

MARIANNE AVIGNONE

3 musket master human chaotic good gunslinger

level/class race alignment favored class

cost	ability score		HP		AC			
+1	STR strength	9	hit points	25 / 25	armor class	19		
+0	DEX dexterity	20	INIT initiative	+7	TOUCH armor class	16		
+2	CON constitution	12	EXP experience	0	FLAT-FOOTED armor class	13		
+0	INT intelligence	10	FORT fortitude	+4	+3	+1	CMB combat maneuver	2
+10	WIS wisdom	16	REF reflex	+8	+3	+5	CMD maneuver defense	18
+5	CHA charisma	14	WILL willpower	+4	+1	+3	SP RES spell resistance	-

weapon	attack	misfire	range	damage	crit
mw dbl brl musket	+4	1-3	40'	1d12	x4
single barrel	+8	1-3	40'	1d12	x4
mw musket	+8	1-2	40'	1d12	x4

SKILLS

armor
penalty

		total			
acrobatics	dex	11	3	3	5
appraise	int	0			0
bluff	cha	2		-	2
craft: alchemy	int	4	1	3	0
craft: ammunition	int	4	1	3	0
craft: firearms	int	4	1	3	0
diplomacy	cha	2			2
disguise	cha	2			2
escape artist	dex	5			5
heal	wis	2		-	2
intimidate	cha	2		-	2
knowledge: local	int	6	3	3	0
perception	wis	8	3	3	2
prof: monster hunter	wis	8	3	3	2
sense motive	wis	4			2 2
stealth	dex	11	3	3	5
survival	wis	2		-	2
swim	str	-1		-	-1

LANGUAGES

Common



MARIENNE AVIGNONE

FEATS & FEATURES

Grit

Deeds

Gunsmith

Rapid Reload: Double Barrel Musket

Nimble

Feat: Deadly Aim

Feat: Point-Blank Shot

Feat: Precise Shot

Trait: Highlander

Trait: Reactionary

GRIT: A gunslinger makes her mark upon the world with daring deeds. Grit is a fluctuating measure of a gunslinger's ability to perform amazing actions in combat. At the start of each day, a gunslinger gains 3 grit points. A gunslinger spends grit to accomplish deeds [PFUC 10]. (PFUC 9 - 10).

DEEDS: You can only perform deeds of your level or lower. Unless noted, a deed can be performed multiple times.

Deadeye (Ex): You can resolve an attack against touch AC instead of normal AC when firing beyond her firearm's first range increment. Costs 1 grit point per range increment beyond the first. Still take -2 penalty on attack rolls for each range increment beyond the first. (PFUC 10).

Fast Musket (Ex): As long as the musket master has 1 grit point, she can reload any two-handed firearm as if it were a one-handed firearm. (PFUC 51).

Gunslinger Initiative (Ex): If you have at least 1 grit point, you gain a +2 bonus on initiative checks. (PFUC 10-11).

Pistol-Whip (Ex): You can make a surprise melee attack with the butt or handle of her firearm as a standard action. Gains a bonus on the attack and damage rolls equal to the enhancement bonus of the firearm. Costs 1 grit point. (PFUC 11).

Quick Clear (Ex): As a standard action, you can remove the broken condition from a single firearm you are wielding, as long as that condition was gained by a firearm misfire. You must have at least 1 grit point to perform this deed.

You can also spend 1 grit point to perform a quick clear as a move-equivalent action instead of a standard action. (PFUC 10).

Steady Aim (Ex): As long as a musket master has at least 1 grit point, she can take a move-equivalent action to increase the accuracy of a two-handed firearm. When she does, she increases the range increment of the firearm she is firing by 10 ft. This stacks with other abilities that increase her range increment. (PFUC 50). (PFUC 10 - 12).

GUNSMITH: You gain one of the following firearms of her choice: blunderbuss, musket, or pistol. You also gains Gunsmithing as a bonus feat. (PFUC 9).

NIMBLE: A gunslinger gains a +1 dodge bonus to AC while wearing light or no armor.

GUNSMITHING: You can create and restore firearms, craft bullets, and mix black powder for all types of firearms. You do not need to make a Craft check to create firearms and ammunition or to restore firearms. You can take time during a rest period to restore a broken firearm with this feat. (PFUC 103)

DEADLY AIM: You may subtract 1 from ranged attack rolls to gain +2 damage. Declare before attacking. Does not apply to touch or non-HP damage attacks. Lasts until your next turn. (PFCR 121)

POINT-BLANK SHOT: You get a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls with ranged weapons at ranges of up to 30 ft. (PFCR 131)

PRECISE SHOT: You can shoot or throw ranged weapons at an opponent engaged in melee without taking the standard -4 penalty on your attack roll. (PFCR 131)

RAPID RELOAD (DOUBLE BARREL MUSKET): You can reload projectile weapons faster -- as a move action for weapons that normally take a full-round action to load, or as a free action for weapons that normally take a move action to load.

HIGHLANDER (Regional): You were born and raised in rugged badlands or hills, and you've become something of an expert at evading the predators, monsters, and worse that haunt the highlands. You gain a +1 trait bonus on Stealth checks, and Stealth is always a class skill for you. This trait bonus increases to +2 in hilly or rocky areas. (PFAPG 332)

REACTIONARY (Combat): You gain a +2 trait bonus to Initiative checks. (PFAPG 328)

FIVE YEARS AGO...

The sun had set hours before when Marianne finally reached the small village of Vin'christine. Panting and out of breath, she slipped through the forest, dodging the Mistress's troops. Spotting the lights of the village through the trees, she breathed a sigh of relief mere seconds before she heard the footstep to her right.

Spinning in place, she thrust her bayonet into the dark silhouette before leaping onto her victim, silencing any chance of a scream by planting both knees firmly in its chest. Kneeling over the corpse, she made out the tricorne hat with its golden mirror on a field of checked scarlet and black. Bending over, she whispered the traditional parting in the Land of Mirrors, "*Someday*." Slipping to her feet once more, she slid around the few final trees, halting on the edge of the clearing.

Here on the border, it was a capital crime to allow a tree to grow within a hundred paces of a dwelling and as the paces were measured by whichever representative the Mistress sent, they were usually cleared to half that again.

With all of the brass she could muster, she stood upright and strode across the clearing, relying on her own uniform for safety. The red coat was ubiquitous in the Mistress's forces, and the odds were good that the brown of her lapels would not show in the darkness. Only those in the red and black, Her personal guard, were allowed to travel freely without documents and Marianne, absent from her unit without leave, certainly had none of those.

She finally reached the edge of the village after what seemed an eternity of fear. Sprinting around the corner of the village inn, she jumped a water barrel and slid across the open alley on the other side. Making her way past the farrier's, she finally saw the walls of her home just beyond the small garden her husband Anton tended so carefully.

Silently raising the latch on the back door, she stifled a call for Anton, picturing his golden locks tied back with the green ribbon she'd given him, given to her by the mayor for the birth of their daughter. The thought fled instantly however, the hairs on the back of her neck warning her that something here was amiss. The interior of her home was a scattered disaster of broken furniture and spilled blood, but thankfully clear of the bodies she feared to see. Oddly, the bedroom stood untouched, her wedding bed inviting, although seldomly used.

Quickly crossing the room, she pulled aside the curtains, peering out the front window. Although devoid of people, the town square was lit until the mid of night by law.

In the mere blink of an eye, that instant during which a breath is taken in and then exhaled, Marianne Avignone's world came to a crashing, ruinous stop. Sitting in the middle of her gate atop a thin wooden stake, perched a head at eye level, a

head with golden locks tied back by a green ribbon. With tears in her eyes, she looked out at her husband one last time, "*Someday*."

There are many laws in the lands of the Mistress of Mirrors, for her vanity is such that no other can ever be as beautiful as she, as rich as she, nor even as happy as she.

Of those laws, the most onerous was the Law of Five. Every female child must, under penalty of death, be presented to the Mistress in Marsailles on the fifth year of her birth. Invariably, the children would return home the following day, provided they were not too clever, too fit, or worst of all, too beautiful. Those children were never seen again. Many families had tried to hide their children, some going so far as to hide them from the very day of their birth. Every day however, as though empowered by some dark sorcery, men in black and red would arrive in one of the many villages spread across this land, to bring the Mistress her due.

A stray beam of sunlight awoke Marianne the next morning, her eyes crusty with dried tears and her clothes damp and matted from sleeping on the floor. Outside her door, she could hear the sounds of the Mistress's men going door to door, rousting the villagers into the town square. Remembering





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the guard she'd killed the night before, she scrambled for the bedroom and the crawlspace behind the dresser. Pulling one corner forward revealed a sixteen inch space between the walls, just as a hard tug on the other side would move the dresser back into position. Inching down into the hidden cellar, she folded her cloak and laid it down for a bed before sleeping the day away.

Marianne hid in the cellar for three days, sneaking up into the kitchen at night for food. The house had been raided five times already and she was fairly certain they would burn it on the morrow. She crept low as she exited the rear door late that night with a pack of food on her back. Running between houses, she made for the other side of the village and the house of Anton's sister, Catherine.

After ten minutes of soft taps were ignored, Marianne broke in the back door, her musket in her hands despite the cramped quarters. Making her way to the bedroom, she found

Catherine's husband ready, as a stout oak club whistled above her head. A light prod of her bayonet reminded him of the difference between soldier and baker, creating a charged, awkward silence.

Hissing in anger, Catherine harbored no sympathy for her brother's wife. "Mayor Barthold hangs from the Gilded Cup tonight, thanks to you, dear Sister, and here you are in my home, endangering my family. How many of us would you kill Marie? How many must join Anton so you can flout the Mistress of Mirrors?"

"No more, I swear. No more must die. Please tell me, Catherine, did they take Isabeau or was Anton able to smuggle her out before the guard came?"

Catherine's bitterness was still clear, despite her hushed tones. With a small laugh, bitter and hateful, she replied, "Your daughter was taken, Marie. My brother waited two days beyond your appointed return, trusting in you. In the end, he barricaded the doors, so certain was he that you would return. Now here you are, *three days* late, just in time to kill us all for your foolishness."

Knowing what her disobedience had cost the town, Marianne could do naught but bow, tears in her eyes. "I am sorry Catherine, I truly am. I leave now and shall never again darken your door. *Someday*, Catherine."

Knowing it was the wrong thing to say, Marianne left for the back door as her sister-in-law flew from the bed in a rage. Throwing stealth to the wind, she ran as fast as she could between the buildings, passing Mayor Barthold's swinging corpse and hitting the clearing at a flat run. She prayed that Catherine remained silent about her visit, for her family would hang as well. Marianne heard the whiz of bullets fly past in the dark and doubled over to provide a smaller target. Maintaining her speed, she desperately hoped that the woods before her were clear. "*Someday*, my home and husband. And although I've known you a mere six years, *Someday* to you as well, Vin'christine."

It took Marianne three weeks to make her way back to Avignone and home. Within a week none would know that Marie Vin'cristine and Marianne Avignone were the same person. None must know, for without that grace, finding her daughter would become an impossible task.

Standing before a home painted in the style of the far southern islands, Marianne knocked twice before dropping three coins from her hands. Bending down to retrieve them, she rapped her head upon the door and in the end was only able to recover two, the last rolling away from her gloves and beneath the door. Having given the signal, she was barely able to stand upright before the door opened, nearly pitching

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her into the room beyond. Two seeming strangers stood before her, wrapped in rags with postules on the end of their fingers. The giant of the two looked at her warily before cracking a large, friendly smile.

Stepping inside, she felt all of the adreline holding her body erect drain right out through her legs. Exhausted, she stumbled before her father, who scooped her up and had her back in her old bed scarcely a minute later. Her mother was not far behind with hot kava and rough black bread, staples of the Avignone diet.

Her story came out in a rush, from her superior deliberately delaying her leave, to the mad run for Vin'christine. She nearly broke down as she described arriving at her home and the grizzly contents within. Both parents cried with her for Anton and poor, little Isabeau. By the time Marianne finished the tale with her mad dash across the land, she was nearly asleep and her parents switched off the lamp as the first of her snores filled the room.

Having removed their disguises, the following morning was a time for plans, for schemes. Neither Marianne, nor her father Jeorges were inclined to take life as it came. While able to flee the Lands of the Mirror at will, the family stayed for duty, both to the land and its people, despite many having forsaken the mere thought of freedom during her great grandfather's time.

Sitting at the table, her father was the first to speak, his voice booming out despite his attempt to whisper. "Marianne, your first course is to flee, without doubt, into the lands beyond the Mirror. No sanctuary may we offer here and your regiment no doubt stands before the Mistress at this very moment."

Jumping in before her protest could even begin, her mother Anna laid out the rest of. "Papa and I will search for Isabeau and while a rescue will be near impossible, simply locating the girl should cause small difficulty. We will send for you when we are ready and together we will recover her."

The ensuing argument lasted the entire day and much of the night, yet the end was a forgone conclusion. Marianne was up the next morning, packed and dressed, greeting her parents at the door.

"Go Marianne, with our hopes and love. Count on us to resolve this issue for you and you will be back before you realize it."

With tears in her eyes, she hugged her father, then her mother, before whispering, "Someday" and turning for the wood. It would be two days to the border, a long run.

Five years later, Marianne stood on a hill looking down to the road, and the Lands of the Mirror on the other side. No word had ever arrived from her parents yet then, neither had the Mistress's guard. It had taken a great deal of both effort and fast money, earned in unenviable ways, but now she stood here with new weapons, new papers and enough supplies to get back to Vin'christine.

Turning to her recent partner, the merchant Louis, she flashed a wan smile and a weary look. "Someday, Louis, Someday..."

He bowed low before her before raising her into a giant bear hug. Unconcerned about the traditions of the Land of Mirrors and unafraid of their monarch, his smile split his face in half as he finished the traditional parting, "**Someday, Marianne. Someday, we will all live free!**"





SADDLEBAGS

Item	lbs.
Backpack, common	
Bedroll	
Inkpen	
Mess Kit	
Soap	
Trail Rations (5 days)	
Blanket	
50' hemp rope	
hooded lantern	
5 Flasks of oil	
2 sacks	
Bell	
Charcoal	
Fishhook	
Parchment	
Sewing Needle	
Total	19 lbs

BACKPACK

Item	lbs.
Belt Pouch	0.5
Flint and Steel	
Waterskin	0.5
Caltrops	4
Two Candles	2
Chalk	
4 tindertwigs	
Fishhook	
Signal Whistle	
4.5 gold	
Total	12
	1
	20 lbs.

BENEFICIAL BANDOLIER: This bandolier is made of finely tanned leather. It has slots for up to 200 rounds of ammunition. Pellets and black powder are kept in tiny individual pouches, and bullets in small loops. The bandolier alters itself as needed to accommodate both. There are also places on the beneficial bandolier for a gunsmith's kit and a powder horn. Regardless of what quantities of these items are placed within the beneficial bandolier, its weight does not change. As a swift action, the wearer can command a single round of ammunition from the beneficial bandolier to teleport into a firearm of the appropriate type that he is wielding. [CL: 9th] [Belt/Waist (PFUEq 211)]

