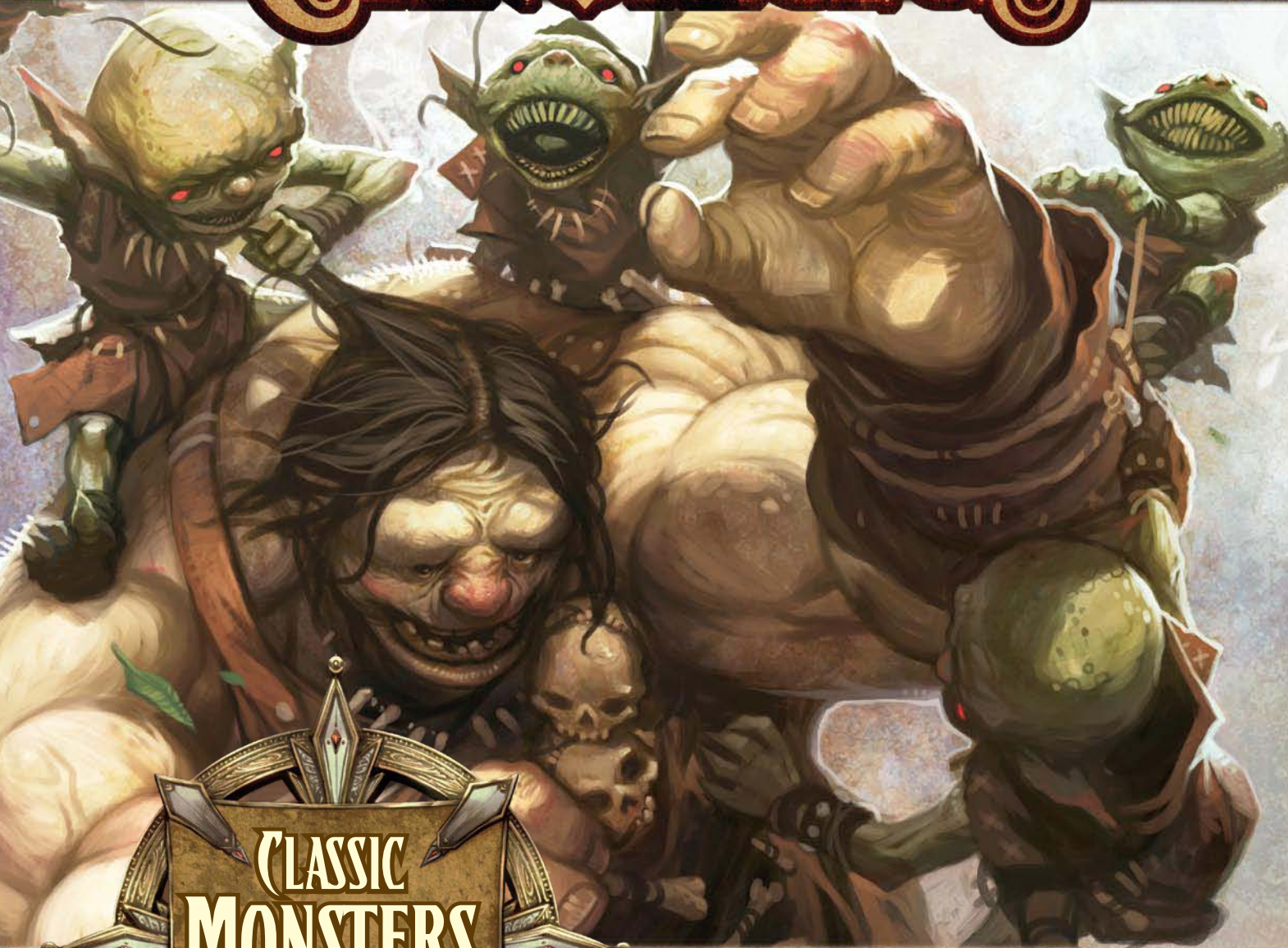


PATHFINDER CHRONICLES™



CLASSIC
MONSTERS
REVISITED

THE GOBLIN SONG

GOBLINS CHEW AND GOBLINS BITE
GOBLINS CUT AND GOBLINS FIGHT.
STAB THE DOG AND CUT THE HORSE,
GOBLINS EAT AND TAKE BY FORCE!

GOBLINS RACE AND GOBLINS JUMP.
GOBLINS SLASH AND GOBLINS BUMP.
BURN THE SKIN AND MASH THE HEAD,
GOBLINS HERE AND YOU BE DEAD!



CHASE THE BABY, CATCH THE PUP.
BONK THE HEAD TO SHUT IT UP.
BONES BE CRACKED, FLESH BE STEWED,
WE BE GOBLINS! YOU BE FOOD!



CLASSIC MONSTERS REVISITED

A *Pathfinder Chronicles*™ Supplement

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction	2
Bugbear	4
Gnoll	10
Goblin	16
Hobgoblin	22
Kobold	28
Lizardfolk	34
Minotaur	40
Ogre	46
Orc	52
Troll	58

CREDITS

Design: Wolfgang Baur, Jason Bulmahn, Joshua J. Frost,
James Jacobs, Nicolas Logue, Mike McArtor,
James L. Sutter, Greg A. Vaughan, Jeremy Walker

Development and Editing: Jason Bulmahn,
Mike McArtor, James L. Sutter

Art Director: Sarah E. Robinson

Managing Art Director: James Davis

Vice President of Operations: Jeff Alvarez

Director of Sales & Marketing: Joshua J. Frost

Cover Artist: Andrew Hou

Interior Artists: Andrew Hou, James Zhang, Ben Wootten

Paizo CEO: Lisa Stevens

Corporate Accountant: Dave Erickson

Staff Accountant: Chris Self

Technical Director: Vic Wertz

Publisher: Erik Mona

Product Identity: The following items are hereby identified as Product Identity, as defined in the Open Game License version 1.0a, Section 1(c), and are not Open Content: All trademarks, registered trademarks, proper names (characters, deities, artifacts, places, etc.), dialogue, plots, storylines, language, concepts, incidents, locations, characters, artwork, and trade dress.

Open Content: Except for material designated as Product Identity (see above), the Appendix of this Paizo Publishing game product is Open Game Content, as defined in the Open Gaming License version 1.0a Section 1(d). No portion of this work other than the material designated as Open Game Content may be reproduced in any form without written permission. To learn more about the Open Game License and the d20 System License, please visit wizards.com/d20.

Pathfinder Chronicles: Classic Monsters Revisited is published by Paizo Publishing, LLC under the Open Game License v 1.0a Copyright 2006 Wizards of the Coast, Inc. All other trademarks are property of Paizo Publishing, LLC. ©2008 Paizo Publishing. Printed in China.

Paizo Publishing, LLC
2700 Richards Road, Suite 201
Bellevue, WA 98005

paizo.com

Something Old, Something New...

When I first started working on *Pathfinder*, the prospect of helping to create a brand new world was at once both overwhelmingly exciting. And just plain overwhelming. Nothing beat that point further into my brain than the realization that we truly were on our own. There's not much beyond combat stuff in the SRD, you see—very little even about monster descriptions, let alone information about their societies, beliefs, and goals. Whatever I did with the monsters in *Pathfinder*, I had to start from scratch. And that, more than anything else, was why I chose to start with goblins.

Of all the game's classic monsters, I think it's the goblin that gets ignored the most. Sure, now and then you see cool adventures featuring goblins, but nowhere near as often as you see stuff about orcs or kobolds. Or hobgoblins, for that matter!

I had a few ideas from the start about how I wanted our goblins to behave. I wanted them to be nearly feral, cruel, and scary, things that could swarm you in a heartbeat and eat the flesh off your bones in not much longer. But I also wanted them to be fun, silly, and comedic. The movie *Gremlins* was certainly one point of inspiration, as was *Stitch* from *Lilo & Stitch*, but just as much a source were the old mythological stories about goblins. Stories that, while often being quite gruesome and scary, tended to be rather funny as well.

But before I went too far with them, I wanted to know what they looked like. I knew they were going to be featured on the cover of *Pathfinder* #1, so we decided to order the cover from Wayne Reynolds (along with a few extra goblin sketches) early. I've reproduced the text of that original order here.



"We see a street in a small town at sunset. The street is cobbled, and to either side are buildings with signs hanging over open doors. One sign shows a fat dwarf feasting a chicken leg, and another shows a pixie riding a cat. The focus of the illustration is several goblin warriors wielding wicked curved swords with holes punched in the blades and serrated edges. The goblins are raiding the town, breaking windows, running down peasants, and throwing burning torches into buildings. The goblins ride creepy "goblin dogs" that look like greyhounds with heads that are half-rat, half-greyhound with long ears. The front paws are rat-like, and look disturbingly like human hands.

"The main scene taking place shows one beefy ratdog who's pinned a human fighter to the ground. The ratdog's goblin rider has a hooked spear raised over his head to stab the human, who is busy trying to keep the ratdog from tearing out his throat. Other goblins on their own dogs in the background are causing further mayhem. The ratdogs are each about as big as a pony.

"The goblins themselves should look like small humanoids (about 3 feet high) with large, ragged bat-like ears, fangs, dirty yellow skin, and jagged fingernails. They have large red eyes and tiny noses. Make them look cool and scary. Their armor is patchwork, consisting of leather bits augmented by pieces of bone; they have lots of feathers and tiny animal skull fetishes hanging from their armor and weapons."



That was pretty much it. Obviously we decided to cut the ratdogs (later to become known as goblin dogs) and human victims so we could focus on the goblins. Turns out, that was the right choice.

I talked with Wayne about those goblins at Gen Con (and ended up buying the original artwork that art order produced), and found out that the origin of the goblin's head shape was particularly amusing. Apparently, if you take a round bath sponge and squeeze it in half with your hand, the wide grin-shaped fold it makes kinda looks like a goblin smile. In any event, when the sketches (reproduced here) for those original goblins came in, everyone at Paizo fell in love with them immediately. Sarah Robinson, art director extraordinaire, started imagining them hiding in her home, calling her name quietly and sinisterly. Wes Schneider immediately wanted goblin toys for his shelves.

As for me, the thing that struck me the most about them was the fact that they looked like they were having so much fun raiding this town, and later that evening I wrote up a quick little goblin song for the first *Pathfinder* adventure, "Burnt Offerings," along with a list of top ten things about the little freaks. And just like that, we'd made goblins our own.

There are more monsters on Golarion than goblins, though, and as cool as they turned out, we were really only going to be utilizing them for one adventure before moving on. Ghouls, ogres, lamias, dragons, and trolls all had their turn in early *Pathfinders*, while over in our GameMastery line we were able to do a lot with kobolds and a bit more with lizardfolk, all sorts of fey, mummies... the list goes on. Unfortunately, for the most part we weren't able to do much with them beyond the scope of the adventure.



And that's where this book comes in.

Classic Monsters Revisited takes 10 of the most recognizable monsters from the game's history and examines them in detail. Our goal here was not to reinvent these monsters as much as re-envision them—in most cases, these monsters were harvested from real-world myth, and that became a primary stop in each monster's research stage. But each of these monsters has also been in every edition of the game. We went back to our well-loved 1st edition *Monster Manuals* and mined each monster entry for tidbits there (Did you know that gnolls rarely lived longer than 35 years? Or that common hobgoblin tribe names include the Marrow Suckers, Slow Killers, and Skull Smashers?), working our way up to the current edition and doing our best to assimilate all the information. The driving goal was to capture what it was that made these monsters so popular that they remained cornerstones for 30-some years, but at the same time excise the parts that turned them into clichés or made them boring. A daunting task, certainly, but one our authors rose to the challenge of meeting.

There's a little bit of crunch information scattered about in here, among minotaur double crossbows, bugbear feats, kobold gizmos, and more, but the bulk of this book is purely flavor. Here and there, we've even included quotes from the people who live on Golarion—people who have to cope and deal with these monsters, sometimes on a daily basis. Through their words we can see just how life might be if you had to worry about goblins sneaking into your yard after dark to steal your trash (and perhaps to come back the next night to kill you with what they've made from that trash), or had to plan your long overland trips to coincide with well-known ogre moots so the hideous brutes would be less likely to be crouching in the woods beside the road, ready to ambush the next traveler to wander by. It's a fun world to read about, but I'm not sure I'd want to live there.

Although, truth be told, the possibility of being able to take over a local goblin tribe and rule over them as a living god *does* have a certain level of attraction, doesn't it?

James Jacobs
Editor-in-Chief
james.jacobs@paizo.com



Bugbear

“A creak from the porch steps and a hulking shadow flits across the windowpane. In the barn, the animals grow restless. They sense something in the dark. Inside, the family members sleep deep, coddled by their dreams, not realizing a nightmare stalks their home. A creature—all shaggy fur and murder—waits in the closet, under the bed, behind the windblown curtains. It will burn your barn and feast on your livestock, ruin your home and eat your sweet meats. A bugbear does not merely kill. It takes everything from a victim, shredding his sanity with the worst of his fears and nightmares.”

—Euward Carnaby,
Things in the Darkness

There are things that go bump in the night, and many of them are bugbears. These shaggy cousins of goblins are larger, stronger, and far crueler, and spend most of their days seeking out civilized folk to frighten and slaughter. For the bugbear, acts of terror are the only joys they seek, drawing grim satisfaction in the horror of others.

Overview

Bugbears are the things in the dark. They are the monsters in your child’s closet, tormenting him but avoiding detection when you wrench open the door. They hide beneath your window in the night, listening to you sleep, soaking up your nightmares. Fear of the night is universal among humankind, and bugbears are the truth to this fear. They feed on terror with an appetite no mortal man could ever understand. It is more satiating than food, more intoxicating than any drug, even more satisfying than the companionship of their own kin. Bugbears stalk mankind to satiate an urge more demanding than any other. The scent of fear drives them.

A victim's face aghast with horror as the bugbears emerge from the shadows is the only true joy they know.

Bugbears are hunters by nature, although instead of seeking food or glory, they only desire terror. Nothing but fear slakes this need, and every bugbear spends its life a slave to the hunger. Their addiction is our terror, as they prowl the shadows every night hunting man, woman, and child. They are stealthy and delight in giving away their presence to a victim slowly—at first in creaks or thumps in the night their prey can easily dismiss as the wind, next in an open window the person doesn't remember leaving ajar. The bugbear engages in a slow-building dance of innocuous noises and clues to raise the victim's hackles and draw out the scent of the victim's rising terror.

Bugbears care nothing for order, have no conception of ethics or morals, and discard family and traditions as mere obstacles to the hunt. What few trappings of civilization they carry are actually little more than mementos of particularly terror-filled nights of hunting, which they long to remember again and again. They take ears as trophies, but only when the night's sport proved particularly satisfying. On dismal nights when no prey is at hand, bugbears hold their necklaces of ears close and do their best to summon the memory of succulent fear-scent gifted to them by those dying victims.

Ecology

Bugbears are squat, ugly creatures, standing as tall as a man when upright, although preferring to hunch and skulk. They are strong, thick-shouldered louts, and their dark bushy fur hides rippling muscles and a hulking skeletal structure. Although comparable in height to humans, they outweigh humans of their height by a good 30 pounds. Bugbears are surprisingly light-footed for such beefy creatures, capable of navigating creaky old wood floors as carefully and quietly as beings half their size.

Bugbear eyes are frighteningly large—these alien-looking giant ovals on the sides of their heads lack of pupils, which only make the eyes seem even bigger. Their teeth are made for eating the raw meat of fresh kills. These needle-like sawing blades gnash and rend tissue to bits. Although larger than other goblins, bugbears are capable of slinking through small spaces when the need presents itself, and can hide in the shadow of a closet door as well as most of their smaller brethren.

Bugbears' porcine noses are incredibly keen. Their sense of smell is better than any other goblinoid and better than most animals as well. Still, their noses are far from perfect, and the air passages constrict to catch the nuance of a scent. The effect sometimes causes bugbears to wheeze freakishly as they sniff the air, puffing in nostril-fills of scent rapidly. When bugbears

BRAMBLE-SICK BRANDY

In most forests, a bramble called tomb herald—because it grows near burial grounds—is prized by bugbears. When eaten (a painful experience), the thorny bush slightly enhances the monster's ability to smell fear. When fermented into a spirit, the bramble's power increases in potency. When a bugbear is drunk on bramble-sick during a hunt and catches the scent of a victim's fear, it temporarily gains a +2 morale bonus on all attack rolls and skill checks (for as long as it smells pungent fear from a foe within 30 feet). The drink makes the imbiber very ill once its effects wear off (1d4 hours after consumption), causing it to be nauseated for 24 hours. Many bugbears are willing to tolerate this in exchange for the power of the brandy. More than a few adventurers have happened across a bugbear after a night of indulgent bramble-sick-enhanced hunting and found their quarry particularly easy to defeat.

fail to sneak up on their foes, it is not their footfalls or the rustle of their leathers that give them away, but more often their wheezing.

Bugbears smell fear more strongly than anything else and it intoxicates them. For a bugbear, the hunt is a narcotic experience, and the point is not to kill a victim undetected as much as it is to inspire dread and unease.

The average bugbear lives only 20 blood-soaked years, during which it culls hundreds of lives with its homicidal nocturnal hunts. While goblins breed almost incessantly, bugbears tend to focus their attentions elsewhere. Bugbears only bother to breed a few times in their lives, as they tend to keep to themselves, even when hunting and living in groups. When bugbears do procreate they frequently give birth to twins or even triplets. Although the hardy goblinoids are physically capable of carrying several young, the birthing process often proves difficult, the danger increasing exponentially for each child. Even though birth is often a solitary affair, handled by a female bugbear alone, the mother's death during delivery typically proves little hindrance to her relentless young, most of which prove brutally capable of fighting their way into the world even under the most appalling conditions.

The impressive self-sufficiency of bugbear young only grows as they age, leaning to hunt by age 2 and reaching full-size within 5 years. Bugbears do not coddle the weaklings among their brood, and only infant bugbears who exude little or no fear survive at all. As they age, the weak are further culled by their own brothers and sisters, the games of war and sibling rivalries of other races taken to a brutal and often lethal degree among bugbear kin. As a result, those bugbears who survive their pitiless childhood are ruthless specimens who know nothing of fear or mercy.

BUGBEAR SCARS

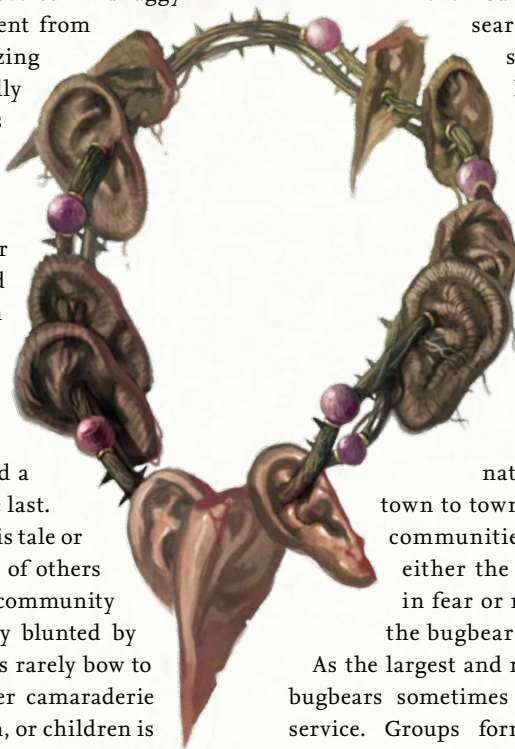
Bugbear have no families and raise no children to remember their hunts or deeds. Therefore, they record the stories of their lives on their skin in brutal, self-inflicted scars. These scars have no discernible shape to anyone besides other bugbears, but other bugbears decipher the scars with ease. Bugbears choose their mates based on the "tale of great hunts" told in these scars, picking worthy fathers or mothers for their broods to ensure the offspring are fierce hunters and can survive being abandoned at early ages.

Habitat & Society

Bugbears are the loners of goblinkind. One creation myth claims the first bugbears were born to goblin parents, but emerged from the womb covered in shaggy fur. They soon proved far different from their kin, delighting in terrorizing other children and eventually murdering several members of the tribe, until they were cast out to wander aimlessly forever alone. Some skulked in the shadows surrounding their parents' communities and preyed on their own, savoring the fear. On occasion, adventurers discover goblinoid settlements reduced to ghost towns. Some whisper that such places are laid to waste when a family in the tribe birthed a bugbear and it hunted them to the last.

Whether there is any truth to this tale or not, bugbears abhor the company of others most of the time. Their sense of community among their own kind is equally blunted by their thirst for the hunt. Bugbears rarely bow to any sense of family, and whatever camaraderie they bear for their mates, brethren, or children is always under attack. Most groups are short lived, torn apart from within before long, unless a steady source of prey remains readily available.

Bugbears are consummate hunters. It is in their souls to stalk and kill. Long ago, before humans claimed much of the land, bugbears hunted elves, lesser goblinoids, and animals in the sprawling wilds untainted by human civilization. Now humans take the trees, building houses in their stead. The prey and terrain might have changed, but bugbears haven't. They still hunt and terrorize. Creeping under porches and stealthily skirting rooftops, they prowl a forest of hewn wood and masonry as surely as their ancestors stalked in the shadows of tree and rock.



Humans proved delicious. Bugbears now prefer humankind to all other game. Only blink dogs, for some strange reason, issue as tantalizing a scent of fear, and they are much harder to catch than humans. As humans replaced elves as bugbears' preferred targets, stalking the loved ones of their intended prey became a favored sport. Elves seem to be less emotionally concerned for their families than humans, who experience great anguish when loved ones suffer.

As humans spread out into the wild lands, bugbears' ideas of perfect hunts evolved. To take victims' loved ones right from their beds without the targets detecting the intrusions became the favorite sport of many bugbear hunters. The bugbears claim the ears as trophies and leave the wrecked remains on the family's doorstep or in their barn, to be found only after a frantic search of the house. Sometimes, to sweeten the terror, the bugbears leave severed fingers or a few teeth for the family to discover first. The bugbears then prowl from window to window to observe and enjoy the victims' mounting panic as the search intensifies. In townships and cities, where other humans lurk close by, bugbears take great precautions to ensure their frenzied terror-fests go uninterrupted.

Bugbears are wanderers by nature. They prowl the wilds from town to town, hunting travelers and plaguing communities until forced to move on, when either the humans abandon the settlement in fear or meddling adventurers chase away the bugbears.

As the largest and most brutal of the goblinoid races, bugbears sometimes force their weaker cousins into service. Groups formed around these bruisers are typically little more than mobs that engage in short-lived rampages, typically ending when the bugbear's own brutality tears its band apart. More often, the better organized bands and armies of hobgoblins manage to direct bugbear savagery, employing them as front-line fighters or simply destructive distractions sent before their hordes.

Bugbears frequently engage in the ritual of scarification. Bugbears dig furrows and patterns in their flesh or brand themselves with heated irons. On most bugbears, these scars are well hidden beneath their fur, but on others the self-scarring is more extensive, leaving entire patches of their pelt laid bare to show ugly ropey clusters of scar tissue beneath.



The only other trapping of civilization bugbears take to is the collection of mementos. These mementos are no keepsakes to remind them of dead family or friends, but rather trophies to hearken back to memories of their favorite hunts. Bugbears usually take ears, but some claim possessions of the victims, such as articles of clothing or jewelry that caught their eyes.

Campaign Role

Use bugbears to bring a sense of dread to the PCs. The characters most likely encounter bugbears early in their careers, and you might use these monsters to give the party its first taste of true heart-pounding terror for terror's sake. If the players seem nonplussed by "fear," show them the true meaning of it with bugbears. Putting the PCs' own lives on the line is something they deal with everyday. Mortal danger comes with the territory and PCs get used to it quickly. Instead, use bugbears to go for the people the PCs care about. Bugbears have no real urge to slay a heroic PC, but they very much enjoy the scent of absolute terror pouring off an adventurer who learns his own sister is missing, especially when he finds a bit of bloody hair on the doorstep with the ribbon the PC gave her still tied around it.

Bugbears make the perfect foes for a serial-killer adventure, in which a night stalker preys on townsfolk, reaping the helpless and taking their ears for trophies. They also make good early boss monsters whom even their goblin minions fear.

Treasure

Bugbears have no need for treasure. They have no sense of society and therefore don't value currency in any form. On occasion, bugbears might claim valuable baubles or grisly trophies as mementos from victims, but they do not choose these for monetary value. Despite their disinterest in monetary wealth, the brutish goblinoids do have an innate sense for objects that terrify, often gathering fundamentally frightening or eerie items—bloodstained blades, yellowed bones, wooden fetishes—which they work into weaponry or armor. Thinking nothing of the inherent value of such accoutrements, what a bugbear might view as nothing more than another spike on its armor might in fact be a dirty, but finely crafted dagger or other useful tool.

While bugbears ignore gold and other treasures for the most part, they prize items that give them advantages in hunts, such as *cloaks* and *boots of elvenkind* or *rings of invisibility*, all of which make the bugbears better at sneaking up on victims. Magic items that allow the bugbears to spy on potential victims or travel from one homestead to another quickly reduce the agonizing time spent between hunts. Magic arms

BUGBEAR FEATS

SCENT OF FEAR

All bugbears smell fear, but some sense it far more keenly than others. These bugbears gain advantages against most foes and prove particularly dangerous against those whose spirits are curdled by terror.

Prerequisites: Possess the scent ability, any evil.

Benefit: You can track by smell and automatically pinpoint the location of opponents by scent alone if they are within 30 feet. In addition, you gain a +2 morale bonus on attack rolls against shaken or frightened opponents, and you can detect them at twice the normal scent range (120 feet, pinpoint at 60 feet). You gain a +2 bonus on all Will saves as long as a shaken or frightened target is in range. You cannot be surprised by anyone who is shaken or frightened within range of your enhanced sense of smell.

SOW TERROR

Bugbears are stealthy, and sometimes they use their skill at furtiveness to inspire dread in their prey.

Prerequisite: Stealthy.

Benefit: Anytime you win an opposed Hide check by 5 or more you might sow terror as a standard action. You do so by scraping your nails slightly on a solid surface, causing a board to creak ever so lightly, or rapping on a window pane. The victim cannot detect the source of the sound and dismisses it as the wind or some other mundane source, but the idea that something might be lurking nearby festers in the victim's subconscious. The victim must roll a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your character level + your Charisma modifier) or become shaken for 1d4 rounds.

and armor, of course, are likewise valued by bugbears, although not to the same extent as other savage humanoids. Typically, bugbears have little knowledge or interest in the magic at work in their items, knowing only that they do what they do. Thus, even a bugbear's most valued and valuable magical treasure is likely to be a filthy, gore-stained wreck.

Variants

Bugbears of all kinds infest the world.

Some bugbears, known as kardans, have dark gray fur and prove far stealthier than their lesser brethren. These bugbears sometimes possess the vexing ability to appear as something other than their terrifying selves for short periods of time—such as chairs, rocks, tree stumps, or even the likenesses of loved ones. Kardans gain a +8 racial bonus on Hide and Move Silently and have the following spell-like abilities: 3/day—*disguise self*, *minor image*. A kardan is CR 4.

In wintry climes, albino bugbears called wikkawaks prowl the glaciers by night, hunting settlers and prowling the frosted roofs of log cabins. These creatures fear no wind and bear the bite of cold remarkably well. They also purportedly leave no tracks, although sprinkling salt in the snow shows a wikkawak's prints. Wikkawaks can quell fire and lantern light with a thought. Wikkawaks have cold resistance 5 and the following spell-like abilities: at will—*pass without trace*; 3/day—*quench*. A wikkawak is CR 4.

In swampy environs or near great rivers, another form of bugbears, called murds, is said to exist. Its fur caked in muddy earth, the thing can turn into sludge-like tar at will. In this form, a murd flows through pipes, under doors, and up through cracks in the floor. These menaces easily seep into the homes of men and murder to their delight before slinking away again. It's said a murd fears all serpents and cannot enter a house where a snake is kept as a pet. Murds have the supernatural ability to use a version of *gaseous form*, at will, to become viscous mud. When in mud form, a murd can squeeze through any gap water can and can "flow" uphill, against gravity (although it must succeed on Climb checks as normal). A murd is CR 3.

Some bugbears adapt to human environs better than other goblinoids, and a relatively new species of these terrors has been rumored of late. Called slate-stalkers, these bugbears possess fur containing the gray-black-brown of most urban environments. In addition, these things feed on the coal of industry and woodsmoke. They fear no taste of flame and crawl down hearths where fire burns within to gain access to their prey. They also possess a horrid power of selectable invisibility in which they are visible only to their victims and unperceivable to others. Slate-stalkers especially enjoy terrorizing victims as family and friends look on, dumbfounded at their loved ones' "madness." Slate-stalkers have fire resistance 10 and a +4 racial bonus on Hide checks made in urban settings, and possess the supernatural ability to become invisible to all but one creature three times per day. Except for its chosen creature, the slate-stalker enjoys all the benefits of the *invisibility* spell. A slate-stalker is CR 4.

Some bugbears are stillborn, but suddenly wheeze in a sharp intake of breath and return to life a full hour after their dead birth. These are the worst bugbears of all. Forever half-dead, these things, called koblaks, have eyes even larger than their kin and see through walls and over hills. In addition, these abominations can terrorize victims after death and even learn the secrets of their victims. Koblaks can also scare victims to death and take great delight in doing so. Children slain by koblaks rise as attic whisperers (see *Pathfinder*

#1). Koblaks are half in our world, half in the next, and they do not die easily. Time refuses to reap them, and some live for centuries. They are particularly difficult to slay, and any weapon employed against them is nearly useless unless it is sprinkled with grave dirt first (DR 10 against any weapon not sprinkled with grave dirt). It's said grave dirt is the only thing capable of calling them back to beyond the pale from which they were born. Koblaks have 8 HD, are immune to fear and mind-affecting effects, and possess the following spell-like abilities: at will—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *speak with dead*; 1/day—*phantasmal killer*. A koblak is CR 6.

Bugbears in Golarion

Bugbears menace lightly populated regions in Golarion, most notably places where humanity has recently expanded, such as the region of Varisia. The Mierani Forest used to be thick with these monsters, but since the elves departed, bugbears moved on to other prey. Some people claim the bugbears fled the forest, driven off by something even more terrifying. Now they are spread far and wide across Varisia, drawn to the fledgling cities of men clinging to the region's coastlines.

The island of Kortos was once densely forested before the arrival of Aroden, who hewed the trees while erecting Absalom. Bugbears long ago migrated to Kortos and some dwell there still, although now they creep in dark corners of the urban landscape. In particular, a koblak bugbear of great power named Vesper slinks about Absalom. Vesper makes his home in the desolation of Beldrin's Bluff, most likely among the undead children of the Drownyard. Vesper often travels the city, visiting the darkened attics of dozens of old estates to spend time with his "lost children"—a collection of attic whisperers he gave rise to with his predations.

Murds abound in the Mwangi Expanse. These deadly hunters are so populous that many native tribes revere snakes and snake gods as protector spirits, keeping several trained specimens in their homes to ward off the "things in the darkness."

Names

Bugbear names tend toward savage, simple constructions, often in combining fearsome words in human languages or Goblin.

Male: Bander, Bershank, Bilgra, Bogey, Daul, Geth, Grizzletooth, Halk, Hugga, Jabb, Roofer, Shak, Shamble-Gait, Slinker, Spalg.

Female: Banra, Bloodra, Fanka, Jalru, Libba, Melg, Narb, Rafter, Sill-Creeper, Silla, Shadow, Sniggletooth, Ulu, Wilda, Yarsha.

BUGBEAR

This ugly creature resembles a twisted shadow puppet's silhouette, a wild thing of flared black and brown fur whose pelt juts out from its body at freakish angles. The crouching shadow's ears are large and floppy, draping shoulder-length, adding to the creature's unnatural shape. Its eyes are too big for its head. Tremendous milk-white ovals loom on either side of the thing's wheezy pig-like nose. Its panting mouth is filled with bristly needle-teeth spider-webbed in disgusting strands of yellowish saliva, all vibrating to the tune of its wheezing breath.

BUGBEAR

CR 3

Medium humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Listen +2, Spot +2**DEFENSE****AC** 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16

(+2 armor, +1 Dex, +3 natural, +1 shield)

hp 16 (3d8+3)**Fort** +2, **Ref** +4, **Will** +1**OFFENSE****Spd** 30 ft.**Melee** morningstar +5 (1d8+2) or**Melee** kukri +5 (1d4+2/18–20)**Ranged** javelin +3 (1d6+2) or**Space** 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.**TACTICS**

Before Combat Bugbears slink in shadow and behind closed doors. They revel in the look of terror on a foe's face when they suddenly loom from the darkness, often with some horrible trophy in hand.

During Combat Bugbears do not enjoy protracted fighting and seek to down a foe and slip away as quickly and quietly as possible. They favor hit-and-run tactics when the situation allows, striking at the most vulnerable point or member of a group.

Morale A bugbear is not foolish enough to fight to the death, as that would preclude it from menacing others at a later date. It usually flees if reduced to 5 hit points.

STATISTICS**Str** 15, **Dex** 12, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 9**Base Atk** +2; **Grp** +4**Feats** Stealthy, Weapon Focus (morningstar or kukri)**Skills** Climb +3, Hide +6, Listen +2, Move Silently +8, Spot +2**Languages** Common, Goblin**Gear** dried human-meat rations, hammer and nails, javelins

(5), jug of bramble-sick brandy, kukri, leather armor, light wooden shield, morningstar, pliers, trophy necklace of ears

You'd never guess such brutes could be so quiet, but let your guard down and they're on you—their breath like a wolf's, their eyes like death.





Gnoll

“The resemblance of gnolls to hyenas only begins with their appearance. Gnolls make a chattering ‘laughing’ noise like that of hyenas when excited or agitated, and like their bestial cousins often drop to all fours when pursuing prey. Possessing formidable jaws and steely stomachs, they’ll eat things no other thinking race would even imagine as food and, worse still, thrive on such scraps. Yet, most like their feral counterparts, they prefer to let others perform the hard work and then skulk in to snatch up the spoils.”

—Sivoah Huot,
The Savagekind of Garund

Feral, savage, and bloodthirsty, gnolls represent the brutal, unforgiving aspects of nature. Discordantly, they also represent the laziest aspects of nature. While slothful gnolls can quite effectively hunt and craft and build for themselves, they favor forcing slaves to do their hardest labors. Opportunists of the highest caliber, gnolls also take as a sign of Lamashtu’s favor the accidental discovery of food, housing, or materiel.

Overview

Gnolls live, work, and fight in groups. A lone gnoll is a survivor of some calamity inevitably looking for a new band to join or an exile trying to find some other group of humanoid to join. Strong believers in the power of community, most gnolls cannot comprehend the lure of independence exhibited by other humanoids. That is not to say gnolls do not have individual tastes and desires, but rather that they cannot imagine living alone or without the presence of other gnolls nearby.

Although they typically live on warm savannahs and plains, they can frequently be encountered underground.

Gnolls are not strong miners, however, and combined with their legendary laziness, they tend to rely on the backbreaking labor of slaves for their subterranean homes. In some cases, gnolls invade dungeons or the underground homes of other races with the intent of controlling and residing within the tunnels.

Gnolls possess a reputation for laziness that, while deserved, occasionally becomes overstated by detractors. While gnolls do despise hard physical labor and most forms of even moderate exertion, they do enjoy hunting and are also more than willing to work hard for a brief period in order to acquire slaves and workers (who then work hard for them thereafter).

Leaders of gnoll bands call themselves all manner of lofty titles, from Chieftain to Consort (of Lamashtu) to Emperor. Regardless of title, although, a gnoll band's leader only retains control with the careful application of force. As the strongest among his band, he leads with brute strength, and his control only extends as far as his reach. Gnolls in an area all pay some homage to a particularly powerful chieftain who goes by a truly grand title, such as the King of All Gnolls.

As the children of Lamashtu, gnolls strive daily to serve the Mother of Monsters. Every band has at least one (and usually more) cleric or shaman of Lamashtu. Clerics are universally female, while shamans always are male.

Ecology

Despite their unnatural creation, gnolls have fully integrated themselves into the natural order. As a species, they have affected the world less than some other humanoids, especially the digging dwarves, plant-manipulating elves, and industrious humans. Gnolls live as a part of nature, serving as upper-level predators who only provide food for true monsters that sit at the very top of the food web, such as dragons.

A gnoll begins life as part of a litter of three to five siblings. Few gnolls come into the world naturally, by passing through a bitch's birth canal. Instead, most are forcefully removed from the womb when their mother slices into her own belly with a knife or claw and delivers her pups by a grotesque form of caesarian delivery. The rarest of gnoll births occur in a similar manner, but initiated instead by a robust pup who rips his own way out of the womb. Such a birth occurs maybe once a century, and he who performs it becomes a great leader of gnolls. These great leaders, called in the gnoll tongue *Garrgartarrm* ("Most Holy Son" in Common), tend to unite massive armies and become legends not only among the gnolls, but also among those who battle them.

At three years of age, a gnoll is dangerous. At eight years it is considered physically mature and is forced to hunt or otherwise contribute to the band. Females become fertile as young as 10 but sometimes not until 18. Late bloomers

GNOLLS AND HYENAS

Bands of gnolls in the appropriate climates live, hunt, and travel with hyenas and hyaenodons (dire hyenas). Some sages speculate that gnolls get along so well with hyenas because Lamashtu created gnolls from the scavengers. Gnolls themselves believe this and hold hyenas in high regard, worshiping them even as some cultures worship ancestors. Indeed, the Gnoll word for hyena is *Rrgarr-rr*, which translates directly to "grandmother" (and which is sometimes mistranslated as "great mother," a title reserved for Lamashtu herself).

When a particularly beloved hyena dies, the band with which it traveled (gnolls become insulted if a visitor suggests they own their hyena "brethren") gives its body to Lamashtu in a day-long ceremony. This ceremony, in truth, involves little more than skinning the hyena and slow-cooking it over a smoky fire to be eaten at sunrise. Such an honored hyena's skull is cleaned, bleached, painted with numerous "magical" symbols (little more than swirls and wavy lines), and drilled with a third eye socket above and between the other two. Gnolls consider these specially prepared skulls extremely sacred, usually as the holiest objects a band possesses.

do not receive sympathy from the band, as females must become either mothers or clerics of Lamashtu by 15 (or, preferably, both). Those incapable of motherhood by that age strive to serve Lamashtu in the hopes of being chosen by her. The unfortunate gnoll bitch who does not meet one of the female obligations by 15 is sacrificed to Lamashtu and consumed by the band. Males have a much easier time in life and are merely required to provide at least 20 pounds of meat to the band before they reach 12. Many gnolls die or are killed in their 20s, but most survive into their 30s, giving the species an average life span of about 28 years. Only the most wily, clever, and lucky gnolls live into their 40s. When a gnoll dies, it becomes meat for the rest of the band. If the gnoll proved itself worthy in life, it gains a short ceremony where its soul is sent along to Lamashtu for eternal service. Otherwise, the gnoll is merely consumed.

A gnoll looks like (and in many ways is) an anthropomorphic hyena. It has a hyena's blunt muzzle and rounded ears, coarse hair (which covers its entire body except the pads on its feet and the leathery skin of its palms), hairy tail, and doglike hindquarters. As a humanoid, a gnoll mostly moves about on its legs, carrying weapons and food with its human-like hands. When agitated, a gnoll frequently drops to all fours, yapping and laughing like a hyena and jumping straight up and down. A gnoll walks and trots on its hind legs with an inefficient loping movement that resembles a half-hop, but when it needs to cover ground quickly it again drops to all fours and breaks into a smooth run reminiscent of the locomotion of a normal hyena.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The gnoll concepts of crime and punishment do not correspond with any other intelligent race. To them, exile is considered the worst punishment imaginable. The following list shows a few of the crimes humanoid tend to commit against one another (as well as a few distinctly gnoll crimes), with their accompanying punishments.

Crime	Punishment
Regicide	Ascend to leadership of band
Murder (non-gnoll, non-slave)	None
Rape	None
Theft (not from band)	None
Theft (from band)	10 lashings
Murder (slave or non-band gnoll)	10 lashings
Possession of contraband	Must share goods with band
Murder (band-mate)	Sacrificed and consumed
Treason (with other gnolls)	Sacrificed and burned
Force other gnoll to work	Exile
Freeing slaves	Exile
Treason (with non-gnolls)	Exile
Worshipping Lamashtu enemy	Exile

Gnolls scarcely affect the surrounding environment, and in fact they tend to aid the natural health of the area in which they settle. Consummate scavengers, gnolls pick up after other races and creatures, reusing or otherwise recycling the leftovers and discards of more industrious creatures. Although most gnoll bands survive by hunting, in truth they use the term “hunter” to truly mean “scavenger and gatherer,” as hunting groups more often return with meat (and other foods) originally brought down by other predators, who are then driven off by the gnolls. In addition to food, gnolls scavenge clothing, armor, weapons, supplies, and even homes. Gnolls live in the wilderness for the most part, but they sometimes take up residence in a village or settlement left behind by another humanoid group. They never build their own homes and they try to avoid displacing groups for a place to live, instead waiting for more powerful creatures to clean out an area before moving on.

In order to support themselves with a minimum of work, gnolls take from and enslave weaker creatures and hire, bribe, or avoid stronger ones. The stronger creatures they hire, such as trolls, act as guards and enforcers. Gnolls actively seek out the service and company of trolls for this reason, and the two races in general get along very well.

Habitat & Society

Gnolls live in small, aggressive bands of raiders and hunters brought together and ruled by a large, powerful male. These

small groups exist for as long as their leaders live, disbanding if their chieftains die naturally. Members of disbanded groups melt into the wilds and join other bands still extant. Despite their warlike ways, gnoll groups rarely fight among themselves (and do so mainly to establish hunting territories), and when they do they rarely fight to the death.

Every region infested with gnolls suffers from one particularly large band led by an especially strong leader, often a flind (see Variants). This leader calls himself the King of All Gnolls (a title that does not carry past his particular region) and his decisions indirectly influence the decisions of other bands’ leaders in the area. Of course, because his subjects are all gnolls, his actual authority only extends as far as his own band.

Religion: At the same time worshipers of Lamashtu and misogynists, gnolls give their females the choice of two paths in life: mother or cleric of Lamashtu. Many of the latter are also the former. A gnoll bitch who has not become one or the other by her 15th birthday finds herself at the receiving end of the sacrificial knife. She who becomes both by that day receives great honor in the band, for she has received twice the blessings of the Mother of Monsters.

The worship of Lamashtu follows two lines: the female clerics and the male shamans. Clerics of Lamashtu perform all the normal functions of clerics in societies—they oversee the births of litters, enforce the spiritual laws of the goddess, perform appropriate sacrifices and other rites, and officiate at the deaths of those deserving of a death service. In these ways, the clerics perform the heavily ritualistic and infrequent practices of the clergy. The day-to-day services performed by religious leaders fall to the male shamans. Shamans bless the daily food of the band, provide magical and mundane healing, beseech Lamashtu for great success in both war and hunting, and advise the band’s leader.

Clerics of Lamashtu show their status in ways recognizable by any creature of the Mother of Monster’s faith, with great gashes in their bellies and sagging mammary glands heavy with milk. A gnoll cleric is regarded by her bands as its mother, and is called as such, regardless of who actually births its members. The cleric serves her band as teacher and caretaker, in addition to her divine duties. It is considered a high honor among the males to be chosen by the cleric for breeding, and even the laziest males work hard to impress her enough to earn a nighttime visit.

A shaman of Lamashtu shows his status with a grotesque practice known as *Raffgarrhurrtauff* (“growing the third eye”). Once he becomes a shaman (a process requiring 2 years of apprenticeship followed by a ritual that determines if Lamashtu blesses the acolyte or desires his flesh in sacrifice), he pierces his own forehead just above and between his eyes. This piercing provides either tiny

studs or hooks from which the shaman hangs the eyeball of a humanoid victim. This eyeball, periodically replaced from a ritualistically sacrificed slave or prisoner, acts as the shaman's divine focus, symbolizing the third eye of Lamashtu and allowing him to channel her divine magic through himself.

While gnolls faithfully worship Lamashtu before all other deities, they also practice a form of secular and superstitious iconographic devotion to the Moon that echoes the devotion of other races to astrology, numerology, and other forms of mundane divination. Gnolls pay great heed to the movement of the Moon and enthusiastically study its position and phase, always carefully noting the best time of day, month, or year in which to undertake a major activity. Most gnolls only pay lip service to this Moon-based divination, but even the most jaded among them speak of *Baufffgarr* and *Bauffftahk* ("good moon" and "bad moon," respectively). This culture infiltrates the gnoll psyche to such an extent that many constantly look toward to nights of *Baufffgarr* to begin important tasks, such as raids.

Laws: Gnoll society relies very heavily on the cohesion of the band. To that end, all gnoll laws prohibit activities that harm the band. While causing permanent harm to gnolls outside the band is seen as improper, it is generally not a punishable offense. Hurting a non-gnoll is never considered a crime, unless the creature harmed belongs to another gnoll or is an ally of the band. Gnolls grow up learning that the good of the band outweighs their own good, and the desires of the band supercede their own desires. Betraying the band is the worst possible crime.

Outside of the band, gnolls respect others of their species. If given a choice, most gnolls do not harm other gnolls, for the two might someday be band-mates. This respect for one another only goes so far, however, and gnolls frequently murder and rape members of other bands, receiving relatively light punishments for the former and pats on the back for the latter (except for clerics of Lamashtu, female gnolls occupy the same social position in a band as non-gnoll slaves). Two gnolls who disagree settle their differences with a nonlethal combat.

Intelligent creatures who work for the gnolls but who are not slaves (such as hired troll guardians or the like) are considered members of the band for as long as they remain with the group. These honorary members of the band can lose their standing more easily than can true gnolls,

however, but most adjust well to living with the gnolls and become true members of the band after a few years.

Punishments: The harshest punishment for a gnoll is exile. A gnoll prefers death to loneliness, and one who is cast from his society frequently seeks companionship from other humanoids—usually orcs or trolls. When a gnoll is exiled, his head is shaved and scarred, showing to all who meet him that he was cast out of his band. Gnolls reserve this punishment for only the most horrific of crimes, which in gnoll society include freeing slaves, betraying the band to non-gnolls, worshiping a deity not allied with Lamashtu, or forcing a fellow gnoll to perform hard labor.

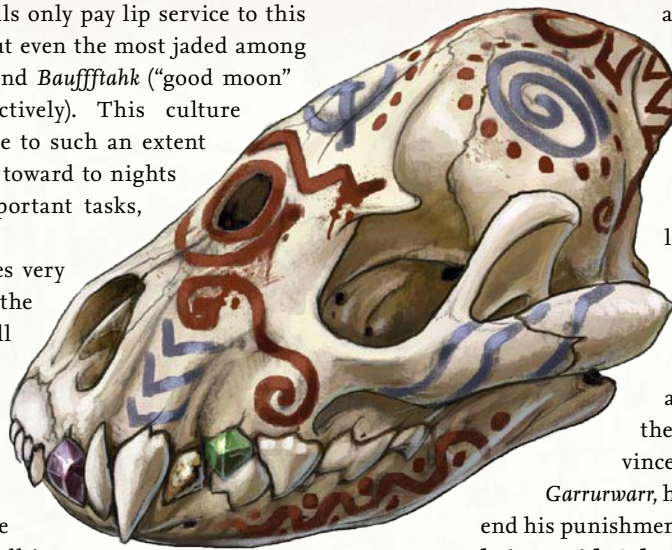
If a gnoll cannot find camaraderie among other races, he walks. He continues walking in as straight a line as possible until hunger, exhaustion, exposure, or predation finally ends his pitiful life. This practice, known as *Garrurwarr* ("holy walk of death") allows the gnoll to regain some amount of respect from his kind. If the *Garrurwarr* walker comes across another gnoll, and after a brief exchange the encountered gnoll is convinced of the legitimacy of the *Garrurwarr*, he might kill the walker and end his punishment.

Relations With Others: Gnolls hire or otherwise coerce trolls to guard their lairs and homes, and the two races tend to get along well. In addition, gnolls cooperate with many goblinoids and orcs. Bands of gnolls who dwell underground frequently take up residence in caves occupied by those other races, working with their neighbors to protect their subterranean homes and to maximize the effectiveness of slave-gathering raids. Groups of other creatures weaker than the gnoll band usually become slaves (although they particularly favor dwarves and humans in that role), groups of equitable strength become partners, and stronger groups are avoided or paid preemptive "protection money."

Campaign Role

Gnolls work well in one of two roles in a campaign: either as slavers of middling importance or as savage and unpredictable antagonists.

As they put precious little effort into anything, even the acquisition of slaves, gnolls tend to keep few of them (usually numbering no more than one slave per gnoll in the band). Slaves of gnolls must work hard in order to



FLINDBAR

Flinds use a weapon unique to themselves known as a flindbar. A flindbar consists of two iron bars, approximately 18 inches long, connected by a short piece of chain (or, in some cases, connected to one another directly with loops at the ends). A flindbar is a one-handed exotic melee weapon that deals 1d8 points of damage as a Medium weapon, 1d6 as a Small weapon. While using a flindbar, you get a +2 bonus on opposed attack rolls made to disarm an enemy, including the roll to avoid being disarmed if such an attempt fails. Flinds are automatically proficient with flindbars and, thanks to their familiarity with similar weapons, treat nunchaku as martial weapons.

provide for the band to which they belong. Those who become ill, injured, or exhausted shortly find themselves the main course in the next day's meal. Thus, the turnover rate of slaves for gnolls is exceedingly high, meaning gnoll bands are almost constantly on the search for new and easily acquired ones.

Feral and savage but also settled and lazy, gnolls are difficult to predict and, thus, to interact with in any meaningful way. A gnoll might immediately attack, attempt to bargain with, run away from, or loudly threaten any human or demihuman who tries to interact with it, and a particular gnoll's response one day has no bearing whatsoever on its possible reaction the next.

Treasure

In theory, everything a gnoll possesses belongs to the band in which it lives, with the leader of the band the final arbiter of ownership. In practice, however, gnolls very much believe that possession grants ownership. Individual gnoll treasure therefore usually consists of items easy to carry and conceal (especially gems), armor, and weapons. Gnolls rarely carry coins, as the jingling made by multiple coins can give away a gnoll's position during a hunt or attract the attention of its band's leader.

Larger pieces of treasure or those too fragile to survive rough handling become the communal property of the entire band. The leader of the band, then, exerts marginal control over these group treasures. Such treasures include finely crafted furniture, expensive trade goods and commodities, chests full of coins and other amassed precious metals, and magic items unusable by anyone in the band or that provides no benefit on a hunt or in a fight.

Variants

In addition to regional and climactic variations, gnolls have a close relationship with a cousin race known as the flind.

Flinds: Larger, smarter, and meaner than normal gnolls, flind tend to become leaders of gnoll bands in which they find themselves. As a race, gnolls look up to flind as younger siblings admire their older brethren.

Perhaps as a result of their creation or for some other reason, flinds are almost universally sterile. That alone keeps their numbers low, and those flinds who can produce young tend to have relatively easy lives, possessing influence at nearly chieftain level.

Flind lifestyles very closely mirror those of gnolls, although with more pronounced extremes of savagery and lethargy. Most flinds live among their gnoll cousins and blend in almost seamlessly. Those who do not study gnolls cannot tell apart the two races except by size, as the largest gnolls and smallest flinds are roughly the same. Flinds have 4 Hit Dice, use the elite array for their ability scores, and are proficient in the flindbar. Flinds are CR 2.

Gnolls in Golarion

Gnolls live on almost every continent, and every geographic area produces its own slightly different version of gnoll.

At the height of Thassilon, most gnolls of Avistan lived in Haruka, where their apathy and laziness were appreciated and encouraged. The armies of Haruka contained thousands of gnolls who ostensibly served as scouts and forward observers. With Thassilon's fall, the gnoll population in Varisia was cut in half. Stricken with fear, the gnolls fled from the region, leaving behind only a few exceptionally brave (or lazy) bands. Most gnolls in Avistan now live beneath the ground or in the forests of Razmiran, the River Kingdoms, Kyonin, and Galt.

Gnolls of Garund live as seminomadic raiders in the northern deserts (except for Osirion, which actively exterminates gnolls it discovers) and as slavers in the central jungles. The desert-raiding gnolls tend to move between known trading routes, attacking caravans to loot food and—most importantly—water. Long before the great cataclysm that created the Mana Wastes, gnolls lived in the area currently occupied by Geb and Nex. With the magical destruction wrought by those two nations, however, gnolls have completely fled the area. Those that remained became crocottans, which continue to terrorize the area.

Names

Gnoll names often sound like the growls and yipping of wild hyenas, having a variety of hard consonants and rolling "r"s.

Male: Daag, Fekkur, Garrour, Gegg, Gurr, Hakk, Hurrurr, Kaggur, Kurrmrr, Lok, Nrurr, Tarr-Kurr, Tukrr, Vogg, Vorum

Female: Aaturr, Akaam, Arruggurr, Eag, Ekurrn, Errnhor, Ilnn, Irrok, Itrugg, Ok-Ur-Okk, Orrot, Ovvurr, Ukramak, Urmnmarr, Uud

GNOLL

This humanoid stands slightly taller than a human (despite a slightly stooped posture) on doglike legs. It has the head, neck, and fur of a hyena, with a humanoid torso and arms.

GNOLL CR 1

CE Medium humanoid (gnoll)

Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft.;

Listen +2, Spot +3

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15

(+2 armor, +1 natural, +2 shield)

hp 11 (2d8+2)

Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee battleaxe +3 (1d8+2/x3)

Ranged shortbow +1 (1d6/x3)

Space 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

TACTICS

Before Combat Gnolls try to set up ambushes which are usually crudely planned and poorly executed, but they prefer to let allies and slaves fight for them whenever possible.

During Combat Against foes they consider evenly matched (or stronger than themselves), gnolls work together only so far as ganging up on a single powerful target to bring it down before moving onto the next target. An individual gnoll might switch targets if it is damaged by another opponent or its attention is otherwise drawn away from the target at hand. Against foes weaker than themselves, gnolls fight individually, engaging their opponents one-on-one in an attempt to gain individual glory. Regardless of the relative strength of their opponents, if gnolls have slaves available they force their slaves into battle beforehand to weaken or overwhelm their foes.

Morale A gnoll flees as soon as it is reduced to a quarter its total hit points, it is the last combatant on its side, or if all its slaves and allies flee.

STATISTICS

Str 15, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 8

Base Atk +1; Grp +3

Feats Power Attack

Skills Listen +2, Spot +3

Languages Gnoll

Gear battleaxe, heavy steel shield, leather armor, shortbow

In Qadira it's said that gnolls were once thieves who were exiled into the desert. Facing starvation, they forsook their tribe's taboos and ate hyena meat to survive. For their trespasses against the laws of both man and the gods, the desert cursed them with the blood of hyenas, condemning them to be outcasts forever more.





Goblin

“So you wanna know about goblins, huh? Wanna know the best way to kill them? Of course you do. S’why you came to me. Trick is, they’re cowards. Dogs, horses, and even words will stop them dead in their tracks—they think words steal their soul, or some such. Anyway, once you got them all ascairt’, it’s just a matter of what weapon you prefer. Me? I prefer the hatchet right to the middle of the skull. That’s how I put down ol’ Chief Whartus. Put one right in his head. I got him in a barrel of brine out back... wanna see?”

—**Daviren Hosk: owner,
Goblin Squash Stables**

Few creatures take such glee from destruction and mayhem as goblins. These small pests can be found in nearly any environment, straining the local food chain, menacing the locals, and generally causing trouble for any forced to deal with them, including their kin. They are goblins, and to them, life is here for their twisted amusement, much to the detriment of everyone else.

Overview

To most races, goblins are little more than a nuisance. Their penchant for keeping their own numbers under control from in-fighting, poor common sense, and general accident-prone tendencies prevents them from forming sizeable nations. Their own laziness and disinterest in making anything bigger for themselves leads to them living in small tribes. Notorious cowards and gifted scavengers, goblin tribes can often be found living in relatively close proximity to human and demihuman settlements—since the goblins can’t organize themselves into proper raiding parties and tend to run in terror when confronted with even a half-hearted defense (or a single barking dog), most

view them as little more than amusing pests. It's only when a particularly ambitious chieftain rises among their kind, or (more often) a bandit or warlord of another race seizes upon their numbers and bullies them into a more organized force, that they become honestly dangerous.

When properly motivated and organized, goblins can cross the line from comical nuisances to ruthless killers with surprising and disconcerting ease. It's almost as if they grow smarter and more cunning the more of them there are involved in an attack. In actuality, larger numbers simply increase the odds of one goblin in a group being particularly brave or foolhardy, but the net result can't be ignored. Goblins, used properly by a crafty or ambitious warlord or bandit, can be as effective a tool for mayhem as any number of highly paid mercenaries or trained man-eating monsters.

Ecology

Goblins have it rough from the day they're born. Goblin babies are treated little better than pets—they're kept in cages and fed and watered when the goblins remember, and often left to fight and bicker as they will. Few goblin parents take an active interest in their children—the only real exception being chieftains interested in preserving their bloodlines. Of course, since most goblin chieftains would rather die than give up their throne to anyone (sons and daughters included), these exceptions are rare. Fortunately for goblins, they mature quickly, achieving adulthood by the age of 5. A goblin who survives childhood is thought to be either lucky or tough—in either case, a quality that can help the goblin in its life to come.

Goblins are somewhat short-lived, rarely surviving longer than 50. Of course, the reality of a goblin's lifestyle means that most never reach the age of 20. Goblins are high-strung and energetic, a result of their accelerated metabolism to a certain extent, but also a result of their society. The goblin who can react swiftly to danger (real or imagined—mostly imagined) tends to be the goblin who lives to see another day.

One amusing side effect of their fast metabolism is the legendary goblin hunger. Goblins are voracious—not because of gluttony, per say, but simply because their bodies digest food with shocking speed. A goblin's life is usually one of constant hunger, since as a race they are not patient enough to fish or farm or hunt. Most of a goblin's food comes from raiding, and most goblin raids are fueled by little more than the constant quest for more food. In times of desperation, goblins can subsist on lichens, mushrooms, grass, and pine needles, but they find such food to be foul-tasting at best. Salty foods and meat are much preferred. Goblins usually enjoy cooked food better than raw (mostly because they like watching things burn), but often their hunger is at odds with their desires in

this venue. Many goblins are particularly fond of pickled foods of any type. Soak anything in brine long enough and chances are a goblin eats it, given the chance.

Habitat & Society

Goblins have a fairly minimal impact on their environs, and actually have a relatively healthy respect for the natural world. Most goblins are quite gifted in seeing how their surroundings could be used as defenses for their lairs. Rather than clearing tangled undergrowth to make room for their homes, goblins instead make the thistles themselves their homes, settling into the undergrowth's natural animal trails and hollows. Caves are also popular lairs, both because they're easy to defend and because they provide so many handy places to hide. Often, goblin tribes can be found inside of larger buildings, stockades, and ruins—in most cases, these buildings are leftovers from previous inhabitants. Goblins only rarely build their own structures, but they do enjoy the comforts afforded by furniture and roofs and windows that can actually be closed, so when they find an out-of-the-way structure that suits their needs, they waste no time claiming it as a lair. In some cases, these buildings might still be inhabited—if goblins want a building hard enough, their desires can sometimes overcome their natural cowardice enough that they might even lay siege to such a site.

Goblins are gifted scavengers—this, combined with their fecundity and willingness to eat anything that even remotely smells like food, makes it easy for them to prosper in most any environment. Goblin tribes have been encountered in deserts, on glaciers, atop mountains, deep in jungles, and far underground. Yet given the choice, most goblins seem to prefer coastal environs for their lairs, likely due to their preference for heavy amounts of salt in their diet as much as for any other reason. While goblins are adept at hiding and possess some level of skill at disguising the entrances to their lairs, they generally don't understand the point of hygiene and sanitation. Perhaps because they're resistant to the more common forms of filth-associated disease, goblin lairs have a certain unmistakable odor about them—when seeking a goblin lair, it's usually best to follow the nose rather than the eyes.

Goblin tribes typically number only a few dozen. A tribe is led by a chieftain, and in the cases of tribes numbering more than two dozen, it often has several sub-chiefs as well, selected from the tribe's toughest warriors. The majority of the rest of the tribe squabbles and fights over pecking order, but the actual breakdown beyond sub-chief rarely amounts to anything more than which goblin happens to be loudest that particular day. Successful goblin tribes also incorporate mounts into their lairs—goblins are gifted riders, after all. Worgs and wolves are

TYPICAL GOBLIN DISTRACTIONS

Goblins have notoriously short attention spans, even at times when they should be concentrating and focused—like in the middle of combat. Feel free to have a goblin take actions during a fight that aren't the best choices—some of these actions might even provoke attacks of opportunity. As a general rule, a goblin shouldn't waste his turn more than once per combat, but having a host of goblins take strange actions during a fight goes a long way toward establishing their personality.

Several possible goblin distractions in the middle of a fight are given here. During combat, any given goblin might...

- Bend over to pull a fat earthworm from the ground, blow the dirt off it, and either stick it in a pocket or eat it.
- Take a full round to laugh at another goblin's misfortune.
- Attempt to grapple a foe who's obviously much stronger.
- Run a circle around a foe in a feeble attempt to attack from a direction the foe doesn't expect.
- Try to pickpocket another goblin, or attempt to bite another goblin's ear.
- Drop his weapon and furiously try to scratch his back.
- Cough out a wad of phlegm, spit it somewhere inappropriate, and then brag to another goblin about it.

classic goblin mounts, as are the rat-like goblin dogs, giant lizards, or even giant spiders. Yet for all their skill at riding, a goblin would never consider a horse or horselike creature as a mount. Goblins have a strange and irrational fear of horses, and most horses seem to realize this and antagonize goblins whenever the opportunity presents itself. Among most goblin tribes, "being stepped on by a horse" is the number one feared way to die.

The relationship between goblins and dogs deserves special mention as well. Logically, one might assume that a race that lives in close harmony with wolves, worgs, goblin dogs, and other relatives of canines would make for a natural ally to the common dog, but nothing could be further from the truth. Goblins hate dogs with a fierce and universal strength. As with horses, dogs seem to pick up on this hate and bark right back at goblins. To a goblin, a dog is the ultimate insult—a domestication of the raw power evident in their favored mounts. There's no surer way to insult a goblin than to call a wolf a dog. Often, goblin raids on human-held lands fail only because the goblins lose sight of their actual goals when they notice a few barking dogs on an outlying farm and sacrifice the element of surprise just to have a chance at killing a few dogs. Guard dogs are, as a result, popular pets in communities with known goblin problems.

Goblins live in constant fear—of dog attack, of rampaging horses, and of the daily possibility that a band of adventurers might discover their lair. This fear carries over into their religious beliefs—for a goblin, the one

thing that can be counted on to offset these daily fears is the fear of divine retribution—most often delivered via the weapons and magic of the tribe's shamans and priests. Larger goblin tribes almost always have favored deities that they venerate—sometimes a demon lord or arch devil, but usually one of the various deities of the relatively small goblin pantheon.

Smaller goblin tribes often lack members capable of becoming actual priests, yet even in these tribes religion holds an important role. It is that situation which gave rise to tales of goblins worshiping stumps that look sort of like monster faces, patches of mold on the wall that could be mistaken for a three-armed goblin, or even the bones of some large creature that dwelt in their cave before they moved in. Although humorous and ridiculous to most other races, this crude form of animism seems to serve smaller goblin tribes well—fear that the Monster Stump might be behind the unexplained midnight disappearance of the last chieftain works just as well whether or not the stump actually ate him or he was secretly assassinated by a goblin witty enough to come up with the story.

Although a significant portion of a goblin's life is spent raiding other tribes or nearby humanoid settlements for food, goblins don't spend all of their waking hours at war. In fact, left to their own devices, goblins are generally content to stay within the bounds of their territories—food shortages and the meddling of more powerful individuals seeking to use the tribes as private armies are the typical reasons behind goblin raids. Goblins who aren't worried about where their next meal comes from can be quite creative in finding ways to entertain themselves. Goblin games tend to focus on cruelty and sadism as core concepts—the suffering of creatures smaller than them is a surefire way to mirth in goblin society, and most of their games involve using small animals in key roles. Fire is also a common entertainment in goblin society—the dancing of flames is a constant source of interest to them, and in many tribes, arson is considered an art form. To the untrained eye, a goblin's fascination with fire might seem to be a recipe for disaster, but goblins have such a deep respect for fire that they very rarely accidentally burn things down. In fact, many goblins consider it a mark of pride to be able to wrap a prisoner in dry leaves, light him up, then watch as the prisoner tries frantically to put himself out while not being able to actually spread the fire to the surroundings.

Yet cruelty and fire aren't the only goblin pastimes. Perhaps their least destructive form of entertainment is song—goblins actually have rather good singing voices, and their songs are catchy and memorable. Yet while the act of singing isn't destructive, the topics of their songs invariably are, with subjects like raiding, dog killing, arson, and torture being classic favorites. Goblin bards

are of well thought in tribes, and those tribes that count among them skilled war chanters are generally the more dangerous in battle, for a rousing song is an excellent way to distract a goblin from being afraid of what he should be afraid of.

No two goblin songs from different tribes are ever quite exactly alike, though, and with good reason: No goblin has ever written down a song. Perhaps one of their strangest quirks, goblins are profoundly suspicious of writing. A few scholars believe this strange fear is some sort of deep racial memory of the original barghests exiled in goblin form to the Material Plane, for that story tells that each barghest was required by Asmodeus to sign away his true name (and all his resulting power) to a twitching scroll of haghide, and in so doing consigned himself to exile. Whatever the source of this fear, most goblins believe that writing down words steals them out of your head—you can't get them back. Writing down a goblin's name is a surefire way to send the little monster into a blind frenzy of fear and panic.

Campaign Role

Goblins make great “first monsters” for a campaign. Not only are they relatively weak and easy to kill, they're lunatics. You can have a goblin “waste” actions in combat, which not only helps to make the game more entertaining, but gives 1st-level characters an even greater advantage over them. And those poor 1st-level characters need all the help they can get.

Although the rules of the game certainly support concepts like goblin arch-villains, you should generally try to resist the urge to make a 15th-level goblin assassin or a 20th-level goblin necromancer. Not only does it stretch credulity to have a goblin much higher level than 5th level (that goblin better be one bad-ass menace to live that long!), but goblins are so iconically the chumps of the game that it just feels a little strange to run into one that can go toe-to-toe with a dragon or a pit fiend. Players want to be facing “real” monsters once they're high level, after all. Now, that's not to say you should *never* build a high-level goblin—but really, that's only a stunt you should pull once per campaign.

Treasure

Goblins aren't picky about their treasure. In fact, they often don't really understand what constitutes treasure in the first place. To most goblins, the shinier something is, the more valuable it must be—it's not uncommon to see a goblin lair's treasury to be filled with polished but poor-quality weapons and bits of scrap

metal, while a crooked wooden *wand of stoneskin* might be regulated to the ignominious role of back scratcher or baby poker. Goblins don't help their treasuries much with their habits of scavenging the junkyards and garbage heaps of nearby humanoids. Granted, most goblin tribes can make an old bent dagger or a torn bit of saddle go a long way—most of their armor and weapons are made of scavenged refuse, after all—but in the long run, garbage is mostly just that.

The true treasure in a goblin tribe invariably resides with the chieftain. Often, a chieftain squirrels away stashes of treasure in secret areas of the lair, hoping to keep his best baubles and magic trinkets safe from his minions. Sometimes, a chieftain forgets where he hid his last stash—more often, he gets deposed by a younger upstart who has no idea where the previous chieftain hid his goods. As a result, goblin lairs tend to look fairly ramshackle and run-down, yet the canny adventurer who knows where to look can often find a surprising amount of wealth hidden away under rocks, in hollow logs, buried in the dirt, or stuffed inside the previous chieftain's skull.

Goblin Variants

Goblins are but one of three elements of goblinoid kind—the race also includes hobgoblins and bugbears. Both of these races are more powerful and more dangerous than their goblin kin, and both tend to look down on goblins—hobgoblins see them as little better than vermin, suitable only for the most undesirable jobs in society and war, while bugbears find them endlessly amusing and too tiny to take seriously. The ironic part is that goblins were here



GOBLIN DEITIES

Barring simple animism and druidic tradition, the following five deities are the ones most often worshiped by goblins.

Deity	AL	Portfolios	Domains	Favored Weapon
Hadregash	LE	Goblin supremacy, slavery, territory	Law, Evil, War	flail
Lamashtu	CE	Madness, monsters, nightmares	Chaos, Evil, Madness, Strength, Trickery	falchion
Venkelvore	NE	Famine, graves, torture	Death, Destruction, Evil	spear
Zarongel	NE	Dog killing, fire, mounted combat	Animal, Fire, Travel	dogslicer
Zogmugot	CE	Drowning, flotsam, scavenging	Chaos, Trickery, Water	sickle

first—both hobgoblins and bugbears developed after the first goblin tribes appeared in the world.

Yet the goblin race itself is far more complex than even this. In the extremes of the world, goblins forced from their ancestral homes by war or expansions from other, more powerful cultures must live in places other societies avoid. Glacial rifts at the edge of storm-haunted frozen seas, parched and searing deserts, or even the lightless deep of the world below become the homes of these displaced goblin tribes. Over the course of several short generations spent in these rugged regions—it takes a surprisingly short time for such a tribe to change—the hardest goblins survive and pass on their traits to their offspring. An arctic goblin is furrier than its kin, covered with white hair that grants it cold resistance 5. Those who seek shelter in the endless caverns of the deep underworld grow large bulbous eyes that grant darkvision out to 120 feet and long spidery limbs that give them a +5 racial bonus on Climb checks. At their core, though, these subraces retain most of the traits that make goblins goblins.

Goblins in Golarion

The goblins of Golarion worship a small pantheon of deities. Their religions teach that, in the beginning, there was Lamashtu. As the mother of monsters and beasts, she saw the creatures known as barghests as slaves to the devils of the Outer Rifts. She saw promise in their bestial form, yet shackled as they were to their devilish masters, they were hobbled. Lamashtu, in goblin myth, stole into Asmodeus's barghest kennel and rescued the four most promising, fleeing with them to the Material Plane, where she set them loose on the western coast of Avistan to hide and wait for Asmodeus' wrath to fade. Of the four barghests, handsome Hadregash was the strongest and the greatest leader. Obese Venkelvore was perhaps the most beautiful of the barghests—she was Hadregash's consort. Zarongel was blessed with fire for hair and alone among the exiled barghests retained a portion of his wolflike body after Lamashtu snatched them away from Asmodeus. Finally, there was keen-eyed Zogmugot (who was ugly even for a goblin), the most gifted at scavenging treasures from the land.

These four powerful barghests quickly noticed that when they killed creatures native to this realm, the spilled blood gave birth to smaller versions of themselves—goblins. Each of the barghests set about building small armies of followers in their own way. Hadregash was the most successful, and he organized his goblins into tribes to serve his needs. Venkelvore's ravenous hunger made keeping her goblins alive difficult, for they rarely had enough food and often starved. Zarongel's goblins fared little better, for he dwelt in a region infested with wild dogs, beasts that found the taste of goblins delicious. Poor Zogmugot, so obsessed with what washed up on the shore, found that many of her goblins drowned before they figured out that they could not breathe water.

Eventually Asmodeus grew tired of his search and gave up on the four stolen barghests. The Mother of Monsters created a realm for the four barghests above her rift in the outer spheres, a place she called Basalfeyst, and it was to here she brought them. In return for this new home, all she asked of them was the loyalty of the hordes of goblins they left upon the world.

So it is that today most goblins venerate Lamashtu as their primary deity. The four barghests became gods and goddesses in their own right, but even they acknowledge Lamashtu as their true mother. Recently, though, rumors have surfaced of heretic tribes who worship one of the barghests exclusively, who seek to elevate their chosen deity above his kin and even above Lamashtu herself. The mother of monsters doubtless knows of these heretics, but as of yet she has made no move to oppose them—perhaps they work according to her hidden goals?

Goblin Names

Goblins have characteristically mean-spirited naming conventions, usually employing one of their language's hundreds of curse words or combinations of crudely funny noises.

Male: Chuff, Churkus, Drubbus, Gawg, Ghorg, Irnk, Kavak, Lunthus, Mogawg, Murch, Pogus, Ronk, Unk, Vogun, Zord

Female: Aka, Chee, Fevva, Gretcha, Janka, Klony, Lupi, Medge, Namby, Olba, Rempy, Ruxi, Vruta, Yalla, Ziku

GOBLIN

This small creature stands about three feet in height, yet its elliptical head is almost comically oversized for its gangly physique. Its eyes are set wide apart—tiny red beads in a wrinkled face that almost seem too eager to reflect firelight. Just below is a wide maw full of tiny, sharp teeth. The creature is of green-gray hue, dressed in cast-off bits of scavenged refuse and hand-me-downs, right down to its sword—a long jagged piece of broken metal that it waves about menacingly.

GOBLIN

CR 1/3

Goblin warrior 1

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +3, Spot +3**DEFENSE****AC** 15, touch 12, flat-footed 14

(+2 armor, +1 Dexterity, +1 shield, +1 size)

hp 5 (1d8+1)**Fort** +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** -1**OFFENSE****Spd** 30 ft.**Melee** dogslicer +2 (1d4/19-20)**TACTICS**

During Combat Goblins prefer to attack in groups, preferably so that a single target can be attacked by at least two (four is better) goblins at once. Not only does this allow the goblins to enjoy flanking bonuses, but it lessens the odds for any one goblin to be attacked in return, giving those goblins not attacked a better chance to run in terror when their enemy fights back. Only when faced with truly hated enemies (typically dwarves and gnomes) does a goblin's natural cowardice go away.

Morale Goblins are brave only when they outnumber foes at least two to one. Often, a goblin gives up the fight after even taking one hit, assuming he survives the blow. Against foes who use horses or dogs, goblins typically flee at once, hoping for tougher goblins to step in to save the day.

STATISTICS**Str** 11, **Dex** 13, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 6**Base Atk** +1; **Grp** -3**Feats** Alertness**Skills** Hide +7, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Ride +7, Spot +3**Languages** Common, Goblin**Gear** leather armor, light shield, dogslicer

“Catch a snake and flick its head,

Throw it in the halfling’s bed

Snake gets angry, BITE, BITE, BITE!

Stupid halfling wakes up dead!”

*—Training chant for goblin commandos
(Ninth Verse)*





Hobgoblin

“On first glance, they appear as an order of chivalrous knights on parade, making their way through the countryside. The truth, though, is revealed by the swath of destruction left in their path—the fires in the distance and the smoke in the air. For miles around, the air is silent, as if even the hiding beasts and lowly brush feared to move. And when the wind blows just right, the stench of their rotting victims and the pleas of those wretched souls in their hopeless slave train carry on the breeze. They are hobgoblins, and they march to war.”

—Unknown, excerpted from **Accounts of the Goblinblood War**

While their goblinoid kin seek only to cause pain and suffering as some sort of perverted sport, hobgoblins possess a greater ambition. They dream of a great hobgoblin empire spanning hundreds, if not thousands, of miles. Fortunately for the rest of the civilized races, no two hobgoblin ideals are the same, and their own bickering and fighting over position keeps them from bringing their dream to fruition.

Overview

Hobgoblins are a race of soldiers and slavers living on the fringes of other civilizations, just beneath the surface. Like parasites, hobgoblins largely depend on taking many of the essentials of society from their neighbors, but whereas goblins sneak and steal what they need, hobgoblins take it by force. They drag captives back to their lairs and work their slaves to death.

Hobgoblins are something of a paradox. As a race, they are powerful, organized, and dangerous; individually they are extremely ambitious, paranoid, and deceitful. While they produce some of the finest soldiers in the

world, the rest of their society barely hangs together and is largely dependent on the skills and abilities of the slaves they capture. On the whole, hobgoblins are incredibly ambitious, and they do not hesitate to use any means at their disposal to advance their positions. For this reason, it is unusual to find hobgoblins in subordinate positions when part of a group of other humanoids. Almost invariably, they either take control of the group or are killed or driven off in the attempt.

Hobgoblins are renowned slavers. To most other races, this is the most terrifying thing about hobgoblins. Their appetite for slaves is almost unquenchable, and they treat their slaves with appalling cruelty. When hobgoblins successfully raid a town, survivors who cannot walk are killed and the rest are taken as slaves.

Ecology

Hobgoblins were created from goblins, and physically, they still strongly resemble their lesser kin. They have the same gray skin, the same orange eyes, and the same broad heads, wide mouths, and sharply pointed ears. Unfortunately for their enemies, though, the similarities end there. For while goblins are voracious, bloodthirsty killers, in the end they are little more than vermin, crawling through the dregs of civilization and snatching whatever they can get away with. Hobgoblins, on the other hand, not only possess the size, strength, and tenacity necessary to build civilizations of their own, they also have an instinctive need to find their own place within society (preferably one as high as possible). This continual drive for advancement leads them to prove themselves on the field of battle while acquiring as many spoils (and slaves) as possible.

Hobgoblins generally raid in groups of at least 20. While they are capable of campaigning in the field for long periods, they seldom travel more than a few days' journey from their settlements, as they tend to worry about conditions at home in their absence. They relish combat, but what they enjoy best is a sneaky surprise attack that allows them to massacre the guards before the defenders can retaliate. Not known for their patience, hobgoblins nevertheless generally take the time to survey a potential target before they strike. Hobgoblins aren't picky about who they kill, and they nearly always assault poorly defended settlements. In combat, they are bloodthirsty and fanatic, at least where their superiors can see them. They have little stomach for pitched battles, however, and they generally retreat in the face of determined opposition—especially if their leaders are slain.

When it comes to defending their settlements, hobgoblins are extremely tenacious. While most of a settlement tends to be sloppy and patchwork, hobgoblins never cut corners when it comes to their defenses. Assaulting a hobgoblin

HOBGOBLIN SCIENCE

As a whole, hobgoblins are extremely distrustful of magic. Much of this distrust can likely be traced to the long association between elves and magic, and the elves' continual use of magic to persecute the hobgoblins during their long wars. One of the few personality traits they share with their goblin progenitors, however, is a love of fire, smoke, and explosions. The combination of nimble fingers, abundant mineral resources, and a healthy dose of pyromania has turned hobgoblins into fairly credible alchemists and engineers. Exactly how much of this flavor you want to introduce into your campaign is left up to you, but it could entail anything from burning oil and rigged mineshafts to explosives strapped to slaves and goblin allies.

stronghold is a very dangerous proposition—even for a superior force—especially when placed underground. Once a hobgoblin tribe settles down in an area, it proves very difficult to dislodge.

Mating among hobgoblins generally occurs between two willing hobgoblins of the same rank. Any hobgoblin of any rank might freely mate with a hobgoblin of lower rank, regardless of the willingness of the prospective partner. Despite this, mixed-rank couplings are infrequent, as hobgoblins consider mating with their inferiors to be somewhat distasteful, and those who engage in such activities risk becoming the subject of scorn among their peers. Hobgoblins mate frequently, and monogamy of any type is basically unknown in their society.

While hobgoblins do not breed as quickly as goblins, they nevertheless reproduce at a prodigious rate compared to humans. They also mature much faster: a hobgoblin child is weaned after about 3 weeks and can walk, talk, and generally take care of itself after a mere 6 months. All hobgoblin children, from the scions of officers to the offspring of slaves, are taken from their mothers as soon as they are weaned. From that point on, they are raised communally to produce the finest soldiers possible. This training, notoriously ruthless and cutthroat, starts before the children can even walk. It typically lasts 4 years (but can be shortened if the community is in desperate need of soldiers). During this time, the children are pitted against each other in mock military formations as they learn to fight, plan, march, and forage together. Roughly one hobgoblin in five dies during childhood training, but the rest emerge with sharply honed battle skills and a keen sense of self-preservation. While this upbringing is nearly universal, sometimes a hobgoblin general circumvents the process for his own offspring. Occasionally, this can produce a dynasty, but it's unusual even for this arrangement to last more than a few generations.

Habitat and Society

The military is the backbone of hobgoblin society, and every free member of every hobgoblin community is effectively part of the army. Most hobgoblins take their places in the army upon reaching physical maturity. For the next year, these raw recruits go on a series of ceaseless raids. This is generally known among hobgoblins as the “year of hell.” During this time, each hobgoblin recruit must prove to his superior officer that he is a fearless, cunning, and ruthless warrior. Those deemed too weak, cowardly, or unfit to be soldiers are reassigned out of the military and must choose to take up some sort of alternative—and therefore socially inferior—profession. Generally, this fate befalls about two-thirds of the hobgoblin recruits. While they are technically not dismissed from the army, hobgoblin craftsmen and laborers can never rise beyond the rank of common soldier, and so they are destined to spend the rest of their lives serving at the whim of nearly every other hobgoblin in their community. Only through very unusual circumstances is a hobgoblin ever promoted out of the general labor pool and back into the army, and this generally occurs only when that hobgoblin demonstrates incredible skill in battle. Since the common hobgoblin only gets the chance to fight when its settlement is under attack, this means that many hobgoblins actually relish sieges and assaults on their strongholds, as these rare opportunities allow them to prove themselves fit for the army and escape their otherwise dreary existences. Every hobgoblin receives basic military training and most remain eager for the chance at proving themselves, making their settlements dangerous to assault.

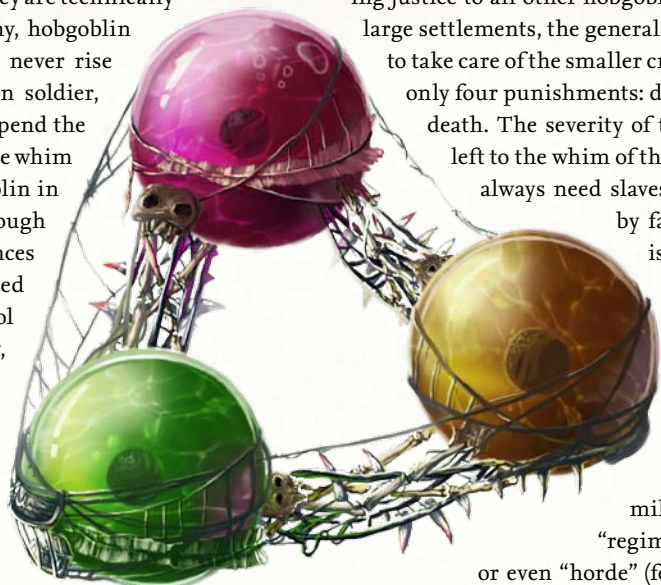
Within the military, hobgoblins are obsessed with advancement. Since promotion generally occurs at the whim of a superior officer, most hobgoblins do their best to ingratiate themselves to their betters, hoping to be noticed and remembered when the time comes to make promotions. Another common means to promotion is a duel, known as a *kalech-mar*, in which a junior officer challenges his direct superior with the charge of weakness or incompetence. While the superior is allowed to refuse, this refusal carries with it a loss of respect in the eyes of other hobgoblins and might reduce the officer’s favor in the eyes of his superiors. Thus, the duels are rarely refused.

For this reason, high-ranking hobgoblins are generally the survivors and victors of dozens of duels (in addition to countless battles), a process that serves both to hone their combat skills and discourage future challengers. Duels are very common among low-ranking officers, but as a hobgoblin advances through the ranks, he becomes less willing to sacrifice an already comfortable position in a battle against a capable superior, so duels between high-ranking officers remain rare.

Hobgoblins pride themselves on order, and although they are perfectly willing to steal or kill for personal gain if they think they can get away with it, they are also eager to dispense justice on those foolish enough to get caught. The general in any settlement is responsible for dispensing justice to all other hobgoblins (although in extremely large settlements, the general often appoints magistrates to take care of the smaller crimes). Hobgoblins practice only four punishments: demotion, exile, slavery, and death. The severity of the punishment is entirely left to the whim of the general. Since hobgoblins always need slaves, enslavement is therefore by far the most common punishment, especially for minor crimes committed by non-soldiers.

Hobgoblins don’t usually use typical descriptions like “towns” or “cities” to describe their communities, preferring military designations such as “regiment,” “division,” “army,” or even “horde” (for particularly large settlements). Each settlement, regardless of its size, is under the command of a general, who has absolute authority over everything that happens within the community and answers to no one. Beneath the general are a number of officers, each in command of various subordinates, and like any other military organization, the ranks descend to the lowly grunts, who make up the majority of the population. While the top rank is universal and remains the same for each hobgoblin settlement, the number and titles of the other ranks varies by settlement, so that the ruling general of a small hobgoblin village (or “company”) might not have any subordinate officers, while a general who commands a vast horde might also command six colonels, 18 majors, 227 captains, and 1564 lieutenants.

While it is theoretically possible for one ruler to control a vast stretch of territory under this system, in practice, the native ambition present in every hobgoblin prevents such empires from forming. While every hobgoblin understands the concepts of “duty” and “chain of command,” the idea of “loyalty” is a foreign concept.



As a result, any powerful hobgoblin out of his superior's immediate view is probably planning to either usurp the superior's position or run off somewhere to make himself general of another settlement. For this reason, even areas with high population densities tend to fall into a collection of separate city-states. These areas often have smaller, satellite communities that—while nominally independent—in practice must follow the commands of their larger neighbors. It also means that while hobgoblins excel at going on raids, it can be impractical for them to undertake extended military campaigns, as a general faces a difficult choice: travel with the army and find his city ruled by someone else upon his return, or send one of his subordinates into the field (who might then turn the army to rebellion or conquer their enemies and found a new, independent nation).

On the other hand, such a campaign can be an excellent way for a general to dispose of a powerful, ambitious subordinate. A successful officer likely takes his followers and leaves to form a new community or perish.

Within their own settlements, hobgoblins have very little to do with other races. With very few exceptions, any non-hobgoblin present within a hobgoblin settlement is a slave. Hobgoblins generally don't trade with outsiders, preferring to take what they need by force rather than barter for it. Trade is rare (and raiding is common) even among different hobgoblin communities. As a race, hobgoblins tend to be an insular bunch, and they generally treat everyone else as lesser beings worthy only of serving as slaves.

While hobgoblins have no place for other humanoids in their own society, exiled hobgoblins occasionally find a place within human societies. Such hobgoblins are usually exiled from their communities for committing crimes. More rarely, a hobgoblin who knows his superiors saw him commit a cowardly act (like fleeing from combat) chooses not to return to face almost-certain slavery. These outcasts generally turn to banditry in an effort to survive, and they occasionally even sneak into human cities to live off the scraps of human society like their goblin cousins. Eventually, these hobgoblins begin to recreate their society in their new surroundings, recruiting other races to serve them and forming outlaw bands and gangs. Over time, these organizations can grow extremely powerful, and it's not uncommon to find a hobgoblin warlord at the heart of a criminal enterprise in a large city, leading a vicious pack of bandits across the countryside, or even commanding a crew of bloodthirsty pirates on the high seas.

Campaign Role

Hobgoblins make terrific villains, whether you are talking about a low-level band of slavers, a sinister drug lord, or a massive invasion force poised to rip through an entire kingdom. While hobgoblins are not exactly subtle, they are

SLAVES

For a hobgoblin, slaves are the single greatest measure of personal wealth. In a prosperous hobgoblin tribe, all but the poorest laborers have at least one personal slave, and most possess several. Slaves are generally taken as a result of raids, and hobgoblins undertake most raids specifically to acquire slaves, with any other loot recovered being seen as a bonus. Hobgoblins use slaves to perform almost every task imaginable, and they are very good at organizing and motivating slaves. While slaves have basically no personal rights, each has rights as property of its owner. The severity of any crime committed against a slave is determined by how powerful the slave's owner is and how much he values that particular slave. Hobgoblins don't bother to breed their slaves, mainly because most of them don't last long enough to make it worth the trouble. There are exceptions, however, especially among settlements that don't have ready access to other humanoid populations.

For the most part, hobgoblins aren't picky about which humanoid races they take as slaves, but they particularly prize dwarves. The stoutfolk are well suited to underground life, make excellent miners, and tend to stand up well to harsh treatment. While hobgoblins do occasionally enslave halflings, they generally hold the small people in great contempt and don't value them much. For that reason, halfling slaves tend not to last very long. Elves and half-elves are never taken as slaves, and captives of those races are always killed.

crafty. Defenders can't always see the hobgoblins coming, but they can always tell where the hobgoblins were. Hobgoblins they are utterly ruthless in the face of weakness.

Of course, hobgoblins can fill other roles too, and it's quite easy to conceive of a situation where the PCs are forced to deal with a hobgoblin as potentially the lesser of two evils. While hobgoblin generals are resistant to offers of alliances, they are not complete fools, and with enough persuasion they do negotiate when the stakes are high. Any such agreement lasts only as long as it is in the general's best interest, and his subordinates don't always see things the same way.

Every dozen generations or so, a leader comes along with the vision, power, and charisma necessary to unite several hobgoblin tribes under one banner. Whenever this happens, it is inevitably the precursor to a bloody invasion, as a unified hobgoblin nation represents a powerhouse of military might equivalent to the combined armed forces of several human kingdoms. Elves generally fare poorly during these invasions. Inevitably though, the leader of the horde perishes and the generals once again fall back into infighting and paranoia.

Treasure

Hobgoblins are practical creatures, and although as greedy as other humanoids, items they treasure tend to favor

function over form and directly apply to what they do best: fighting. The vast majority of hobgoblin officers carry masterwork gear at the very least, and magic weapons and armor are not uncommon. Plain hobgoblin soldiers carry magic as well, when available, but officers tend to confiscate such fineries if revealed. On the other hand, officers attempting to relieve their subordinates of magic items is one of the leading causes of challenges for higher ranks.

Hobgoblins consider anything not directly related to eating, sleeping, or fighting to be something of a waste of time. Thus, such luxuries always come from the raids they make against neighboring humanoid settlements. Since hobgoblins don't trade with outsiders, all of this "useless indolence" is turned over to the general when brought back to their settlements. What happens at that point depends on the general. Some officers view decadence as the province of the hated elves and destroy everything without practical value. Others enjoy demonstrating the power of their rank and position and dress themselves and their concubines in the finery of other civilizations.

Variant Hobgoblins

To outsiders, the hobgoblin race often appears as a single, undifferentiated horde. The reality is that hobgoblins are as diverse as any humanoid species, although they are united by the two things they all share: their ambition and their hatred of elves. The military structure of their society encourages conformity, but occasionally even hobgoblins run into a problem they can't solve with brute force. When that happens, they call on their elite troops—small groups of specially trained hobgoblins tasked to carry out unusual assignments. A couple of common examples are presented here.

Hobgoblin Engineers: While the vast military might of a hobgoblin army is feared by all its neighbors, the most dangerous part of any hobgoblin society are its engineers. Of course, they tend to be just as dangerous to the hobgoblins as to their enemies. Obsessed with fire, engines, and explosions, hobgoblin engineers are tireless tinkerers and love nothing more than testing out their creations on slaves. Engineering tends to attract the smartest (if not necessarily the wisest) hobgoblins, and most engineers possess Intelligence scores at the higher limits of normal humanoids (around 18 to 20).

Hobgoblin Infiltrators: These hobgoblins excel at sneaking into places they are not wanted. When a hobgoblin tribe needs to steal a well-guarded treasure or pursue a criminal, it calls on infiltrators to get the job done. Most raiding parties have at least one infiltrator among them, to scout out the target's defenses and sow chaos behind enemy lines. Infiltrators possess high Dexterity scores. Their commanders typically possess a number of levels in assassin or shadowdancer.

Hobgoblins in Golarion

Long ago, before the Age of Darkness and the rise of humanity, elven civilization flourished across Golarion. In those days, powerful magic flowed through the land, and some of the greatest nations the world has ever seen strove to unlock the secrets of creation. It was a time of great wonders, yet not all of the wondrous magic wrought in this age was benign, for among these works was the creation of the hobgoblin race.

Exactly who was responsible for taking the simple, ferocious vermin known as goblins and enhancing their size, physical strength, and intelligence has been lost to time, yet the hobgoblin race certainly has not. The elves certainly had no shortage of enemies capable of engineering an entire new race, and the fact that the hobgoblins have outlived their forgotten creators points to their tremendous skill in this arena.

These forgotten puppeteers bred armies of their new creations at several key locations. Before they could unleash the hobgoblin legions on the unsuspecting elven cities, however, their plans were discovered by a group of elven adventurers. These adventurers discovered a powerful artifact used to create the first hobgoblins, the *Cantorian Spring*, and stole it, freeing hobgoblins from breeding facilities scattered across the world. Before the artifact could be destroyed, though, the creators confronted the band of adventurers. In the resulting battle, the artifact was lost, leaving the hobgoblins free of outside influence but retaining an all-consuming hatred of elvenkind.

Ever since then, hobgoblins have fought elves. While the initial onslaught of the hobgoblins caught the elves unawares and unprepared, elven civilization was at its zenith and the hobgoblins were inexperienced. The wars that followed transformed hobgoblin civilization into what it is today. In order to combat the entrenched and powerful enemy, the hobgoblins based their entire civilization on war. Unable to resist the constant elven attacks, hobgoblins were eventually driven underground to evade their pursuers. Today, hobgoblins barely remember those earliest wars, and only the terrifying legends of the evil elven oppressors survive from that distant past. The elves, for their part, consider the entire episode to be a minor event, a mere footnote in the history of their once-glorious civilization.

Names

Hobgoblin names tend toward short, hard sounds, quick to shout in commands and easily understood over the din of battle.

Male: Arark, Bekri, Cenk, Doga, Doruk, Fethi, Haluk, Kurat, Lemi, Mert, Mevlut, Oktar, Rafet, Saltuk, Turgut

Female: Afet, Ceyda, Ela, Esmâ, Huri, Kumru, Maral, Masal, Melda, Nisa, Nural, Seda, Sena, Tansu, Vesile

HOBGOBLIN

This powerful humanoid stands slightly shorter than a human. Its muscular arms and stout legs give it a somewhat ape-like appearance, a trait further reinforced by its compact, powerful build. It has a broad head with large, sharply pointed ears, a wide nose, and a gaping mouth full of crude, yellow teeth. Its greenish-gray skin is exactly the color of old phlegm. Its eyes, however, glow with a sinister orange light.

A hobgoblin is never alone. Where you see one, you can bet there's a dozen more, and a dozen dozen more behind them. If you spot one, run, 'cause a whole army of hurt is sure to follow.

HOBGOBLIN, 1ST-LEVEL WARRIOR CR 1/2

LE Medium humanoid (goblinoid)
Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +2, Spot +2

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14
 (+3 armor, +1 Dex, +1 shield)

hp 6 (1d8+2)

Fort +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee longsword +2 (1d8+1/19-20)

Ranged javelin +2 (1d6+1)

TACTICS

Before Combat Hobgoblins prefer not to give their opponents a fair fight, and they do their best to sneak up on their enemies, attack them while they are sleeping, or use overwhelming force. If none of these are possible, they generally retreat to a defensible position and attempt to hold the line.

During Combat Hobgoblins fight dirty and are quick to take advantage of any perceived weakness. Skilled at fighting in groups, hobgoblins often have well-laid tactics planned in advance. Even if not, the goblinoids excel at creating clever, impromptu battle plans and simply cooperating in battle.

Morale Hobgoblins have a strong sense of self-preservation and do not hesitate to retreat if they see no hope of victory. Their fierce hatred of elves, however, means they seldom retreat if presented with the opportunity to kill pointy-eared foes. Intimidating hobgoblin veterans also often inspire more fear in their troops than any foe, and can terrify their weaker kin into standing against much greater odds.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 13, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 8

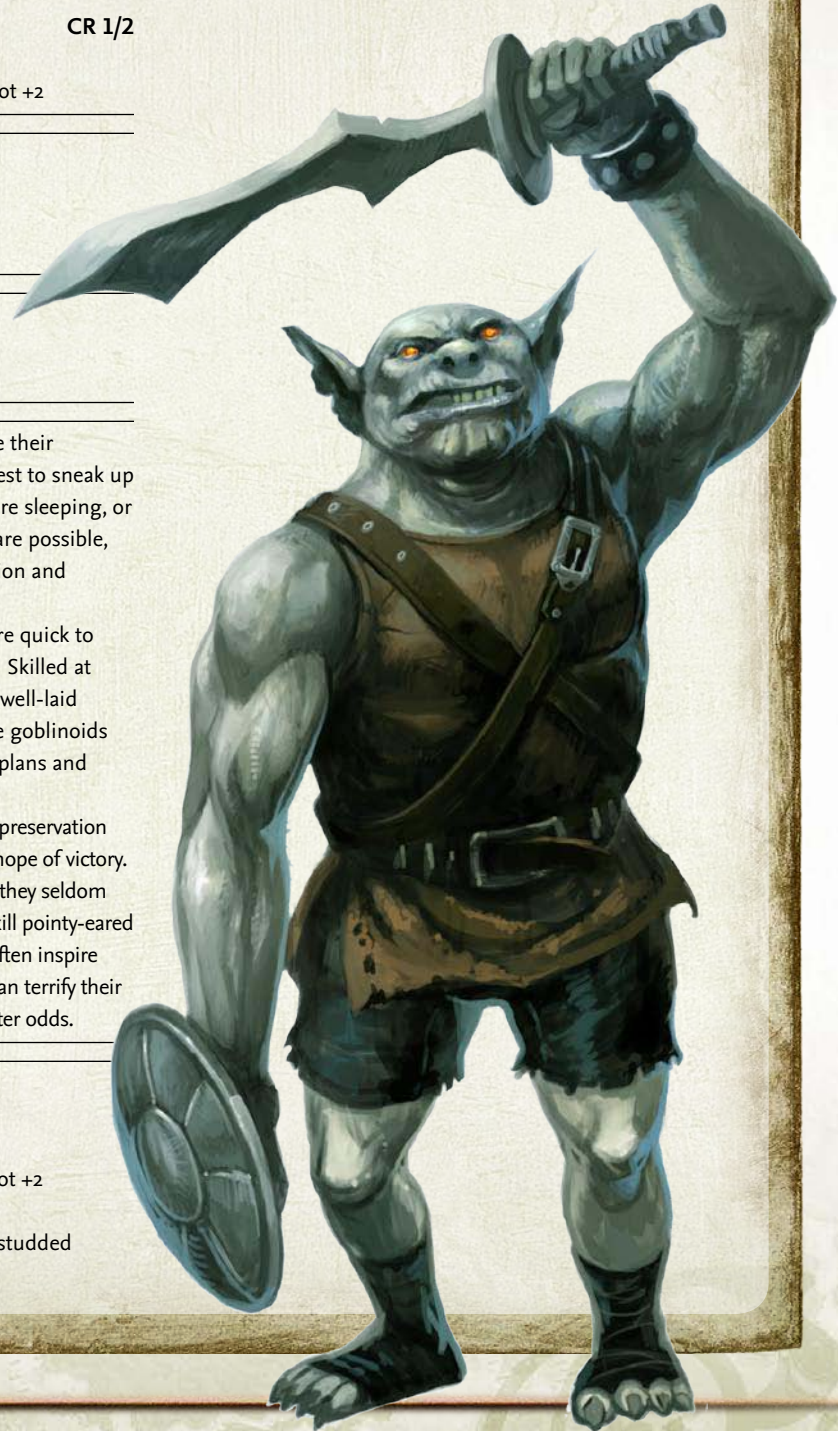
Base Atk +1; **Grp** +2

Feats Alertness

Skills Hide +3, Listen +2, Move Silently +3, Spot +2

Languages Common, Goblin

Gear 4 javelins, light steel shield, longsword, studded leather armor





Kobold

“Clink. Clink. Clink. All night we heard their damn picks and hammers, prying the earth apart one seam at a time. At night, we saw their eyes and heard the rustles in the bushes, and even the creak of the small carts they used to carry ore. Each morning, when we went to the quarry, our tools were missing, and their clawed footsteps showed us where they had been. But we left them alone, and they left us alone, until that damn fool dwarf Hedras decided he should stay after sunset, as a night watchman, and drive them away.

“We found Hedras the next morning, his beard and bits of his bones sticking out from under a deadfall they rigged over the quarry trail. We never did see a kobold, and I hope I never do.”

—Darath Fellmin, Mine Manager

Kobolds are creatures of the deep, dark places of the world. They are masters of digging, setting traps, and engineering the earth, making them the lesser cousins of dwarves in many ways. They are cowards individually, but they always come in large numbers, and usually by night. Kobolds never fight fair—traps and poison, subterfuge and diabolism are their tools and pride. Kobolds hate goblins, gnomes, dwarves, and a long list of other creatures. They are false friends and schemers.

Overview

Kobolds are among the weakest humanoids, yet their hatred of all other races makes them fight as fiercely as creatures six times their size. They are small but cunning, channeling their evil into traps, schemes, and plans that never seem to quite bring them the respect they are certain they deserve.

Long ago, kobold legends claim, kobolds were the true-blooded sons and daughters of dragons. They were the first to learn magic (which they foolishly shared with the elves), the first to make tools and dig metal from the earth

(which they foolishly showed to the dwarves), and the first to herd animals and keep their meat, milk, eggs and leather (again, foolishly shared with humans). In fact, according to kobolds, they did everything first, as their dragon mothers and fathers loved them above all others.

No one else believes in this version of events, and it makes kobolds furious. They enjoy raiding and capturing the “lesser races” to show their superiority, and they have a strong evil streak, apparently also inherited from draconic forebearers. Dragons themselves find this all a little embarrassing, but chromatics indulge the “wingless wyrms” like favored pets.

Kobolds know they are weak, and so seek to ally themselves to strength: strong animals, strong patron gods, strong traps, and strongholds. They dig to hide themselves, then set traps and alarms all around their lairs just in case someone does enter their territory.

Despite their conflicting ego and fear, kobolds make good servants, as long as they understand the hierarchy. They respect strength, keep their word, and bow down to “the big ones” as long as they are in arm’s reach. Once they are left to themselves, things often go missing or break mysteriously.

Kobold combat is a bit of a contradiction. Their tactics focus on retreats and ambushes, although they willingly follow a strong dragon or bulette’s charge on a battlefield. They grow bold only in defense of their eggs and underground homes.

Ecology

Kobolds are hatched, not born, although few ever see this happen. Their nesting tunnels are the deepest and most secure, lined in feathers and soft grasses and kept warm by the earth’s natural warmth and heat from smoldering charcoal and heated stones. A kobold’s early years are spent entirely underground, away from the harsh sun.

Young kobolds mature and are sent raiding or mining by the age of 10. They grow to a little more than 3 feet tall and weigh about 35 pounds fully grown. In the rare cases when they do not die violent deaths at the hands of larger creatures, kobolds can easily live to 130 or 140 years.

Elderly kobolds are rare on the surface, but are quite common hidden deep underground. Kobold matriarchs, in particular, become more fertile with age. A kobold egg-mother who reaches the age of 40 or more can lay as many as 50 or 60 eggs per year. An egg-mother who reaches the age of 80 can lay 100 eggs per year. These numbers help explain kobold survival in an uncaring and hostile world.

It also explains why they are so determined in defense of their lairs. A relatively small number of egg-laying elderly matriarchs can breed an entire tribe, but only when nesting and brooding. If they are disturbed, their

egg laying tapers off and, given kobold losses to natural causes and predation, any decline in the hatching rate is dangerous to a small tribe. As such, elder matriarchs are hidden in heavily trapped mazes and fiercely defended. The only time kobolds show serious physical bravery is in defense of their nesting grounds.

Kobold eyes are invariably red, but their scale color varies. The scales of kobolds often match the colors of the chromatic dragons: red and black are common, while green, white, and blue are less so. Wild or mongrel kobolds sometimes have brown, gray, or rust-orange scales. They have small tails and blunt snouts, somewhat like lizards, and their voices are a bit rough, like a barking dog. Their clawed hands are large proportional to their size.

Kobolds are never farmers and are rarely great hunters (their nobles practice it as sport, but not for sustenance). Instead, their skills at mining, extortion, and trapmaking generally make them useful to larger and more powerful races that see to their feeding. They gather plants from the forests, trap small animals, and eat most creatures smaller than themselves. They take considerable delight in torturing fey, gnomes, and goblins.

Kobolds are fairly good at animal husbandry: they keep dire weasels as guard animals and dire boars as pack animals and war beasts. These are by no means the strangest creatures found among kobold tribes. Kobold scouts and raiding parties generally prefer boar mounts and weasels as tracking and harrying animals, a bit like hounds are for humans. The boars, in particular, are often outfitted with panniers and baggage saddles to carry the maximum amount of plunder from a raid. In underground environs close to dwarven ruins, kobolds rely on slurks, a form of slime-covered toad (see *GameMastery Module D1: Crown of the Kobold King*). These hopping mounts are ideal for crossing large ditches and moats, and they give kobolds the ability to retreat quickly from an ambush.

In addition, advanced kobold tribes train bats as messenger animals. Clouds of bats keep these kobold tribes in close communication. When tribes gather in huge numbers to raid racial foes, their gatherings are only possible because of their swarms of homing bats.

Kobolds frequently tame bulettes as mining machines. Few people have ever seen the ones that kobolds just call mine diggers, but they can tear through stone at a kobold’s command and are trained to follow a vein through rock. Kobolds treat these as their best and favorite animals, and show remarkable ferocity when they are fighting beside one of these beasts. Kobolds seem to think that bulettes simply cannot be defeated; if one is slain, kobold morale within sight of this disaster always collapses utterly.

Kobolds understand the principles of breeding to type, backcrosses, and other elements of animal husbandry, but

STARING BOX

Many kobold sorcerers make a magical trap called a staring box, which resembles a treasure chest or an ivory or rare wooden coffer, such as a merchant might use to transport jewels. When a staring box is opened, however, a *hypnotic pattern* spell is unleashed, affecting all those within a 10-foot radius who fail a DC 14 Will save. The pattern remains for 1d6 x 10 minutes. Kobolds are entitled to a +4 racial bonus on this save, as they often use such boxes as a form of entertainment, staring slackjawed at their glittering light patterns for hours.

SMOKE BULLETS

It's unclear whether these sling stones are the product of kobold alchemy, sorcery, or both, but they are fairly effective weapons. They can be hurled as sling stones with normal range, but require only a touch attack to succeed. When they strike a target they release a cloud of gas that requires a DC 13 Fortitude save. If the saving throw succeeds, the target is unaffected. If the save fails, the target is nauseated for 2 rounds.

they lack a standard. Different tribes prize different sizes, patterns, and colors of domesticated animals, and they are cruel masters. Animals that fail kobolds are either quickly sold or eaten—usually eaten.

Habitat & Society

Kobolds live in dark, deep forests with heavy undergrowth, and underground in mines in any mineral-rich region. They avoid the sun entirely, as it dazzles their vision. Those who do visit the surface scurry away to their lairs each dawn, returning to the Lands Above only after sunset. Many live their entire lives in cities deep underground—some as slaves to the drow, others free and fierce in narrow cities that only *svirfneblin* can visit without shrinking magic.

Kobolds are good miners and many of them love work. These miner kobolds cheerfully spend all day in the mines or at the smelter, sleep, and then wake up to do it again. Unlike many humanoid races, their work ethic is astounding. Perhaps they feel an urge to compensate for their small size with relentless persistence.

While their numbers and industry make it possible for them to earn their keep entirely from hard labor and the rich rewards of toil, many kobolds do not live as miners. Their innate cowardice and cruelty impel them to prove themselves by capturing and tormenting other creatures, claiming that their noble draconic blood entitles them to far more respect than they receive. This insecurity makes kobolds very susceptible to flattery.

Kobolds make good spies in underground societies, as they are small and rarely noticed. Most underground races consider them slaves or servants, and speak in front of them without care. Kobold spies use this to their advantage. Their ability to hide in small spaces for long hours also helps them. Like reptiles, they seem able to doze in a form of torpor that is not quite sleep, but simply very low activity.

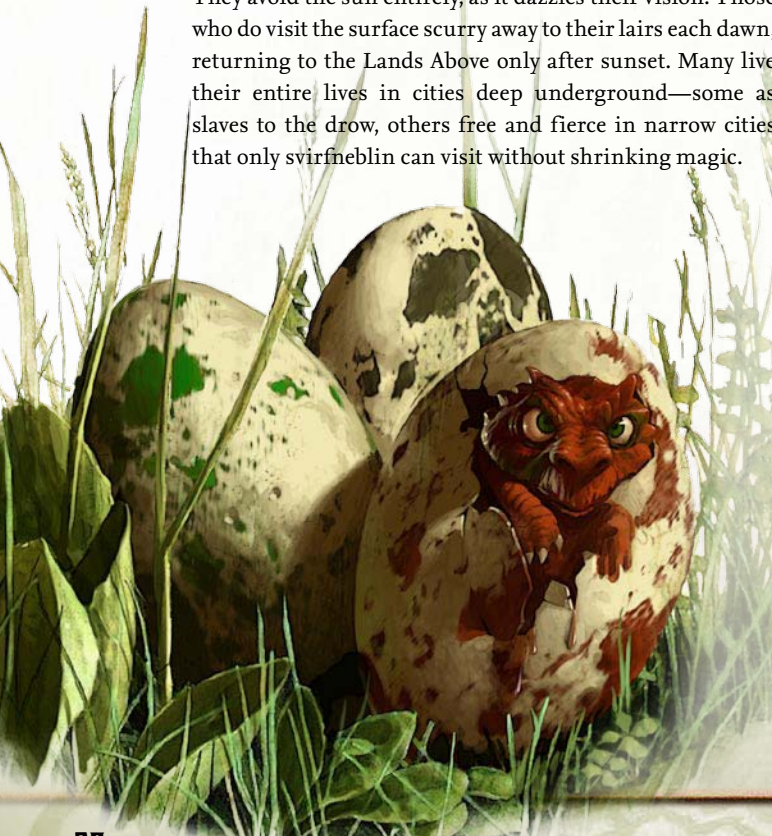
Kobolds are surprisingly competent with math, masonry, carpentry, smelting, metalworking, and mining. They never create masterwork items, but the sheer size and volume of their warrens is rarely appreciated (because they are too small for larger races to visit—even dwarves have a tough time in tight kobold tunnels). Their largest cities stretch for miles, unsuspected by those living above.

Finally, kobolds often work with mechanisms other than traps, such as locks, clockworks, constructs, and even large public clocks or bells. Although they lack strength, their nimble fingers are often in demand for fine metalwork among jewelers, so long as they are never trusted with unsupervised access to valuables. Most kobolds employed in this way are kept locked inside the jeweler's shop.

Not all kobolds are valued for their skill. Wild forest kobolds are barely literate, barbaric creatures who live merely to hunt and kill and feast on their enemies (that is, everyone non-reptilian). These kobolds live short lives but breed prodigiously to make up their losses, and are often involved in blood cults and child kidnappings.

Most kobolds venerate the gods of their draconic ancestors or, in some rare cases, an actual dragon who happens to live nearby. To them, these are living gods and ancestral gods, and are addressed as family. Food, gold (which dragons love, but kobolds seem less keen on), and livestock are typical offerings. Kobolds are quite practical, and they know that dragons don't really appreciate traps, clockwork devices, or well-trained bats.

Some kobolds take to diabolism and worship Asmodeus, the Prince of Devils and Master of Witches. In this sense, they are the perfect pawns: willing to do anything in the hope of power—even selling their souls,



sacrificing their children, or killing indiscriminately when ordered to.

Kobolds also worship Lamashtu, mother of monsters, offering her frequent blood sacrifices and even (it is said) the unhatched eggs of their young. Other stories claim that Lamashtu is the patron goddess of the kobolds, and that she watches over the race to ensure it thrives and multiplies.

Kobold priests tend to emphasize the glories of the afterlife in an effort to instill courage in their followers. Most kobolds are too canny or cowardly to believe that the afterlife is any better than their current existence, and exhortations to sacrifice themselves are usually ignored unless the kobolds' lair or fellows are threatened.

Kobolds have an unhealthy fascination with traps and deadly devices of all kinds: blades, spikes, spears, darts, fire jets, crushing stones, and acid baths are all popular ways for them to defend their homes against bigger and stronger creatures. Although all kobolds are adept at trapmaking, the elders are usually the ones asked to build the deepest pits or the deadliest poison needletraps. Different clans tend to use different styles of devices, and especially successful trap designs are passed down in family lines.

Traps themselves are often combined with ambushes, as no kobold wants to fight an unbloodied foe. Deadfalls, rolling logs or boulders that knock opponents prone, and bear traps that hold a foe in place are the typical traps used in quick ambushes. The last of these is always combined with ranged weapons—while the bear trap holds a leg, kobold slingers finish off the prey.

With more time to prepare, kobolds set up pits with stakes, hidden nets, and oil-slicked fire zones at ambush sites. The traps around a matriarch's nesting ground tend to be layered with poison needles protecting spear traps, pit traps at the end of corridors that release poison gas, falling stones that push foes into spike pits, and so on.

Campaign Role

Kobolds are best played either as skulking, annoying menaces who never fight fair or as comic relief—a race of creatures with a bit of the buffoon about them, always shooting for the moon.

As skulkers and diabolists, they are best never seen immediately, but serve as masterminds buried deep in tunnels and operating through more physically powerful intermediaries. A kobold works through others both because he is weak and because he is a coward.

As comic relief, they make good but completely unreliable minions and servants, scraping and bowing before the obviously more powerful big people, but quick to run off in the night if it suits them. Kobolds are an excellent source of rumors and information, because

KOBOLD SLANG

Kobolds speak with a high-pitched chatter, and babble on with frequent repetitions. Their version of Common contains many pidgin words and bits of slang, such as the following.

- Beards:** Dwarves.
- Bigfeet:** Medium or larger humanoids
- Blackeye:** Any non-reptilian creature or humanoid.
- Eggsucker:** A vile insult.
- Digger:** A bulette.
- Ears and Arrows:** Elves.
- Fight-Fight:** An ambush and retreat.
- Goldfever:** Greed or excessive bravado.
- Good-Good:** Warmth or thanks
- Hatchwit:** Young, green, inexperienced
- Mother-egg!** An expression of alarm or fear
- Redgut:** Hunger. "Me have redgut."
- Run-Run:** Retreat.
- Shiny-Shiny:** Any treasure.
- Slow Fang:** A trap.
- Snout-Stinks:** Orcs.
- Stink-Stink:** Carrion, or sometimes poison.
- Sunmeat:** Mammals or prey.
- True-Trueblood:** A dragon.

they are weasely little snitches who try to ingratiate themselves with anyone. They can keep a secret, certainly, but once they decide to spill the beans, they usually seek out someone else who they think might take action.

Kobolds play on their weakness. Most good people hesitate to kill a lone kobold out of hand (considering them not worth the time or otherwise too pitiable), and might even attempt to "reform" the creature. Kobolds know this and use it to manipulate good-aligned characters. They make their weakness into a virtue (although it fuels their impotent rage even further), and they make themselves seem as pathetic and "safe" as possible.

Treasure

Kobold treasure tends to include silver, platinum, and mithral coins and jewelry, even more than gold. No one knows why, but they love shining silver and prize it and other silvery metals. Some believe it is used in their magic or religious practices. Others believe that it is simply more beautiful by moonlight or starlight than gold, which looks best in the sun. Their real treasures are tomes of draconic lore written down by kobold scribes who revere every word that patron wyrms speak. Some of these writings go back to ancient times, and much is drivel. Kobolds keep all of it as holy writ and recite the best bits of any day's utterings among themselves. This drives dragons crazy.

In addition, kobolds have good tools and mechanisms for mining, pumping, smelting, and carrying. Occasionally, a suit of bulette armor (as hide armor, but granting a +4 armor bonus), made from a particularly beloved bulette, can be found in a kobold lair. Kobolds also make exceptional fire- and lightning-proof dragon-scale armor, made from a tribe's "god" who dies before its time, but more often from a metallic dragon instead.

Finally, kobolds make excellent traps and devices, such as timers, clockworks, and even constructs. These devices rely on very small gears and springs that kobold claws and fingers can manipulate much more readily than the fat fingers of humans and dwarves.

Variants

While most kobolds are red, green, blue, or black in coloration, a few among them exhibit powerful abilities based on the color of their scales. These truly exceptional specimens are admired by their kin and often rise to positions of power and authority in the tribe. None of these exceptional kobolds are powerful enough to have higher CRs, but they are slightly superior to their kin nonetheless.

Black: Widely dispersed in forests, swamps, and underground, the black-scaled kobolds are better swimmers than their brethren and gain a +4 racial bonus on Swim checks.

Blue: The blue variant of kobolds appears most often within tribes dominated by other scale colors. They are said to be among the best diabolists and schemers, and gain a +1 inherent bonus to their Wisdom. Many are powerful clerics of Asmodeus.

Green: These are the standard forest kobolds, well camouflaged in leafy undergrowth. They gain an additional +4 racial bonus on Hide checks.

Red: These kobolds are pyromaniacs and make extensive use of fire, especially the alchemical and magical kinds. These kobolds gain a +2 bonus to the DC of any spell they cast with the fire subtype and a +2 bonus on saves made against fear effects. Most are a bit more arrogant than average kobolds.

White: Like the blues, white-scaled kobolds are a little less frequent than other types. They are often powerful sorcerers, gaining a +1 bonus to the DC of any spell they cast with the cold subtype and a +1 inherent bonus to their Charisma.

In addition to these, the kobolds of Golarion sometimes hatch out a throwback to their draconic ancestors. These are the dragonbreath kobolds, who share the ability of the chromatic dragons to breathe acid, cold, electricity, fire, or poisonous gas. They can breathe in 15-foot lines or 10-foot cones once per round as a move action, forcing a DC 13 Reflex save for half damage. Those who fail the saving throw take 1d8 points of damage. After using their breath

weapons, dragonbreath kobolds must wait 1d4 rounds before using them again. These kobolds are CR 1.

As sneaky nocturnal creatures with a huge streak of cowardice, kobolds make decent rogues and assassins. A society of such assassins exists in Golarion; they call themselves the Dragonblood Circle and serve the will of Zon-Kuthon. This group of kobolds communicates by bat messenger and travels by boar from settlement to settlement, carrying messages and news between the larger tribes and hiring itself out to take revenge on those who oppose the rulership of dragons and their kin. Dragonblood Circle members typically disguise themselves as gnomes or halflings to spread the blame for their acts of arson, murder, or extortion to others.

Kobolds in Golarion

In Golarion, kobolds are scavengers, miners, and minions for more powerful creatures. They spy out rich caravans for the plucking, they dig to steal the ore and ingots from dwarven mines, and they are generally pests. Their numbers and quick rate of reproduction help them survive.

Most Golarion kobolds fall into two categories: the wild forest kobolds who plague every deep woodland, and the deep-mining kobolds who live in (or rather under) every area of rich mineral wealth. In both groups, infighting is constant and harmony elusive.

The surface regions where kobolds are found in the greatest numbers include the forests near the Five Kings Mountains and within the Lands of the Linnorm Kings. The kobolds with the largest mines and the largest numbers of bulette are those under western Andoran and eastern Chelixa. Many of the River Kingdoms suffer from kobold problems as well, where they are often called "river kobolds" for their habit of burrowing in riverbanks and in hills with a view or overlook.

As for cities beneath the earth, it's anyone's guess where they might be, although the number of raiders suggests that at least one lies beneath northern Osirion. Some stories there do tell of a time when the pharaohs enslaved kobolds by the tens of thousands, and a breed of desert kobolds that can walk fearlessly under the sun is part of that region's legends.

Names

Kobolds tend to take names that sound dragon-like or draw sounds from impressive-sounding Draconic words.

Male: Andrek, Arzhun, Eepo, Franj, Kander, Kapmek, Kerrack, Kerrdremak, Koner, Lekmek, Mandrek, Merlokrep, Mipo, Sinder, Yagrik

Female: Alloneek, Epina, Feshto, Feepwin, Greska, Grusta, Gwelly, Kally, Kapmeek, Kissgo, Lemmeek, Mekapa, Mollish, Shondra, Sindra, Vreggma

KOBOLD

Their eyes are red, and that's all that most people see of kobolds. Their large hands and blunt reptilian snouts are revealed only at night, usually hidden deep below the earth, or concealed underneath folds of clothing to avoid the sun. Their scales vary from black to reddish and even white or green. Their voices bark and chatter, and their footfalls are silent in the dark.

KOBOLD

CR 1/4

Male kobold warrior 1

Usually LE Small humanoid (reptilian)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +2, Spot +2

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 14

(+2 armor, +1 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)

hp 4 (1d8)

Fort +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee spear +1 (1d6-1/x3)

Ranged sling +3 (1d3-1)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

TACTICS

Before Combat Kobolds begin a fight by slinging bullets, closing only when they can see that their foes have been weakened. Whenever they can, kobolds set up ambushes near trapped areas.

During Combat Kobolds fight from behind traps, cover, small tunnels, and larger monsters—anything that might help them survive. They are not brave except in large numbers.

Morale Kobolds like to attack with overwhelming odds—at least two to one—or trickery; should the odds fall below this threshold, they usually flee. They attack gnomes on sight, however, even if their numbers are equal.

STATISTICS

Str 9, **Dex** 13, **Con** 10, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +1; **Grp** -4

Feats Alertness

Skills Craft (trapmaking) +2, Hide +6, Listen +2, Move Silently +2, Profession (miner) +2, Search +2, Spot +2

Languages Common, Draconic

SQ daylight weakness

Gear leather armor, sling, spear, trapmaking tools

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Light Sensitivity (Ex) Kobolds are dazzled in bright sunlight or within the radius of a *daylight* spell.

Skills Kobolds have a +2 racial bonus on Craft (trapmaking), Profession (miner), and Search checks.

The deadfall was the first sign. Then the pits of sharpened stone, the floors caked in ooze, and that swinging contraption made from our missing pickaxes. And that was all before we even saw the first kobold. And he just laughed.





Lizardfolk

“From out of the swamp they come, reptilian faces barely above the water, powerful crocodilian tails pumping lazily. Then they reach the shore and stand, water and milfoil trailing down thick-muscled limbs covered in glistening scales. They come bearing massive clubs adorned with stones and the teeth of great swamp predators, and with their free hands they clutch crude wooden shields. Around their necks they wear animal skulls and strange fetishes, and their cold, lizard eyes gaze without emotion on the scene before them. One of them, larger than the others, advances with a long javelin bearing a human skull, which he thrusts into the muck at his feet—a clear warning. This is their ground.”

—Jensen Bakri, *A Walk in the Swamp*

Proud remnants of a once-vast civilization, the powerful reptilian predators known as lizardfolk exist now only in scattered swamp communities, their isolated settlements the last marshy redoubts against the mammalian hordes.

Overview

Lizardfolk are bipedal, reptilian humanoids that stand roughly 6 to 7 feet tall and weigh between 200 and 250 pounds, with scales of gray, green, or brown. Many breeds have short dorsal spikes or brightly colored frills on the backs of their heads or following their spines. Although they swim well and can frequently be found moving silently through their native swamps with alligator-like flicks of their powerful, 4-foot-long tails, lizardfolk are not actually aquatic, and return to land in order to eat, sleep, and reproduce. While they are tool users of average human intelligence, lizardfolk rarely see fit to advance their technology past Neolithic designs that have served them for millennia. Their omnivorous diet contains everything from vegetation to insects to the flesh of intelligent races.

To humans, lizardfolk often seem harsh and strange—standoffish savages and bloodthirsty cannibals. Yet while all of these descriptors are true, those few members of other races who are allowed to permeate the borders of lizardfolk settlements quickly see that this is only one side of their society—among their own kind, they are a vibrant and passionate people. With literacy a relatively rare quality, lizardfolk have an extensive oral tradition, with even the fiercest warriors able to recount rumbling epic poems around the fire pits, passing tribal lore down through millennia. In cold winter months, these storytellings can sometimes last for days, with new tellers taking over as the old ones grow weary. Dancing and ritualistic battles reenacting key scenes are common, and frequently involve elaborate costumes.

Lizardfolk society is extremely communal, and while within it individual lizardfolk might contest for honor and standing, the welfare of the tribe always comes first. Nowhere is this seen more clearly than in the raising of children. While lizardfolk courtship is fierce and passionate, they do not mate for life, and pregnant females are cared for by the tribe as a whole. Once the eggs hatch, the birth mother often defers to the senior dam, and the entire tribe acts in concert to teach the young their race's history and the skills they need to survive. All adults, no matter how gruff or bloodthirsty, understand the importance of rearing strong young, and go to any length to ensure the wellbeing of the next generation.

Ecology

Temperature regulation is a major factor of lizardfolk life, and begins even before birth. As with many species of reptiles, lizardfolk gender is determined by the temperature of the egg during a critical period of incubation. Like the crocodiles and alligators they resemble, lizardfolk eggs subjected to both high and low temperatures during this period result in female offspring, and lizardfolk dams must carefully regulate the heat of the nest to ensure a viable next generation. Since eggs are so delicate and rare—eggs are laid singly, and few females lay more than once per a year—it's easy for the gender balance to be upset. Indeed, lizardfolk mythology is full of tales of all-female warrior tribes raiding other settlements in a desperate search for eggs and breeding stock. Lizardfolk mate year-round, and the average settlement contains one well-defended egg for every 10 adults.

Lizardfolk have difficulty regulating their body temperature, and become sluggish and irritable if subjected to temperatures below the standards for their native environments. As a result, they tend to live in temperate swamps and moors, where the verdant plant life and decaying organic matter produce and trap heat. It's undoubtedly for this reason as well that lizardfolk have

evolved to be one of the swamp's few diurnal predators, soaking up the sun's heat during the day and spending the nights holed up in easily defensible positions, where their lack of low-light vision is less of a liability.

Lizardfolk naturally live to be between 60 and 80 years old, although war and the hardships of the swamp tend to claim most of them well before then. Unlike humans, lizardfolk never quit growing—after the initial sprouting during puberty, which occurs in roughly their 10th year, lizardfolk continue to slowly increase in size and mass until their deaths, gaining perhaps an additional foot of height over the intervening years. For this reason, lizardfolk elders are extremely respected, and those who live the longest also tend to be those most suited to leadership.

While the actual evolutionary ancestors of lizardfolk remain a mystery, many believe themselves to be the direct descendents of dinosaurs, and they maintain a certain affection bordering on reverence for these massive, savage creatures. In areas where such animals are common, lizardfolk tribes are likely to contain at least a few dinosaurs, usually kept under control by the village shaman. These trained dinosaurs are either treated as beasts of war and burden or else revered and allowed to roam free and sacred about the settlement, fed and petitioned for favors as a direct embodiment of the tribe's ancestors.

In battle, lizardfolk prefer simplicity, and they rarely wear armor but do wield wooden shields. Clubs and javelins are the weapons of choice, but many are the lizardfolk who drop their weapons and attack ferociously with their teeth and claws once the scent of blood gets in their nostrils. In places where conflict with other races is common, it's not unusual to find lizardfolk wielding the metal weapons of their enemies, particularly large swords, but these are kept as trophies as much as actual instruments of war.

Habitat & Society

Long before humans walked upright, lizardfolk society thrived across the globe. Yet while their racial history reaches back into the dim mists of time, theirs was never an expansive style—uninterested in colonizing the dry land beyond their swamps and riverbeds, lizardfolk tribes remained isolated and closed-off from each other, content to live as they always had. Their only physical legacy, beyond what construction was necessary to survive, was subtle diversions of rivers and streams to flood more land—although few realize it today, many of the great swamps in Avistan and Garund are the results of their ancient work. With the arrival of humans, however, lizardfolk found themselves unable to keep up with the breakneck speed of mammalian reproduction, and instead retreated farther into their swamps, where with each generation, they watch their numbers dwindle.

LIZARDFOLK FUNERALS

In lizardfolk society, death is not looked on as something to be feared, but rather as an inescapable fact of life, and this practicality carries over into their funeral practices. Almost all lizardfolk tribes celebrate a fallen member's life with an elaborate wake in which the deceased's body is laid out to view and his friends and kin gather to tell stories of his life and reenact triumphant moments from his past. What happens afterward, however, varies wildly from tribe to tribe. Since the swamp is hardly ideal ground for burying bodies, many tribes choose to place their dead in "tree boxes," wooden coffins that are then propped in the upper boughs of trees. Others dispense with the box and simply hang their dead, inverted, from the tree's branches, possibly choosing to embalm them first. In areas where peat bogs are common, lizardfolk sometimes weight their dead and sink them, allowing the bodies to eventually mummify naturally. If times are particularly tough for a tribe, the dead might even be consumed in a ritualistic meal, and to feed a tribe in this manner after death is considered a great honor, albeit one that is seldom claimed except by necessity.

Lizardfolk society is patriarchal, with the strongest and most warlike male in the tribe invariably becoming its leader. Due to their continued growth into old age, this leader is frequently one of the oldest and most experienced members as well. Shamans are treated as respected advisors, but are rarely leaders themselves. While females share equally in the hunting and fighting, their slightly smaller size and relative delicacy during pregnancy make them less likely to hold positions of leadership, as the ultimate goal of any lizardfolk tribe is the continuation of its line. For this reason, female leaders are likely sterile. This emphasis placed on male leadership, combined with the tendency of eggs to hatch females unless carefully tended, only perpetuates the gender imbalance.

For all their apparent barbarism, lizardfolk tend to build thoughtfully designed, well-defended settlements in the swamps—the better to protect themselves during the sluggish night hours when other predators are more active. While hunting camps might consist of little more than mud wallows and reed huts, easily left or taken down, permanent lizardfolk structures are more elaborate. The standard tribal home for lizardfolk is usually positioned on a hillock or island rising out of the marsh, with rings of outward-pointing stakes creating a sharp hedge capable of deterring all but the most determined animal life. Within, the settlement is generally lit with soft rush-lights hung from trees, and clusters of small mud and swamp-grass mounds dot the landscape. A mound has a single entrance, covered with a leather flap to keep out the elements and trap

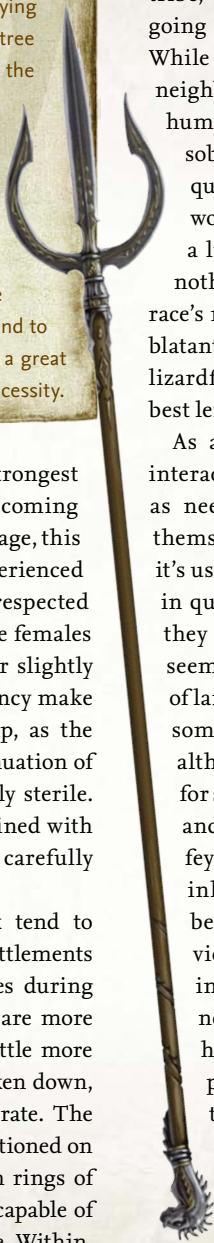
warmth, and a small chimney hole to vent smoke. As many as a dozen lizardfolk share a mound, setting coals at the center to warm them on cold nights. Lizardfolk have little concern for personal privacy, and numerous family groups live inside a mound with only reed screens to separate them, telling stories and basking in each other's warmth and company.

Survival is the central theme of lizardfolk life—both that of the individual, and that of the race. A starving tribe, or one that feels threatened, has no qualms about going to great and bloody lengths to ensure its survival. While this has a tendency to make them unpopular with neighbors, lizardfolk are naturally no more evil than humans. Rather, they are fierce and proud, loyal and sober, and if they are quick to anger, they are also quick to forgive—long-standing grudges are rarely worth the energy to lizardfolk. Eminently practical, a lizardfolk's life in the swamp teaches him to waste nothing, and from this philosophy stem some of the race's more disturbing tendencies, such as the practice of blatantly snacking on one's fallen foes. After all, say the lizardfolk, meat is meat, and squeamishness is a quality best left for the softer races.

As a whole, lizardfolk prefer to keep to their own, interacting with humans and other races only as much as needed to trade for items they can't manufacture themselves. When found venturing into civilized lands, it's usually for a very specific purpose, and the lizardfolk in question are likely to be viewed as reserved by those they encounter. They inherently distrust humans, who seem determined to expand into every untouched patch of land, and their legends hint at a great betrayal by elves sometime in the past. Dwarves are rarely encountered, although they are regarded as excellent trading partners for stone and goods, and gnomes are considered flighty and capricious but generally acceptable, as the near-fey creatures leave little mark on any swamplands they inhabit. Of all the races, lizardfolk are most likely to be found following dragons or nagas, whom they view as reptilian brethren. Those lizardfolk residing in saltwater marshes sometimes band together with neighboring locathahs as well. They hold a particular hatred of boggards (see *Pathfinder* #2), whose similar physiology and vicious and capricious society they see as a degenerate mockery of their own honorable traditions.

Laws within lizardfolk society are generally informal and are restricted to such basic ideas as the right to autonomy and personal property.

Disputes are regularly settled through personal combat, although if one party is significantly weaker, he might ask someone else to represent his claim, up to and including the tribe's leader. These fights are almost always



nonlethal, and once a matter is decided it is considered bad form to press the issue. Conflicts between tribes are resolved in a similar manner, with each side championed by its leader, but overall lizardfolk tend to cooperate, seeing their kindred as allies in the fight against a harsh world. Exile is considered the worst punishment in lizardfolk society, but in those rare cases where a lizardfolk murders another or commits some equally heinous action, a tribe's reptilian practicality often leads it to simply tear the offender to shreds and be done with it.

The predominant religion among lizardfolk is a loose form of animism. Within its bounds, practitioners might invoke any powers from established gods like Gozren to the spirits of their ancestors and the natural world. While extremely individualized and varied in their techniques, the druids and shamans within lizardfolk society are quite effective. Many of their practices, such as curing diseases by transferring them to animals which can then be ritually slaughtered, are viewed as needlessly barbaric by "civilized" societies. Their close connection to both the natural world and the spirits of the past lead many shamans to dress in elaborate costumes of bark and furs, feathers and reeds. In addition, it's common for shamans to have extensive piercings, using bones from animals or even deceased lizardfolk, with the physical mingling of their bodies representing their connection to that spirit or beast. When traveling abroad, lizardfolk shamans are particularly fond of casting *resist elements*, the better to avoid the discomfort inherent in colder climes.

Campaign Role

Lizardfolk have often been seen as bloodthirsty savages, ready to emerge from the swamp and overrun unwary travelers, but it's precisely this stereotype that makes them so interesting to use in campaigns. In a world where other civilized races view them as dangerous and bestial, lizardfolk manage to remain neutral—aloof and defensive, but hardly evil. From the lizardfolk point of view, they ask only to be left alone to rebuild their race, yet they constantly find themselves beset by swarms of humanoids intent on taking their land.

In this clash of cultures, there are ripe opportunities for adventure. How much better is a crusade against the lizardfolk harassing a local settlement if the party realizes halfway through that the lizardfolk have a more legitimate grievance? Lizardfolk law is also equally alien to most of the civilized races, and misunderstandings abound, particularly where theft is concerned. To lizardfolk, anything you can't keep by force was never yours to begin with, but a lizardfolk practicing this philosophy while passing through a human town might quickly find himself the impetus for a boiling race war. Yet not all lizardfolk interaction need be negative—when presented with a

MATING RITUALS

Courtship in lizardfolk society is a loud and flashy affair, but the exact details depend on which gender is doing the wooing. Lizardfolk mate year-round, but each female generally has only one month-long period of "heat" each year, in which she is actively fertile. In tribes where males are more populous, they might attract the favor of chosen females through feats of strength, battle prowess, epic poetry (anything less than 12 hours is a poor showing, and it helps to be attacked during the performance), or merely possessing an extra-powerful build or bright frill. More often, however, it is the females who do the courting, showing off their talent at fighting, singing, cooking, and weapon-crafting. Although lizardfolk sometimes form strong bonds with other individuals in a tribe, these are almost always in the vein of "brothers in arms" rather than lovers, and pairings for the sake of reproduction rarely last beyond the female's pregnancy, with males sometimes impregnating multiple females in a given year.

whole world of advanced technology, some lizardfolk let go of tradition, and it's not unheard of for curious young lizardfolk to make their way into human and elven lands in the pursuit of knowledge.

Treasure

Lizardfolk live close to the earth, and on the whole they rarely amass much material wealth. Most weaponry is made of wood and stone, and even when their spellcasters see fit to create powerful magic items, these are usually fashioned with the same aesthetic—rings of baked clay or wood, enchanted clubs and macuahuitl, and so on. Due to their scarcity in the swamp, coins and other items of metal are highly prized and tend to come to rest in the hands of the chieftains, and steel is generally valued higher than gold or gems due to its utility. Rings of *resist elements* and *water breathing* are common, as they assist lizardfolk who range beyond the tribe's normal territory, and potions are by far the most numerous magic items produced. In tribes where druids are scarce, hunting and war parties might also carry *rings of animal friendship* to assist in calling game, handling mounts and attack beasts, or using local creatures as messengers.

Variants

While the swamp-dwelling lizardfolk presented here are the most common breed, they are hardly the only one. Presented below are several variants, both intentionally created and the natural result of divergent evolution between tribes.

Lizard Kings: Lizardfolk continue to grow throughout their lives, and once every few generations, a tribe is blessed with a lizard king—an individual who for unknown

PARTHENOGENESIS

As with many other species of lizards, lizardfolk are occasionally capable of reproducing via parthenogenesis, in which a female lays a viable egg without fertilization from a male. In addition to being relatively rare—generally only found in situations where a sudden environmental change has rendered all the young of a generation female—this process is viewed as highly taboo among most tribes. Children born in this manner are not treated as individuals and given their own names, but rather assigned their parent's name with a prefix meaning “second.” Depending on the tribe, these individuals might be treated as divine blessings, extensions of their parent, or embarrassing monstrosities. Tribes that have undergone several generations of this “mother-birth” often bear physical signs of it, as this form of asexual reproduction greatly increases the potential for mutation.

reasons has a lifespan twice the length of his fellows, as well as the strength of arms to keep it. Due to their vastly superior size and experience, these individuals inevitably become chieftains and warriors of the highest caliber. Lizard kings are usually size Large and have 5 hit dice.

Upon his 100th birthday, a lizard king's status is officially acknowledged, and he is honored with the presentation of a special weapon, the war trident, reserved exclusively for the use of his kind. These large, two-handed tridents are much heavier than normal (12 pounds) in order to take advantage of their wielders' great strength, and as a result they lose their range increment but deal 1d10 points of damage and have a ×3 critical hit multiplier. In addition, extensive ritualistic practice with this weapon gives the lizard king the Improved Critical (war trident) feat as a bonus feat. A war trident is worth 20 gp, although most are masterwork and many are inlaid with precious metals and fetch higher prices.

Sandfolk: Not all lizardfolk have been content to sit idly by and watch as their swamps retreat and mammalian humanoids take over the continents. Thousands of years ago, several tribes of lizardfolk gathered together their greatest shamans and created an answer: a new breed of lizardfolk capable of surviving comfortably in the harshest of dryland conditions and carrying on the tribal lore, should the swamps be wiped out completely. These sandfolk, as they're known, are covered in thick, horny scales, and also bear the unique ability to squirt poison from their mouths as a ranged attack. Treat them as lizardfolk, but trade the hold breath special ability for the ability to squirt poison (range 10 ft.; Fort save DC 13; initial 1 Con and secondary 1d4 Con).

Cliffborn: In the mountainous rainforests of Garund, many tribes of lizardfolk have adapted the ability to climb agilely on walls like geckos, although whether this was the

result of chance or magical alteration in the distant past remains unknown. Treat cliffborn as standard lizardfolk with a climb speed of 30.

The Unseen: The Unseen are lizardfolk with the ability to change their skin color instantly and at will, allowing them to blend into their surroundings. This ability gives them a +10 racial bonus on Hide checks. While this mutation occasionally crops up in all tribes, it's most prevalent in lizardfolk from eastern Avistan and Garund, sometimes resulting in entire tribes of color-shifting warriors.

Lizardfolk in Golarion

No one on Golarion knows exactly how old lizardfolk are as a race, but primitive records and cave paintings indicate that when the first humans arose on Avistan and Garund, lizardfolk society already existed in something close to its current form. Possibly one of the first land-dwelling races to achieve sentience, lizardfolk once inhabited almost every swamp and fen on Golarion.

Then came the Great Darkness, the mighty meteor strike that brought an end to Azlant, carved out the Inner Sea, and wiped entire species from the planet's face. Although the lizardfolk survived, the following age of darkness proved particularly grueling. Whole generations of eggs were lost to the unpredictable weather and cold snaps, and even now, 10,000 years later, their numbers have not recovered to near what they once were.

The lizardfolk of modern Golarion are a culture in decline, a reclusive race of staunch traditionalists uninterested in the fast-moving pace of human society. Those of other races who seek out lizardfolk find them a curious paradox—intelligent but uneducated, honorable yet ferocious. Outside of their marshy homes, lizardfolk are rarely seen, and those who are tend to be either on missions of great tribal importance or else misfits and exiles—lizardfolk with too much curiosity to remain in the swamps. Yet despite their obvious desire to live and let live, lizardfolk across Golarion frequently find their sovereignty impugned by overeager governments or greedy logging concerns. When this happens, the image of the noble savage is quickly shed for one of bestial fury, and the nearby camps and towns run red in the light of burning buildings as the lizardfolk conduct masterfully orchestrated guerilla raids, torching and consuming their foes until the fields are scraped clean of human infringement.

Names

Lizardfolk take distinctly reptilian sounding names, full of sharp clicks and sibilant hisses.

Male names: Ayamet, Dresdak, Garut, Goroket, Graunk, Kassmak, Kopep, Litak, Myrkek, Rokek, Vesk

Female names: Dara, Grael, Hass, Jekraa, Keretch, Laress, Moratai, Ness, Rossake, Saas, Sarakek, Yssala

LIZARDFOLK

This six-foot-tall creature resembles a cross between a powerfully muscled human and an iguana, with leathery scales, a short reptilian snout filled with teeth, and a thick tail like that of an alligator.

LIZARDFOLK**CR 1**

N Medium humanoid (reptilian)

Init +0; **Senses** Listen +0, Spot +0**DEFENSE****AC** 17, touch 10, flat-footed 17
(+5 natural, +2 shield)**hp** 11 (2d8+2)**Fort** +1, **Ref** +3, **Will** +0**OFFENSE****Spd** 30 ft.**Melee** club +2 (1d6+1) and
bite +0 (1d4)**Melee** 2 claws +2 (1d4+1) and
bite +0 (1d4)**Ranged** javelin +1 (1d6+1)**Space** 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.**TACTICS**

Before Combat Lizardfolk are fond of scouting out the battlefield ahead of time when possible, laying traps and preparing elaborate ambushes that use the natural environment to their advantage.

During Combat Lizardfolk prefer to begin combat with a volley of javelins, from concealment if possible, before charging in with clubs and teeth bared. If facing dryland races, they sometimes attempt to grapple and pull their opponents into the water, where their hold breath ability gives them the advantage. While lizardfolk are capable of careful tactical planning ahead of time, once combat is joined, only proper leadership keeps them from going wild with the heady rush of bloodletting.

Morale Lizardfolk are bold and unafraid of death, yet still practical enough to retreat if they feel doing so best serves the tribe.

STATISTICS**Str** 13, **Dex** 10, **Con** 13, **Int** 9, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10**Base Atk** +1; **Grp** +2**Feats** Multiattack**Skills** Balance +4, Jump +5, Swim +2**Language** Draconic**SQ** hold breath**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

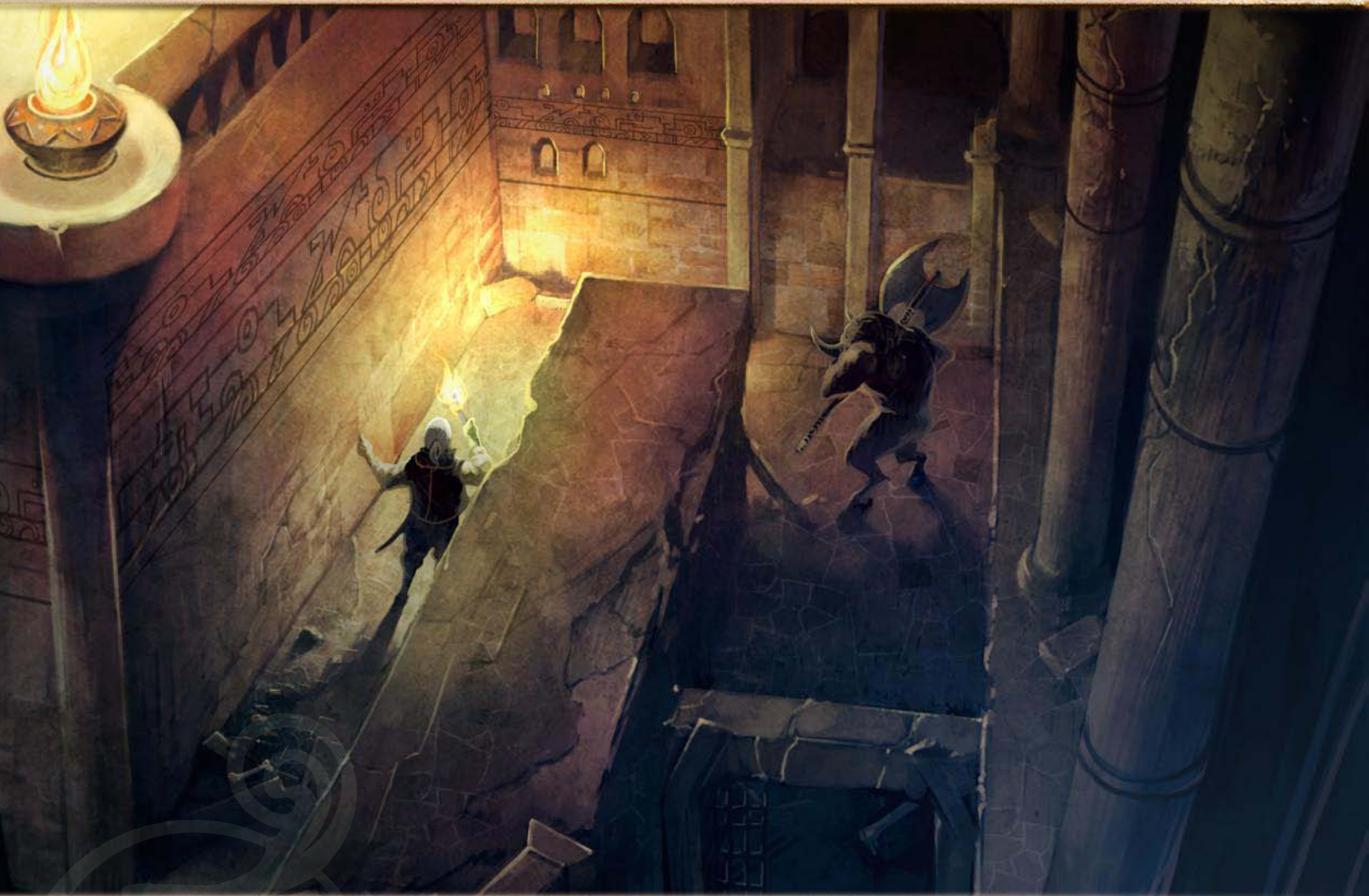
Hold Breath (Ex) A lizardfolk can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to four times its

Constitution score before it risks drowning.

Skills Because of their tails, lizardfolk have a +4 racial bonus on Balance, Jump, and Swim checks. The skill modifiers given in the statistics includes a –2 armor check penalty (–4 on Swim checks) for carrying a heavy shield.

Fiercely territorial and unfriendly to any race without scales, lizardfolk claim all the swamp as their own... and they can have it!





Minotaur

“It is said that the endless maze has but one exit. Those who become lost in its twisting corridors face far worse than starvation. A hunter stalks the maze—a hunter born of fury, with a hunger for the flesh of those who would scorn him.

“The beast is in the hunter’s blood, and no man can match his ferocity. Rage girds the hunter’s limbs, and no warrior can match his strength. Two horns does the hunter carry, but not to call for aid. His horns are used to rip and tear, to crush and kill. He is the minotaur, and the maze is his domain.”

—Etched upon the gate of Charizduin, the Forbidden Labyrinth

Few monsters are so strongly rooted in mythology as the minotaur. Part man and part beast, the minotaur serves as both the cunning hunter and the feral monster, lurking at the fringes of society, preying on those whom it once hoped to join.

Overview

It is said that no one holds a grudge longer than a minotaur. Scorned by the civilized races in ancient times, minotaurs have been taking their vengeance for untold centuries. For those who run afoul of a minotaur, the fear of death comes second only to the fear of becoming the beast’s next meal. For the minotaur, there is no greater meal than the flesh of its still-living foes.

Although traditionally said to dwell in mazes, these bull-headed humanoids are just as comfortable dwelling in any complex subterranean system of tunnels and chambers, be it a sewer or cave system. It is the complexity they desire—one that they can easily navigate, but that their prey cannot. They delight in stalking the hapless foes who wander into their domain, taking perverse pleasure

in charting their quarry's failed attempts at escape. Only when despair has finally set in does the hunt truly begin. Picking off lost victims one by one is their preferred means, with each victim more succulent than the last. Only when the minotaur has slain all but the last man does it relent, allowing the prey to escape so that his wide-eyed tales might lure another meal to the maze.

In battle, few can match the ferocity of a minotaur when its ire has been stirred. Prone to intense bouts of rage, minotaurs have been known to tear their foes apart and destroy much of the surrounding area before finally calming. When peaceful, however, some minotaurs might treat with those who approach them with the proper respect. Rumors hold that some have even given aid or advice. The reality of the matter is that the minotaur is both a civilized man and a feral beast, blended together and in constant conflict. While the beast is almost always in control, the man sometimes gains the upper hand, if only for a brief period of time. Those who receive advice from a minotaur should beware, for they might learn that the price for a minotaur's aid must be paid in flesh.

Ecology

Minotaurs are typically born to a pair of minotaur parents, although, rarely, minotaurs are sometimes born to human parents as the result of a powerful curse. When it comes to mating, minotaurs engage in a complex courting ritual. This courting involves an interested male challenging any other males to competitions in a maze, ranging from a race to claim a lone victim to outright combat. Gifts are also lavished upon the female, including battle trophies and beautiful weapons. After a period of 1 or 2 months, the female chooses a suitor, while the others move on to other prospects. The couple remains together until a child is born and weaned, at which time the parent of the same gender as the offspring takes to rearing it until adolescence. Upon reaching adolescence, these growing beasts forge out on their own, looking for a new place to inhabit where their hungry urges can be sated. This typically causes them to take up homes near human settlements—preferably close to mountainous terrain, where cave systems are common. Starting out cautiously, young minotaurs immediately go to work preying on nearby communities, slaughtering lone travelers, farmers, and trappers before moving on to larger groups. When found together in a small community, there are few targets a clan of minotaurs avoids. As minotaurs age, they are often slain in battle, due to diminished prowess. Rarely, a minotaur might become an elder, its fur turning almost entirely gray. Such minotaur elders lose some of their ferocity but gain a great deal in wisdom and cunning.

Minotaurs typically stand about 8 feet tall and weigh around 600 pounds. Although their torsos and arms are those of powerfully built humans, a thick shaggy brown

USING MAZES

Mazes are notoriously difficult to adjudicate as part of a game. Describing them is difficult and mapping them often ruins the point, or even worse, turns them into a tedious time-waster. Unfortunately, to fully utilize the minotaur, a labyrinth needs to be part of the encounter.

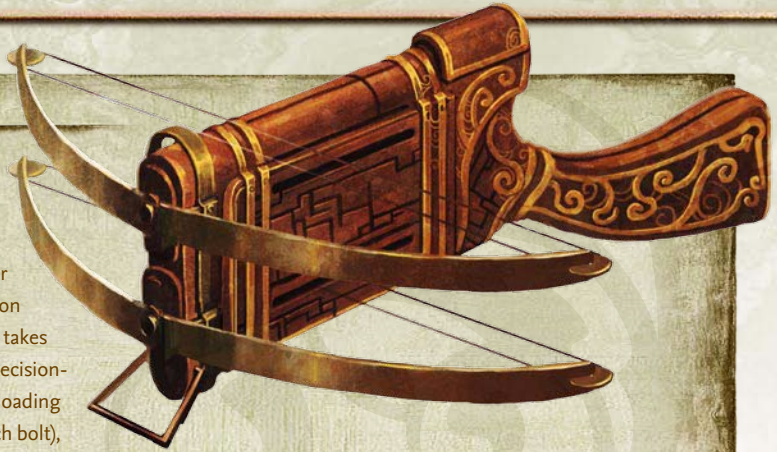
When incorporating a maze into your game, there are a couple of steps you can take to make them a more vibrant and puzzling component. First, make sure to set all of the encounters in a chamber contained within the maze. Fights in the corridors require you to draw complicated layouts and make for poor tactical situations (especially for the minotaur). Second, try to include plenty of interesting elements and landmarks in the maze, from old bones to crumbling fountains. Feel free to duplicate one or two of them to confuse the characters unless they can make the correct checks to realize the trick. Finally, only describe the turns and intersections. While players can use this information to sketch out a rough map, without the actual dimensions, they are bound to make mistakes and false assumptions, mimicking a real labyrinth experience. Finally, when the players have had enough, make sure they find their way out. Mazes can be very frustrating. Don't let that bleed into your game.

fur covers their waist, legs, and neck. Their head is that of a snarling bull, with a pair of forward-thrusting horns flanking their brows. With the lips and tongue of a cow, their speech tends to include a great many snorts, rumbles, and snarls. Minotaurs possess roughly 2-foot-long tails covered in brown fur that end in shocks of coarse black hair. Their legs are covered in a longer fur and end in great cloven hooves. The sound of hooves and the occasional snort might be warning that a minotaur is nearby, although the unwary often mistake them for horses or other beasts of burden.

The effects of a minotaur on its surroundings are quite noticeable to those who know the signs. Aside from missing travelers and explorers, many of a town's cattle and beasts of burden might go missing or turn up slain. Minotaurs have great pity for cows, horses, and other livestock used for manual labor. As such, they typically free such beasts, or slay them when no other option presents itself. Close to their lairs, minotaurs tirelessly work to shape the environment to one more suitable to their unique talents. They drop trees to create natural mazes through the woods, cause cave-ins to complicate their cavernous homes, or even go so far as to build walls to create artificial mazes. This last task is usually undertaken by a clan of minotaurs when they find a suitable home with plenty of prey nearby. Not surprisingly, minotaurs who stumble upon an existing maze go to no end to gain control of it, hoping to use it as a lair or trap.

MINOTAUR DOUBLE CROSSBOW

Minotaurs have a love of complicated things, and the double crossbow is one of their favorites. This heavy weapon fires a pair of iron-tipped bolts with deadly accuracy. Due to its size and weight, however, non-proficient wielders suffer a –8 penalty on their attack rolls. Even proficient wielders take a –2 penalty on their attack rolls. If the attack is successful, the target takes the listed damage twice, although critical hits and precision-based damage are only applied to one of the bolts. Reloading a double crossbow takes 2 standard actions (one for each bolt), although the Rapid Reload feat reduces this to 2 move actions (meaning that it can be accomplished in 1 round).



Exotic Weapon	Cost	Dmg (S)	Dmg (M)	Dmg (L)	Critical	Range	Weight	Type
<i>Ranged Weapon</i>								
Double Crossbow	300 gp	1d6	1d8	2d6	19–20/x2	100 ft.	18 lb.	Piercing

Habitat & Society

Perhaps no other creature has a greater affinity for its home than a minotaur. When not actively hunting or baiting prey, they spend a great deal of time maintaining and adding to their mazes. Since prey tends to get frustrated in the twisting corridors and dead-end chambers, many try to break through walls or otherwise mar the surfaces. After dealing with these intruders, the minotaur must spend days and weeks repairing the damage and laying false trails so the next victim is just as befuddled as the last. While most prefer to live in stone environments, some turn to metal and plants to build their labyrinths, such as giant fungus mazes and complex three-dimensional iron cubes.

While many minotaurs prefer to live alone, those that don't instead organize themselves into small tribes, often made up of unrelated individuals. A minotaur who wishes to join must bring an improvement or innovation to the maze as a gift. If the existing clan members deem the gift worthy, the minotaur is made a part of the tribe through a communal hunt. Those deemed unworthy are driven off immediately.

Minotaur society is far from rigid, and status is derived by prestige and battle-prowess. Members of a minotaur tribe are very competitive with one another, with contests being held frequently to determine rank. Such challenges include races through the maze and competitions to see who can claim the most victims in a limited period of time, from a single hour to an entire week. These competitions often turn to bloodshed between the minotaurs, but are rarely fatal. Those who are shamed, either through a failed hunt or by showing compassion to prey, are sharply chastised and forced to wear a harness and perform the duties of a pack animal for a length of time. Some are even made to go about on all fours, pulling stones from

one place to another—one of the greatest degradations a minotaur can suffer.

The elderly are respected in minotaur society, so long as they can still hunt and aid the community. Those who can are used to plan raids and organize the defenses of the maze. Those who cannot are given the title of Builder and are in charge of designing the expansion of the maze and the placement of its many traps. No tribe allows more than one Builder. When another elder desires the position, the two must fight, with the loser being slain or exiled.

Minotaur tribes do not usually work together, instead competing with one another for choice hunting grounds and mazes. Displaced tribes sometimes attempt to eliminate rival groups to take over their lairs, so long as they feel confident of victory. Conflicts between tribes quickly turn bloody and continue until it becomes obvious that one side has the upper hand. The loser in such a situation either quickly flees the area or is absorbed into the victorious tribe. Such transplants are common and sometimes occur in the middle of a fight, with individuals shifting alliances quickly when the tide of battle turns.

Minotaurs maintain no relations with any of the civilized races. To them, humans, elves, and dwarves are cruel slavers fit for little more than the dinner plate. In return, such races view minotaurs as horrid monsters, devouring the flesh of friends and kin with reckless abandon. Sometimes, a minotaur might free a captive in exchange for services (usually of a grim variety). While this relationship could be viewed as an alliance, it is one coerced through fear and threats. Those seeking revenge or cultists who venerate beasts sometimes contact minotaurs or even entire tribes in the vain hope of bartering for their aid. While most beseechers end up paying with their lives, minotaurs have been known to enter such arrangements for as long as they

remain beneficial to the minotaurs. Agreements usually involve the tribe eliminating an individual or small group in exchange for treasure or a living sacrifice.

Minotaurs are sometimes found in league with other powerful evil creatures, such as medusas, rakshasas, or giants. Such alliances are held together through the power of the partner, with the minotaurs gladly joining in on evil schemes as long as they are allowed their independence in choosing their roles in the plots. Minotaurs dislike following the orders of others and have been known to attack their unwary allies over such slights.

Campaign Role

Minotaurs work best when used as primary antagonists. While they can certainly serve as minions to greater powers at higher levels, their penchant for mazes and preferred diet make them into great focal points for adventure. They are the monsters that lurk in dark places, who abduct the villagers only to serve them up in a grim banquet. The minotaur's desire to cause fear in the hearts of its prey only adds to the story. Perhaps townsfolk disappear, only to have their bones returned the following night, with a trail that leads back to the minotaur's lair. Remember that minotaurs prefer to fight and do not avoid confrontation—they just like to face their foes on favorable terms. They are brutes, but they have the cunning of hunters. These same principles can be applied to a group of minotaurs, making for a challenging encounter against higher-level characters.

Treasure

Minotaurs value treasure that is both decorative and functional. So while they might trample and ruin a fine tapestry or discard a dented magical shield, a gem-studded battleaxe is a prized possession. Despite this, minotaurs stockpile other valuables in their lairs in the hope that the treasure might lure the unwary into their mazes.

A typical encounter with a lone minotaur might net a masterwork battleaxe, a pair of golden bracers worth 200 gp, a diamond-studded nose ring worth 300 gp, a *potion of cure moderate wounds*, and a handful of coins.

When dealing with a group of minotaurs, each might only carry half the normal amount of treasure, while the rest is stockpiled at the heart of their maze. To ensure further victims come calling, such a tribe allows a single victim to glimpse the hoard before setting him free to spread rumors and legend. For example, a group of six minotaurs has set up a cunning maze in the Menador Mountains. While each individual minotaur carries assorted treasure worth about 200 gp, the center of their lair holds much more: a +1 *light steel shield*, a *scroll of fireball*, a *hand of the mage*, a crystal goblet worth 100 gp, a battered golden helm worth 150 gp, a jade statue of a gorgon worth 125 gp, and a mound of coins worth 500 gp.

NEW FEATS

MINOTAUR'S CHARGE

Your charge sends foes reeling away, knocking them to the ground.

Prerequisites: Str 13, Improved Bull Rush, powerful charge.

Benefit: When you hit an opponent with a charge attack, you might also initiate a bull rush as a free action. This does not require you to move into your opponent's square and does not provoke an attack of opportunity. If you successfully push your opponent 15 feet or more, he is also knocked prone.

IMPALING CHARGE

Your charge impales opponents on your deadly horns.

Prerequisites: Gore attack, powerful charge.

Benefit: When you hit an opponent with a gore attack as part of a charge, you might also start a grapple as a free action. You do not need to make an additional touch attack to start this grapple and you do not provoke an attack of opportunity. Do not add your size modifier (if positive) to the initial grapple check made to start the grapple. Your size modifier applies as normal on all subsequent checks.

Variants

Minotaurs tend to distinguish themselves through the classes they take, with most favoring barbarian. Some minotaurs take the ranger class to enhance their hunting skills and gain bonuses against their favored prey. Minotaurs who take the cleric class almost exclusively choose Lamashtu as their patron, although minotaur clerics who serve Rovagug are not unheard of.

Still, physical differences do manifest themselves. Rarest of all are albino minotaurs, referred to as Ghost Bulls, who are greatly feared by their kin. These stark-white beasts are all male and possess Charisma scores of at least 18. They favor the sorcerer class instead of barbarian and possess certain divination spell-like abilities as well (3/day—*augury*, 1/week—*divination*).

Minotaurs also vary in their choice of equipment. Many favor using the double crossbow (+3 ranged attack, replace Great Fortitude with Exotic Weapon Proficiency) to deal with foes at range before charging in with their horns. Others wear armor (especially breastplates) when it can be made to fit them.

Minotaurs who grow very old find that their fur begins to gray and their furies begin to wane. These minotaur elders learned a great deal over the years and, through their devotion to Lamashtu, gained a number of powerful abilities. Minotaur elders frequently draw a number of their younger brethren to their call, organizing devastating raids and luring powerful adventurers into their incredibly cunning mazes.

MINOTAUR ELDER

CR 9

CE Large monstrous humanoid

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Listen +7, Spot +7

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 9, flat-footed —

(+5 armor, +8 natural, -1 size)

hp 119 (14d8+56)

Fort +10, **Ref** +9, **Will** +12

Defensive Abilities natural cunning

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft. in breastplate, 30 ft. base speed

Melee +1 *greataxe* +21/+16/+11 (3d6+11/x3) and
gore +15 (1d8+3)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 9th):

3/day—*fog cloud*, *glyph of warding* (DC 16), *stone shape*

1/day—*maze*, *wall of stone*

TACTICS

Before Combat Minotaur elders use their spell-like abilities extensively before combat to prepare the area for the coming battle, littering the surrounding area with *glyphs of warding* and using *stone shape* to create pits and traps.

During Combat Like ordinary minotaurs, minotaur elders begin combat with their terrifying charge attacks, using Power Attack and Impaling Charge to cripple one target. Once combat is truly joined, the elder uses *wall of stone* to divide his foes and Cleave to cut them down as quickly as possible. *Maze* is reserved for the most deadly opponent or the last foe, so the elder might toy with the trapped foe.

Morale Minotaur elders flee when reduced to 5 hp.

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 10, **Con** 19, **Int** 9, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +14; **Grp** +25

Feats Cleave, Great Fortitude, Impaling Charge, Power Attack, Track

Skills Intimidate +5, Listen +10, Move Silently +4, Search +5, Spot +10

Languages giant

SQ maze mastery, natural cunning

Gear greataxe

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Maze Mastery (Su) Minotaur elders possess a supernatural cunning when in the confines of a maze or labyrinth. In such areas they receive a +4 bonus on initiative checks and a +8 racial bonus on Hide and Move Silently checks. In addition, a minotaur elder might enter a *maze* spell as it is being cast along with the intended target so long as the target is within 30 feet. This includes *maze* spells cast by the minotaur elder. Once inside, the minotaur elder can leave the *maze* as a move action. The minotaur elder and the target appear at opposite ends of a 30-foot-square chamber where all exits lead to the maze itself (and the only way out for the target).

Natural Cunning (Ex) This ability is identical to the minotaur ability.

Powerful Charge (Ex) When a minotaur elder charges, it can make a single gore attack with a +21 attack bonus that deals 4d6+10 points of damage.

Minotaurs in Golarion

In the ancient days, before the Earthfall that shattered the continents and brought about the Age of Darkness, the first of the humans, the Azlant, brought the curse of the minotaur down upon themselves.

Minotaurs hold that these first humans were a cruel and arrogant lot, believing themselves more important than the gods. Lamashtu, the goddess of monsters, tried to impress people of Tulo, and gifted them with a sacred birth—a great two-headed cow. In their horror, the people of Tulo did not see the gift for what it was and put the sacred animal to the sword. Within a month, all the women of Tulo came to realize that they were pregnant. Taking this as a sign of favor, excitement grew as the time of their birthing drew near. The cries of joy quickly turned to terror as the first minotaurs were born. Afraid to anger the gods further, the people raised the minotaurs—at first. As other children were born, the people once again scorned Lamashtu, favoring their “normal” children and shunning the young minotaurs. Over time, the town elders decided to be rid of the minotaurs once and for all, imprisoning them in a gigantic maze.

As the years passed, the people of Tulo hid the truth about their terrible offspring, striking all record of them. Only Lamashtu remembered her chosen, and as the minotaurs aged, they came to know the injustices done to them. On the eve of the tenth anniversary of their imprisonment, the minotaurs surged out of their maze, having long since mastered their prison. In one night of bloodshed, the entire town of Tulo was devoured. Its children had come home for dinner.

Today, minotaurs have spread far and wide across the surface of Golarion. They lurk in the shadows, preying upon the civilized races. While they are rarely encountered in groups aboveground, there are a few isolated minotaur tribes in the Five Kings and Menador Mountain ranges. While most are simple hunters, preying upon travelers and explorers, a rare few rent their services as mercenaries or scouts. Such contracts almost always include the right to eat the quarry.

Names

Minotaurs take the names of their elders, taking on the moniker of departed family members and ancient heroes.

Male: Adgar, Boldun, Dramen, Erros, Grund, Hadol, Kollam, Lorgem, Maddar, Ner, Reven, Tutton, Vrabo, Zoth

Female: Aelli, Bosa, Duria, Enyad, Gorrin, Hebe, Hilise, Ilnuf, Kosa, Miris, Neki, Oddu, Sinna, Thadisa, Urga

MINOTAUR

The glazed bovine eyes of this bull-headed humanoid betray a feral cunning. With the torso of a muscular human, this beast is covered with thick, shaggy fur from the waist down. Its gnarled and callused hands grip the haft of a massive axe, the edge stained from the blood of its previous victims. With a furious snort and a stamp of its hooves, it lowers its deadly horns.

MINOTAUR

CR 4

CE Large monstrous humanoid

Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft., scent; Listen +7, Spot +7

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 9, flat-footed —
(+5 natural, -1 size)

hp 39 (6d8+12)

Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +5

Defensive Abilities natural cunning

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee greataxe +9/+4 (3d6+6/x3) and
gore +4 (1d8+2)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge

TACTICS

Before Combat Minotaurs prefer to lure their prey into confusing terrain, such as a maze, sewer, or tunnel system, before setting up an ambush. If possible, they stalk their prey for days before finally committing to battle.

During Combat Minotaurs typically begin combat by charging the most threatening opponent. They follow this up with devastating swings of their greataxes, using Power Attack if they are hitting easily.

Morale Out in the open, a minotaur attempts to flee from combat if reduced to 10 hp. If in a maze or other controlled territory, most minotaurs fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 19, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 8

Base Atk +6; Grp +14

Feats Great Fortitude, Power Attack, Track

Skills Intimidate +2, Listen +7,
Search +2, Spot +7

Language Giant

SQ natural cunning

Gear greataxe

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Natural Cunning (Ex) Minotaurs possess innate cunning and logical ability. This gives them immunity to maze spells, prevents them from ever becoming lost, and enables them to track enemies. Further, they are never caught flat-footed.

Powerful Charge (Ex) When a minotaur charges it can make a single gore attack with a +9 attack bonus that deals 4d6+6 points of damage.

*Impossible to reason with,
impossible to escape.*





Ogre

“Hungry eyes peer down from craggy hills. They fix their feral gaze on twisting plumes of smoke rising from the homes of men. They wait for the dark. Brutish giants with obscene appetites for flesh and unnatural desires, ogres commit unspeakable acts on wind-blown peaks. They waylay travelers on whom they slake their fury and claim the skulls in remembrance of nights well spent. In the dark, they prowl the woods and dance their wild jigs on rocky mountainsides. The echo of the ogres’ freakish cavorting shakes the shutters of far-off homesteads in the misty hours before the morn, reminding men to treasure every sunrise, for peril lurks close at hand when darkness falls again.”

—Harlo Mardacci, *On Giants and Giantkin*

While orcs, hobgoblins, and bugbears are a threat to civilized man, they are predictable in their actions, and easily dealt with individually. The same is not true with ogres. These brooding menaces lurk on the fringes of society, striking out with terrific rage against those who can hardly hope to defend themselves. They are brutal children, prone to violence and completely lacking any sense of morality. For an ogre, cruelty is a sport and murder is a game.

Overview

Ogres are a sickness on the world. Horrific half-breeds of men and greater giants, these outcasts turned to unnatural ways and soon became twisted things. Malformed in body and psychotic in mind, ogres breed horror wherever they roam. They have plagued the realms of men since time immemorial, becoming legendary monstrosities whose ghastly reputation ensures even those who’ve never laid eyes on one fear them.

The savagery of ogres is especially terrifying, if for no other reason than they hold a distorted mirror up

to mankind. Many monsters tear men limb from limb and devour them, but few enjoy it as much ogres do, or play with their prey in the manner a morally deficient sociopath might. Heinous torture and slow, painful consumption await those who fall into ogres' clutches. Death comes slowly and only after a victim is broken in mind, body, and soul.

The most terrifying thing about ogrekind is their malignant sense of humor. What men call horror launches ogres into fits of oafish laughter. The look of anguish on a dwarf's face as his limbs are torn off, and the horrid sounds he makes, elicit wild guffaws from nearby ogres, and more than one no doubt mocks the poor victim, imitating his pained grunts with drooling glee. The sight of an elf with his back broken and his torso bent to force the back of his head to touch the small of his back is high comedy to an ogre.

In general, ogres possess no appreciation for anything beyond these evil torments, wild revels, lusty exertions, and the taste of savory, barbecued human meat. While some giants are known for cave paintings and other achievements in artistry, most ogres find such pursuits a contemptuous waste of time. They are not proficient at much beyond wholesale murder, although most tribes are industrious enough to forge basic tools and weapons, and many enjoy whittling wood pipes and fashioning crude twangy lutes and banjos to thumb around a blazing bonfire late into the night.

Ogres fear things larger than themselves, and they find it difficult to view smaller creatures as threats. They are gluttonous beasts prone to obesity and often eat themselves into a stupor when victims are plentiful. These lazy, cantankerous monsters make unsuitable minions for greater villains unless the masterminds can keep the ogres toiling with the constant threat of extreme physical violence. Still, when roused to anger or on the hunt, there are few sights more terrifying than a charging ogre.

Ecology

Ogres are giants. Even the smallest among their brood towers 2 feet over the tallest half-orc, and the biggest ogres top out at a terrifying 14 feet in height. On average, they weigh 800 pounds, but a well-fed ogre's mass can reach a staggering 2,000 pounds. An ogre can survive off any food, although it always prefers man flesh. Most ogres are woolly brutes, their chests like dark forests, and their arms matted with sweaty swaths of black or brown hair. Their heads are flat and most of their noses pug. Ogres' eyes tend to be too small for their bloated faces, hiding in the folds of their sloping fleshy brows. Their legs are stumpy and too short for their massive hulking frames, causing them to hobble about in a fashion that would be comical if not for the rusty gore-soaked hooks they wave about menacingly.

MIG-A-MUG-TUG

Ogres love a rousing bout of Mig-a-Mug-Tug. It's a simple pastime for their brutish minds: Two competitors grab each other by the ear, nose, or other sensitive spot and then squeeze and wrench them about as hard as they can. The first to collapse yowling in agony loses. Both competitors make Strength checks every round and then make Fortitude saves (the DC equals the opponent's check). A competitor who fails the save collapses, stunned for a round, and loses the contest. Ogres love other vicious games, too, like "Hatch-a-Catch" (in which they hurl rusty hatchets back and forth to each other, and the first to shed a finger or other bit loses), and "Man-Dueling." In the last, two ogres pick up living humanoids by the ankles and swing them at each other. When the "man-swords" are reduced to pulpy messes, the ogres discard them for fresh ones.

Ogres breed kin to kin and favor large families. Their bloodlines sullied by incest, these monstrosities are cursed by the gods with hideous deformities and madness beyond measure. Some ogre tribes eventually degenerate into drooling diseased progeny, barely capable of speech after 20 or so generations. These sick, blind abominations scorn the kiss of daylight, claw at the hills for worms, and feed on anything that crosses their paths. Most bloodlines prove resilient and retain a sinister cunning.

Female ogres are nearly always pregnant, although when they are not near the end of their terms, ogre women prove as fierce in battle as their male relatives. If male ogres are prone to obesity, females are even more so. Most ogresses outweigh males by a few hundred pounds. Some grow to mind-boggling girth, with their disgusting rolls of flesh hanging in gooey dollops on their arms, legs, torsos, and face. This excess of fat is extremely attractive to males of the tribe, who like their women big.

Freakishly hardy, ogres develop faster than most other creatures, topping out in height and girth at only 6 years of age. Females keep steady supplies of young coming to replace the ones murdered by their jealous siblings, beaten to death by their male kin, or slain by the arrows of humans and elves. Most ogres' lives are cut short by violence long before nature takes its course, and one who reaches 30 is considered a wizened elder.

Although they prefer to breed within their own family, ogres do occasionally force themselves onto other creatures. They revel in their basest desires, which sometimes leads them to assault those unfortunate enough to cross their paths. Few of their victims survive to bear the fruit of these exertions, but those half-breeds that live are occasionally kept by the ogres as children. These ogrekin are horribly malformed, their inbred genes mixing sourly with other stock and resulting in extreme aberrations. Ogre genes destroy a blood line. Ogrekin can mate with humans, but

DANCING FEET AND JABBER JAWS

Ogres love a good hootenanny. They often build huge bonfires and madly cavort about the flames deep into the night. They particularly enjoy skull-jigs, adorning themselves with their favorite skulls, which clack and clatter away as the ogres jump and frolic obscenely. As a special treat, when captives are handy, the ogres hog-tie them and dance out their jigs atop the victims' bodies, pulping organs and crunching bones with each stomp.

Music might soothe the savage beast, but it makes the ogres wild. They love cacophonous sound, and often howl and hoot out "songs" they call Jabber-Jaw to accompany their jigs. They also love to coax grunting, yowling songs out of captives by brutal and often base means.

nothing in their family tree ever again resembles a natural human man or woman.

Ogre musk is vile and particularly pungent. A creature with the scent ability that has smelled it before can detect the reek of ogre at twice the normal range, and animals grow skittish when an ogre draws near. Ogres are fiercely territorial and use their spoor to mark their stomping ground. Piles of reeking waste are the first hints a party is entering ogre territory.

These contemptible creatures favor the night and lair in dark caves on lonely mountainsides. Although the sun does them no harm, ogres shun it when they can. Ogres flee a songbird's morning call and the cries of roosters as if they were cavalry trumpets, lurching back to their inky caves and waiting for the dark night before returning to their grim business. Some ogres go as far as to worship the night and howl mournfully at the moon. The sounds of their savage cries are so terrifying they silence wolves and coyotes. Moonless nights are for killing, and those are an ogre's favorite time to hunt. During the new moon in lands where ogres lair, even the bravest souls do not willingly walk the roads after sundown.

Habitat & Society

Ogres are fierce predators, laying waste to other species once they infest a territory. Their gluttony is only overshadowed by trolls, whom ogres envy and hate but fear too much to oppose. The only saving grace of ogrekind is their highly fractious nature. They murder each other as often as they do others, eating their own as readily as any

other repast. Ogres never organize into groups larger than a few families loosely connected in a tribal fashion.

Tribes are highly patriarchal and are ruled by a Pappy, who earns this title by fathering as many brood as possible and keeps it by killing any contenders. Only virility and strength are respected among ogrekind. Wisdom, canny thought, and abilities such as craftsmanship are completely indeterminate in establishing an ogre's place in their society.

When male ogres reach puberty, they are sent on lone hunts for skulls. These hunts traditionally take place during full moons ("so's prey can see ya comin', got's to hunt good"), and the young ogres are sent down the mountain to menace the closest settlement. They know better than to return empty-handed, as the punishment for failing this rite of passage involves a number of torments culminating in terrible mutilation with rusty hooks. Even those who return with skeletal trophies in hand are not safe. Their skulls must satisfy the Pappy of the tribe, and if the elder

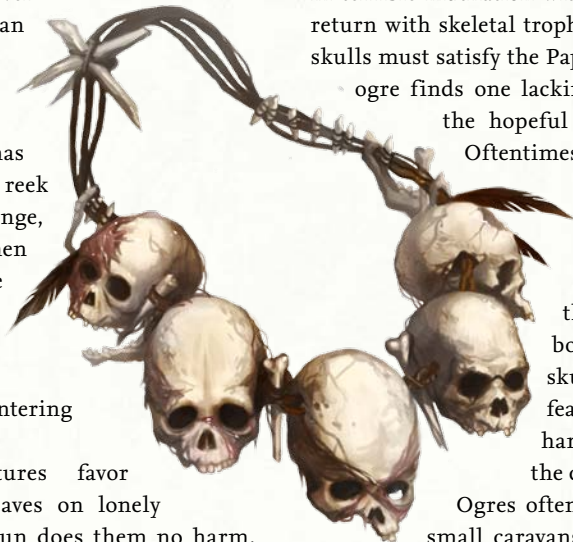
ogre finds one lacking, the same grisly fate awaits the hopeful young giant who brought it.

Oftentimes, an ogre's performance on its lone skull hunt goes a long way to determining its place in the tribe.

Stories of Jaagrath Kreeg's lone hunt are proof of this—when the oversized ogre boy returned with 16 gore-slick skulls on a rope, including that of feared hunter Kalgoras and his four hardy sons, Kreeg's high rank in the clan was cemented immediately.

Ogres often raid in small groups or hunt small caravans of travelers, but on occasion, usually in the weeks of early spring, an entire tribe descends on a community to wreak utter havoc. Springtime anywhere near ogre territory is a time of great trepidation. Communities with nearby ogres hold none of the customary spring festivals common to most countryside villages, instead holding off on such revels until summer shows its bright sun and the ogres' wild season of mayhem abates. These springtime full-scale attacks are the stuff of pure nightmare. If help arrives too late, it finds only headless gore-spattered corpses spitted on rusty hooks and left hanging from trees to twist in the wind, with the choicest bits of flesh cleaved away.

After an evening of slaughter, ogres dance late into the night, the jawbones and bleached pates of their kills jangling obscenely. The echo of bones clattering can be heard up and down the mountain when ogres are at play. Ear-splitting howls of beastly fury echo through the hills, and the aroma of the cooked flesh rides the wind down the mountain.



Ogres are slothful by nature and more easily bored than most races. They can't pay attention to anything for very long unless it's squealing in pain or humiliation. They make poor sentries and even worse craftsmen. The only way a Pappy coaxes hard work out of these lazy brutes is to constantly threaten them with horrible pain and violence, and even this fails to motivate the slobbery giants to do more than pretend to work most of the time.

Ogres laugh at little things. They find creatures smaller than themselves hilarious. The sight of a human adventurer brandishing a sword sends most ogres into hysterical fits of grunting guffaws. They don't take humans, dwarves, elves, halfings, gnomes (especially gnomes), orcs, or goblinoids seriously at all, often laughing themselves to tears when such teeny foes challenge them. It's not until they are harmed by these miniature enemies that the ogres fly into sputtering rages and spit their foes on their rusty hooks. Ogres' underestimation of smaller enemies is often used to great advantage by wily adventurers.

Religion varies widely from tribe to tribe. Some have no interest in the divine, others are devoutly spiritual worshippers of Lamashtu, a few pay homage to idols of the wild, and many pray to various moon gods (real and invented). Most of their rituals involve bonfires (the only kind of light ogres seem to enjoy), drumming or other simple repetitive music to induce trancelike states, wild dancing, and "feeling the presence of the gods"—a savage gyration of the body, sometimes a dance, sometimes little more than a foaming seizure. Ogre tribes who bother to worship usually build shrines to whatever entity they revere, offering sacrifices of fresh kills to their chosen patron.

Campaign Role

Ogres are the savage heart of darkness. They are man turned monster by inbreeding, cannibalism, and offense to all things natural. Ogres allow a GM to show a party what depravities monsters can sink to for no other reason than amusement. Some villains commit horrors for the sake of sustenance (trolls, ghouls, vampires), or for the pursuit of knowledge or power (liches), but ogres do it out of a perverse sense of pleasure and because it makes them laugh. This folly is something all civilized races, at their darkest moments, are capable of.

An adventure against ogres is a trip into savagery in every sense. Ogres live in the wild untamed heights of unforgiving mountains. To battle ogres or avenge their malignant raids on communities, PCs leave the civilized world at their back and venture into places where brutality and animalistic fury are the only means of survival. Even the most principled heroes might surrender themselves to the wild and find dark places inside their souls they never wanted to know existed when they are faced with an enemy as savage as ogrekind.

OGRE FEATS

NIGHT STALKER

Ogres are big brutes, but some among them excel at hunting human prey in the dead of night and murdering them quietly.

Prerequisites: Stealthy, darkvision, Large or larger.

Benefit: While you are in areas of shadowy illumination or natural darkness, you ignore all size penalties to Hide checks and gain a +2 to Move Silently checks.

QUICK AT HAND

When enraged, ogres tend to grab the closest heavy objects and bring them to bear.

Prerequisite: Ogre.

Benefit: You may use any item as an improvised melee or ranged weapon without penalty.

Treasure

Ogres have little use for sparkly things. They hate the sun and all bright light. They hate the glitter of gold and blinding shimmer of diamonds. They use these trappings of civilization only when it suits their purpose—such as lures for man-traps, or to barter for slaves with species more powerful than themselves (otherwise they just take the slaves) to play with as they please. Ogres abhor money, viewing it as a weakness of tiny man-things, who count their coins when they should be lustily feeding and murdering their way through life. Such treasure found on their victims is usually discarded at the site of slaughter.

The only treasures ogres truly appreciate are good pelts. They love the smooth feeling of a fine speckled wolfskin cloak, or the velvety caress of a bear rug underfoot. In an ogre's lair, an adventurer likely finds exquisite pelts of all manner of creatures (including the leathery skin of humans and demihumans). Ogres also love vices: good pipe smoke, narcotics of any kind, and moonshine and other potent spirits are treasured by these monsters as well. Ogres sometimes raid communities known for their wineries or stills just to claim casks of inebriating man-drink. Some tribes ferment their own repugnant concoctions, but these can hardly be considered treasure.

Variants

Some ogres' inbreeding results in different appearances than the standard one described above. One tribe in particular, called the Thickuns, is recognized by its gigantically oversized heads and huge mouths that take up more than half their puffy faces (these ogres gain a secondary bite attack). The ogres of the Pickins tribe grow tall and lean like dead trees, and their fingers end in bony protrusions (they have natural claw attacks).

The Shaggras are a bizarre band of forest-dwelling ogres covered in dark fur that reeks of musk. Their fur has a freakish life of its own, undulating and even grabbing at enemies (these ogres have the improved grab special ability). The bushy thick fur also entangles weapons and cushions blows (the Shaggras have damage reduction 5/piercing).

Other tribes inbreed with such tenacity and enthusiasm that their already fragile gene pool buckles under the strain. Over time, these degenerate ogres turn feral, go blind, and develop grossly bulging limbs and chests. They rarely survive longer than a few more generations once their bloodline degenerates to this point, but these psychotic monstrosities always wreak plenty of terror on nearby populaces before they die out. Incapable of speech or even using simple weapons, degenerate ogres make up for these drawbacks with a bestial tenacity in combat. They rip, mash and pummel any prey they detect, often swinging smaller foes about by the ankles and dashing the unfortunate's brains against a tree trunk or boulder. Their deranged minds cannot grasp concepts like pain or fear and they fight well after most other creatures would have succumbed to their wounds.

DEGENERATE OGRE

CR 4

CE Large giant

Init -1; **Senses** blindsight 30 ft.; Listen +4, Spot +0

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 8, flat-footed 16

(+3 armor, -1 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 34 (4d8+16)

Fort +8, **Ref** +0, **Will** +1

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft. in hide armor (40 ft. natural)

Melee slam +7 (1d6+8) and

bite +5 (1d6+4)

Ranged rock +1 (1d6+8)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks Pummel

TACTICS

Before Combat Degenerates attack any creatures they detect without rhyme or reason, or anything remotely resembling a battle plan.

During Combat A degenerate is an unsubtle opponent, closing to melee range with the closest target and pummeling him to paste.

Morale Degenerates do not flee.

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 8, **Con** 18, **Int** 4, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 5

Base Atk +3; **Grp** +12

Feats Multiattack, Power Attack

Skills Climb +8, Listen +4

Languages —

SQ blindsight 30 ft., scent, utterly psychotic

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Pummel (Ex) If a degenerate ogre succeeds on both slam attacks against a single foe it may immediately pummel the target into oblivion, dashing him on the ground like a rag doll or savaging him with fists and a head butt. The victim takes an additional 2d6+8 damage and must immediately make a DC 20 Fortitude save or be dazed for 1 round.

Utterly Psychotic (Ex) A degenerate's inbreeding results in its mind abandoning any semblance of rational thought. They are immune to any mind-affecting effect and know no fear. Also, anyone attempting to commune with a degenerate's mind either through telepathic communication or similar magic immediately takes 1d6 points of Wisdom damage. Additionally, degenerates do not register pain and ignore any effect that stuns or dazes them. They also fight unhampered until reduced to -10 hp.

Ogres in Golarion

Ogre tribes infest many mountains throughout Golarion but are most populous in Varisia. Here they cavort and raid at their leisure, unopposed in most areas, except by particularly powerful orders of rangers such as the Black Arrows. The ogres scorn other giants, who tend to bully them into hard labor.

Hook Mountain holds claim to the most bloodthirsty ogres in Golarion. Many tribes infest the place, but the most noted of these are the terrifying Kreegs. The Kreeg ogres swear they are descended from the Mage Kings of the Wyvern Mountains, powerful ogre mages who claimed those forlorn peaks and ruled them for an age after the Runelords fell. They inhabited grim wonders of Thassilon, such as Skull's Crossing, but their obsessive inbreeding saw their decline into atrocity and self-destructive madness. Today's Kreegs aren't much better.

In the Mwangi Expanse resides a tribe of jet-black-skinned ogres, called the Mutangos, whose talent for stealthy murder is widely touted. The Mutangos are purportedly less savage than their northern kin, even offering their services as mercenaries on occasion, and sometimes lending their poisoned spears to other jungle peoples in efforts to push back expeditions by explorers and those seeking to gut the rain forest for resources.

Names

Ogres take characteristically simple names, either bestowed upon them by their unimaginative parents or fiercer monikers they give themselves.

Male: Biggun, Bogros, Chackajack, Chucky, Crunch-Bones, Fuddle, Groof, Gruggapug, Kimil, Kletus, Loppo, Ogsaw, Ripper, Saulmo, Yabbers

Female: Briarsnatch, Chips, Debb, Dorella, Ellargin, Heggra, Jully, Kandy, Karah, Leer, Matrag, Raea, Shinka, Snaggle, Ugg

OGRE

This creature's python-thick apish arms and stumpy legs conspire to drag its dirty knuckles through the wet grass and mud. The stooped giant blinks its dim eyes and an excess of soupy drool spills over its bulbous lips. Its misshapen features resemble a man's face rendered in watercolor, then distorted by a careless splash. It snarls as it charges, a sound the offspring of bear and man might make, showing flat black teeth well suited for grinding bones to paste.

Gear bone javelins (5), greatclub, hatchets (2), hide armor, leather sack holding a collection of skulls and other bones, oghrehook, skinning knife

On the evening of our third day we came upon a caravan that had been ambushed by a band of ogres. They were doing terrible things. We managed to drive them off, but of the survivors... they would never be the same again.

OGRE

CR 3

Large Giant

Init -1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Listen** +2, **Spot** +2

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 8, flat-footed 16
(+3 armor, -1 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 29 (4d8+11)

Fort +6, **Ref** +0, **Will** +1

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft. in hide armor (40 ft. natural)

Melee greatclub +8 (2d8+7) or

Melee oghrehook +8 (3d6+7)

Ranged javelin +1 (1d8+5) or

Ranged hatchet +1 (1d8+5)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

TACTICS

Before Combat Ogres rarely lay ambushes, and when they do, it's not so much because they are crafty as because they are lazy. If they can kill a man with a well-thrown hatchet, they don't have to fight or chase him down.

During Combat Once battle is joined, ogres wade into the thick of melee, swinging their clubs and hooks at any target that presents itself.

Morale When their prey turns out to be more dangerous than they thought, the rare moment of good sense seizes ogres; they flee if reduced to less than 5 hp.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 8, **Con** 15, **Int** 6, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +3; **Grp** +12

Feats Toughness, Weapon Focus (greatclub)

Skills Climb +5, Listen +2, Spot +2.

Languages Giant





Orc

“The first sign we had was the blast of a war horn, blown from the hills not one mile outside town. By the time the militia was forming up in the center of town, the horde was already at our wall, bashing down the gate with a crude wooden ram, its head shaped like a snarling wolf. The battle raged for hours, but the horde could not be stopped. By dusk, the orcs had overrun our defenses, killing nearly all the guards and many of the townsfolk besides, including my wife and both my sons. I swore I would pay them back for what they did, but how do you take vengeance against a formless rage?”

—Final report from Rett Thalmis,
Trunau Watch Captain

Mad marauders in the dark of night, these terrors descend on the unsuspecting and leave naught but slaughter and burning ruins in their wake. Although beaten back in epic wars again and again, these raiders always seem to return to visit their wrath upon the weak and helpless. No frontier settlement or traveling merchant is ever completely safe from the depredations of the orcs.

Overview

Orcs are aggressive, brutish humanoids that exist by the strength of their arms and sinews. They are the cockroaches of the humanoid races, proven to survive and even thrive in conditions where others would fail. They were at their height in the dismal days in the darkness of prehistory, as all other humanoid races quailed in the cold darkness. As a natural outgrowth of this, they are extremely warlike, seeing the acquisition of new territory as their only path to survival. They are a race that has passed its primacy but refuses to give in to the judgment of fate and simply disappear—not, at least, without taking as many of their rivals with them as possible.

Orcs live in a patriarchal society that sees little value in their females other than to produce and raise broods of their brats. Mortality is high, and male children are of small importance until they have survived long enough to begin their training in arms. Female children that do not survive are not mourned at all.

Bestial and brutal, orcs vent their rage and prove their strength against any who fall within their reach. They are wanton in their violence and often turn to cannibalism and eat other intelligent races even when resources are otherwise sufficient, just to indulge in their thirst for violence and degradation. A prisoner who survives being captured by orcs is seldom ever the same again.

Orcs are fond of collecting trophies from those they kill and take a victim's severed head whenever possible. These they use to decorate their lairs, mounting them in crude attempts at taxidermy to savor the victory, or impaling them upon pikes outside their lairs to warn away intruders. These grisly trophies are often used as traps as well. Tribal shamans sometimes animate them to serve as alarms or even to attack. The nerves of even the most resolute invader might become shaken when some third cousin or old friend is recognizable as a gibbering undead thing.

As a race whose existence is based entirely on the bullying and intimidation of others, orcs take great delight in showing their personal strength and bravery through the extensive use of ritual scarring. This scarring is not done just for decorative purposes, but as rewards for feats accomplished and victories won. A grizzled orc veteran's face might be little more than a lump of scar tissue with both ears lopped off and one eye put out, all self-inflicted as a visible history of his deeds, allowing him to bask in the awe and admiration of his fellows. The scarring of a witch doctor is legendary among orcs and enough to make even their cast-iron guts a bit queasy. The ritual scarring for witch doctors is not limited to just the face, with different kinds of scarring patterns used on their arms, chest, and back, but facial scarring is certainly the most prestigious.

In battle, orcs sometimes wear hoods and masks. This is partly because a foe is not worthy to look upon their scarred badges of honor, but also because orcs find that masked attackers are more terrifying than even disfigured ones—the victim's mind is allowed to fill in the blanks with something even more horrible than the reality of the orc's features. Orcs prefer masks and half-masks of hideous, bestial design and are especially partial to executioner-style hoods, some leaving the lower half of the face and snarling maw exposed. When such resources are unavailable, however, a simple burlap sack with eyeholes cut in it seems to produce the desired effect. A particularly well-outfitted orc champion might

ORC GRAFITTI

Orcs are almost compulsive vandals. This is exhibited not only in the wanton destruction they spread upon their enemies but also in the near ubiquitous grafitti that decorates the walls of their lairs. This grafitti exists not just as crude symbols, pictograms, and images of their tribal totems etched—sometimes quite brilliantly—in charcoal, soot, or colored clays, but for the literate among them manifests in grafitti slogans in the form of insults and boastings of virility or strength. Some samplings seen in various orc lairs include phrases such as, “Grod take bath,” “Vog is goblin,” “Dwarves wear dresses,” and “Krunk’s mate smell like old cheese... Krunk lucky.”

Orcs enjoy producing their creative writing in Common when they are able to ensure the maximum appreciation of it, so alert adventurers happening upon such slanderous scribbings on the wall of a dungeon are forewarned that an orc lair is nearby even before the howling fiends ambush them from the darkness.

wear a great helm that covers his entire face save for a narrow eye slit, and that is set with all manner of wicked hooks and barbs.

Orcs wear cured hides, furs, and whatever ragged clothing and armor they can lay their hands on. They are rarely uniform in attire beyond their tribal colors, which are emblazoned on standards, crudely painted on shields, and worked into their clothing and armor whenever possible. The colors they choose are always garish and unpleasant, sickening combinations of blood red, rust red, mustard yellow, putrescent yellow-green, vivid purples, and, of course, black.

Ecology

Orcs are heavily muscled humanoids who stand roughly 6 feet tall and who have particularly bestial faces. Skin tones range from sallow pink to grayish to dark green. They have vaguely porcine features with flat noses and teeth that resemble the tusks of a boar. Their hair is likewise wiry and coarse, like a boar's bristles, and they have red, bloodshot eyes and large, lupine ears.

Orcs possess small beady eyes so sensitive to bright light that they experience great difficulty in full daylight. Their eyes do, however, provide them darkvision out to a distance of 60 feet. As a result, orcs favor dark places and cling to the shadows above ground whenever possible. In their lairs, when they must have light (such as from heat sources) orcs prefer the dim red glow of hot coals in a hearth or brazier to the crackling brightness of an open flame. The fact that coals have excellent secondary uses for heating branding irons and other implements of torture serves as a bonus of sorts in their eyes.

Orcs are not long-lived, reaching maturity by the age of 12 and rarely living past 40 if they don't meet violent

TRIBAL STANDARDS

Any orc fighting within 60 feet of his tribal standard gains a +1 morale bonus on attack roles and Will saves against fear effects, just as if he had been the recipient of a *bless* spell. Conversely, the quickest way to rout an orc army is to capture or destroy its standard.

deaths sooner. This short lifespan is more than made up for by their natural—some would say legendary—fecundity. Orc males often don't last long, but orc females rarely join in battle and thus enjoy a much higher survival rate through adulthood. In addition, orc females remain capable of reproduction from the time they reach maturity until death, and multiple births are not uncommon. Orcish culture allows a male orc to take as many mates as he can dominate and feed, so even a relatively depleted tribe can replenish its warriors in little more than a decade from only a handful of orc families and their prodigious broods. Furthermore, orcs are extremely fertile among other humanoid species, with very few unable to cross-fertilize. As a result, half-orcs of human-orc, goblin-orc, and hobgoblin-orc heritage are not uncommon where orcs are found. The orc strain is invariably dominant, so all of these crossbreeds share the traits of typical half-orcs. Elves are one of the few humanoid races with which an orc crossbreed is simply impossible. This is something for which elves are thankful, and they enjoy rubbing it in the faces of other humanoids.

Habitat & Society

Despite their inherently chaotic natures, orcs adhere to a hierarchy of sorts: the strong rule the weak. The weak begrudgingly serve the strong until they can find an avenue of escape or the means of overcoming their overlords. Orcs are true bullies, lording over anyone they can until met by sufficient resistance to cause them to seek dominance elsewhere. This extends not only to their own kind, but to other races as well. Any nearby goblins are likely to serve as battle fodder and menial labor to an orc tribe, while giants in an area naturally dominate the orcs. Any such

alliance eventually falls apart thanks to treachery or desertion if someone other than a charismatic or extremely powerful orc is in charge.

The organization of the orcs is most readily apparent in their hierarchical system of tribes.

All orcs are either affiliated with a tribe or are outcasts from a tribe. Outcasts have little effect on the

social order and exist as brigands at the periphery of their culture.

The tribes themselves, however, exist in an ever-changing ranking of dominance and subservience.

Strong tribes rule the weak and owe fealty to still more powerful tribes.

The subordination is not as direct as in a feudal society, where the

tribes of serfs labor for their masters. Where tribes are forced to live in close

proximity due to limited resources, one tends to take on the superior position

and assign all the menial or distasteful jobs to the other. This status can change with the

fortune or misfortune of one tribe or the other, however. This flexible system of ordering is actually

quite complicated in its ramifications of who defers to whom, yet the otherwise intellectually limited orcish

people seem to grasp it with a natural aplomb. Only in the case of a particularly charismatic or vicious leader, or the

sudden elevation of a tribe's status, does it ever come to a contest of arms between two tribes to determine

who shall lead.

Because of this strong tribal affiliation all orcs share, the tribes themselves are ancient, with storied

(and often completely fabricated) histories that reach back into the mists of time. As such, each tribe must have a

powerful name that captures the proper spirit of the orcish way. Tribes universally have violent and visually descriptive

names that translate well into the Common tongue. In fact, orcs often refer to their tribes by their Common names

in order to elicit the proper response from observers who are likely not fluent in the vagaries of the Orc tongue and

its many dialects. Even if a tribe is utterly destroyed, it is inevitable that its name arises again among a group of orcs

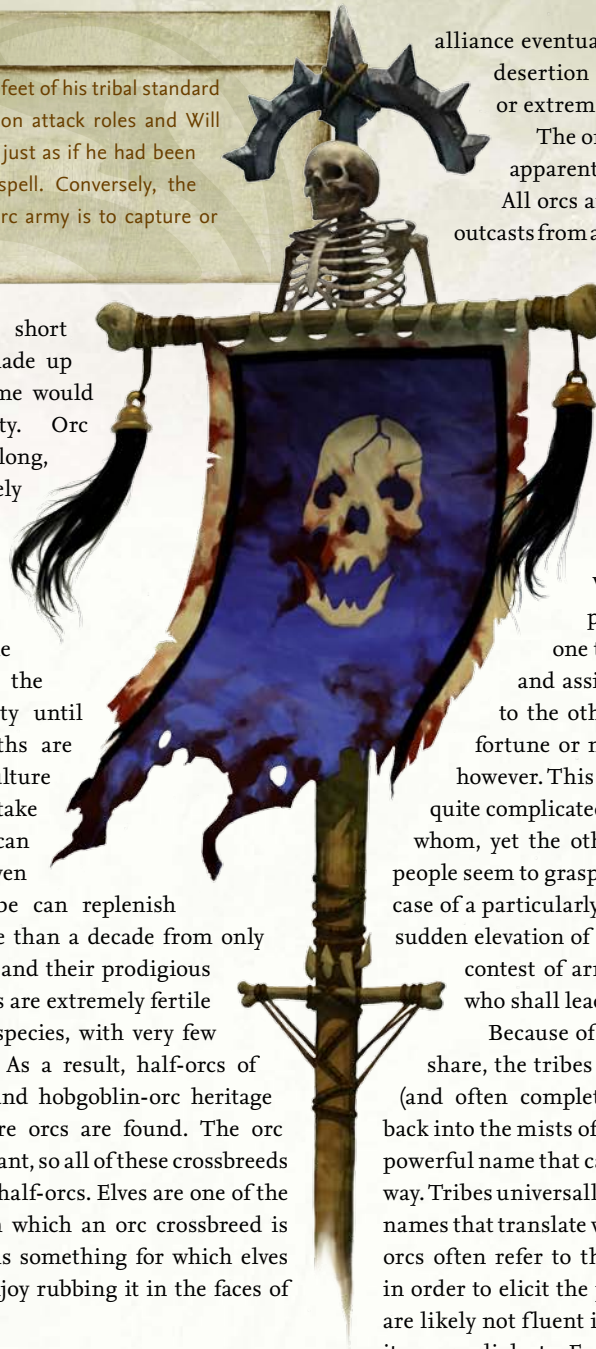
who claim to be truly descended from the line of its heroes and great chiefs. Some of the more infamous tribes that

have plagued the other races of Golarion for centuries are the Broken Spine, Cleft Head, Dead Eye, Death's Head,

Defiled Corpse, Gnarled Fist, Gouged Eye, Rotten Tongue, Severed Hand, Shattered Skull, and Vile Blade. Along with

each tribe goes its tribal standard, bearing the vivid image of the tribe's totem in full gory and disturbing colors.

The importance of these tribal standards is not to be underestimated. The orcish sense of self is so strongly



tied to its tribe and tribal symbol that they take on almost mythical qualities to the orc. The standard is always kept either in the presence of the chief (while in his lair) or in the most-heavily defended portion of the army (when out on campaign—which is also usually in the presence of the chief, unless he is powerful enough to have a warlord to lead his tribe into battle for him). A tribe might have many lesser imitative standards and images of its standard, but the standard itself is a thing of sacred power.

Orcs hate the light, not only due to their light sensitivity but also because they partially blame it for the loss of their ancient empire. The sun is anathema to them. As a result, orcs typically dwell in caves or tunnels they have excavated themselves. About a quarter of orcs, however, live above ground. These habitations can be anything from a small crude settlement consisting of a few ramshackle huts to a large city of iron and stone extending both above and below ground. Even in these aboveground settlements they stay out of the light as much as possible—daytime guard duty usually falls to the orcs of the lowest rank or who have fallen out of favor. Such communities are often built in the shadows of a nearby cliff, in the depths of a canyon, beneath the eaves of a dense forest, or even on the lee side of an active volcano, where the rising smoke and fumes can provide them with nearly perpetual shade from the sun's glare.

Orcs have a strong sense of identity as the rightful rulers of the world and all of its peoples, largely because at one time that was very nearly the case, at least from their point of view. They believe they were unfairly displaced and cheated out of their racial heritage. Because of this, they are always on a war footing toward those who dwell around them, ever seeking to shift the balance of power in their favor. Even when sorely outmatched by their neighbors, orcs continue to plan for and dream of a time when they can turn the tables and resume their rightful station. In their minds, they are the only "True People," and all other humanoids are merely lesser beings, grasping and pawing for a share of the orc legacy. All of this makes them uncomfortable neighbors, at best, and often leads to their settlements being wiped out or driven away by those who know that a weak orc tribe today might be the rallying point for an orc horde tomorrow.

As a result of the orcs' inherent sense of superiority over all other beings, they make natural slavers, having no qualms about their cruel and abusive treatment toward other races. As bullies, they believe they need not do the work if they can make somebody else do it for them. Almost any race can be found among the slave pits of orc tribes. If the orcs can capture it, they'll enslave it, with a notable exception of the hated elves. If an elf is captured, it is always tortured and executed, and is often eaten in a communal banquet. The orcs see elves as little better than skulking assassins, flitting unseen through the forests

ORC NUMBERING

Known to few is the orc system of numbering. Orcs count by groupings of twenty rather than the more common tens employed by other races. Called a vigesimal system, its use by orcs clearly stems from the use of fingers and toes by the often unshod orcs in their figuring and calculations. A group of five is known as a "limb," based on the number of digits on one limb, and a group of twenty is referred to as a "pot," signifying all four limbs that are placed in an orcish cook pot along with the rest of the victim. Unfortunately, as a byproduct of both the orcs' subnormal intelligence and propensity to be missing a digit or two due to mishap, most orcs don't have a true idea of what a group of 20 actually looks like and regularly refer to groups of 19 or even 18 as a full "pot" as well.

and attacking from hiding with their slaying arrows. Even a captured elf is a danger, so orcs do not suffer them to live long enough to become troublesome.

Also of note is the strong tradition of witch doctors among orcs. These practitioners of both arcane and divine magic might or might not follow the orcs' primary deity, Rovagug, but they command the respect and even awe of their fellow orcs for their strange powers and stranger ways. Witch doctors always live at the outskirts of the tribal area, with some boundary between them to designate the differences between them and their kin—sometimes in a side cave, atop a hill, or just across a small stream. They are usually served by a handful of orcs—either willing apprentices or reticent servants assigned to the position by the tribal chief in order to appease the witch doctor's wrath. Witch doctors always don exotic fetish masks when among the rest of the tribe and, when occasionally glimpsed without these adornments, have ritual scarring on their faces to such an extent as to make them nearly unrecognizable even as orcs. These magical practitioners cast spells, read omens, and experience frenzied outbursts and visions that help them guide and warn the tribe. Even the most powerful chiefs fear and dread the words of witch doctors. Orcish shamans who follow Rovagug despise witch doctors for the power they wield over the tribe, but the shamans are powerless to act against them, bound as they are by millennia of tradition and taboos.

Campaign Role

Although of obvious use as battle fodder, the role of orcs transcends this stereotype. Orcs are the masked bandits on the outskirts of town who waylay the lone traveler. They are the thugs of the wilderness who make people long for the mean streets of the most crime-ridden cities. Orcs form the wrathful horde that levels villages and instigates entire campaigns to undo the deeds they have wrought. They are the bogeymen that mothers of misbehaving children warn

will come and take them for the cook pots if they don't straighten up—and all too often the mothers are right.

In a low-level campaign, the orc is the adversary—a worthy foe equal to the PCs and a dark reflection that must be faced and overcome. At higher levels, they are the foot soldiers who waylay travelers on the highways and the band of mercenaries tasked with hunting down the PCs. At the highest levels of play, orcs form the hordes that descend from the mountains and threaten the very kingdoms of humans, dwarves, and elves. They are not only the flood of destruction striking the defenses of the civilized nations in endless waves, but also the assassins, brutes, and warleaders of hordes. At their most formidable, orcs have character levels equal to those of the PCs, and are the ultimate foils of player characters.

Treasure

The treasures of the orcs are portable and can easily be captured, carried, or traded for valuable tools. Orcs never mint their own coinage but readily take whatever currency their victims might possess and use it in a combination of commerce and barter within their own tribes. Treasure caches usually consist of chests of coin and crates of trade bars in precious metals the orcs took from caravans they sacked. In addition, they might have notes of credit issued by banks and guilds. Such blood-stained monetary vehicles are of no further use to their former owners, and even although the orcs themselves gain no value from them, they know that they were prized by those they killed.

Variants

Other than advancement through character levels, orcs are physiologically fairly homogenous although they have great variations in their appearance, ranging from skin tone to facial features. It is in their facial features that they exhibit the greatest differences. They always appear bestial, and their faces can look like slightly barbaric or primitive-looking humans (for those who have some human blood in their line) or have flattened noses with prominent lower teeth, or even possess piglike snouts with true tusks.

It is believed among orckind that the more porcine the features, the closer to the original orc bloodlines. Particularly isolated tribes with little to no interbreeding with lesser races have largely piglike appearances and are afforded great respect among their peers. In fact, other than martial strength and amassed wealth, the quantum of this ancient orc blood as it manifests in an orc's appearance is really the only thing that can add to his status. The flatter an orc's nose and more prominent its lower canine teeth, the higher esteem in which it is held. The other humanoid races find this appearance and notion of status ridiculous, but the orcs don't much care and are likely to kill and eat anyone who says so—so most observers just keep it to themselves.

Orcs in Golarion

The orcs of Golarion were originally a strictly subterranean race involved in an age-old war with the dwarves. In the course of the war, as the dwarves themselves drew ever closer to their destiny on the world's surface, they drove the orcs before them, until finally these feral humanoids broke forth into the open air for the first time. What the orcs found was a cold land of darkening skies and scudding layers of dust clouds all but choking out the feeble glimmer of the sun, for this was the time after the fall of the *Starstone*. Finally free from the relentless pressure of the dwarves from below, they scattered in a free-for-all of bloody destruction and claimed the dismal new lands from the wretched inhabitants they found in crude shelters and small settlements.

The brute force of the rising orcs cut a swath of conquest across the face of Golarion. Over time, the winds died down and the dust settled, and the cursed light of the sun showed through in strength again. The sun forced the orcs into the shadows to hide from its unaccustomed brightness. When they recovered from their initial shock, they realized their empire had spread much further than they had known and they had lost contact with its scattered parts. They also discovered that the hated dwarves had followed them from the lightless depths to the surface, renewing the war with the isolated orc-holds. A new enemy, humans, inhabited the surface and fought with a tenacity that nearly equaled their own. By the time they had sufficiently gained their bearings, it was already too late: the overextended orc empire collapsed into separated tribes. What they had conquered with steel in the dark, they lost with blood in the light.

The time of orcs is long past on Golarion, and they now exist as little more than marauding bands on the outskirts of civilization. Still a danger to travelers and small settlements in the wilds, they rarely pose a threat to larger populaces except during the raising of orc hordes every generation or two that inevitably make some small gains before smashing themselves apart against organized, well-entrenched foes. In all of Avistan, only in the wildlands of the Hold of Belkzen do the orcs exist in any real concentration or semblance of their former glory.

Names

Orcs take fearsome names drawn from the sharp, strong words of their guttural tongue or derived from the names of past warlords.

Male Names: Bruk, Drith, Elvar, Grom, Ilkusk, Javad, Krug, Krunk, Reltag, Skald, Targ, Ukwar, Vog, Zerab

Female Names: Belzin, Dryath, Elkama, Gumar, Jasik, Kalkas, Lethra, Lukash, Ninkeen, Polta, Saba-Thu, Sakab, Urkla, Vlib, Wanta

ORC

This barbaric humanoid bears ragged equipment and armor in sullen colors. It has coarse body hair and a stooped posture like some primitive man but with a grayish-green skin tone and bestial facial features beneath a black hood. Burning red eyes peer below a low, sloping brow, just above a flattened nose, and prominent tusk-like teeth.

Languages Orc

SQ light sensitivity

Gear falchion, hooded mask, 2 javelins, studded leather armor

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Light Sensitivity (Ex) Orcs are dazzled in bright sunlight or within the radius of a *daylight* spell.

ORC

CR 1/2

Male orc warrior 1

CE Medium humanoid (orc)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +1, Spot +1

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13
(+3 armor)

hp 5 (1d8+1)

Fort +3, **Ref** +0, **Will** -2

Weakness light sensitivity

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee falchion +4 (2d4+4/18-20)

Ranged javelin +1 (1d6+3)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

TACTICS

Before Combat Orcs make few preparations before combat, preferring to charge headlong at any foe that presents itself.

During Combat Orcs prefer to use two-handed weapons to maximize the effectiveness of their great strength. They attack in ambushes from concealment to take an enemy off-guard and cause as much fear and confusion as possible.

Morale Orcs are bullies and cowards. They flee when the odds have turned against them and any nearby leaders are dead—or have already fled. They are prone to surrender and truces if such actions save their skins, although they honor such terms only as long as it is to their benefit to do so. Exceptions to this are dwarves and elves, from whom they neither ask nor give quarter.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 11, **Con** 12, **Int** 8, **Wis** 7, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +1; **Grp** +4

Feats Alertness

Skills Listen +1, Spot +1

The orc is the antithesis of civilized man. They think nothing of tomorrow, knowing only whatever warlike passion possesses them at the moment, taking what they want and despoiling what they don't. Never be mistaken: they're not men, they're monsters.





Troll

“I have removed and stored so much of my captured troll that I have enough pieces to make ten, yet still I find myself stymied. Every bit of skin, every organ, every tissue, removed and regrown, to no useful result. For weeks I’ve tried to create a new one out of severed parts, a wholly unique second troll, but the experiment yields only a lifeless mimic of my patient.

“What subtle factor is missing? Where is the divine spark that separates a cold husk from a living creature?”

“A wonder of the gods, these trolls. Terrible, but fascinating.”

—The journal of Dr. Bensi Skule

The trolls of myth lurk under bridges to grab unwary passersby and feast on their flesh, then skitter into dark caves before the first rays of sunlight make their skin solid as stone. As with most myths, these are based on several facts regarding real trolls and their cousin species.

Overview

Although the relationship remains long forgotten to all but the most learned scholars, trolls are distant cousins of hill giants. Their regenerative abilities long ago set them apart from their dim-witted relatives, and their tendency toward a solitary lifestyle drove them deeper into the wilds to seek larger and more lucrative hunting grounds. Male trolls see themselves as predators at the highest rung of the evolutionary ladder and rule their hunting grounds with unquestioning violence. Female trolls see themselves as protectors, brutally responding to any perceived threat to their young.

Trolls are a complex race with a well-established social order and a kind, even caring system for raising their young. This dichotomy of violence and nurturing seems

alien to humans, who see trolls as nothing more than unstoppable monsters. Female trolls gather together in wandering groups that rarely stop for more than a few days at one location. Females raise the younglings, teach them to fight and hunt, and prepare them for adult life. Males are solitary creatures, afflicted with wanderlust once they reach adulthood. If a male resists his instinct to roam, the female trolls forcefully eject him from the group, sometimes killing him if he aggressively refuses to leave. This is done to protect the younglings—a troll male is the ultimate hunter and kills and eats even his own children as easily as he does a deer.

It's these wanderlust-afflicted males, near starvation and unable to find a suitable hunting ground, that stumble into remote farmsteads or attack sparsely populated rural communities and spur myths of terrifying trolls that come in the night. These encounters between civilized humanoid societies and trolls are rare, but when they occur, they feed fear and hatred in the hearts of civilized men.

Ecology

Trolls are large, lumbering giants that stand taller than men, although their hunched posture tends to make them appear smaller. When provoked to combat, they launch upright, puffing up their chests, stretching out their huge arms and bellow ear-piercing challenges. Trolls are quick to aggression, fearsome in a fight, and able to move faster than their size suggests. One moment, they slouch along a forest path, and in the next they are smashing through trees, their hooked snouts filled with the smell of their prey's fear.

A typical male troll weighs 300 pounds and stands 8 feet tall when fully upright. A female troll is much larger and much more dangerous. Females can weigh as much as 500 pounds and have been reported as tall as 10 to 12 feet. Female trolls are just as fast and strong as the males, but their size adds a whole new level of terror when one crashes out of the tree line. Males and females have slight physical differences outside of height and weight. Both sexes typically possess green skin, but males tend toward lighter green to yellow variations, whereas females have deep jade to almost jet-black skin. Males have smaller eyes, heavily lidded beneath thick brows, with crisp facial features and small mops of weed-like hair atop their heads. Females have large, bulging eyes, softer-featured faces, and thick, dark hair stretching to their shoulders.

Regeneration sets trolls apart from other giants. Where their larger cousins developed cautious demeanors, as their sheer size in relation to the world around them is often a source of injury or death, trolls fear nothing. If a troll falls off a cliff, its mangled and broken body eventually restores itself. If a troll attacks an armed explorer wandering through its territory and the explorer cuts the troll's arm

off, the severed limb either grows back or the troll simply picks it up off the ground and reattaches it. This boon instills a great deal of confidence in trolls—a confidence that defines them both as individuals and a social group. They've moved farther into the wilds than most of their cousins, fearing none of the monsters and horrors that exist in the dark places of the world.

There are two phases in a troll's natural development: youngling and adult. As younglings, male and female trolls learn to hunt and fight together. Upon maturity, though, everything changes. Female trolls reach their child-bearing maturity around age 12. Newly matured females give off a scent that adult males can smell up to 50 miles away. This causes every adult male that picks up the scent to immediately leave its hunting grounds and seek the cause of its sudden mating instinct. Males trickle in and follow the female groups from a distance—if they stray too close without proving their dominance, the females viciously attack and chase off all potential suitors. Since males spend their entire adult lives as solitary hunters, it's no wonder that these gatherings of males often lead to the ripping apart of several males before one proves worthy of breeding. After a time, the strongest male is allowed into the female group to breed. Once the event is over, however, the male must flee or face terrible pain and possible death. Adult males attack and eat troll younglings, which is why female groups eject them when the males reach full maturity at around age 15. The instinct to protect their younglings is strong in troll females. They are quite aware that trolls can be burned, starved, drowned, and destroyed, and they have perfected the use of these methods in defense of their family units.

Females breed only once and give birth to sets of younglings—typically two to three, although sometimes as many as five. A newborn troll weighs around 50 pounds and stands about 3 feet tall. They can walk immediately at birth and their instincts to kill and hunt are strong from day one. Stories of small trolls attacking livestock in outlying communities are laughed off as tall tales, but it's entirely plausible that a newborn troll might wander from the main group to seek food on its own.

Habitat & Society

From birth, trolls of both genders are raised by the females. The mothers and sisters of troll social groups form simple, multi-family hunter-gatherer bands that wander the primeval forests and high mountains far from civilization. Young trolls are taught to hunt and survive in the wild and are subjected to daily attacks by their peers and elders. It's completely normal for a youngling to find himself ambushed by others of his group and to have to claw and bite his way to freedom. Weakness has no place in these troll groups and as nurturing and kind as the troll mothers

ROCK TROLLS

Many have attempted to experiment on trolls over the years, and the rock troll is one of the few successful strains. Rock trolls are much larger than their brothers, their bodies having been fused with flecks of granite, shards of diamonds, and veins of iron. Their blood was replaced with an alchemical solution that enhanced their regenerative powers, their skin hardened like steel, and their speed increased with secret blood magic. The alchemical solution in their blood had a dire side effect, though: during the day, it reacted to sunlight and sent a toxic hormone flowing through the veins of the rock trolls. After a few minutes beneath the burning sun, the creatures slow and eventually stop, descending into hallucinatory trances. As the shade of evening approaches, and the light of the sky dims, the hormone production stops and rock trolls can move again. Rock trolls frequently subjected to multiple days of this stupor eventually permanently turn to stone.

Since their creation, rock trolls have been ruthlessly hunted and destroyed. Because of their long life and regenerative properties, they rarely feel the urge to breed, and most believe their extinction is imminent.

are to their children, a deformed or weak youngling is destroyed without a glimmer of remorse.

This violent troll lifestyle has resulted in an interesting culling behavior. Weakness is feared in both male and female trolls and once signs of it are apparent (an older female who can't hunt, for example) the group immediately abandons or even kills the failing member. Because of this, trolls rarely grow to what scholars would consider old age—generally, trolls live to be about 40 years old. Trolls are still subject to some of the risks that humans are: they can be killed by viruses that inhibit their regenerative abilities, and drowning, fire, and acid put an end to trolls in quick order. Starvation can also end a troll's life. A full-grown adult troll needs up to half its body weight in food every day. After only a few days without sufficient food, a troll's regenerative abilities cease to function. Once it loses its regeneration, a troll quickly succumbs to starvation or other natural hazards. Troll family groups sometimes bind weak trolls, dump them into pits, and leave them to starve to death. More often, a weak or ill troll is simply drowned.

Male trolls prefer caves or thick, dark wooded glens for their homes. Sometimes they build crude structures out of salvaged wood and metal, and they even occasionally build

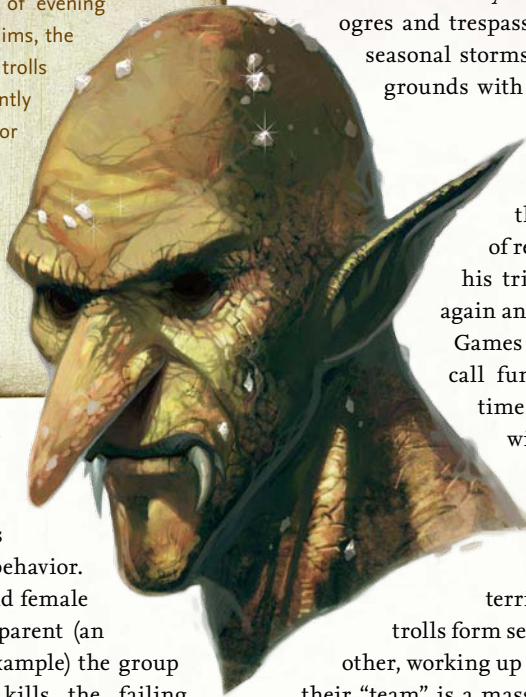
their ramshackle hovels beneath bridges or overhanging cliff ledges. These domiciles serve only as bases to which the males can return with captured prey to consume away from the elements. Female trolls sometimes drag around captured tents or pull carts filled with wood to use for building rough structures to house the younglings. Trolls can survive any weather thrown at them, but they find several days of sleeping on the ground while hail, snow, and rain pound away on their flesh to be uncomfortable, and they prefer shelter in which they can escape the weather.

Trolls believe that a greater demon named Urxehl created the world and populated it with them. Urxehl is a cruel god, though, and troll faith is based on the premise that he incessantly infests their hunting grounds with ogres and trespassing humans, pounds them with seasonal storms, or tears through their hunting grounds with roaring forest fires (forest fires, of course, being the one thing trolls fear). Even more frightening is the troll belief that Urxehl gave them their powers of regeneration so they might survive his trials and live on to be brutalized again and again.

Games and activities that humans would call fun are not something trolls take time to consider. They are consumed with the need to hunt, leaving little time for other diversions. Troll female groups have one game (of sorts) that they play every spring solstice to honor their terrible demon god. Two lines of

trolls form several yards apart and stare at each other, working up their aggression and hatred until their "team" is a mass of frenzied berserker rage. The team mentality ends the moment one of the trolls breaks his or her line and charges at the other one. There seems to be no obvious starting point—a troll simply feels her rage wash over her and throws herself at the other group. The result is chaotic troll melee where limbs are severed, bodies torn apart, and eyes gouged out—even some rage-induced cannibalism occurs. When it's over, one troll stands less injured than the others, all of whom lay strewn about the battlefield crawling toward severed limbs or gathering their entrails and stuffing them back inside their punctured bellies. Once everyone has recovered, they quietly go about their business.

Trolls rarely interact with other species. Females are known to trade captured equipment and gold to gnolls in exchange for their slaves (which the trolls eat), and troll tribes have allied with ettins and hill giants to protect their hunting grounds. Individual males sometimes hire



themselves out to gnoll bands as guards and enforcers in exchange for food. These are exceptions, though—odd occurrences that stray outside the troll norm. Although trolls see any creatures invading their territories as threats, they see ogres doubly so. A lone ogre wandering through a male troll's hunting ground or crossing the path of a female group is a sign of impending disaster—for the ogre. Ogres are stupid brutes, prone to play with their food and kill it for sport just as often as to eat it. Large ogre tribes can eradicate an entire region's food supply, causing starvation and extinction for resident trolls. Trolls have learned over centuries to immediately destroy ogres and their outposts whenever discovered. Males repeatedly attack ogre enclaves, wandering off when wounded, only to return immediately after regeneration to attack again. Ogres lack the intelligence to effectively fight a troll assault, and even a single troll can seem like hundreds when it flees a bloody mess and comes back 10 minutes later fully recovered. Ogres scare their children with tales of massive troll armies waiting to destroy ogrekind—and if trolls had armies they would gladly fulfill those nightmares.

Campaign Role

A solitary male troll brutally protecting his territory always makes for a good wandering monster encounter. Since males seek stable hunting grounds, they can be found in cave networks, dungeon complexes, forests, low mountain foothills, and anywhere large numbers of other creatures live. These encounters should always be frightening—a male troll feels no fear, after all, and should immediately plunge into the party and tear PCs limb from limb.

Young males, freshly ejected from their childhood wandering groups, can also make for interesting encounters in rural villages or along caravan routes. The young male encountered thusly is likely near death from starvation and desperate for food. A starved troll doesn't have full use of its regenerative abilities, so this can serve as an encounter 1 CR lower than the standard troll—a horrific sneak peek at what fighting a troll is like.

Female trolls and their family groups can be the basis for an entire adventure. The PCs could be hired by village elders to find a particularly troublesome group and either convince them to relocate (not likely) or simply destroy them all (a difficult task). These groups can also make for fun high-level encounters, as the PCs have to fight back wave after wave of adult females and younglings that find the PCs threatening.

Treasure

Troll males never intentionally collect treasure. They exist only to hunt, but do tend to drag their victims back to their lairs for consumption. A vanquished male most likely has a trash heap somewhere near his lair, full of battered armor,

THE TROLL OF ABSALOM

Some 20 years ago, Dr. Bensi Skule—an alchemist from Absalom—traveled far into the northern reaches of Avistan in search of plants, minerals, and creatures upon which to continue his bizarre experiments. Near the Worldwound, his party came upon a scorched troll camp and found a newborn troll male near death from starvation. Dr. Skule was elated—the opportunity to experiment on a creature with such regenerative powers could provide the great discovery he was searching for. He nursed the youngling back to health and returned to his Absalom lab to begin his experiments. The young troll grew into a large, adult male troll whose only life experiences involved being dismembered, slashed, bled, operated on, and generally mistreated. When Dr. Skule was murdered for his massive debts, the troll science project did the only thing he knew: he became Dr. Skule and continued experimenting on himself. Fearing that he would be destroyed if caught wandering the streets of Absalom, the new Dr. Skule hired a force of street urchins and runaways to run errands for him and gather information. He continues his captors' experiments, hunched over complex alchemical machinery, surrounded by shelves full of his preserved limbs, organs, and skin tissue. The urchins call themselves Skule's Army and have turned into a complex underground network of information brokers. The new Dr. Skule, although hidden, is the heart of this network and uses the sale of key bits of rumor and speculation to fund his obsessive research into the source of his natural abilities.

weapons, and gear mixed with bones and sinew. The longer the troll has lived there, the more likely he's killed someone carrying items of value and has unknowingly tossed this treasure into the trash. Troll males do collect ogre skulls as trophies and wear them when attempting to woo females.

Female trolls tend to be a little more intelligent than the males and keep gold, armor, and weapons for trade. In a typical female traveling group, there are two or three bags of items taken from raids the females use to trade for slaves or tools. The chance of finding a rare magic item is always greater with female groups, as they might actually wear some of the shiny things found on their victims, not knowing the items' real value or purpose.

Variant Trolls

The natural healing powers of trolls, combined with their long history, has led to a number of different breeds, some of which are summarized here.

Moss Trolls: In the deepest equatorial jungles of Golarion exists an ancient cousin of the modern troll, long thought extinct. Called moss trolls, these precursors are more plant than giant. They stand barely taller than a

TROLL AUGURS

The trolls of Golarion worship a greater demon named Urxehl, a being they believe created trolls and placed them on Golarion to live out lives filled with pain and suffering. Tragically, Urxehl gave trolls their regenerative abilities so they could survive Urxehl's trials and live on in suffering worship of their demon god. Occasionally, Urxehl rewards his followers by granting a troll the Gift of Sight. Called augurs, these trolls gather together and work out of rogue settlements like Kaer Maga or the Vile Fortress in eastern Vudra. They slash open their own abdomens and wrench out their entrails to read the future in the quivering innards. There are rumors that troll augurs are immune to fire and acid, although no one has yet put those rumors to the test.

GIFT OF SIGHT

Sometimes trolls are granted limited powers of divination by their demon god, Urxehl.

Prerequisites: Troll, patron deity Urxehl.

Benefit: You can read the future by cutting open your abdomen and pulling out your entrails. This is a full-round action that deals 6d6 points of damage to you. This functions as the *divination* spell, using your Hit Dice as the caster level. You can perform this ability no more than once per day.

human and weigh around 100 pounds. Thin, branch-like arms stretch the length of their body and end in curved, wicked claws that sprout from their fingertips like thorns. Their bodies resemble a humanoid shape of green jungle foliage and their eyes are hidden beneath a heavy brow and thick, bushy green eyebrows.

Moss trolls live in pods numbering as few as six to as many as 100. Long ago, their pods roamed the world's temperate and tropical forests and jungles and dominated the food chains there. Now, their numbers have dwindled, and they've become prey to larger, faster denizens of the humid rainforests of Golarion.

These bipedal plants exhibit similar traits to trolls: they regenerate wounds, they use their claws to deliver terrifying rend wounds during combat, and they know no fear. They also have a few key differences: they're smaller and their bite delivers a debilitating poison that attacks the nervous system (Fortitude DC 15; initial 1d6 Dex and secondary 1d6 Dex).

Scrag: Scrag dwell their entire lives in freshwater aquatic environments such as lakes, rivers, and stagnant ponds. They're only vaguely related to trolls, bound in myth by the similar regenerative properties of both races. Scrag are air-breathers, more like frogs than humans (or even trolls), and their regenerative abilities only work when fully submerged in water. Scrag become increasingly uncomfortable the longer they stay

dry, and after a few days outside of their habitat, they become sluggish and confused, eventually dying if not fully submerged or doused in water again. This limitation has kept scrag from becoming a larger species, and as a result it's rare to even see a scrag in the wild. Scrag are thieves, obsessively collecting shiny objects to store beneath the surface of their home lake or river, and they often attack passing caravans or unwary fishermen if they see something desired for their collection. Thin, hunched creatures that vaguely resemble their troll cousins, scrag differ in that their skin is slippery green and their backs possess long rows of sharp, defensive spines that start at the base of their necks and bristle down to their lower backs.

Trolls in Golarion

Wandering bands of troll females can be found throughout the continent of Avistan. They tend to stay away from civilization and are usually found in the wilds north of the River Kingdoms, in and around the Menador Mountains, across the Storval Plateau in Varisia, or roaming the mountains and forests in the northern kingdoms. These regions also have thousands of individual troll males who have staked out hunting grounds ranging in size from a few miles in Varisia to hundreds of miles in the lands north of the River Kingdoms.

In southern Vudra, far to the east of Avistan, lives the largest tribe of trolls on Golarion. Called the Mistshaper Trolls by locals, these trolls are ruled by a huge troll female named Xelnud. Xelnud is 2 feet taller than any of her tribe and weighs nearly twice that of the next largest troll. It's rumored among her followers (quietly—as it is best not to anger Xelnud) that she entered into a pact with Urxehl and became his lover in exchange for her mutated size and stature. Xelnud's style of leadership brooks no discussion and no disloyalty, and she tortures and ritually starves any troll stupid enough to oppose her. Her viciousness and fanatical devotion to Urxehl has led her to believe that she's the demon god's agent on earth. She plans to gather together all the trolls of the world to destroy civilization and restore Golarion to a dark, brutal state like it was during the Age of Darkness. Although this task is impossible, her delusions of grandeur might have dire consequences for the people of Vudra and the surrounding nations.

Names

Troll names are typically simple combinations or corruptions of their parents' names.

Male: Alrekr, Brokk, Durtl, Gulurd, Hakon, Havart, Lunt, Odell, Odurx, Prek, Sigurx, Tarll, Urx, Volurd, Wekk

Female: Asta, Berg, Delli, Eydis, Halsan, Invarr, Kelda, Onun, Terghel, Unni, Urtha, Volhel, Volu, Xel, Xelnud

TROLL

Lumbering out of the trees is, upon first impression, an enormous human with broad, thick shoulders and two solid, tree-trunk arms stretching down to almost drag on the ground. At further glance, its skin is a sickly, greenish hue and its eyes are pools of inky blackness. Its face is long and angular, with a solid, pointy chin and a crooked, hawkish nose, and its hair looks more like a mat of forest weeds and rests tangled and greasy on its heavy brow. There is an air of unsettled violence about it—its hands end in razor-sharp claws and its body seems taut and agile despite its size.

We've all heard troll stories—"Argo and the Troll," "Droan o' the Bogs," "The Brambleman"—but they're more than just old yarns, they're lessons. Everyone ends the same way, in acid or in fire. Acid and fire. Don't forget it. It might just save your life.

TROLL

CR 5

CE Large giant

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft., low-light vision, scent; Listen +5, Spot +6

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 14

(+2 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 63 (6d8+36); regeneration 5 (fire/acid)

Fort +11, **Ref** +4, **Will** +3

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +9 (1d6+6) and bite +4 (1d6+3)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks rend (2d6+9)

TACTICS

During Combat Trolls are single-minded berserkers in combat: they attack the nearest foe without hesitation and don't stop until that foe is down.

Morale Because of their regenerative abilities, trolls are fearless. Even flames or the presence of acid don't slow them down—they always fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 14, **Con** 23, **Int** 6, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +4; **Grp** +14

Feats Alertness, Iron Will, Track

Skills Listen +5, Spot +6

Languages Giant

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Regeneration (Ex) Fire and acid deal normal damage to a troll. If a troll loses a limb or body part, the lost portion regrows in 3d6 minutes. The creature can reattach the severed member instantly by holding it to the stump.

Rend (Ex) If a troll hits with both claw attacks, it latches onto the opponent's body and tears the flesh. This attack automatically deals an additional 2d6+9 points of damage.



IT'S YOUR WORLD NOW.



From the crumbling spires of the ancient Runelords in distant Varisia to the bustling merchant kingdoms of the Inner Sea, the *Pathfinder Chronicles*[™] campaign setting forms the panoramic backdrop for Paizo's GameMastery[™] and *Pathfinder*[™] fantasy roleplaying supplements, campaigns, and adventures. Vigilant paladins gather at the foot of Gallowspire, tomb of the undead Whispering Tyrant, while crusading knights of the distant north make war against the ravenous demons of the Worldwound. The shifting sands of Osirion reveal the ruined pyramids of long-dead gods, while the wind-whipped chaos of the Sodden Lands attracts plunderers across oceans and continents. The world's most popular roleplaying game is always changing, but the *Pathfinder Chronicles* campaign setting is designed to be engaging right from the start. Your next great adventure is about to begin. It's your world now.

Written by Erik Mona and Jason Bulmahn

Pathfinder Chronicles Gazetteer • \$17.99

Available Spring 2008



GAMEMASTERY[™]

PATHFINDER
CHRONICLES[™]

paizo.com/gamemastery

All trademarks are property of Paizo Publishing[®], LLC. ©2008 Paizo. All Rights Reserved

OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc. ("Wizards"); All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a) "Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b) "Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d) "Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity; (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts, creatures, characters, stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product Identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor; (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content You Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15. COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Open Game License v.1.0a Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.
System Reference Document. Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, based on material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

Classic Monsters Revisited. Copyright 2008, Paizo Publishing, LLC; Authors: Wolfgang Baur, Jason Bulmahn, Joshua J. Frost, James Jacobs, Nicolas Logue, Mike McArtor, James L. Sutter, Greg A. Vaughan, Jeremy Walker.
Time of Horrors. Copyright 2002, Necromancer Games, Inc.; Authors: Scott Greene, with Clark Peterson, Erica Balsley, Kevin Bass, Casey Christofferson, Lance Hawvermale, Travis Hawvermale, Patrick Lawinger, and Bill Webb; Based on original content from TSR.



THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

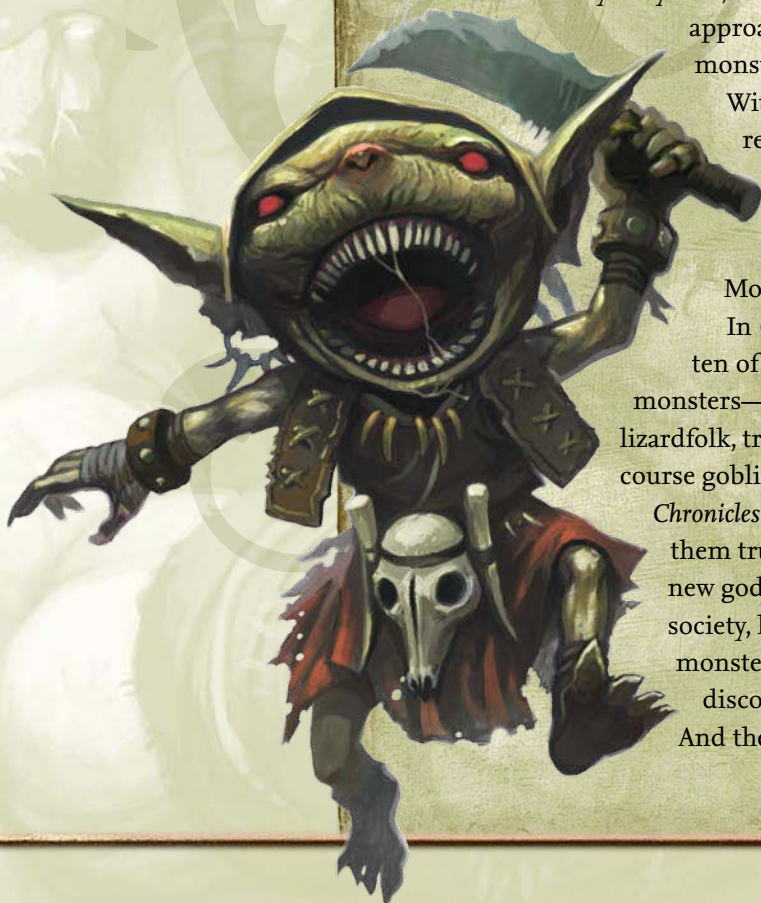
They are the lurking shapes glimpsed briefly beyond the slowly opening closet door, the half-heard hissing from under the bed, the secret scratching at the window shuttered against the night. You know they're out there, watching, waiting for you to be alone, and when you hover on the edge of wakefulness and nightmare-haunted sleep, you know they will come for you. These are the monsters you remember from your youth, and though you've grown, as midnight approaches, the child within knows the monsters never left your bedside.

Within the pages of this book, we reintroduce you to the monsters you remember from the good-old days, monsters that may have started to feel old and stale—even safe.

Monsters should never feel safe.

In *Classic Monsters Revisited*, we examine ten of the game's most popular and familiar monsters—bugbears, gnolls, hobgoblins, orcs, lizardfolk, trolls, ogres, kobolds, minotaurs, and of course goblins, reimagining them for the *Pathfinder Chronicles* campaign setting while striving to keep them true to their roots. New feats, new gear, new gods, and a wealth of knowledge about the society, history, and inner workings of these ten monsters lie within this book, waiting for you to discover them anew.

And they're just as monstrous as you remember.



GAME MASTERY™

**3.5 • OGL
COMPATIBLE**

paizo.com/pathfinder

Printed in China. PZO1107

US \$17.99

ISBN 978-1-60125-079-7

5 1799 >



EAN

9 781601 250797