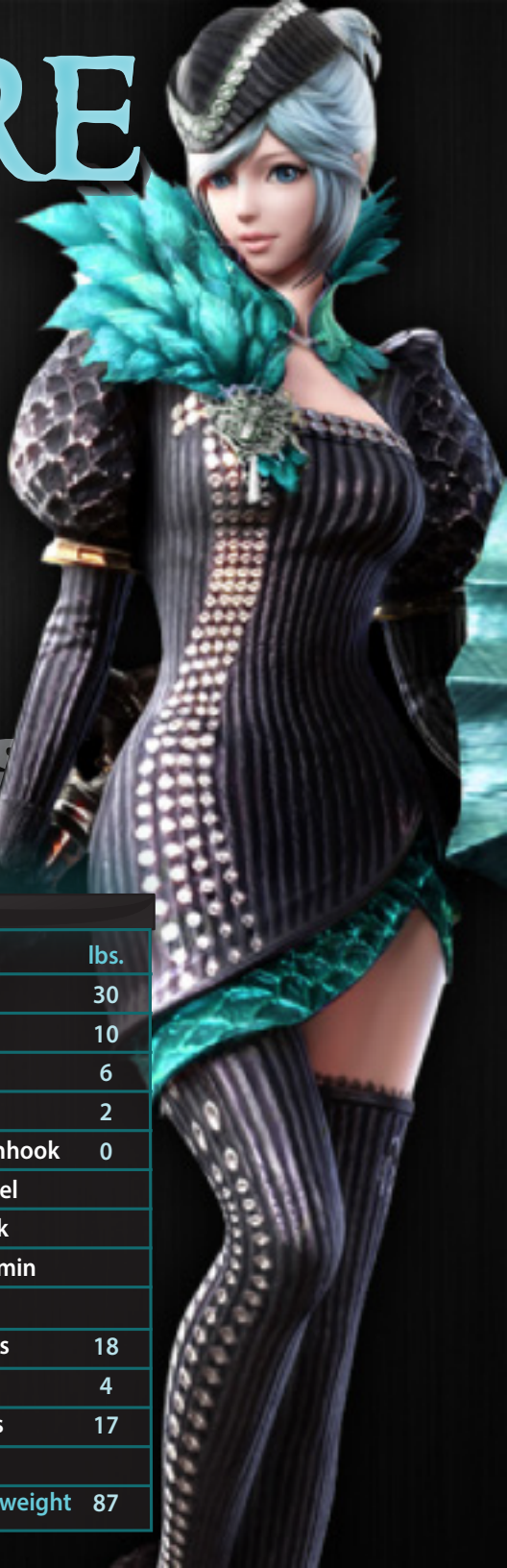


# PORTIA JAGGERE

## The Golemancer



JAGGERE  
MWORKS

1 battle oracle human lawful good oracle 20' 17 5'4" 97 lbs

level/class	ability score	total	race mod	alignment	favored class	armor class	move	age	height	weight
STR strength	16	+3	HP hit points	11 / 11	AC armor class	17	LIGHT encumbrance	76		
DEX dexterity	10	+0	INIT initiative	+2	TOUCH armor class	10	MED encumbrance	153		
CON constitution	14	+2	EXP experience	0	FLAT-FOOTED armor class	17	HEAVY encumbrance	230		
INT intelligence	14	+2	FORT fortitude	+2	+0	+2	CMB combat maneuver	+3	LIFT overhead	230
WIS wisdom	10	+0	REF reflex	+0	+0	+0	CMD maneuver defense	13	LIFT off the ground	460
CHA charisma	14	+2	WILL willpower	+2	+2	+0	SP RES spell resistance	-	DRAG push or drag	1150

**FEATS & FEATURES**

skilled +1 skill point/level

focused study skill focus 1, 8, 14th level - bonus feat

oracle curse haunted standard action to recover gear, dropped items scatter 10'

dual-cursed oracle tongues does not improve w/level

tongues celestial may only speak celestial in combat

war sight roll twice for initiative

skill focus +3 spellcraft

power attack -1 attack/+2 damage

classically schooled +1 trait bonus to spellcraft

reactionary +2 trait bonus to initiative

spell	level	No.	DC
cantrips detect magic, read magic, light, detect poison	level 0	4	12
1st level bless, shield of faith	level 1	2	13
	level 2	-	14
	level 3	-	15

**LANGUAGES**

common, chelaxian, celestial

**weapons & attacks**

weapon	attack	damage	crit
heavy mace	+3	1d8+3	x2
melee dagger	+3	1d4+3	19-20
sling	+0	1d4+3	x2

**SKILLS**

skill	total	armor penalty	misc
acrobatics	6	-4	-6
appraise	2		
bluff	2		
climb	3		-6
craft armor	-	2	3
craft weapons	-	2	3
diplomacy	6	1	2
disguise	6		2
escape artist	6		0
heal	4	1	0
intimidate	2		2
knowledge religion	6	1	2
perception	4	1	0
ride	6		2
sense motive	4	1	0
spellcraft	10	1	2
stealth	6		2
survival	0		0
swim	3		3
use magic device	3	1	2

**GEAR**

Item	lbs.
scale armor	30
heavy wooden shield	10
heavy mace	6
backpack, sling, dagger	2
bell, signal whistle, chalk, fishhook	0
candle, tindertwig, flint & steel	
parchment, journal, pen & ink	
sewing needle, earplugs, vermin	
repellent, wandermeal, tent,	
bedroll, blanket, extra clothes	18
50' rope, hammer, 4 pitons	4
cooking and mess kit, 2 sacks	17
19 gold	
<b>total weight</b>	<b>87</b>

Portia never said goodbye when she left Magrimar. She simply hugged her parents, her tears mingling with those of her father, before slipping out the back door, barely in time to catch the coach.

Her father, a blacksmith, had come to Golemworks in his thirties, drawn by a job offer and increased pay. Born in Korvosa, he'd made arms for the Ebon Guard and while prestigious, the position was hardly lucrative.

Her mother, a new graduate of the Academie, had come to Magnimar three months later. She was one of the few Conjurers with the Works, brought in as a researcher.

The couple met quickly enough, for Korvosans in Magnimar stand out easily but make friends only with great effort. One thing led to another, as they tend to do. Before long they became friends, then lovers, and eventually, husband and wife. In this way, Portia's birth seemed fated, though in fact, it wasn't actually anything of the sort.

She loved the 'Works and as a young girl, had dreamed of spending her entire life there. Wanting to continue in the footsteps of her parents, she'd learned to work the anvil at a young age. At night, she studied the arcane arts and had even mastered a few minor spells such as the detection of magic or poison.

It was with great disappointment then, when after years of effort, she was finally forced to face the fact that she had no arcane gift beyond those few simple spells. She would stay up late into the night reading from her mother's spell book, memorizing every word, even the little symbols her mother used to indicate pronunciation or inflection. Every morning at breakfast she would attempt a minor summoning and every morning, nothing would happen.

Despite all her failures, her parents never showed a hint of disappointment, though she knew it must run deep.

Her father clearly loved his baby girl and showed it every day. He wanted her to come to the 'Works and already arranged a position in Jointery. Her talent for intricate

joinings would take her far he said, each time beaming with pride.

Her mother hid her disappointment well for Portia had never seen it, though she was certain it was there. It simply must be. She excelled in her father's work, it was her mother whom she'd let down. Those first spells had come so easily, and at such a young age, that everyone expected great things from her - but then nothing, year after year.

She fought hard to stop the jealousy that came upon her when she thought of her friends. Each had shared their plans as graduation day came closer, some bound for the Academie or the College of Cyphers, others for foundries throughout Varisia to begin apprenticeships. As each one excitedly set out for their future, Portia hid in her room, too ashamed to say goodbye.

Looking out the window of her coach, she watched the city gates first pass overhead and then slowly fade into the distance. She was not going far, only a one day journey, but to a young girl who'd lived her whole life in the 'Works, Sandpoint seemed an entire world away.

In her hands was a letter of introduction to her mother's friend, Ameiko Kaijitsu. Portia had no other options really, having turned down every other possibility.

A person was not supposed to decide what they wanted to be. She knew what life was supposed to be like - she'd seen them create it every day at the 'Works.

A life was prepared with good planning and hard work. Once everything was arranged, the foundation laid and the future scheduled, the moment came in a brief ceremony.

Somehow, this innkeeper with a funny name was going to help her learn how to fit into a world that seemed to have no place for her, or so her mother said.

Portia didn't understand how anyone could explain why she'd felt nothing. How could they explain why the day after her graduation had felt no different than the day before.

