

PATHFINDER

ROLEPLAYING GAME™



MORRIGAN
NUOVEG

MORRIGAN NULVEIG

1 beast rider gendarme gnome neutral cavalier

level/class race alignment favored class

ability score total mod

STR strength 14 +2

DEX dexterity 14 +2

CON constitution 16 +3

INT intelligence 10 +0

WIS wisdom 10 +0

CHA charisma 12 +1

HP hit points 14 / 14

INIT initiative +2

EXP experience

FORT fortitude +5 +2

REF reflex +2 +0

WILL willpower +0 +0

armor class total

AC armor class 19

TOUCH armor class 14

FLAT-FOOTED armor class 17

+3 CMB combat maneuver +2

+2 CMD maneuver defense 15

+0 SP RES spell resistance -

MOVE movement rate 15

AGE young adult 56

HEIGHT tall for race 32"

WEIGHT thin for race 37

GEAR carried weight ?

TOTAL if carried ?

LIGHT encumbrance 44

MED encumbrance 87

HEAVY encumbrance 132

LIFT overhead 132

LIFT off the ground 264

DRAG drag 660

weapons & attacks

attack

damage

range

crit

| | | | | |
|----------|----|-------|---|-------|
| falchion | +3 | 1d6+6 | - | 18-20 |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |

SKILLS

armor penalty -4

| | | total | rank | class | ability | misc |
|--------------------|-----|-------|------|-------|---------|------|
| acrobatics | dex | -2 | | | 2 | -4 |
| appraise | int | 0 | | | 0 | |
| bluff | cha | 4 | 1 | 3 | 1 | |
| climb | str | -2 | | - | 2 | |
| craft: alchemy | int | 0 | | - | 0 | |
| diplomacy | cha | 1 | | - | 1 | |
| handle animal | cha | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | |
| intimidate | cha | 3 | 1 | - | 1 | |
| knowledge: dungeon | int | - | | | 0 | |
| perception | wis | 0 | | | 0 | 2 |
| ride | dex | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | -3 |
| sense motive | wis | 4 | | - | 0 | 4 |
| stealth | dex | 8 | 1 | | 2 | 5 |
| survival | wis | 0 | | | 0 | |
| swim | str | -2 | | | 2 | -4 |



FEATS & FEATURES

illusion resistant

dancing lights, ghost sound, prestidigitation, speak with animals 1/day

bond to the land

darkvision 60'

academician: knowledge: dungeoneering

order of the sword

feat: mounted combat

feat: power attack

trait: defender of the society, vermin wrangler, serpent's run

drawback: xenophobic

LANGUAGES - Common, Gnome, Sylvan

RACIAL - ILLUSION RESISTANT: Gnomes get a +2 racial saving throw bonus against illusion spells or effects.

GNOME MAGIC: 1/day—dancing lights, ghost sound, prestidigitation, and speak with animals. The caster level for these effects is 1. The DC for these spells is 11 (12 for Speak with Animals).

DARKVISION 60 FT: Some gnome strains have lived in the underground depths for so long they have given up on light entirely and gained darkvision with a range of 60 ft.

BOND TO THE LAND: Some gnomes have strong ties to specific kinds of terrain, as a holdover from their fey origins. These gnomes gain a +2 dodge bonus to AC when in Underground (dungeons) terrain.

ACADEMICIAN (Knowledge (dungeoneering)) : The Gnome receives a +2 racial bonus on Knowledge (dungeoneering) checks.

BEAST RIDER MOUNT: This mount functions as a druid's animal companion, using the beast rider's level as his effective druid level. The animal chosen as a mount must be large enough to carry the beast rider (Medium or Large for a Small character; Large or Huge for a Medium character). See entry in Pathfinder Ultimate Combat page 36 for more details. (PFUC 36).

CAVALIER ORDERS: You have pledge yourself to the Order of the Sword. Whenever an order of the sword uses Sense Motive to oppose a Bluff check, he receives a +1 competence bonus on the check. The order has granted the cavalier the following special abilities:

CHALLENGE: You can challenge a foe to combat. Choose one target. Melee attacks deal +1 extra damage against that target. The cavalier can use this ability 1 per day. Challenging a foe requires much of the cavalier's concentration. The cavalier takes a -2 penalty to his AC, except against attacks made by the target of his challenge. The challenge remains in

effect until the target is dead or unconscious or until the combat ends. Whenever an order of the sword issues a challenge, he receives a +1 morale bonus on attack rolls against the target of his challenge so long as he is astride his mount. (PFAPG 32).

FEATS - MOUNTED COMBAT: Once per round when your mount is hit in combat, you may attempt a Ride check (as a reaction) to negate the hit. The hit is negated if your Ride check result is greater than the opponent's attack roll. (Essentially, the Ride check result becomes the mount's Armor Class.

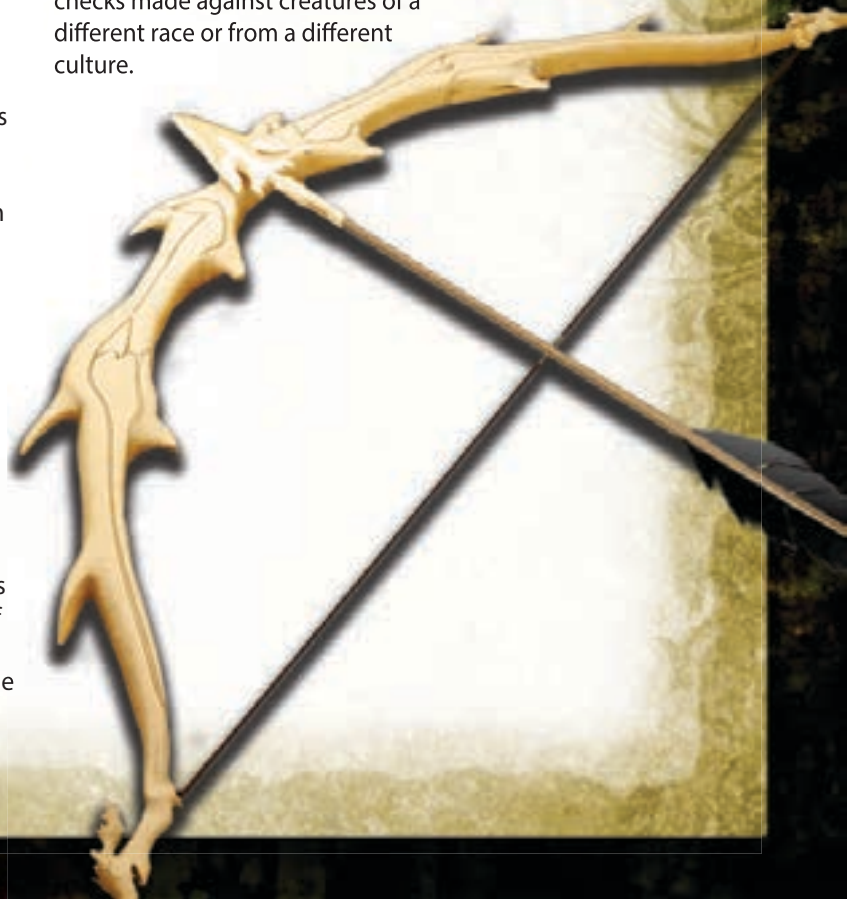
POWER ATTACK: Take -1 to melee attack rolls for +2 in melee damage bonus (+3 for 2HD or with natural weapons that do 1-1/2 Str mod, +1 for off-hand or secondary natural weapons). Lasts until your next turn.

TRAITS - DEFENDER OF THE SOCIETY (Combat): Your time spent fighting and studying the greatest warriors of the Society has taught you new defensive skills while wearing armor. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Armor Class when wearing medium or heavy armor.

SERPENT RUNNER (Campaign: Shattered Star): When wearing medium armor, you treat its armor check penalty as if it were -1 lower.

VERMIN WRANGLER: Benefit(s): You gain a +2 trait bonus on Knowledge (dungeoneering) checks to identify vermin and on saving throws against vermin's extraordinary abilities.

XENOPHOBIC: You have a hard time understanding and trusting those with unfamiliar ways and appearances. You take a -2 penalty on Diplomacy and Sense Motive checks made against creatures of a different race or from a different culture.



CHITTERSPITE

giant spider animal companion neutral small 2 HD

level/class

alignment

size

hit die

ability score total mod

armor class total

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|----|----|--------------------|-------|----|----------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|------------------------|-----|
| STR strength | 6 | -2 | HP hit points | 9 / 9 | | AC armor class | 19 | MOVE movement rate | 30 | LIGHT encumbrance | 44 | |
| DEX dexterity | 17 | +3 | INIT initiative | +2 | | TOUCH armor class | 14 | climb climb speed | 30 | MED encumbrance | 87 | |
| CON constitution | 10 | +0 | EXP experience | | | FLAT-FOOTED armor class | 16 | SPACE tall for race | 5' | HEAVY encumbrance | 132 | |
| INT intelligence | 0 | +0 | FORT fortitude | +3 | +3 | +0 | CMB combat maneuver | -2 | REACH thin for race | 5' | LIFT overhead | 132 |
| WIS wisdom | 10 | +0 | REF reflex | +6 | +3 | +3 | CMD maneuver defense | 11 | GEAR carried weight | ? | LIFT off the ground | 264 |
| CHA charisma | 2 | -4 | WILL willpower | +0 | +0 | +0 | SP RES spell resistance | - | TOTAL if carried | ? | DRAG push or drag | 660 |

weapons & attacks attack damage range crit

| | | | | |
|-------------|----|--------------|---|----|
| bite | +5 | 1d4 + poison | - | x2 |
|-------------|----|--------------|---|----|

4 rounds, 1 Str damage, Fort sv DC 11

SKILLS

armor penalty -2

| | | total | ranks | class | ability | misc |
|------------|-----|-------|-------|-------|---------|------|
| acrobatics | dex | 5 | 1 | 3 | 3 | -2 |
| climb | str | 6 | | - | -2 | 8 |
| intimidate | cha | -4 | | | -4 | |
| perception | wis | 0 | | - | 0 | |
| stealth | dex | 9 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| survival | wis | 0 | | | 0 | |
| swim | str | -4 | | - | -2 | -2 |

FEATS & FEATURES

darkvision 60', tremorsense 30'

+12 CMD vs trip

Link +4 wild empathy & handle animal

combat trained, light armor proficiency (studded leather)

feat: weapon finesse

feat: endurance

tricks: attack

mindless



THE COURT OF ETHER

Perhaps the most infamous of Nar-Voth's regions is also its least visited, even though it extends into the very bowels of Sekamina. This is a great natural rift nearly a mile across called the Endless Gulf. Several winding Nar-Voth passages open onto cliffs overlooking its depths, and dozens of ledges provide precarious means of navigating its sheer walls. The gulf itself is home to countless colonies of bats, doombats, and mobats that nest in the hundreds of caverns that extend off the rift's walls. Few who visit stay long, though, due to the creatures who call its jagged ceiling home.

Amid a vast growth of stalactites exists a fantastical inverted city of narrow bridges, sharp-edged ledges, and many hollow chambers that follow the contours of the stony roof. Strange varieties of fungi grow upside down from the ceiling in concentric rings—some giving off just enough ghostly light for the stalactite-city to be vaguely glimpsed from the depths of the gulf below. This stalactite-city is known as the Court of Ether, home of the dark fey Queen Frilogarma and her followers.

Exiled from the First World an age ago, these fey have long held a truce with the dark folk who dwell in the Shadow Caverns above, and rely on them to protect the surface approach from invaders. The sinister denizens of the Court of Ether are a large part of the reason that the svirfneblin took up residence in Golarion in order to monitor them and thwart their fell plans if possible.

The hanging city is always under surveillance by hidden deep gnome watchers, allied xorn, or other elemental creatures, though they dare not approach too close due to the mystical powers commanded by the queen's court.

Queen Frilogarma is attended in her fabulous city by all manner of fey bearing a violent or cruel streak, including large numbers of gremlins, mites, redcaps, and corrupted pixies with stirges of prodigious size bred to serve as aerial steeds.



THE BLEACHING

Beginning in early adulthood, gnomes who do not regularly experience new things begin to fade in color and lose their connection to the Material Plane, becoming depressed and apathetic before eventually expiring. Few gnomes survive the Bleaching, and most who show signs view it as a delayable but ultimately terminal affliction.

Bleachlings are easily recognized by their subdued coloration and calm, dreamy manner. The overwhelming tendency for such individuals to become druids after their change suggests that something in the process puts them in tune with nature and the natural balance inherent in the Material Plane.

While gnomes often sympathize with those suffering from the Bleaching, there is a palpable cultural fear surrounding such individuals, and it is common for all but immediate family to shun them. Moreover, many sufferers are greeted with a certain amount of blame from their communities, as the affliction—though horrifying—is generally preventable, and those gnomes who don't take the time to save themselves from certain death are considered to be "doing it to themselves."

Those rare few who manage to survive the affliction's ravages and come out the other side as the dreamy, pale beings known as bleachlings are treated with even greater distrust, as in the mind of most gnomes, they've survived something that no one should—bleachlings are not exactly back from beyond the grave, but they're eerie to say the least.

Bleachlings may still continue to adventure after their ordeal, yet their reasons tend to shift. No longer do they require complicated projects to keep them busy in the small hours, nor must their gear be arranged just so. Instead, they become centered and still, appearing calm even in the midst of battle, and it is a rare sight indeed to see a bleachling lose her temper.



PATHFINDER LODGE, MAGNIMAR

Shiela Heidmarch sat behind her desk, the embroidery of her blue and green dress glinting in the lamplight. The room seemed cramped and stuffy, but the Pathfinder Venture-Captain always assumed that was because she'd rather be outside.

Looking up, Koriah Azmeren finished tying and errant boot string before continuing their conversation. "And you really think this gnome can help me?"

Sheila nodded, quite certain. "She's originally from Nar-Voth and I dare say she knows the Darklands better than most."

This peice of news seemed to make Koriah even more doubtful. "Aren't the gnomes of Nar-Voth all in the Court of Ether? Do you mean that she's a svirfneblin?"

"Well, no, not exactly. She is very different from the other gnomes of the Court however. Nothing like them at all, actually."

Smelling a evasion, Koriah pressed forward. "Nothing like them how?"

"Well, it's not something you just want to come out and say about somebody. I know, I know. You have strict guidelines on who you will travel with. I understand. You see, she's a.....bleachling.

"A BLEACHLING! They don't care about anything, not even their own lives? Would she even care if we all fell into a trap and died?" Koriah was not certain that Shiela was even being serious here. Was there a hidden scrying portal somewhere here, recording this moment for the

lodge's entertainment later?

"Oh come now, it's not as serious as all that. Of course she'd care if you fell into a hole and died. Parties always have a little bit of trouble working together. I've found that one was to get past it is to always be the one carrying the provisions."

"So she'd rescue me because I'm the one with the food."

At this, Sheila looked somewhat hurt. "Of course not, after all, she is a member of my lodge. She definitely rescue you, you can count on it....it just might happen more quickly if you happened to have the food."

With a scowl on her face, Koriah struggled on. "So, what else have you to tell me about this Great White Gnome, explorer of the Darklands?"

Smiling again, Sheila continued, more forfully, for this was trully her lodge. "She lives in the Shadows, in a home built on the underside of the span looking down onto the slums. I have no idea how, or even why, she created such a marvel, but there it is. Having lived their whole lives in Magnimyar, many don't see it, but you just take a peak up around the second chiming of the night bell and you'll see a light next to the span."

"So, she lives in an upside-down building on the bottom side of a giant arched span. Would you mind illuminating as to how I should get her attention should a need to convey a message or set an appointment, or even, Desna forgive me, need to retire her services?"



KORIAH AZMEREN

Sheila chuckled at that last thought. "Don't worry about cancellencing her services. It's easy to say, not so easy to do. Grammer tried to cancel her services once but she brought his ring back all save and sound. It worked out quite well. Well, for almost everyone! Maybe if you shot an arrow with a note on it? I'm sure she'd that and I'm confident that she wouldn't return fire.

Koriah could see her patience receding in the distance, but damn if she didn't need Sheila. Smoothing down leathers, she tried a different angle. "Has this....bleaching ever caused harm to another Pathfinder? She sounds somewhat difficult to handle."

Waving her arms and swinging her head NO, Sheila emphatically put the squash to that rumor. "Absolutely not! Morigyn knows the rules here:

Explore, Report, Cooperate!

She's pretty fanatical about the rules, says they must be followed or it all goes south fast. You'd almost think she was a Hellknight the way she sticks to them.

Koriah was really confused now. "I've known Pathfinders that will stab you in the back for a copper. Why does this Morigyn have such a bad reputation then?"

Sheila sits back in her chair, trying to delay the inevitable. "So, Koriah - tell me. How do you feel about...spiders?"

"Why I hate the things! There are a few things you never forget in life - the howls of drow when the lights go out, the click beneath you when you just sat down for lunch, and the slowly lowering legs of a spider when you're sitting in it's web. You just know that abdomen's gonna be bigger than your head. Brrrrr."

"Well, you shouldn't have too much trouble for a while at lease. She normally fights a....., a.....mount, but is currently trying to train another so it will not be ready for your mission. It shouldn't be larger than your head, but maybe if you leave your helm on it will be okay."

This last earned an odd look from Koriah, as though she didn't believe it. "Anyway, you know how particular I am about those I work with. How well does she work with others?"

"Oh, she's great! Very cooperative. If you were to mention, just in passing, that it might be convenient if that sentry over there would quit breathing in a minute or two, I can assure that sentry will very soon begin to have attention span problems."

Koriah beamed at this. If there is one thing loved, it's people who get things done. "So, she fits in well with a group then? Others enjoy having her in their groups and she gets lots of work?

"Hmmm, well, that might be going a little too far. Others definitely work with her....errr....when I order them to. They never complain about her, per se. But that's usually because they are complaining about all of the spiders."

"I notice that you keep mentioning spiders. Is she some kind of drider or something?"

"Oh no, nothing like that, have no fear! No hidden drow here, no ma'am. I guarantee it! It's really immaterial however as she's right outside for some other business. You'll get to meet her in a minute and give me your own impression of her.

Remember however, that she is a Pathfinder of my lodge and is therefore well trained, in good standing regarding our rules and has never had a formal complaint filed against her."



THE SHADOWS, MAGNIMAR

Waking early, the small, white gnome rose from a bed of silken cords and got dressed. Looking outside her door, she could still see that one light with someone behind it. Had the Society sent someone to watch her? Or was it the Court, had they finally found her? Nah, that would be a bit much - it's probably just the derro of Corrunder. They'd been angry when she filched that statue of their goddess and they could probably find her here.

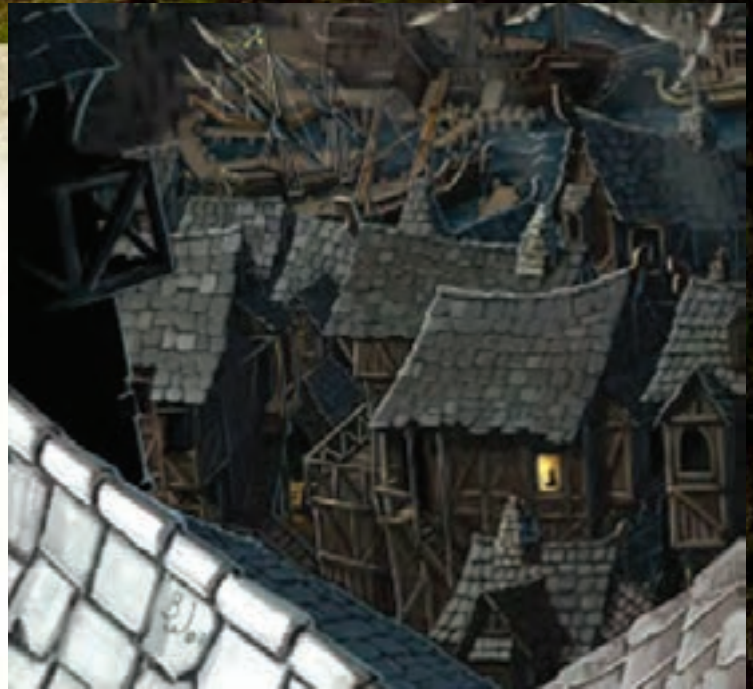
Stepping out the door, she immediately spun around once her feet left wood, just in time to catch a thin black rope with her hand. Swinging out beneath the span, she landed upon a sunken wreck near the harbor and scurried down, on her way to the Lodge.

A stranger would have thought her sometime of spirit, perhaps the ghost of a noble's child. She ran along quietly in exotic armor and while her clothing was not really white, the wisps of ether flapping behind her certainly gave her....that look. It was only once you got closer that you saw she was almost completely covered in cobwebs, that they held her clothing tight to her body, flowed across her chest and then fluttered like a cloak when she ran. None of them seemed particularly debilitating, but they were certainly odd.

Once you noticed that they were populated, your mind did one of two things - it either spent 5 minutes crying in a corner in denial - or it shut down completely. This no doubt explained why she always had the edgeway to herself in the evening, or any time of day for that matter.

Morrigan lived by herself in an upside down house sticking out of the spanway. This was fine with everyone else as it usually gave them warning as to when she would be out. From what everyone could tell, she was not very dangerous because she was very small. Sure, everyone was afraid of her, but it was more in a "Please don't touch me" kind of way. Some mother's told their children that Morrigan would come get them and spin them up in silk if they didn't rise early and this was usually a cure-all for lazy children. Fortunately, no one has actually wrapped someone in silk, yet.

Morrigan actually liked most people, as much as was within her ability and her nature. The bleaching had set in six years ago upon her exile from the Court and at first she had been lost without the various torments that gnomes save for visitors. Eerily, her desire to harm others for her own amusement had left her as did her color. Don't become confused here, for there were definitely difficult times where she lay screaming on the floor in delirium, unable to tell reality from fantasy. She survived those times however, and became stronger through them.



One morning a white gnome awoke and studied the cavern it found itself in. Every inch of rock was covered in webbing leading up to a platform ten feet off the ground. A giant, bloated spider sat atop that platform, its once green eyes now clouded with dust. Five great arrows pierced the head and three legs could be seen lying on the ground beneath the bier. With their queen gone, thousands of her progeny searched the room for food and many bite marks across her body evidenced that they must have occasionally fed upon her. Perhaps that was how she'd survived the bleaching, for her kind usually did not.

Leaping upright, she skipped between the largest spiders to the bier. One jump put her over the corpse and down the corridor behind it. The room beyond was filled with treasure - gold, silver and gems and what appeared to be many items of a magical nature. Hungry herself, she grabbed a single ring - gold with a large ruby, and ran from the room. Deliberately leaping into a sheet of heavy webbing below the platform, she swept up the spiders around her with her new shawl and headed for the exit.

It took six weeks, and many bites, before she found her way to the surface and she knew that there was no way she'd ever find the queen's room again. Once she and her charges finally made civilization when slowly established a place for herself.

And then one day she saw a notice:

"Hear ye adventurers! Treasure awaits!
Join the Pathfinder Society!"

From that day until this one, she has searched for the queen's room. Sure they had rules, even the Court, the very source of chaos had rules. The Pathfinders would help her find the riches she sought however, and her charges find their mother. She'd not run in terror next time she found her true home, of that she was sure.