

Ravenloft



RAJA

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1 alchemist (vivesectionist, chirurgeon) vishkanya chaotic neutral alchemist sri raji

level/class			race			alignment		favored class		nationality		
ability score		total	mod		armor class			total				
STR strength	11	-	HP hit points	12 / 12		AC armor class	16	MOVE movement rate	30	LIGHT encumbrance	38	
DEX dexterity	17	+3	INIT initiative	+3		TOUCH armor class	13	AGE young adult	20	MED encumbrance	76	
CON constitution	14	+2	EXP experience			FLAT-FOOTED armor class	13	HEIGHT tall for race	5'8"	HEAVY encumbrance	115	
INT intelligence	14	-	FORT fortitude	+4	+2	+2	CMB combat maneuver	+0	WEIGHT thin for race	120	LIFT overhead	115
WIS wisdom	7	-2	REF reflex	+5	+2	+3	CMD maneuver defense	13	GEAR carried weight	?	LIFT off the ground	230
CHA charisma	15	+2	WILL willpower	-2	+0	-2	SP RES spell resistance	-	TOTAL if carried	?	DRAG push or drag	575

weapons & attacks	attack	damage	crit
kukri	+0	1d4	18-20
shuriken	+3	1d2	x2
light crossbow	+3	1d8	19-20

FEATS & FEATURES

keen senses/limber - +2 perception, escape, stealth
 poison resistance - +1 sv vs poison
 poison use - never accidentally poison self
 toxic - coat weapon w/poison 2/day, swift action
 venom - fort, dc 13, 1/rnd for 6 rnds, 1d2 dex
 weapon familiarity - blowgun, kukri, shuriken
 subtle appearance - +4 disguise to appear human
 alchemy - +1 craft: alchemy
 mutagen - +2 nat armor, +4 phys, -2 mental
 feat: brew potion
 feat: throw anything, add int modifier to splash
 damage, +1 to hit with splash weapon
 feat: point blank shot - +1 under 30'
 trait: finding haleen - +1 hp/sp w/favored class

SKILLS						armor penalty
	total	ranks	class	ability	misc	
acrobatics	dex	2		3	-1	
appraise	int	2		2		
bluff	cha	2		2		
climb	str	-1		-	-1	
craft: alchemy	int	7	1	3	2	1
diplomacy	cha	2		2		
disguise	cha	2	1	2		
escape artist	dex	4		3	1	
heal	wis	-2		-	-2	
intimidate	cha	2		2		
knowledge: nature	int	6	1	3	2	
perception	wis	4	1	3	-2	2
sense motive	wis	-2		-2		
slight of hand	dex	6	1	3	3	-1
stealth	dex	9	1	3	3	2
survival	wis	-2		3	-2	
swim	str	-1		-	-1	
use magic device	cha	6	1	3	2	

SPELLS	/D	DC	SPELLS	/D	DC	SPELLS	/D	DC
level 1	2	13	level 4			level 7		
level 2			level 5			level 8		
level 3			level 6			level 9		

LVL SPELLS

- | | | |
|---|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | cure light wounds | 1d8+1 heal |
| 1 | crafters fortune | +5 one crafting check |
| 1 | disguise self | +10 disguise check |
| 1 | true strike | +20 to hit on next attack |



SRI RAJI

Leaping thick roots beneath an emerald canopy, Raja ran for her life. As much as it slowed her, her father's men would have to pursue on foot, leaving their mounts behind. Lithe and young, with cocoa skin and kohl-rimmed eyes, she could no doubt outrun her armored pursuers indefinitely. The question throbbing in her mind was where, however. No family would be fool enough to take in the daughter of Ajani of Tvashtri. Her father's name would see to that even if her story had yet to catch up.

The Bhavati's displeasure was well known throughout the jungled land of Sri Raji. There had been no mistake that something was crucially wrong as he lifted his first-born aloft in presentation to the gods. Behind him, his wife lay upon a sweat covered divan, filthy with blood and her broken water. Spinning swiftly, quick steps took her to the bedside. "Filthy whore, what have you done?"

No member of his family had given birth to a girl in a hundred generations, much less one with smooth scales and a forked tongue. His was the blood of the tiger and while his descendants would embrace their bestial nature, they would pad upon four paws rather than slither on their bellies. Killing either the mother or the child was out of the question, lest his final hours be sport for the Maharaja's pride. Blessed silver would kill him as quickly as any other, a fact that Raja knew quite well.

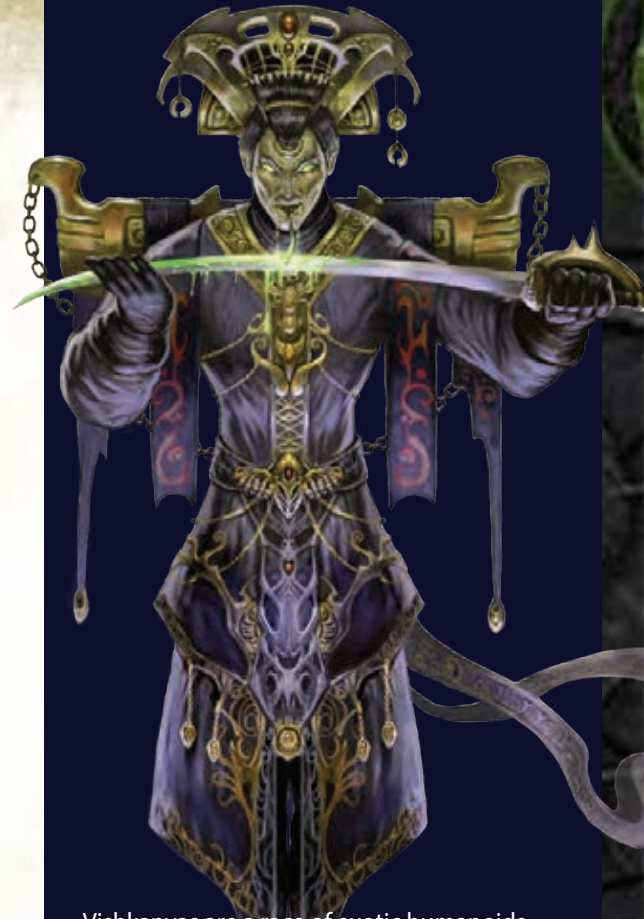
Drawing his kukri, he traced a crimson line down her throat and across one breast. Meeting her panicked stare with cold, feline eyes, he spoke in little more than a whisper. "Don't think I have forgotten our guest of last year. Orphaned, last of your line, a blind end for your ancestors is what you will be by month's end I assure you."

Like all noble husbands, he kept his wife sequestered from the ragged commons, slick minstrels and vulgar guards. He was the only man she needed, and the only one she'd seen in the two years of marriage and no man'd had the opportunity to cuckold him in all that time. No man but one, and who would have thought he'd need refuse her a visit from her own brother.

A feline roar cut through the jungle silencing the cries and calls of the birds. Guards she could outrun, but her father must have called in her uncles and it would now only be a matter of minutes before she heard their hot breath in her ears. Already, she felt her shoulders tighten at the thought of claws raking down her back, her fresh blood lapped up by her striped kin. Whipping her head first to the right and then the left, she spied a clearing, a game trail winding through it. Leaping upon the path, her speed increased although little advantage had been gained. Her uncles ran on flat ground as quickly as beneath the giant trees and she had widened the gap by only the smallest of fractions.

Childhood had been...unpleasant...her distant father's stern disapproval a palpable force throughout the haj. Relief came only once yearly when she visited her mother in far Bahru. The battle between the two families had lasted throughout most of her childhood, stopping only when Ajahani himself stepped in. An accord had been reached, equally unpleasant for all, as was his way. Once a year on the Festival of Kali, she was sent to Bahru where she found surcease for thirty days and thirty nights, after which she returned home to her father's hatred and fury, renewed by the fresh insult.

VISHKANYA TRAITS



Vishkanyas are a race of exotic humanoids with poisonous blood. Possessed of an alien beauty, these graceful humanoids see the world through serpentine eyes of burnished gold. Their supple skin is covered with tiny scales, often of a light green, which are sometimes arrayed in patterns not unlike those of a serpent. They cannot be generalized as good or evil, but since they truly speak with forked tongues, they are content to accept the gold they're offered and leave questions of morality to others.

+2 Dexterity, +2 Charisma, -2 Wisdom

Humanoid with the vishkanya subtype.

Keen Senses: +2 racial bonus on Perception

Limber: +2 racial bonus on Escape Stealth

Poison Resistance: Racial bonus on saving throws against poison equal to its Hit Dice.

Poison Use: Never accidentally poison themselves

Toxic: envenom a weapon that she wields with her toxic saliva or blood a number of times per day equal to his Constitution modifier.

Applying venom in this way is a swift action.

Vishkanya Venom: Injury; save Fort DC 10 + 1/2 the vishkanya's Hit Dice + Con modifier; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d2 Dex; cure 1 save.

Weapon Familiarity: Vishkanyas are always proficient with blowguns, kukri, and shuriken.

No other woman, neither common nor noble, had proven fertile ground for his seed and Raja remained his only offspring. Young men of noble birth had arrived when her blood first came upon her, but in accordance with the words of the Maharaja, her mother's house must approve the match. They would of course, for there was no sense biting one's own nose in spite. The first to earn approval had been Rajim of Muladi, son of a rich merchant and a truly massive dowry. While handsome enough, she was determined to bring no joy to her father and so it was that her suitor collapsed midway through their first meeting, a poisoned pear falling from his hand.

The battle with Muladi waxed and waned throughout the following year, her father's troops falling to assassins between their raids on the warehouses and plantations of their rich opponent. The conflict had ended only once her uncle Samir slipped over the tall walls of Muladi, savaging the merchant in his bed. With half their gold depleted on assassins, his heir, young Rajim's brother, chose wealth over honor.

It was nearly two years before another suitor could be found. Surrounded by new maids, her last having been executed in the early days of the fighting, Raja once again found herself behind a screen gazing at a handsome young man. Her distrusting father lurked in the next room, where a food taster sampled every dish in secret. Still, it was less than twenty minutes when the young man fell limp, barely having tasted the fruit given by his future bride.

Her father's sheer rage had almost been her undoing as he slaughtered both maids and guards while gripped in a fury that knew no bounds. Once bereft of victims, he padded toward her on soft paws sporting razor claws. Cornered, his daughter drew a sharp knife across her smooth forearm, her green blood welling up and coating the blade. Thus was she spared, the shock in her father's wide eyes snapping him out of the blood red mist clouding his vision.

There were to be no more suitors for the death of the last, accompanied by the slaughter of the maids and guards, ran the length of the land in days. Unable to kill her, unwilling to watch her and tired of replacing servants from keeping her near, her father sent her to the temple of Kali to join the Sisters. There, Raja spent her days in a two room haj deep inside the jungle, surrounded by sharp blades and watchful eyes. Each year for the next three, she travelled to Bahru during the procession to live her thirty days of freedom.

It was during the third year, the sixteenth since her birth, that she learned her fate would not change upon reaching her majority. She'd been dragged unceremoniously, kicking and biting at the Sisters of Kali, back to her imprisonment. The following year



they came for her in padded armor with blunt batons, such that she was able to neither bite nor bleed upon them. Unable to escape, she'd had to watch as the man her mother had hired to carry her out of the city walked away.

Her mother's machinations having been discovered, security was tight the following year. She'd enjoyed the first twenty days, grateful to speak with others, and only thought of escape during the last week, once the guards were out in full force. She returned to the haj quietly that year, thinking to buy some grace for the following. Such was not to be, of course, for the Sisters were not fooled and far more patient than a nineteen year old girl.

So began the following year, her twentieth, the year she would fall into the trap laid by her father. While he could neither kill her nor control her, these truths only held when she was in Tvashtri. In Bahru however, it was her mother's house held responsible and so it was that one morning, during her second week, she found the rear gate unlocked.

Seizing her opportunity without a thought, she ran into the jungle without food, water, or even a knife for protection. A quarter hour later she could hear the guards in pursuit, yet thankfully, the Sisters had already moved on to Muladi. Another half hour that and she found herself where she is now, running down a game trail with her uncles in pursuit.

Sharp pain seared her back as claws flayed open one shoulder blade. Her uncle, probably Samon, was playing with her before the kill. Allowing her to run a few steps into the clearing only to crush her beneath his weight as he pounced. One scratch he'd deliver, each deeper than the last, before bounding off again. Desperately, she fled the clearing, back into the jungle, abandoning the now useless path. Spotting his shadow out of the corner of her eye, Raja turned sharply into his lunge, ducking as he sailed over her head. Running flat out, she rounded a copse of trees and without stopping, fled headlong into roiling mist, impossibly thick in the hot Sri Rajian sun.