +3

Benefit: While using this style, you may use a move action to maintain your elegant form, gaining a +2 bonus to CMD against bull rush, drag, or reposition maneuvers, on concentration checks, and on saving throws against spells or effects that would move you. If you do not take an offensive action (such as any effect that would end *invisibility*), you gain a +2 dodge bonus to AC.

Nymph Poise (Combat)

Your eerie calm makes it difficult to predict your actions.

Prerequisites: Cha 15, Nymph Style, Vital Strike, Weapon Finesse, base attack bonus +7

Benefit: While using a move action to maintain Nymph Style, you may add your Charisma modifier to damage rolls on attacks made with Vital Strike. If this is the first direct, offensive action you have taken since combat began, this damage bonus increases to twice your Charisma modifier.

Nymph Presence (Combat)

Your command of the battlefield is nearly supernatural.

Prerequisites: Cha 15, Nymph Poise, Nymph Style, Vital Strike, Weapon Finesse, base attack bonus +10.

Benefit: While using a move action to maintain Nymph Style, you deter foes within 60 feet from attacking you. Affected creatures cannot directly attack you, even with a targeted spell, for a number of rounds equal to half your character level. A successful Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your character level + your Cha modifier) negates this effect, and affected creatures may attempt a save each round they attempt to attack you. Once a creature successfully saves against this effect, it cannot be affected by your Nymph Presence for 24 hours. This is a mind-affecting effect, and immediately ends if you perform a direct, offensive action. In addition, the bonus damage granted by Nymph Poise is doubled (or quadrupled, if it is your first offensive action this combat).

Quickling^{B2} Style

Few can match the speed and agility of a quickling. Those that mimic their style employ lightning-fast precision with light blades to render their strikes nearly invisible to their foes. Though various experts proudly claim to have created the style, it is more likely an amalgam of the techniques of many urban quickling thieves and cutpurses.

Quickling Style (Combat, Style)

Your speed with a blade is blinding.

Prerequisites: Dex 15, Improved Feint, base attack bonus +3.

Benefit: While using this style and wielding a light blade (as the fighter weapon group) with no other weapon or shield, you gain a +2 bonus to feint. You gain a +1 dodge bonus to AC against any creature you successfully feint until the start of your next turn.

Quickling Acceleration (Combat)

Your blade grows faster and more unpredictable with each successive strike.

Prerequisites: Dex 15, Quickling Style, base attack bonus +5.

Benefit: While using Quickling Style and performing a full-attack action, you may attempt a feint as part of the first attack, incurring a -5 penalty on both the attack roll and feint check. This attack inflicts only half damage and does not benefit from a successful feint, but this penalty does not apply on subsequent iterative attacks even if the feint fails.

Quickling Momentum (Combat)

Your blades strike from all sides at once.

Prerequisites: Dex 15, Quickling Momentum, Quickling Style, base attack bonus +9.

Benefit: Each time you hit with a light blade while using Quickling Style, you can move 5 feet as long as you move to a space adjacent to the opponent you hit. This movement provokes attacks of opportunity, but every 5 feet moved grants a +2 bonus on your next attack or feint against the targeted opponent. If you use this feat, you cannot take a 5-foot step during your next turn.

Rolling Mountain Style

This bizarre style mimics the unrelenting forward momentum of Ulas, the Mountain That Walks^{PCS:RotF}. With a focus upon constant forward motion, knocking foes aside and crushing them beneath. Practitioners of this style are as unstoppable as the mountain that inspires them.

Rolling Mountain Style (Combat, Style)

Sometimes the only way out is through.

Prerequisites: Str 13, Improved Overrun, Power Attack, base attack bonus +3.

Benefit: When using this style and moving in a straight line, you may attempt to overrun multiple creatures. You must declare the targets of your overrun before attempting the action, taking a cumulative -4 penalty for every opponent after the first. You must make a separate overrun check against each of your targets. If an overrun attempt fails, you stop in the space directly in front of that opponent or the nearest open space, as normal. Additionally, when you charge while wearing medium armor, your speed is not modified by your armor.

Special: If you have Charge Through^{APG}, you may attempt to overrun more than one creature while performing a charge action and using this style.

Rolling Mountain Tenacity (Combat)

Nothing can deter you from pushing forward.

Prerequisites: Str 15, Improved Overrun, Power Attack, Rolling Mountain Style, Tower Shield Proficiency, base attack bonus +7.

Benefit: When performing a charge or overrun action using Rolling Mountain Style, you may set your tower shield to provide cover in the direction of your movement, including against attacks of

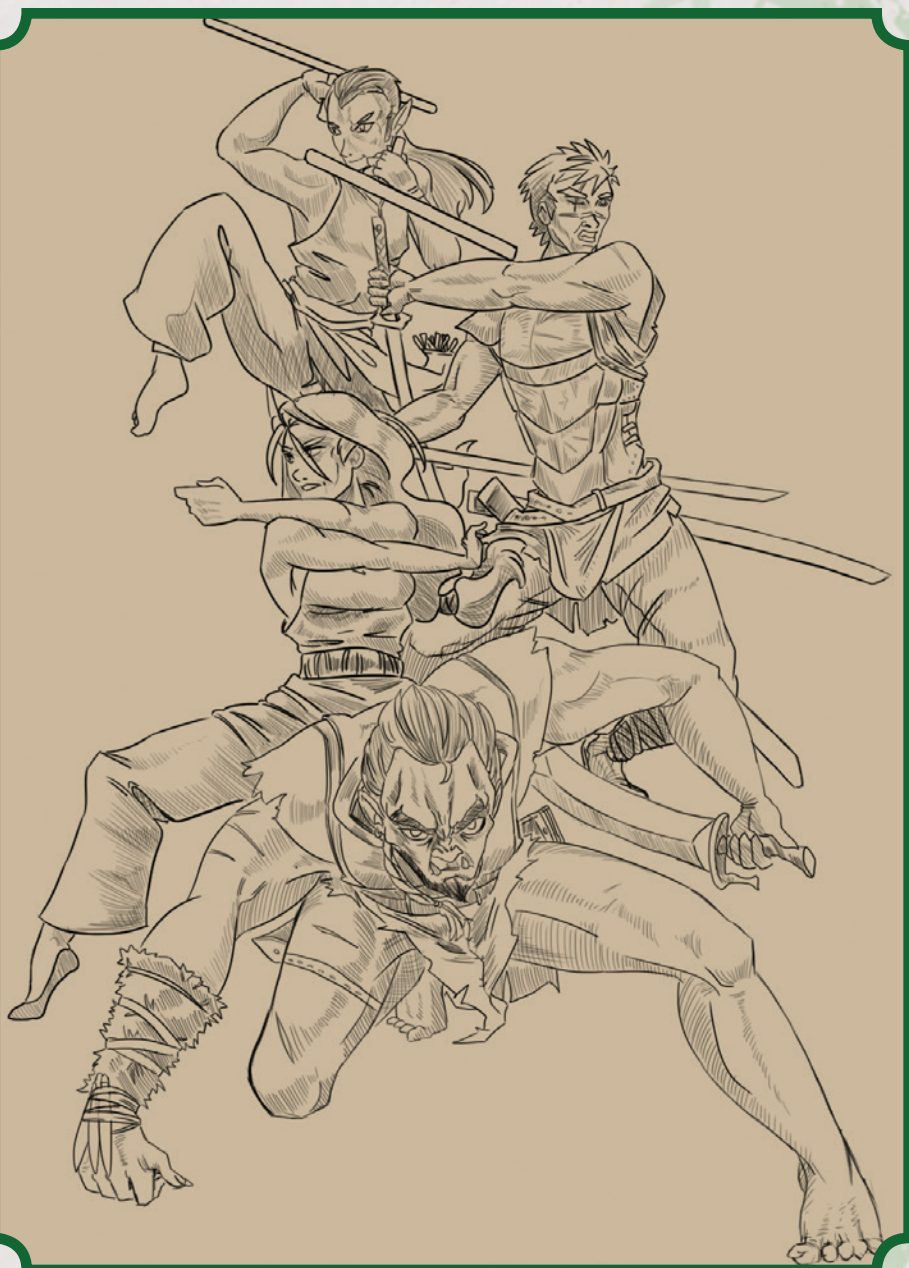
opportunity provoked by the movement, though it only provides partial cover against these attacks. If you do, reduce the penalty against subsequent overrun targets by 2. In addition, when you charge while wearing heavy armor, your speed is not modified by your armor.

Rolling Mountain Impact (Combat)

Your forward momentum carries you to victory.

Prerequisites: Str 17, Improved Overrun, Power Attack, Rolling Mountain Style, Rolling Mountain Tenacity, Tower Shield Proficiency, base attack bonus +12.

Benefit: While using Rolling Mountain Style, you gain a trample attack that deals 1d8 points of bludgeoning damage (for a Medium creature; Small creatures deal 1d6) plus 1-1/2 times your Strength modifier against creatures you successfully overrun. If you reach your final target you can attempt an additional overrun maneuver. If successful, the impact deals double damage and knocks the target prone even if your check did not exceed its CMD by 5 or more. You may still perform any other attacks from your charge. 🌿



Atonement Among The Stars

By Matt Roth

Art by Andrew DeFelice



The stars glittered above the trail, their patterns as foreign tonight as ever. Night had fallen without warning, coming upon him like an ambush. Khazgor sighed, he supposed he should be glad the stars chose to shine at all. The Starcatcher Mountains were nothing if not true to their name. Some nights stars blotted out the sky, only captured glimmers of light upon endless darkness and a reflection of some impossible landscape far above.

Fortunately, Khazgor had grown used to this hostile environment. A few taps on the canister at his hip awoke the excitable insects within, casting a ghastly green glow over the trail before him. They babbled in their foreign tongue, angry at their imprisonment but contented with the honey Khazgor dripped in every night. The First World was rarely kind to travelers from the material plane, and the capricious tendencies of many of its residents grated on even the most level-headed of his kinsmen. That made his banishment to these cursed mountains all the worse.

None believed what had happened that night and, for the longest time, Khazgor himself was unsure of his memory. It had all happened so quickly: a lonely mountain shrine, a human-like stranger in a blue robe, a bargain with the Bhakrik Clan, and some duty

or debt left unpaid. His sister exchanged some words, and then she was gone with the robed figure, family talisman in hand. After a year of lamenting his failures, Khazgor left in search of her.

He could not pinpoint the single moment he knew he'd left his homeland. It was the little differences. Eventually the land itself stopped obeying the simple rules that governed it, leaving him in impossible mountains that had no apparent summit or base.

Eventually all of his prior knowledge would fail him. No mastery of mountaineering could prepare him for places of dead air. Or worse, places where the air grew thick like a mire, making every step upward a slog through unseen mud.

Fortunately, Khazgor was not alone, for as great and desolate as the Starcatcher Mountains may have seemed, they were far from uninhabited. Strange travelers of all forms brought him news and offered proper equipment for the improper mountains in bizarre trades that were, by dwarvish standards, wildly unequal exchanges.

At last, after years of work, Khazgor had a map that usually worked. It wasn't a single map, for none of those ever worked for long. They invariably led to some snowy trail that dead-ended at stark cliffs. With a half-dozen maps and a handful of landscapes drawn by a rather prolific samsaran pasted into one hodgepodge of a cartograph, Khazgor could finally navigate these cursed

mountains with a modicum of success.

Even better, he'd managed to find a lead in his decade-long search.

It wasn't much as far as directions went—what was, in the First World?—but it was more to go on than Khazgor had ever had before. A name, a location, and confirmed reports of a gleaming iron amulet that bore his family's runes. Now, with a freezing wind whipping across the mountain trail, the mountaineer stood on the cusp of progress. He rounded the bend. There stood the very village he sought.

The homes were simple structures, something similar to those of his homeland of Varisia. Certainly not typical of the First World, though he'd heard there were cities here that mimicked the architecture of home.

A stark-white figure, an elderly man that was human and yet entirely inhuman stood at the edge of town, apparently waiting for him. Skin nearly as pale as his hair stood out against the dreary, white slopes of the range. Clothed in heavy furs, neither the cold nor the thin air of the mountainside seemed of consequence to him.

"Ah, Khazgor Losthome. We've been expecting you." The dwarf raised an eyebrow. The hooded man paused, then smiled as though he'd realized the error. "My mistake, dwarf. Perhaps you would prefer Bhakrik?"

"I would. A memory of home's all I've got left."

"Puzzling that you would keep only this and nothing more," the figure shrugged, "but nevertheless, perhaps I have just the thing to correct that. Come, come. No

sense in standing about." He was brought inside the nearest structure, simple with spartan furnishings. Others, clearly younger than his host but equally at war with time as their color faded to near invisibility, nodded a greeting.

There, upon a pillow, sat the pendant. The metal was inscribed with his family's runes with an ancestor's masterful

elegance and carved into the surface nearly before history itself. Mouth agape, he reached for it. The others made no effort to stop him. They waited, nodding approvingly.

His fingers paused just above the surface. Khazgor did not recognize the metal. It wasn't the iron he remembered, nor any metal he knew. It was speckled like imperfect marble, with colors that shifted from one side to the other. Something akin to magic breathed into Khazgor's palm. He collapsed into the chair beside him.

"Who left this here?"

"She did not give her name, though she bore some resemblance to you. A bit older? Or was it taller? I do not recall exactly how you differentiate these things, do forgive me."

Khazgor's heart skipped a beat. Was it possible, after so many years, for fate to draw them back together in such a chaotic realm? It seemed unlikely, but it was equally unlikely that he'd ever retrieve his family's simple treasure.

"She made very clear that this reach your hands. It will apparently be quite necessary. And thus, Sir Losthome, if your business here is concluded, then—"

"We aren't done." With lightning reflexes, Khazgor jumped to his feet and planted his axe into the top of the table.

"Oh. So, you did keep something else of your homeland after all."

His fingers paused just above the surface. Khazgor did not recognize the metal. It wasn't the iron he remembered, nor any metal he knew.

"Where is my sister?" The dwarf grumbled. "This wasn't all for some worthless heirloom."

"It is anything but worthless, Sir Losthome..." Khazgor's growl interrupted that thought, "...but I suppose I could answer a few questions. Please do sit, and do not worry about the table. I'm sure its feelings will grow back."

"Where has my sister gone? And why do you keep calling me that?"

"Of the former, I do not know. Of the latter, it is simply because you told me to."

"She was stolen away from our home. Abducted before my eyes. And you don't even know where she went? Or when?"

"Nonsense, she departed your realm willingly. Certainly, you of all people should know that. You are the one that agreed to the bargain."

The remark hung heavy in the air before Khazgor spoke, his voice slow and deliberate. "I have done no such thing. Nor would I ever."

"Such absolute conviction! Admirable, if false. You, dwarf, should bring this matter before the Many if it bothers you so."

"So I've heard." It was impossible to wander the Starcatcher Mountains without hearing the praises of Shyka, the timeless being that inhabited the House of Eternity. It was a citadel which stood among the stars above the mountains, visible on some days more than others, attached to the surrounding realm by a maze of unreachable trails. Khazgor had tried for months to find a path that did not veer away as it neared the peaks.

"You will know them," the figure said simply, "and they will know you. They have seen all that ever was and ever will be. In truth, they are the ones that left your pendant here for you to reclaim."

"That's impossible. It was my sister! You said as much yourself."

"It can be both, and indeed it is. Your sister, as she once was, is now one with the Many. A proud service in exchange for a simple favor. But you already knew that. Or perhaps you will?"

For the first time in many years, the First World had left Khazgor speechless.

He left, unsure what more to ask the puzzling sage with so little understanding of time. At least now he knew who to blame for his imprisonment upon the First World; none but himself and his sister. One mountaineer with insatiable wanderlust and a curious scholar turned timeless trickster.

He gripped his family's talisman, a small piece of a home he was so estranged from. "I'd never had a chance," he whispered to himself. "What in the gods' name could have driven me to sell us to this cursed place..."

He turned the amulet over in his hands as he recalled that fateful night. It was only then that he saw the runes inscribed onto the back. Too fine to be done with even dwarvish hands, each measured no more than a fraction of an inch across. More puzzlingly, it looked as though they were still being carved at that very moment. The stone jittered ever so slightly beneath some unseen craftsman's chisel, carving and re-carving unfamiliar words into the stone.

Slowly a greater pattern emerged among the illegible masses; runes that he knew by heart: His name, his sister's name, and an old mantra passed down in their family.

"Time and Trail are navigable only by the most determined." ❄️



Sailing Across Eternity

Locales and Personages of the Sea

Without a Shore

By Matt Roth
Art by Fil Kearney



The shifting, unstable landscape of the First World makes travel challenging. Nowhere is this more obvious than the Sea Without a Shore, the vast, impossible ocean that stretches across the First World. To enter the Sea is to gamble against the very plane itself, and to venture beyond the horizon may mean that one never again touches solid ground. For some, the prospect of an eternity at sea is a dream come true. For others, it is an endless nightmare. And for the denizens of the Sea Without a Shore, it is simply home.

With no solid land, most settlements of the Sea Without a Shore drift endlessly with the tides, settling into routine—if still unpredictable—routes. By the standards of normal towns, these scatterings of civilization are hardly more than a few rafts lashed together with a hope and a prayer. More often, the people of the Sea Without a Shore are united by unique personages with the capability and the charisma to hold them together.

Adrift

Perhaps the most well-known of these settlements is the miserable wreck of Adrift, a collection of detritus and garbage from breaches across the Material Plane. Adrift is an anachronistic collection of debris from countless cultures caught in an endless, frenzied gyre that stretches innumerable miles. Narrow paths weave between feeble plants sprouting amidst the waste and the metal hovels that pass for homes. The size of the city varies as storms tear at Adrift, but most denizens of the Sea recognize **Ettrim** (CN First World^{PCS:RotF} gnome alchemist 6) and the main body he dwells upon as its heart. Warring gremlins fight among this squalor, often dragging the residents into their conflict: a school of fuaths^{B3} led by **Graz** (CE fuath rogue 3) and a swarm of hanivers^{B4} that follow **Illoi** (CN haniver ranger 3). Below lies the brooding **Khyxe'lkar** (LE fey aboleth sorcerer 10), who patiently preys upon the settlement's isolated populace to sate his curiosities and adorn his palace in the deeps.

Great Sargasso

Great Sargasso (N unique giant treant druid 11) is an ancient, colossal creature that has inhabited the First World since before the Sea Without a Shore was truly boundless. When the tides rose and claimed the forest that Great Sargasso once protected, the treant did not relent. Rising to float with the waves, it became a bastion for refugees from his forest. Stretching over a hundred feet across, Great Sargasso is now both an individual and a floating forest, home to a tribe of sprites in the mangroves above, while aquatic life flourishes beneath. The treant is not without its concerns, as the island attracts many predators and sometimes drifts through frigid waters and tumultuous storms. Still, it tries to greet all visitors with the wisdom and patience of the ages.

Sunless Doldrum

Umbra (CE First World^{PCS:RotF} greater shadow slayer^{ACG 5}) rules the undead predators that haunt a region of the Sea known as the Sunless Doldrum, a cursed patch of ocean where the sun never shines and the winds never blow, trapping countless sailors within. The frigid waters are home to few animals, save for the undead creatures that sup upon Umbra's bounty. Desolate wrecks and ghost ships dot the region, waiting for the brave—or the foolish—to claim their treasures. Umbra is embroiled in an endless war with **Tirek Lightbringer** (LG First World^{RotF} ceratoidi^{B3} paladin 4), the sole survivor of a family slaughtered by the shadow.

Galefaro

The lighthouse Galefaro provides shelter to Tirek Lightbringer and her followers. Built atop the back of an enormous, bioluminescent jellyfish, the floating tower casts an eerie purple glow across the Sea. Fortunately, the mighty beast seems to care little as it drifts aimlessly at the water's surface, and its light provides a modicum of guidance to seafarers. Despite this, the unstable surface of this 'island' leaves few land-dwelling creatures at ease while visiting the beacon, and Tirek has only managed to assemble a few amphibious allies thus far. More worryingly, the living engine that powers the light continues to attract less cordial guests, including **Vixiz** (CE lurker in light^{B2} bard 3), a sadistic creature who hates Tirek and Umbra alike, and **Bresden** (LE human diviner 5/fighter 3), a trapped wanderer from the Material Plane who wishes to turn Galefaro into a 'compass' that leads to shore, even at the expense of his hosts. For now, Tirek tolerates their presence only because they provide support against the greater evil of Umbra. 🌸



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The Seasonal Courts

By Andre Roy

Art by Catherine Batka



The fey, creatures caught at the intersection of chaos and nature, feel the influence of the changing seasons the same as most plants and animals. In some, the changing of the seasons may affect their personality, while others may undergo physical changes. Some voluntarily opt to adjust their physical appearance (usually a subtle shading of the hair, eyes, or skin color) to match a season, favoring one over the others. Those fey that embrace a particular season may elect to pledge themselves to one of the four separate Seasonal Courts.

Like most fey activities, these Seasonal Courts can be either very formal affairs or very informal ones. In some areas, the Kings and Queens of the Seasons work together in succession. In others, conflict arises between the seasonal courts and they actively oppose and undermine each other. In any given area, where the Courts hold sway, there are usually a mix of Court-aligned fey and fey bearing no allegiance to the Seasonal Courts. Court-aligned fey can also switch Courts, either with the change of the seasons or as the mood strikes them, adding an extra element of unpredictability to an already mercurial creature.

Creating a Seasonal Court Creature

"Seasonal Court" is an inherited or acquired template that can be added to any living intelligent creature with the fey type, or at the GM's discretion, to creatures with the leshy or gnome subtype. Each Seasonal Court grants the creature the use of new spells. Changing Courts also changes the Court template used and choosing to stop attending a Court removes the template. The creature's caster level equals the creature's HD (or the caster level of the base creature's spell-like abilities, whichever is higher). A Seasonal Court creature retains the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted below.

Spring Court

Energetic, curious, and impulsive best describe the fey associated with the Spring Court. They tend to be benevolent and helpful as they focus on the aspects of creation, rebirth, renewal, and new life that spring represents. They will do everything they can to protect natural growth and birth. Spring Court fey try to avoid combat, favoring non-lethal solutions whenever possible. Spellcasting fey will favor nature, creation, and healing magic.

Challenge Rating: Base creature's CR +1.

Alignment: Any nonevil.

Spell-Like Abilities: A Spring Court fey gains the following spell-like abilities: 5/day—*purify food & water*, *resistance*, *stabilize*; 3/day—*cure light wounds*, *entangle*; 1/day—*touch of mercy*

Special Ability: *Spring's Vigor (Su):* Invigorating themselves for the task ahead, this ability grants the fey immunity to fatigue and exhaustion for 30 minutes per level. This ability



can be used once a day. However, if this ability is used on more than 3 consecutive days, the fey will require an extra 4 hours of sleep on the 3rd day to prevent suffering from fatigue on the subsequent day.

Abilities: +2 Constitution, -2 Wisdom, +2 Charisma. Spring Court fey are healthier, more lively and outgoing, but tend to be curious and impulsive.

Skills: Spring Court fey gain Heal and Survival as class skills.

Special: From the spring equinox to the summer solstice, a Spring Court fey's CL is increased by 1, and during all other times fall/winter a Spring Court fey's CL is reduced by 1.

Summer Court

Summer Court fey are seen as frivolous, hot-headed, arrogant, and hedonistic; yet, they are generally considered the politest and most well-mannered of the fey. While Spring Court fey focus on creation and rebirth, Summer Court fey focus on the sustainment and maintenance of flourishing life. Just as helpful as their Spring Court counterparts, they are more pragmatic and have no problem killing if the situation demands. While outright cruelty is unlikely, and most don't take pleasure at another's expense, they can be vengeful and cruel if they believe they were slighted. Spellcasting fey tend to avoid spells with the evil descriptor, unless given no choice.

Challenge Rating: Base creature's CR +1.

Spell-Like Abilities: A Summer Court fey gains the following spell-like abilities: 5/day—*lullaby*, *spark*^{APG}, *prestidigitation*; 3/day—*invigorate*^{APG}, *sun metal*^{UC}; 1/day—*summon nature's ally II*

Special Ability: *Summer's Blessing (Su)*: Sustained by the abundant life energy found in summer, the Summer Court fey requires only half as much food, water, and sleep as a normal creature. If he doesn't meet these minimum requirements in the course of a day, the fey will require full food and sleep allotment the next day to recover.

Abilities: +2 Strength, -2 Dexterity, +2 Intelligence. Summer Court fey have a sharp mind in a fit body but can be slow to react as if trying to do hard work on a hot summer day.

Skills: Summer Court fey gain Handle Animal and Survival as class skills.

Special: From the summer solstice to the fall equinox, a Summer Court fey's CL is increased by 1, and during all other times a Summer Court fey's CL is reduced by 1.

Autumn Court

Autumn Court fey act and present themselves in a paradoxical manner. On one hand they tend to be melodramatic, malevolent, and brooding as they focus on the natural destruction, death, and decay that autumn brings. But on the other hand, they can be generous and kind, showering those around them with great favor and boons akin to a bountiful harvest. Because death holds no fear for them, they tend to be the one instigating conflict and taking a more cutthroat approach, often literally, in the fey political landscape. Spellcasting fey will favor magic related to shapeshifting, decay, and destruction.

Challenge Rating: Base creature's CR +1.

Spell-Like Abilities: An Autumn Court fey gains the following spell-like abilities: 5/day—*acid splash*, *bleed*, *touch of fatigue*; 3/day—*obscuring mist*, *ray of sickening*^{UM}; 1/day—*frost fall*^{UC}

Special Ability: *Fall's Caress (Su)*: As nature slowly marches toward winter, the presence of an Autumn Court fey accelerates the process. Any living plants or trees within 5 feet of the fey will take their fall colors more quickly and leaves will begin falling. Any living creature will become sluggish, as if they were ready to hibernate; their AC and all die rolls are penalized by 1 and their movement is reduced by 5 feet. Dead plant and animal material will decay twice as fast. These effects can make the fey easier to track if they remain in the same area for long (a +1 to +5 circumstance bonus to Survival checks to track the Autumn Court fey is suggested).

Abilities: +2 Dexterity, -2 Constitution, +2 Intelligence. Summer Court fey have a sharp mind and quick reflexes but tend to be more frail and sickly.

Skills: Autumn Court fey gain Disable Device and Intimidate as class skills.

Special: From the fall equinox to the winter solstice, an Autumn Court fey's CL is increased by 1, and during all other times an Autumn Court fey's CL is reduced by 1.

Winter Court

Winter Court fey are the most malevolent and manipulative of all four Seasonal Courts (though still quite tame when compared to Irrisen's winter fey). They tend to be chillingly self-interested, and baleful, with no qualms about inflicting cruelty towards others. The Winter Court is a quagmire of political intrigue, where everyone is secretly manipulating events to their advantage. Winter Court fey focus on stasis, hibernation, and the sleep between death and rebirth. However, they don't emphasize death over life like an Autumn Court fey would. Spellcasting fey favor charm, influence, glamour, and shadow related magic.

Challenge Rating: Base creature's CR +1.

Alignment: Any nongood

Spell-Like Abilities: A Winter Court fey gains the following spell-like abilities: 5/day—*mage hand*, *open/close*, *unwitting ally*^{APG}; 3/day—*obscure poison*^{UI}, *vanish*^{APG}; 1/day—*focused scrutiny*^{ACG}

Special Ability: *Winter's Touch (Su)*: The air around a Winter Court fey is always cooler than normal. Twice a day they may cause a sudden drop of temperature around them (5' radius) causing intense cold for a duration of 10 rounds. Any unprotected creature in this area other than the fey will suffer 1d4 points of nonlethal damage per round, and must attempt a Fortitude save once every 5 rounds (DC 15, +1 per previous check), taking an additional 1d4 points of nonlethal damage on each failed save. A character taking any nonlethal damage is beset by frostbite or hypothermia (treat as fatigued). These penalties end when the character recovers the nonlethal damage taken. A character with the Survival skill may receive a bonus on this saving throw. Immunity or resistance to cold works normally.

Abilities: -2 Strength, +2 Dexterity, +2 Charisma. Winter Court fey are agile and have a knack for intrigue; however, they are weaker as they avoid the use of brute strength.

Skills: Winter Court fey gain Intimidate and Knowledge (nobility) as class skills.

Special: From the winter solstice to the spring equinox, a Winter Court fey's CL is increased by 1, and during all other times a Winter Court fey's CL is reduced by 1. ❄️

First World Shaped Companions

By Calder CaDavid

Art by Beatrice Pelagatti

First World Shaped Companions

Time and again, observers find that the wildlife near a First World bloom experiences a radical shift. Creatures of the Material Plane that come in contact with the raw, untamed energy of the First World warp and shift in fantastic ways. Animals transform into forms long rejected by the gods. These beasts shaped by the First World are still animals, but due to the influence of the fey realm they become something more mercurial. More skittish and shy around civilized folk than their unaffected cousins, they possess attributes from the ever-shifting First World.

Requiring a First World Shaped Companion

Any character with the animal companion or mount class feature can acquire a First World shaped companion. When selecting a companion, a character may seek out a First World bloom or a place where a bloom has been closed and create a bond with a local animal. Typically, it takes months or years of exposure for an animal to be shaped by the First World, but a particularly strong bloom can change an animal after only a brief period. At a GM's discretion, an animal companion may become First World shaped after spending time near powerful First World magic.

All First World shaped companions hold a piece of that realm within them, and this remnant causes the animal to develop strangely when compared with their unaffected kin. While a First World shaped animal is beautiful, it is also somewhat alien. This otherworldly nature creates an inherent disconnect between a character and a First World shaped companion, as fey-touched creatures have difficulty communicating and taking orders. All First World shaped companions lose the link companion ability, and the DC of any Handle Animals checks involving them increases by 5.

First World Shapings

Bloody

The companion is imbued with a wicked magical essence found in the darkest corners of the First World. Death is an abstract concept to the fey and has become an obsession to many of them. The denizens of the First World find the mimicry of death and violence to be captivating, if not hilarious, and this companion reflects that ethos. The companion looks as if it were horrifically dying, its flesh flayed off and blood pooling beneath it. It looks more like a model meant to study musculature than a living thing, but a bloody companion feels no pain from its state and tends to be very affectionate. A bloody companion is immune to bleed damage, gains a +2 bonus on Escape Artist checks and adds 1 point of bleed to the damage dealt by each attack that deals piercing or slashing damage.

Cutie Magic

The companion develops magical abilities from its exposure to the First World. A strange rune appears on its body, either granting or aiding in the performance of magic. When the companion uses one of its spell-like abilities, the symbol pulses with power. A cutie magic companion is often anxious and unsure of its own abilities, and takes a long time before it trusts others. A character chooses three of the following spell-like abilities for its cutie magic companion: *ghost sound*, *goodberry* (produces only 1d3 berries), *haunted fey aspect*^{UC}, *mage hand*, *mirror image* (creates only a single illusionary double), *prestidigitation*, or *spark*^{APG}. The companion may use this ability 2 times per day plus 1 additional use for every 2 HD it possesses. The caster level for these effects is equal to the animal companion's HD. The DC for these spells is equal to 10 + 1/2 the cutie magic companion's HD + the cutie magic companion's Charisma modifier.

Fairyhome

The companion has attracted the attention of a frolic of mischievous fairies. Perhaps because of the animal's nature, temperament, or beauty a group of sprites^{B3} has made the companion's body their home, creating a symbiotic relationship. The sprites fly in and out of the animal's mouth. The fairies keep the companion healthy while magically shaping the insides of the companion to be more hospitable to their needs. A fairyhome companion receives a +2 bonus to saving throws vs. poison and disease. As a standard action, a fairyhome companion can cough up a sprite. The sprites are territorial and fight to protect their home. This is a supernatural ability. The companion can cough up 1 sprite per day for every 4 HD it possesses; this ability functions like summon monster I with a caster level equal to the companion's HD.



Fey Ripper

The companion survived near a bloom long enough to gain a taste for fey creatures. The powerful warping magic of the bloom caused the companion to take on strange changes for hunting First World creatures, transforming its natural weapons. Its black teeth and claws provide a menacing sight to any fey creature confronted by the companion. For the purpose of bypassing damage reduction, all natural attacks made by the companion count as cold iron. The companion also gains a +1 morale bonus on attack rolls and damage when targeting fey creatures; this bonus increases by 1 for every 4 HD the companion possesses.

Garden

The companion is often mistaken for a plant or fungus. The shaping gifts the garden companion with aspects of First World flora. This companion's shaping can manifest in a myriad of forms. Sometimes it is covered in vines, appears carved from wood, or grows roots or flowers from its hide. Though strange-looking, their ability to produce food has made them popular with druids living in the deep wilderness. A garden companion has hardness 1 plus 1 for every 4 HD it possesses. Once per day, the fruits, nuts, mushrooms, or vegetables growing on the companion may be picked. This ability functions as create food and water, but creates no water. The caster level for this effect is equal to the companion's HD.

Mismatched Hide

The companion's skin has been shaped into that of a different animal. These animals are echoes of the 'rough drafts'; idle concepts of animals that the gods abandoned with the First World. The mismatched hide companion takes on aspects of other animals, causing them to behave in ways that may come across as contrary or bizarre. A mismatched hide companion gains one of the following features based on their changed bodies: grips and long tail, providing a climb speed of 20 feet; powerful paws, providing a burrow speed of 10 feet; webbed limbs, providing a swim speed of 20 feet; or wings and feathers, providing a fly speed of 20 feet (clumsy).

Shimmering

The companion shines and glimmers as it moves. Whether bedecked in sparkling jewel-like stones or naturally emitting a rainbow of colors, these animals are radiantly beautiful. Their unique hides retain their shining quality even upon death and are sought after by some for the creation of fashionable clothing. While in an area of dim light or darkness, a shimmering companion functions as a duplicate of any light source it is in. Thus, a shimmering companion near a lit torch would shed normal light in a 20-foot radius and increase the light level by one step for an additional

20 feet beyond that area, as if it were a torch. This effect can be negated by covering the companion (with cloth or mud or some other such measure). In addition, once per day when commanded (typically using Handle Animal and the perform trick), the shimmering companion can move in a way to cause a light source to reflect off it in a fascinating display. This functions as hypnotic pattern, using its HD as its caster level. The Will save to resist this ability is equal to 10 + 1/2 the shimmering companion's HD + the shimmering companion's Charisma modifier. This is a supernatural ability.

Singing

The companion gives voice to a full-throated, enthusiastic song, reflecting the lust for life the First World granted this animal. The companion cannot truly speak, instead singing in whatever languages it's been exposed to. The companion does not understand what it's saying, forgetting and changing lyrics as it goes. This excitable companion tends to sing loudly in moments of stress or boredom. A singing companion gains Perform (Sing) as a class skill, and the use of bardic performance for a number of rounds per day equal to its HD. The companion is limited to its natural song performance (see below). It immediately begins using its bardic performance on the first round of any combat and continues until the combat ends. A character may command her singing companion to start or stop its bardic performance using Handle Animal and the perform trick.

Natural Song (Su): The companion's song reminds its allies of their connection to all other living things. Those who hear the song contemplate predator, prey, and the natural cycle of life. To be affected, an ally must be able to perceive the companion's performance. Affected allies are granted a +1 competence bonus to attack rolls and a +2 morale bonus on Handle Animal, Intimidate and Diplomacy on checks made towards humanoids, animals, vermin, plants and magical beasts.



Bestiary

By Wojciech "Drejk" Gruchala, Andre Roy, Kim Frandsen, Daniel Angelo Monaco, Dave Nelson, Matthew Duval, Charlie Brooks, Christopher Wasko, Andrew Mullen

Art by Silvia Gonzalez, Alex Moore, Tanyaporn Sangsrit, Adam Munger, Dionisis Milonas, Danny Hedager Krog, Snow Conrad, Andrew DeFelice

Bad Wolf

This massive black wolf stands upright in a grotesque mockery of a humanoid posture.

BAD WOLF	CR 6/MR 2
XP 2,400	
CE Medium Magical Beast (mythic)	
Init +7; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +10	
DEFENSE	
AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 17 (+3 Dex, +7 natural)	
hp 71 (6d10+38)	
Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +4	
DR 5/cold iron and epic	
OFFENSE	
Speed 50 ft. (30 ft. upright)	
Melee bite +11 (1d6+5 and grab), 2 claws +11 (1d4+5)	
Special Abilities bottomless stomach, mythic power (6/day, surge +1d6)	
STATISTICS	
Str 20, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 15	
Base Atk +6; CMB +11 (+15 to grab); CMD 23	
Feats Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Extra Mythic Power ^{MA} , Improved Initiative	
Skills Bluff +12, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +12, Intimidate +12, Perception +10; Racial Modifiers +8 Perception, +4 Bluff, +4 Diplomacy, +4 Disguise, +4 Intimidate	
Language Common, Gnome, Sylvan	
SQ fey beast, part of the story	
ECOLOGY	
Environment any forest or hills (First World)	
Organization solitary or pair	
Treasure standard	
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
Bottomless Stomach (Su) A bad wolf can spend one use of its mythic power as a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity to swallow an adjacent pinned or helpless non-mythic creature of the same or smaller size, transferring the victim to an extraplanar pocket that can hold up to eight creatures at the same time. The creatures remain helpless and in temporal stasis until released. A	



bad wolf can cough up a single creature of its choice as a full-round action. All the creatures are freed if the bad wolf is targeted by the freedom spell or a similar effect, or is reduced to below 0 hit points.

Fey Beast (Ex) A bad wolf is considered both a magical beast and fey for purpose of effects and abilities. It can travel between the Material Plane and a corresponding First World location, though it takes 1d4 hours of passing through forest or another relatively concealed natural environment. A bad wolf can spend 1 use of its mythic power to travel between the Material Plane and The First World in three rounds instead.

Part of the Story (Ex) A bad wolf's mythic nature prevents people who meet it from perceiving a talking animal that is capable of taking upright posture as anything out of the ordinary. Instead they react as if it was any other stranger met in the forest, making their initial reaction indifferent unless they have reason to be hostile to strangers, or because the bad wolf's previous or current actions altered their attitude. A bad wolf using surge to augment one of its Bluff, Diplomacy, Disguise, or Intimidate checks can roll twice and pick the better result for the check.

A bad wolf is a cunning and malicious monster that roams haunted forests, crossing the border between the First World and the mortal realms to stalk fey and humanoids alike. While it is a magical wolf, it can assume an upright, if grotesque posture, and it can manipulate objects with its paws as well as any humanoid. It has a taste for flesh of sapient beings, be they fey, mortals, or awakened animals. Occasionally it can enter into a partnership with a hag, oni, or giant.

A Big Bad Wolf (CR 7/MR 3) can be created with the Advanced Creature simple template and an additional Mythic Rank.

Feyling

This creature looks like a short, genderless, vaguely humanoid berry bush. Its skin has a bark-like quality and patches of leaves, small blue flowers, and light blue berries cover its head and joints.

FEYLING	CR 1/2
XP 200	
Feyling ranger 1	
CN Medium fey	
Init +0; Senses low-light vision; Perception +6	
DEFENSE	
AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14 (+2 armor +1 shield, +1 natural armor)	
hp 13 (1d10+3)	
Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +4; +2 vs. mind-affecting, paralysis, poison, polymorph, and sleep	
DR 5/cold iron	
Defensive Abilities plant-like resistance, taking root	
Weaknesses vulnerability to fire	
OFFENSE	

Speed 20 ft.

Melee shortspear +3 (1d6+2) or slam +3 (1d4+2)

Range dart +1 (1d4+2) or shortspear +1 (1d6+2)

Special Attacks favored enemy (aberrations +2)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st)

1/day — *invisibility* (DC 13)

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 10, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 13 (17 vs. bull rush or trip while on the ground)

Feats Iron Will

Skills Handle Animal +2, Knowledge (geography) +4, Knowledge (nature) +4, Perception +6, Profession (gardener) +6, Stealth +4 (+8 in forests), Survival +6 (+7 when tracking);

Racial Modifiers +4 to stealth when in forests

Languages Sylvan

SQ forest affinity, sap blood, track +1, treespeech, wild empathy +1

ECOLOGY

Environment Any forests

Organization solitary, pair, gang (3-6) or troop (4-13 led by a 3rd-level hunter and a 1st-level shaman advisor)

Treasure standard (leather armor, light wooden shield, shortspear, 2 darts, and other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Forest Affinity (Ex) In any forested area, feylings can move through natural difficult terrain at their normal speed. Magically altered terrain affects them normally.

Plant-like Resistance (Ex) Feylings' plant morphology grants them a +2 saving throw bonus against mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, polymorph, and sleep effects.

Sap Blood (Ex) Feylings count as both fey and plants for any effect related to or targeting type.

Taking Root (Ex) Feylings receive a +4 racial bonus to their CMD when resisting a bull rush or trip attempt while standing on the ground.

Treespeech (Sp) Feylings can converse with plants as if subject to a continual speak with plants spell.

A minor fey, feylings are usually found deep in forests in areas near patches of wild berries. They act as guardians and shepherds, caring for the plants and encouraging their growth and dispersion.

Feylings usually avoid settlements and humanoid in general, preferring the company of plants, animals, and other fey. If they must interact with a settlement, it's usually farmsteads or small villages, especially those where a great number of berry bushes or fruit trees can be found. There, feylings usually secretly care for the gardens or orchard at night, insuring the yearly harvest will be bountiful. Wise villagers leave gifts of food, milk, or goods near their garden or orchard in thanks for their nightly benefactor.

A typical feyling is just over 4 feet tall and weighs about 60 pounds. They can live over 200 years.

Feyling Characters (20 RP race)

Feylings have no racial Hit Dice, gaining their capabilities from class levels. All feylings have the following racial traits.

–2 Dexterity, +2 Constitution, +2 Wisdom, –2 Charisma: Feylings are both tough and wise, but are not very agile, and their strange appearance and behavior can be off-putting.

Fey: Feylings have the fey type

Medium: Feylings are Medium creatures and have no bonuses or penalties due to their size.

Slow: Feylings have a base speed of 20 feet, but their speed is never modified by armor or encumbrance.

Fey Damage Resistance (Su): Feylings have DR 5/cold iron.

Forest Affinity (Ex): See above.

Forest Camouflage (Ex): Feylings gain a +4 racial bonus on Stealth checks while within forests.

Low-Light Vision (Ex): Feylings can see twice as far as humans in conditions of dim light.

Natural Armor: Feylings' bark-like skin gives them a +1 racial bonus to natural armor.

Plant-like Resistance (Ex): See above.

Sap Blood (Ex): See above.

Slam Attack: Feylings can deliver a strong punch with a knotty fist. They gain a natural slam attack that deals 1d4 damage.

Spell-Like Ability (Sp): Feyling can use invisibility as a spell-like ability once per day. The caster level of the spell is equal to the user's character level. The DC of this ability is equal to 10 + the level of the spell duplicated, plus the feyling's Charisma modifier

Taking Root (Ex): See above.

Treespeech (Sp): See above.

Vulnerability to Fire (Ex): Feylings are vulnerable to fire, taking half as much damage (+50%), regardless of whether a saving throw is allowed or if the save is a success or failure.

Languages: Feylings begin play speaking Sylvan. Feylings with high Intelligence scores can choose from the following: Aklo, Common, Gnome, Terran



Gravestone Dryad

This woman reeks of rot and earth, has dead wood for flesh, hair tangled with twigs and decayed leaves, and hands ending in wicked claws.

GRAVESTONE DRYAD

CR 7

XP 3,200

NE Medium undead

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., lifesense, low-light vision; **Perception** +12

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+4 Dex, +5 natural)

hp 85 (10d8+40)

Fort +7, **Ref** +7, **Will** +10

DR 5/silver; **Immune** undead traits

Weakness tied to the grave

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee claw +11 (1d4 plus 1d2 Con drain)

Special Attacks entomb

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th, concentration +14)

Constant—*Speak with dead* (DC 17)

At will—*entangle* (DC 15), *stone shape*

3/day—*charm person* (DC 15), *deep slumber* (DC 17),
inflict light wounds (DC 15)

1/day—*animate dead*, *suggestion* (DC 17)

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 19, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +7 (+9 trip); **CMD** 21 (23 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Expertise, Improved Initiative,
Improved Trip, Stealthy, Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +8, Climb +9, Craft (sculpture) +11, Disguise +12, Escape Artist +15, Knowledge (nature) +8, Perception +12, Sense Motive +11, Stealth +17, Survival +8; **Racial Bonus** Climb +4

Languages Common, Elven, Sylvan;
Speak with dead

SQ grave meld

ECOLOGY

Environment any graveyard

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Entomb (Su) Three times per day as a standard action, a gravestone dryad can entomb a living being within 100 feet of it in a hardpacked dirt coffin set in a shallow grave (Reflex DC 19 negates). The victim is considered grappled in the grave's tight confines. It also has no air, so must hold its breath to avoid suffocating. It can escape the grave with a DC 30 Escape Artist check or by destroying the dirt coffin (hardness 8, 30 hp, break DC 25). The save DC is Charisma-based. A creature killed in this manner automatically rises as a zombie, breaking free of the coffin 1 round later. The new zombie is under the gravestone dryad's control and doesn't apply to the HD of undead she controls with *animate dead*. If the dryad is destroyed, the zombie becomes free-willed.

Grave Meld (Su) A gravestone dryad can meld with a grave, similar to how the spell *meld into stone* functions, though the grave need only be half the size of the gravestone dryad. She can remain melded with a grave as long as she wishes.

Tied to the Grave (Su) A gravestone dryad is bonded to a single graveyard and must never stray more than 300 yards from it. If she does, she immediately becomes sickened. Every hour thereafter, she must succeed at a DC 20 Will save to resist becoming nauseated for an hour. A gravestone dryad that is out of range of her bonded graveyard for 24 hours takes 1d6 points of Charisma damage, and another 1d6 points of Charisma damage every day that follows. The dryad can forge a bond with a new graveyard by performing a 24-hour ritual and making a successful DC 20 Will save.

Gravestone dryads are twisted versions of their former selves, created when a dryad's tree is felled near a cemetery. The combination of the dryad's death, loss of her tree, and collective sorrow of the cemetery's mourners calls to the dryad's soul and reunites it with its former body, which immediately sets out for the graveyard. The first

gravestone dryads surfaced in Ustalav and in large battlefields near Geb, but they have since spread to all corners of Golarion. They crave life—despite not needing it for sustenance—and despise the living for having what they no longer have. They lurk, listen, and watch during the day while melded with gravestones, and send out zombie minions by night to lure or drag back victims, but they are not above opportunistic kills during the day. Gravestone dryads feel compelled to kill at least once per month but exercise patience to avoid discovery, going weeks between taking victims.

Much as gravestone dryads wish to destroy life, there is nothing they hate more than living fey and they go out of their way, even if it risks exposure, to destroy any fey they find. The dryads often travel to areas containing portals to the First World, simply to destroy fey as they pass from this world to the other. In return, fey seek out gravestone dryads to destroy them permanently—though often fey fall prey to their own self-assurance and wind up as zombies under a gravestone dryad's control.

Fey fear that gravestone dryads and corrupted treants might work

together in the future to destroy the fey realms, but so far these fears have been unfounded.



Hidebehind

This dark-skinned brute has thick black fur and a predatory look in its beady eyes.

HIDEBEHIND CR 4

XP 1,200

CE Medium fey

Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+1 dodge, +4 Dex, +4 natural)

hp 33 (6d6+12)

Fort +3, Ref +9, Will +4

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft

Melee 2 claws +6 (1d6+2), bite +6 (1d4+2)

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 11

Base Atk +4, CMB +6, CMD 20

Feats Dodge, Skill Focus (Stealth), Toughness

Skills Acrobatics +13, Bluff +9, Climb +11,

Perception +8, Stealth +16, Survival +5

Languages Common, Sylvan (cannot speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment any forest

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Faster than the Naked Eye (Su) A

hidebehind may use its incredible speed to move into any unoccupied space that's within its movement range (normally 60 feet) without provoking attacks of opportunity or suffering from difficult terrain. Hidebehinds that have had their movement hindered (such as a tanglefoot bag or a successful grapple) must successfully free themselves before using this ability. A hidebehind cannot use this ability if it used it in the previous round.

Lurking Behind Every Tree

(Ex) A hidebehind may use its legendary stealth to hide from attacks. Hidebehinds treat partial cover as cover, and cover as improved cover.

Travel through forests in the First World is often perilous and frightening due to the inscrutable rules that govern the fey realm. However, no single creature can make the lives of travelers more miserable and horrifying than the hidebehind. Created by a mysterious Eldest long ago, the hidebehinds are despicable beings that care only about sating their endless hunger. They are tall, brutish monsters with long arms, sweeping curved claws, and jet-black fur. They are intelligent and can understand languages, but hidebehinds cannot speak because their mouths have razor-sharp mandibles instead of a lower jaw.

They are unbelievably fast and get their name from their practice of ambushing their chosen prey with stealthy attacks from behind

trees or bushes. A hidebehind lives a solitary life in a lair adorned with small, often valueless trinkets. Outside of their annual mating season, hidebehinds are hyper-territorial and they will hunt and kill any trespassers, including others of their race. Villages that are within sight of old growth forests are often hit hardest by hidebehind attacks. Stories have spread of severe economic disruptions in a region due to a single hidebehind in an especially inconvenient location, since these beasts enjoy killing solitary merchants or traveling farmers that supply food and trade goods to a region. Some scholars have wondered if hidebehinds are aware of how their actions can affect local communities and are actively trying to cause as much pain as possible.

An average hidebehind is about 6 feet tall and weighs 250 pounds, with females slightly larger than males.

Jesulan

A layer of thick, black bark covers the form of this lanky, humanoid figure. Two long, tail-like appendages flick behind it, adorned with sharp, thick thorns.

JESULAN CR 8

XP 4,800

CN Large plant

Init +3; Senses low-light vision; Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 8, flat-footed 22 (–1 Dex, –1 size, +13 natural)

hp 90 (12d8+36)

Fort +13, Ref +6, Will +7

DR 5/adamantine; Immune plant traits

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee 2 slams +14 (1d8+6 plus bleed), 2 tail slaps +12 (2d6+4 plus bleed)

Ranged bramble grenade +8 (see text)

Special Attacks bramble grenade, create spawn, spores, thorns

STATISTICS

Str 22, Dex 8, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 13, Cha 11

Base Atk +9; CMB +16; CMD 25

Feats Cleave, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack

Skills Perception +13

Languages Jesulan

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forests

Organization solitary, squad (3-5), or copse (8-10)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bramble Grenade (Ex) As a standard action

every 1d4 rounds a jesulan can throw a mass similar to an alchemist's bomb with a range of 30 feet. When the bramble grenade explodes it deals 4d6 piercing and slashing damage to every creature in a 15-ft. radius and entangles them for 2d4 rounds. A successful DC 19 Reflex save halves the damage and negates the entangle effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Create Spawn (Su) A creature slain by the Constitution damage of spore rot has its body destroyed. A fully mature jesulan rises from the point of the creature's death 1d4 rounds later.

Spores (Su) As a free action, once per hour, a jesulan can release a cloud of nearly invisible spores which latch on to nearby creatures and begin to reform their bodies. All creatures in a 20-ft. radius must succeed at a DC 19 Fortitude save or suffer spore rot (see below).

Spore Rot: curse and disease-Dispersal; *save* Fortitude DC 19; *onset* immediate; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d6 Con; *cure* —

Spore rot is both a curse and a disease and can only be cured if the curse is first removed, at which point the disease can be magically removed. Creatures of the fey type are immune to spore rot. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Thorns (Ex) A jesulan's natural attacks deal bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage, and cause 1 point of bleed damage. The bleed effect stacks with itself.

Recently reclaimed creations of the First World's fey, jesulans are tree-like creatures of towering height. In need of an army that could rapidly grow in numbers to supplement the small number of

militant fey, the faerie people conducted magical experiments that resulted in the jesulans. Requiring a controlled environment with which to perfect their infantry race, the fey placed their subjects in a small, unnamed plane, now known as Jesula. Capricious as always, the fey ceased their tinkering after a few centuries and the primal monstrosities were forgotten.

The jesulans are not just the only sentient species, but also the only vegetation in the dusty wasteland plane of Jesula. Its first planar explorers to enter the plane quickly learned why, from a brutal attack that killed dozens and left the returning survivors infected. Within a matter of days, the plant-like creatures rose and began to attack nearby settlements. This garnered the attention of their fey creators.

Realizing that the jesulans had slipped their prison, the fey quickly retrieved them. Immune to the cursed spores, the fey safely act as caretakers of the strange race and carefully control their population. The arboreal hulks now serve as easily tamed muscle for the fey lords.

Commonly a single jesulan is "gifted" to a mortal as part of a bargain. The creature serves its new master until it releases its spores, killing the mortal and being reclaimed by the fey.

The average jesulan stands about 8 feet high and weighs 2,000 pounds. Rough black bark covers their entire body. Fissures inside the grain of the bark hide the sharp thorns that can be extended like quills at any time. These thorns often catch in the flesh of the victim and tear free, only to have replacements grow back in moments.



Karek

This sagely creature peers closely at a vivid sphere clutched in the claws of its black-feathered wings.

KAREK

CR 7

XP 3,200

N Small fey

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +17

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 16, flat-footed 15 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural, +1 size)

hp 66 (12d6+24)

Fort +5, **Ref** +12, **Will** +10

DR 10/cold iron; **Immune** mind-affecting effects

Weaknesses vulnerable to reflections

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

Melee 2 claws +5 (1d3–1)

Special Attacks slumber hex (DC 18), trap memory (DC 21)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +15)

Constant—*deathwatch*, *tongues*

At will—*invisibility*, *speak with dead* (DC 18)

5/day—*memory lapse* (DC 16), *share memory*^{UM}, *suggestion* (DC 18)

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3/day—*confusion* (DC 19), *dimension door*, *summon nature's ally V*
1/day—*legend lore*, *mind fog* (DC 20)

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 19, **Con** 13, **Int** 18, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 21

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 17

Feats Combat Casting, Deceitful, Dodge, Mobility, Skill Focus (Bluff), Toughness

Skills Bluff +25, Disguise +22, Fly +19, Knowledge (history, nobility) +16, Knowledge (local) +19, Perception +17, Perform (any one) +17, Sense Motive +14, Stealth +16, Use Magic Device +17

Languages Common, First Speech, Elven, Gnome, Sylvan; *tongues*

SQ memory globe, remembered form

ECOLOGY

Environment any (First World)

Organization solitary, pair, or storytelling (3–6)

Treasure standard (memory globes and other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Memory Globe (Su) A karek traps memories in iridescent spheres. A creature may use the sphere to cast *speak with dead* as if it were the intact corpse of the creature the memories came from, even if that creature is alive. The creature's knowledge is limited to the time the memory globe was created. A globe has hardness 5 and 15 hp and is worth 200 gp to the right buyer.

Remembered Form (Sp) A karek can assume the form of a creature whose memories it holds in a memory globe as a standard action. The karek can take the form of a humanoid or fey creature and has access to the assumed form's mannerisms and speech patterns, up to the time the globe was created. The mimicked creature may be living or dead. The karek gains a +20 bonus on Disguise checks to appear and act as the imitated creature and can maintain the effect indefinitely. The karek can revert to its true form as a free action and automatically reverts if it loses possession of the memory globe for the mimicked creature. This ability otherwise functions as *assume appearance* (Pathfinder RPG Horror Adventures 108).

Slumber Hex (Su) A karek can use the slumber hex as if it were a 9th-level witch.

Trap Memory (Su)
A karek can take memories from a dead creature or unconscious living

creature it touches as a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity. The touched creature must succeed on a DC 21 Will save or a copy of the creature's memories form a memory globe in the karek's claws. An unconscious creature gains a +4 bonus on the saving throw. This ability can affect a creature that has been dead for no more than a number of days equal to its Hit Dice. This is a mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Vulnerable to Reflections (Ex) A karek's reflection always shows the fey's true appearance. A karek mimicking another creature using its remembered form ability that can see its own reflection is nauseated until it averts its gaze, changes form, or closes its eyes.

Karek are the historians and heralds of the fey, chronicling the legacies of great heroes and villains, the ravages of the Tane, and the deeds of the Eldest. They invisibly fly over battlefields or watch over events where notables gather, hoping to add to their collection of preserved knowledge. Karek avoid combat whenever possible, preferring to use guile, magic, and stealth. Only a threat to their memory globe collection provokes karek to aggressive action, and they track globe thieves unceasingly.

Karek openly serve as storytellers and advisors to fey lords or fill the same role in an assumed guise for remarkable mortals. Karek gather when a noteworthy figure nears death. They often compete to see who can catch dying creature's memories first. Karek meet in great storytelling circles, sharing the memories they have gained and performing fabled moments from fallen legends.

A typical karek is 3 feet tall, has a 5-foot wingspan, and weighs 18 pounds. Traveling karek bring 2d4 memory globes for disguises and have dozens of globes hidden in their homes.

Leshy, Poppy

This creature has a humanoid-looking upper body and bright red flowers atop its head. The bottom half of its body is concealed beneath leafy growths.

POPPY LESHY

CR 1/2

XP 200

N Small plant (leshy, shapechanger)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +0

Aura lullaby (10 ft., DC 11)

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (+1

Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

hp 5 (1d8+1)

Fort +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0

Immune electricity, sonic, plant traits

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 10 ft.

Melee rapier –2 (1d4–2/18–20)



Ranged spores +2 touch (memory haze)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +2)

Constant—*lullaby* (DC 11), *pass without trace*

3/day—*sleep* (DC 12)

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 13, **Con** 12, **Int** 5, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +0; **CMB** −3; **CMD** 8

Feats Dodge

Skills Stealth +5 (+9 in floral fields), Survival +1; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth in floral fields

Languages Druidic, Sylvan; plantspeech (flowers)

SQ change shape (small patch of flowers; *tree shape*), verdant burst

ECOLOGY

Environment any forest or plains

Organization solitary or patch (2–16)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Memory Haze (Ex) The intoxicating scent given off by a poppy leshy causes

memory loss to those affected by its spores. Anyone creature hit

by a spore attack must make a DC 11 Will save or suffer 1

point of Wisdom damage. Any creature who suffers

Wisdom damage from a poppy leshy's spores

suffers minor memory loss for a period of 5

minutes prior to and 5 minutes after

the ability damage is inflicted.

This is a cumulative effect,

with additional Wisdom

damage inflicted by

the spore attack

extending the

period of memory

loss by 5 additional

minutes in both

directions. Creatures

who suffer from this

memory loss must

make a DC 11 Wisdom

check to recall specific

details during that period

of time. This is a mind-

affecting effect. The save DC is

Charisma-based.

Often found near dryad's trees, in nymph's groves, and elsewhere close to fey creatures, poppy leshys serve as guardians and friends to creatures from the First World. They do their best to hide from humanoids and other creatures of civilization, but their distinctive perfume often gives them away unless they hide in patches of fragrant flowers.

Poppy leshys care for sweet-smelling flora, often but not always poppy plants. They look like small humanoid creatures with flowers for hair and leafy or flowery growths covering their legs and feet. In truth, these leshys do not have legs, but rather use flexible roots to move along the

ground or up trees.

These creatures often carry slender rapiers or daggers with them, which they keep hidden among the leaves on the lower half of their bodies. They only rely on these weapons as a last resort, knowing most creatures that attack them can overpower them. If fighting in self-defense, they rely on their innate sleep ability to subdue their opponents and escape. Some druids and fey creatures use the otherwise peaceful leshys to help neutralize intruders in their groves.

Many dryads find friendships with poppy leshys mutually beneficial, as their ability to cloud memories can help the dryads divert potential threats that may have otherwise learned the location of the dryads' trees. The creatures seem drawn to nymphs' innate beauty and often migrate toward a nymph's grove if left on their own. Satyrs also sometimes seek out the company of poppy leshys, albeit for slightly

selfish reasons; they deliberately expose themselves

to the leshys' memory-clouding spores as a way of

"enhancing" the experiences they feel during

their feasts and parties. Regardless of the

fey's motivations, poppy leshys often

seek out the approval of

creatures from the First

World, often going to

great lengths to keep

potential friendships

intact.

Growing a Poppy

Leshy

Poppy leshys are usually grown in the early spring, planted with poppy seeds soon to sprout. When first born, a poppy leshy does not have a weapon, but can construct one from available materials given a day and left to its own devices (no Craft check required).

POPPY LESHY

CL 5th; Price 1,000 gp

RITUAL

Requirements Knowledge (nature) 5 ranks, *animal trance*, *plant growth*, *summon nature's ally I*; **Skill** Knowledge (nature) DC 12; **Cost** 500 gp

Tintargurill

Six tendrils tipped with hooks made from gray bark sprout from the base of this plant's bulbous central pod. Dozens of smaller tubers glistening with yellowish residue snake out from the pod's surface between strips of bark, with one massive stalk ending in a flytrap-like head emerging from the plant's crown.

TINTARGURILL

XP 3,200

N Huge plant

Init +3; Senses low-light vision; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+3 Dex, +9 natural, -2 size)

hp 85 (10d8+40); supernatural digestion

Fort +11, Ref +6, Will +6; +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects

DR 10/slashing; Immune plant traits; SR 18

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee bite +12 (2d6+7 plus grab), 3 tentacles +10 (1d8+3 plus grab)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft. (20 ft. with tentacles)

Special Attacks constrict (1d8+7), feybane bark, sticky enzymes (+8 ranged, DC 19, 10 hp), swallow whole (2d6+10 bludgeoning damage, AC 14, 8 hp)

STATISTICS

Str 25, Dex 16, Con 19, Int 2, Wis 17, Cha 6

Base Atk +7; CMB +16; CMD 29 (37 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack[®], Power Attack

Skills Perception +11, Stealth +3 (+11 in undergrowth); Racial Modifiers +8 Stealth in undergrowth

SQ woodland stride

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forest or marsh

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Feybane Bark (Ex) All of a tintargurill's natural attacks, including damage from swallow whole, are treated as cold iron for the purpose of bypassing damage reduction.

Sticky Enzymes (Ex) A tintargurill produces semisolid strands of enzymes with adhesive properties that it can excrete from certain tendrils. Using its sticky enzymes functions like the web universal monster ability, except that creatures with damage reduction overcome by cold iron that are affected by the enzymes suffer intense pain, forcing them to succeed on a DC 19 Fortitude save each round they remain in contact with the strands or be staggered. The DC is Constitution-based.

Supernatural Digestion (Su) If a tintargurill deals damage to a creature with damage reduction overcome by cold iron with its bite attack or swallow whole ability, it gains fast healing 5 for 1 round. If such a creature perishes inside the tintargurill, the fast healing lasts for 1d6 minutes instead.

Woodland Stride (Su) This ability functions like the druid ability of the same name.

Tintargurills are ravenous plants that feed mainly on fey flesh. They lurk in the undergrowth of fey-infested wilds, most notably Darkmoon Wood, Fangwood Forest, and

Grungir Forest, where they stake out large territories with sheets of their adhesive enzymes and wait for unsuspecting fey to stumble into their domain. Several woodcutters have tried to tame the plants to use as living weapons against hostile fey, but tintargurills have proven just as aggressive toward humanoids as they are toward their favored prey, making all such efforts to date unsuccessful.

Although tintargurills have thus far proven undomesticable, those skilled enough to slay one can harvest its bark to create weapons well suited for killing fey. If a creature succeeds on a DC 20 Craft (carpentry or weaponsmithing), Knowledge (nature), Profession (woodcutter), or Survival check, it can salvage 2d6 Medium masterwork simple wooden weapons (including clubs, javelins, quarterstaves, and spears) from the corpse of a tintargurill that died within 24 hours. These weapons function like cold iron in all respects. Double the number for Small weapons and halve the number for Large weapons.

Tintargurills' usual habitats make fey their most common source of food, but certain displaced specimens develop a taste for demon flesh. These monstrous plants gradually adapt until they can subsist on demon meat, sometimes taking on fiendish aspects of their prey to better blend into Abyssal surroundings. Crusaders in Lastwall and Mendev take pains to give such demon-eating plants a wide berth, not wanting to compromise a rare natural ally in their struggles against the Abyssal hordes.



Zolavoi

A ruddy glow suffuses clouds of ash that partially obscure this tiny creature's distended form. Eyes like cinders peer out of a sullen face.

ZOLAVOI CR 5

XP 1,600

N Tiny fey

Init +7; Senses low-light vision, smokesight; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 20, flat-footed 16 (+4 deflection, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 size)

hp 28 (8d6)

Fort +2, Ref +9, Will +7

DR 5/cold iron; Immune fire; SR 16

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee 2 claws +7 (1d2+5 plus 1d6 fire)

Special Attacks covetous cindercloud, heat (1d6 fire)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +12)

At will—charm person (DC 15), dancing lights, ghost sound (DC 14), minor image (DC 16), prestidigitation, spark

STATISTICS

Str 12, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 19

Base Atk +4; CMB +3; CMD 21

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +15, Disguise +13, Fly +7, Knowledge (Local) +6, Perception +8, Sleight of Hand +12, Stealth +22, Use Magic Device +9

Languages Common, Sylvan

SQ change shape (house spirit form; *disguise self*), sound mimicry (household sounds, voices)

ECOLOGY

Environment any land

Organization solitary, smolder (2–7), or conflagration (8–22)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ashflight (Su) While within the site of its transformation, a zolavoi may change into a cloud of gritty smoke. This functions as *gaseous cloud*, but the zolavoi retains use of its supernatural abilities, can fly at a speed of 60 feet, and is treated as one size category larger for the purposes of how it

is affected by wind. Reverting to its normal form is a standard action; as part of this action, the zolavoi may activate its covetous cindercloud ability.

Covetous Cindercloud (Su) A zolavoi exudes smoke and embers, which it can infuse with its will and project as a 30-foot radius cloud within 60 feet. The cloud lasts 4 rounds, obscures sight as *fog cloud*, and is dispersed in 1 round by a strong wind. Creatures beginning their turn in the cloud take 2d6+4 points of fire damage and risk destruction of exposed flammable objects such as scrolls; a successful DC 18 Reflex save halves the damage and protects exposed objects. Additionally, as an immediate action the zolavoi can attempt a steal or disarm combat maneuver against an object within the cloud, using its caster level plus its Charisma modifier in place of its Combat Maneuver Bonus; a successful maneuver pulls the object up to 40 feet toward the zolavoi. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Sense Mementos (Su) A zolavoi is inextricably linked to its home and collection, and can concentrate to sense their components. This functions as *discern location*, but only targets objects it has possessed for at least 24 hours, and has a range of 25 miles.

Smokesight (Ex) A zolavoi can see through fire and smoke as if they were perfectly clear, ignoring the miss chance for these obstructions, up to its normal range of vision.

Smoldering Emotions (Ex) A zolavoi's grief and rage are palpable forces. It adds its Charisma modifier to melee damage rolls, and as a deflection bonus to AC.

Zolavoi form when a domovoi or other house spirit loses its family in a particularly tragic way. The creature takes a memento of its loved ones into the home's fire and curls up beneath the cinders, where its sadness melds with the surrounding heat and psychic trauma. The creature eventually emerges transformed, wreathed in smoke and embers, the skin of its warped and swollen body studded with glowing coals.

Zolavoi search the ruins of their settlements for reminders of the past to add to their ever-growing collections. They sleep in stoves and fireplaces; travelers may spy smoke and believe shelter lies ahead, though it is only a zolavoi's emanations rising from a ruined chimney. These lonely fey treat such people as potential family, enticing them with their shape changing, mimicry, and illusion abilities. Should these fail, zolavoi enthrall travelers to dwell with them. Those who resist control and escape without further disturbance are generally safe. Thieves, however, soon find themselves enveloped in a zolavoi's jealous fury, though the creatures usually leave their victims once their mementos are recovered.

Conflict between Irrisen and the Land of the Linnorm Kings has left the regions of Hagreach and Bleakmarch dotted with fey-haunted ruins. Scavengers often disturb the area's zolavoi, while particularly brazen opportunists may stoke the wrath of enough that they gather and form a zolavorot, a burning cyclone that hunts down thieves and leaves nothing but charred bones. 🌿



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Absalom Station



Paizo Fans United announces the theme for Wayfinder #19 will be Absalom Station for the Starfinder Campaign Setting!

Shift gears for outer space, and create new fan-based content for Starfinder!

Will you submit:

new alien creatures or races, new archetypes for classes, new feats, new spells, a Gazetteer article on a destination on the station, new weapons or magic items, or a Weal or Woe detailing new allies and enemies to meet? OR maybe create a new line of starships!

Remember, preference will be given to articles that follow the issue's theme, and stay on the station!

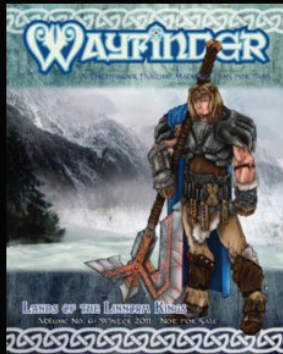
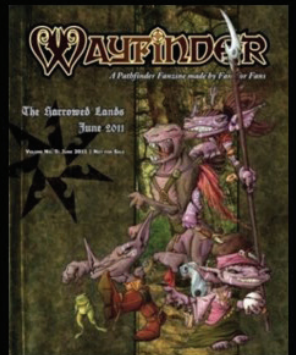
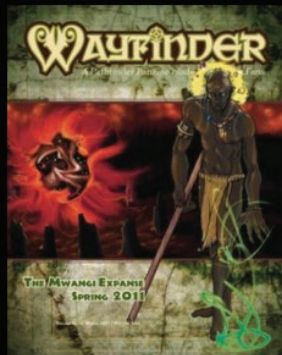
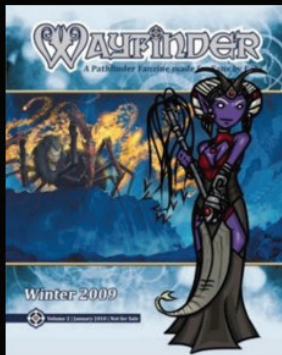
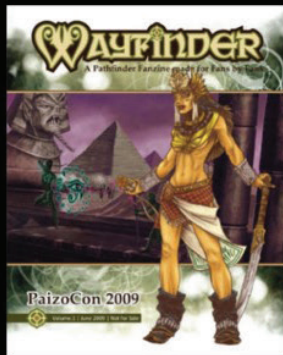
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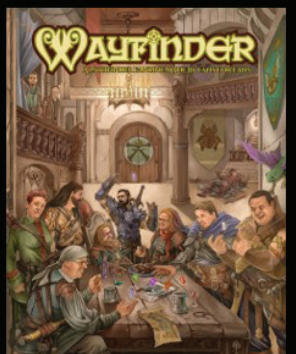
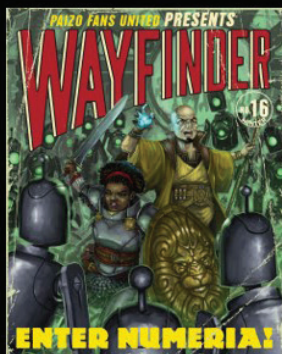
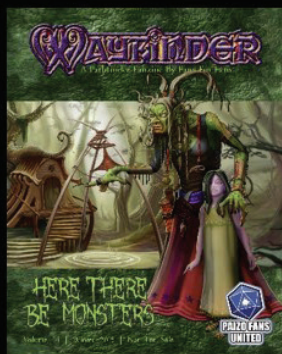
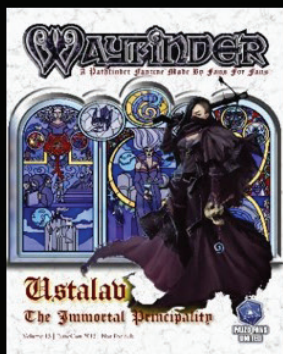
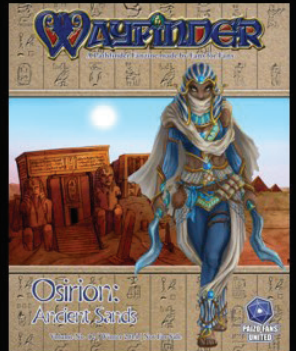
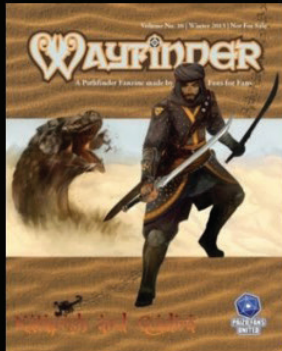
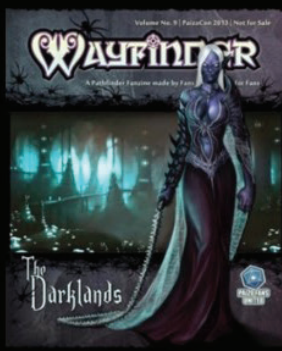
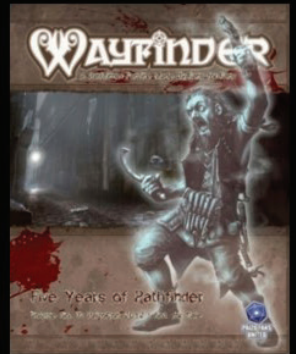
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