

# SATIFIND

ROLEPLAYING



# ALHANDRA

ABERRANT ORACLE



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# ALHANDRA

2 oracle (dual cursed) special lawful neutral oracle dark tapestry vadruni

level/class	total	mod	race	alignment	armor class	total	avored class	mystery	nationality			
STR strength	17	+3	HP hit points	24 / 24	AC armor class	19	MOVE movement rate	15	LIGHT encumbrance	58		
DEX dexterity	16	+3	INIT initiative	+3	TOUCH armor class	13	AGE young adult	25	MED encumbrance	116		
CON constitution	16	+3	EXP experience		FLAT-FOOTED armor class	16	HEIGHT tall for race	Var	HEAVY encumbrance	176		
INT intelligence	10	-	FORT fortitude	+4	+0	+4	CMB combat maneuver	+4	WEIGHT thin for race	130	LIFT overhead	176
WIS wisdom	10	-	REF reflex	+3	+0	+3	CMD maneuver defense	17	GEAR carried weight	51.5	LIFT off the ground	352
CHA charisma	15	+2	WILL willpower	+5	+3	+2	SP RES spell resistance	-	TOTAL if carried	181	DRAG push or drag	880

weapons & attacks	attack	damage	crit
heavy mace	+4	1d8+3	x2
light crossbow	+4	1d8	19-20
mw longspears	+5	1d8+4	x3

## FEATS & FEATURES

low light vision  
 amphibious  
 strong tail 15' move on land, 30' swim speed  
 curse: wasting -4 cha checks other than intimidate  
 curse: haunted stnd action retrieval, disarmed 10'  
 revelation: misfortune  
 feat: spell focus - conjuration  
 story feat: glimpse beyond  
 trait: resilient +1 fortitude saves  
 trait: second tongue +1 cl to summ great old ones  
 drawback: misbegotten -2 to dex skill checks  
 mythic trait: rahadoumi exile - +2 will svs  
 languages: common, vushani, aklo

		SKILLS				armor penalty
		total	ranks	class	ability	misc
acrobatics	dex	-2			2	-4
appraise	int	0			0	
bluff	cha	-2			2	-4
climb	str	1			3	-2
diplomacy	cha	-2		-	2	-4
disguise	cha	-2		-	2	-4
escape artist	dex	-1			2	-3
fly	dex	2			2	
heal	wis	0		-	0	
intimidate	cha	10	1	3	2	4
knowledge: arcane	int	6	1	3	0	2
knowledge: planes	int	7	2	3	0	2
knowledge: religion	int	2	-	-	0	2
perception	wis	0			0	
sense motive	wis	4	1	3	0	
spellcraft	int	5	2	3	0	-4
stealth	dex	-2		-	2	
survival	wis	0			0	-2
swim	str	9			3	-3
use magic device	cha	3	1	3	2	



## CONCEPT & INSPIRATION



I came across the Esoteric Order of the Palatine Eye researching an adventure offered in PBP. Enumerated in the second adventure of Carion Crown, this group of adventuring gentlemen discover occult knowledge before sharing it with each other.

This led me to research the University of Leipstadt in Ulstav and from there, it was only one short step to Miscotonic University on the banks of the River Arkham.

I see Alhandra as a cultist in training, standing on a dune beneath a giant desert moon and shouting "Fthgan!" to the heavens. I had initially wanted a Summoner but didn't want to step on another player's toes as he was already making one. I decided this was for the best as my concept grew because a summoner captures the flavor of the Outer Planes with his summons, but not his own nature. This then led to me looking at ways to represent her mutations in game, and hence the merfolk and oracle decisions.

## PERSONALITY & CHANGES

Alhandra is a scholar, more accustomed to moldy books in the library than research in the field. Initially in a panic over the changes to her body, the slow encroachment of susurrant voices in the corners of her mind are making her forget about them. Once a brilliant scholar, Alhandra has become unable to access many of her previous memories regarding history, geography or religion while understanding more than she ever studied on occult and planar topics.

I want to roleplay Alhandra slowly becoming an aberration physically and mentally. She will lose interest in mortal concerns as the campaign progresses and I hope to represent this by swinging her alignment from that of the scholar (lawful neutral) to that of the Great Old Ones (chaotic neutral).

I have taken the oracle curse "Wasting" to represent Alhandra's physical changes. Although she wears long skirts to hide her tentacles, her gliding stride is decidedly inhuman and unnerving to those around her. She has also begun to give off a distracted, otherworldly air that makes people think she is uninterested or ignoring them, something most people find very distasteful. As per the regular curse, this manifests as a -4 penalty to her charisma based skills, unfortunately including Use Magic Device.

Her second curse is Haunted, representing the strange voices causing her to be distracted. This is represented by item recovery taking a standard action as she forgets where she put things. When disarmed, her weapon lands ten feet away because her grip sometimes becomes slippery as her hands ooze a strange gelatinous substance.

## MY RACE EXPLAINED



You've no doubt seen the picture on the front of this packet and the word "special" under race. I've done this because while I've chosen a race from the ARG, I'd like to modify it if at all possible.

I chose Merfolk as my race due to its lack of legs. Merfolk have the following abilities:

Humanoid - Aquatic  
+2 Dex, +2 Con, + Cha  
+2 Natural Armor  
Medium size  
Slow speed 5'  
Swim speed 50'  
Amphibious  
Low-Light Vision  
Legless (can't be tripped)  
Languages: Common, Aquan

There is an alternate racial trait, which I have taken, that allows me to raise the movement rate to 15' and reduce the swim speed to 30' which I've taken and is called Strongtail.

I'm fine with everything above and am perfectly ready to go with it. I would like to change the fish tail to tentacles for cosmetic reasons to give the character more of an aberration feel.

I would also like to trade the language Aquan for Aklo or Darklands since that is where many aberrations live. This isn't very important to me or anything, it's just more flavorful.

## STORY FEAT: GLIMPSE BEYOND

**Prerequisite:** You must have faced an undead, evil outsider, or aberration with a CR greater than your level +4, or have the Raised Among the Dead or The Dead One background.

**Benefit:** You gain a +2 bonus on Knowledge (dungeoneering) checks to identify the vulnerabilities and powers of aberrations, Knowledge (planes) checks to identify the vulnerabilities and powers of evil outsiders, and Knowledge (religion) checks to identify the vulnerabilities and powers of undead, and you can make such checks untrained. If you have 10 or more ranks in any of these Knowledge skills, the bonus increases to +4 for the appropriate skill. In addition, you gain a +2 bonus on saves against fear effects.

**Goal:** Be killed or driven insane by an aberration, evil outsider, or undead. This leaves your mind permanently marked.

**Completion Benefit:** Any sane creature that attempts to read your thoughts takes 1d6 points of Wisdom damage (Will DC 10 + 1/2 your level + your Charisma modified negates). In addition, the effect of any ability damage, ability drain, or penalty to your Intelligence, Wisdom, or Charisma is halved (minimum 1). You take a -2 penalty on Will saving throws. Whenever you roll a save against a mind-affecting effect, roll twice and keep the better result.

## MYTHIC TRAIT: HEIROPHANT

You are a heretic. A blasphemer. Or, at least, that's what the Pure Legion of Rahadoum would call you. Whatever the source of your faith, you were prosecuted and nearly executed for your beliefs. But, as chance would have it, you escaped. To this day you still do not understand how you escaped. The only explanation was that some higher being had to have helped you. You never met this supposed rescuer, but your belief in your faith has only been empowered by this feeling. Fleeing Rahadoum as a refugee, you eventually came to Osirion, hoping to help the survivors of Xotani's rampage where you can.

**Bonus:** +2 to Will Saves

## ORACLE CURSES: MUTATING

(Reskinned from Wasting) Your body is slowly mutating.

**Effect:** You take a -4 penalty on Charisma-based skill checks, except for Intimidate. You gain a +4 competence bonus on saves made against disease.

At 5th level, you are immune to the sickened condition.

At 10th level, you gain immunity to disease.

At 15th level, you are immune to the nauseated condition.

## SECOND CURSE: HAUNTED

Malevolent spirits follow you wherever you go, causing minor mishaps and strange occurrences (such as unexpected breezes, small objects moving on their own, and faint noises).

**Effect:** Retrieving any stored item from your gear requires a standard action, unless it would normally take longer. Any item you drop lands 10 feet away from you in a random direction. Add mage hand and ghost sound to your list of spells known.

## TATTOOS

Much of Alhandra's skin is covered in disturbing tattoos etched with metallic inks. These tattoos cover much of her skin from her neck to her ankles and down both arms. Surprisingly, while she can sometimes be seen tattooing herself in camp at night, some of them extend to places she cannot reach or even see such as her back. How these tattoos appeared is certainly open for interpretation, although Alhandra herself has never said.

Depicting tentacled creatures with gaping, screaming maws, the designs give insight into the source of the voices in her head. The chaotic jumble of creatures devouring both themselves and others seem pulled straight from demented nightmares. If these are the sights that Alhandra sees in her sleep, perhaps

it would be better if she stopped doing so.



# MISBEGOTTEN

Whether due to the influence of malign magic, disease, or the scorn of the gods, you were born with a troublesome deformity that interferes with your movement.

Effect: You take a -2 penalty on all Dexterity-based skill checks.

## TRAIT: RESILIENT

Growing up in a poor neighborhood or in the unforgiving wilds often forced you to subsist on food and water from doubtful sources. You've built up your constitution as a result.

Benefit: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Fortitude saves.

## TRAIT: SECOND TONGUE

Using an ancient and painful surgical technique, you've reshaped your tongue. These surgical mutilations permit you to speak ancient words unpronounceable to most mortals, enhancing your ability to work magic associated with the Great Old Ones.

Benefit: Any summoning or divination spell you cast to summon or contact a Great Old One or one of their minions is cast at +1 caster level.

SPELLS	Kn	/D	DC
level 0	5	-	12
level 1	2	3	13
level 2			
level 3			
level 4			

LVL	SPELLS	
0	Detect Magic	Detect Magic
0	Guidance	+1 to hit, save or sk. check
0	Ghost Sound	Figment sounds
0	Light	Increase ambient light
0	Mage Hand	5lb telekinesis
0	Read Magic	Read magical writings
0	Purify Food/Drink	Make edible/pure
1	Divine Favor	+1 hit/dam/3 levels (luck)
1	Cure Light Wounds	Heal 1d8+1 dam
1	Entropic Shield	20% miss chance (ranged)



## AZIR, RAHADOUUM

*The Pure Legion Inquisitor stepped forward, the bright rush torch in his hands billowing black smoke in the noon day sun. A large crowd had gathered in the market this Fireday, some shifting nervously, others screaming in rage. Some held rocks, saving them until the last moment, to be cast right before the flames suffocate their victim.*

*The vadruni girl atop the fire collapsed into the chains binding her arms above her head. Dark bruises and dried blood still marred the shining tattoos etched into her skin. Shredded black robes stood out in stark contrast to the linen of her accusers, only partially concealing thick black tentacles twitching atop the logs at the base of the stake.*

*Turning to the crowd, the Inquisitor continued whipping them into a frenzy, the crowd responding with howls of rage and screams for blood. Stepping closer while dramatically waving the burning torch over his head, he cursed the market guards for beating her so thoroughly. Her unconsciousness would prove a boon to the heratic, sparing her the pain of the flames. Grabbing her hair, he yanked her head upright, spitting in her face, a dire insult in the dry desert.*

*Impossibly, her eyes snapped open, the pupils seeming to fill the entire orbs. He felt his consciousness dragged in against his will as the small motes in their depths burst into stars. Hanging in an infinite void, the stars streaked past one by one, the space behind them filled with a malevolent presence. Screaming soundlessly, he turned to run as the last stars streaked past and the beings between the stars reached out for him.*

*Screams of fear echoed throughout the market as the overhead sun was extinguished like a candle blown out by a sudden wind. Neither stars nor moon shown overhead as the Inquisitor, previously standing rigidly before the stake, collapsed like a bull at the slaughter. The crowd surged away, futilely pushing for the freedom beyond the market.*

*A pillar of pale blue light streaked down from the heavens, striking the ground in a burst of frozen wisps. For long heartbeats, the blank sky above stood leashed to the godless capitol of Rahadoum below. With a sudden snap, audible even in far Osirion, the pillar of light withdrew to the heavens as the sun resumed its magificence in the sky above.*

*A harsh tug freed her arms as shards of the brittle manacles fell at her feet. Cold fire burned in her gaze as the former victim lifted her chin, glaring at the throngs before her. Pulling her robes about herself, she rose to her full height, tentacles curling beneath her. Gliding*

*away from the stake, one black limb slid smoothly over the extinguished torch. The young woman did not hesitate as she moved between the Rahadoumi, making for the edge of the market and the desert beyond.*

*The godless citizens of Azir stood motionless still as her silhouette faded into the desert, the shimmers of hot air blurring her form. Within the market, fog obscured the ground as the hot sun slowly melted the rimed figures of the residents of Rahadoum's great marketplace. A great shout rose from the periphery as those who had been unable to get closer earlier rushed forward, bumping into their frozen compatriots with the sound of tinkling ice hitting frozen sand.*

Turning their backs on the gods, the people of Rahadoum limited their influence and in so doing, felt themselves safe in a world that they understood. Although unhappy with the situation, there was little the gods could do and so time almost seemed to stand still in the small desert haven.

Unknown to the Rahadoumi however, there exist forces in the universe that even the gods fear to believe in. In the space between the stars above, malevolence awaits the doom of both men and gods, for the time when the dream called "Life" ends.



## SOTHIS, OSIRION

*A tall woman stood unmoving in the middle of the crowded market, her dark eyes staring ahead unseeing. The crowd flowed around her with ill-humor, jostling each other with curses as elbows were planted in ribs. Amazingly, despite all the ruckus, the source of the disturbance, the lady herself, stood untouched. Foreigners might mistake her for a pesh addict, but no native would make that mistake.*

*The Mwangi slaves were the first to sense the disturbance in the market, although some would later say it was the animals who cued them in. They called her Mahalo, the Other, and fled to the back of their pens whenever the black robed woman passed.*

*The Osiriani didn't realize what was in their midst until a young thief tried to ply his trade. His incoherent cries almost brought the Watch down upon them all and even once she had moved on, nightmares of indistinct shadows with too many limbs would keep him awake for the next fortnight.*

*In the end, the leading merchants pooled their resources and hired an inquisitor of Sarenrae. After three days of observation, he came in the early dawn hours, lighting heady incense and sprinkling holy water. Tense silence reigned throughout that day and the next as the nervous populace waited to see if she would return.*

*The priest finally declared the market free of her curse on the third day without an appearance. The spontaneous celebration that then ensued lasted for nearly a week and even the slaves were allowed to partake when an aurochs was sacrificed in the square.*

*Alhandra sat stiffly astride the camel, a young boy running along behind to spur the recalcitrant beast into moving. She had joined the caravan outside Sothis, bound for Eto in search of another expedition. Her last, an ill-fated venture led by Nexian arclords, had ended badly with virtually the entire group wiped out by elementals.*

*It had been almost half a year since she left the University in Leipstadt in pursuit of Dr. Henric Pinkerton, Professor of Archeology and Ancient Studies. A mere graduate student in Astronomy, she'd not worked very closely with the good doctor, and if pressed, could not have explained what sparked her to begin this trek. Such musings were in the past however, and now she simply continued her search, unconcerned as to the reason why.*

*The odd gait of the camel lulled her to sleep as it finally gave up its efforts to flee. Her eyes narrowed and then slowly closed as she fell asleep, remembering her last days in Leipstadt.*



*"I can scarcely believe it!" Freidrich spun in a circle, all propriety forgotten as he grabbed the hands of the vadrani girl and danced a jig. "I never would have thought that Triaxus would conceal The Stranger until the final months before the Enigma. I always imagined the academies of Jamelray to be focused inwards, not upwards to the stars."*

*As always, her laughter brightened the room as she joined the dance, overlooking the impropriety this once. In heavily accented Taldan, she giggled, "By Irori's light, I daresay you have a point, for I did not learn my craft in Jamelray. There, I am the daughter of a shepherd, no matter that he owns over three hundred sheep and has not actually touched one in a decade. No, I learned my trade at the Academy of the Heavens in Katheer."*

*"And how lucky I am that you did Alhandra," the young Ulastav scholar proclaimed, "for how else would I have found you. This will be the capstone thesis of the year and will earn you the ermine when you walk. I can almost feel the jealousy I will have to deal with once we are married."*

*Arm in arm, the pair nearly skipped as they left the observatory that night, each to their beds and dreams of a glorious future, together.*

*Unbelievably, neither ceremony, not her graduation nor their impending wedding, would ever take place. Freidrich Gustavson would be found nearly comatose seven days later, his rants of a stranger invading his dreams bringing bewildered looks from his fellow faculty and the doctors at Gillateaux's Asylum.*

*Those long days would see Alhandra at his side during the daylight hours and pouring over his notes after dark. She would never be able to point out the exact moment when she finally solved his equations, for she immediately rushed to his telescope to search the night sky. Despite a faculty of several hundred and students numbering in the thousands, none of them would realize that something else had come to Golarion that night, nor that it was currently looking through the wide eyes of a young vadrani girl.*