

GHILANNA DAEVON'LIAR

THE WITCH QUEEN OF HARROWSPIRE DEPTHS

5 gendarme cavalier drow neutral evil cavalier 15' 115 5'6" 87 lbs

ability score	total	mod	HP	AC	LIGHT	
strength	19	+4	hit points	39 / 39	encumbrance	116
DEX	16	+3	INIT	+7	MED	234
CON	10	-	EXP	15,000	HEAVY	350
INT	12	+1	FORT	+4 +4	LIFT	350
WIS	10	-	REF	+4 +1 +3	LIFT	700
CHA	15	+2	WILL	+1 +1	DRAG	1750

THE WITCH QUEEN

showy heel -2
persona reputation

the fatal feast

signature move

charge, trample, col'argath grab, throw victim in the air, ghilanna spits them on her lance

FEATS & FEATURES

drow magic 1/d dancing light, darkness, faerie fire
 poison use can't poison herself accidentally
 spell resistance always 11
 weapon familiarity rapier, short sword, hand xbow
 surface infiltrator low-light vision, - darkvision
 cavalier mount (drow lizard)
 cavalier order - ronin defend my honor,
 always accept payment, destroy my enemies

elf blood use items specific to elves
 banner 60' rng, allies +2 sv vs fear, +1 to hit charge
 self reliant resave vs recurrent will sv's and stabilize
 cavalier's charge +4 to hit on charge, no neg to ac
 challenge 2/day, +5 dam, -2 ac vs others, +1 hit &
 ac if they nominate special attack

mounted combat 1/rnd ride check to neg dam
 power attack -2 hit, +4 dam w/melee weapons
 improved initiative +4 to initiative rolls
 trample opponent can't run, +2 to hit for bite
 spirited charge x2 dam on charge, x3 w/lance
 sever inverse of ratio of remainder/max hps

LANGUAGES

common, undercommon, elvish

weapons & attacks	attack	damage	crit
mw spikes	+8	1d6+8	x2
mw scimitar	+8	1d6+8	18-20
mw str long bow	+9	1d8+3	x3
mw tube arrow shooter	+8	1d4+p	x2
+1 lance	+8	1d8+10	x4

SKILLS

	total	ranks	class	ability	misc	armor penalty
acrobatics	dex	1	-	-	3	-4
appraise	int	1	-	-	1	-
bluff	cha	6	1	3	2	-
climb	str	-	-	4	3	-4
craft alchemy	int	8	2	3	1	2
diplomacy	cha	2	-	3	2	-
disguise	cha	2	-	-	2	-
escape artist	dex	1	-	-	3	-4
heal	wis	-	-	-	-	-
intimidate	cha	15	5	3	2	5
perception	wis	2	-	-	-	7
perform - act	cha	12	5	-	2	5
ride	dex	8	5	3	3	-
sense motive	wis	8	5	3	-	-
stealth	dex	1	-	-	3	-4
survival	wis	4	1	3	-	-
swim	str	4	1	4	3	-4

COL'ARGATH

tyrannosaurus
 race 30'
 large animal
 size neutral
 alignment

STR strength	24	+7	HP hit points	32	32
DEX dexterity	15	+2	AC armor class	11	20
CON constitution	14	+2	INIT initiative	+2	
INT intelligence	2	-4	FORT fortitude	+4	+6
WIS wisdom	15	+2	REF reflex	+4	+6
CHA charisma	10	-	WILL willpower	+1	+3
CMB combat man offense	+11		CMB man offense	+23	

bite +8 2d6+29 plus grab

Acrobatics 4, Climb 9, Escape Artist 0, Intimidate (+4 if larger), Perception 6, Stealth 2, Survival 12 (+4 track w/scent), and Swim 9. feats: weapon focus (bite), endurance, power attack, combat reflexes, evasion, low-light vision, scent, powerful bite (factored in) carrying capacity: light 400, medium 800, heavy 1200 drag 6k

GEAR

Item	lbs.
+1 Field Plate w/MW spikes	1
+1 Hvy Steel Shield	
+1 Lance	
MW Long Comp Str Bow w/40 arrows	
x2 MW Tube Arrow Shooters	
MW Rapier	65
Alchemy kit	20
Belt of +2 Giant Strength	3
Exotic Saddle	
680 gp to buy poison	



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Ghilanna Daevon'Lyr

Ghilanna once again cursed under her breath. What in the Abyss had this world come to? The other human scum turned to run, as her lizard pulled the corpse of their companion off her lance.

Ghilanna cursed her mother for her poor timing, her sister for her perfidy and herself for being a damn fool. Warlord, all she'd wanted was to be the House Warlord. Sharyeel could have the matron's damn seat for all she cared, but that became impossible when she took Cythanlin for a lover. That one had never gotten over their duel in the academy, and no doubt wanted the Warlord's baldric for her own.

Technically, the timing wasn't her mother's fault. Sending Ghilanna to the Echo Wood to negotiate with the hob-goblins was necessary, Sharyeel just took advantage of it. Now she was stuck here and everything's gone to crap.

She should have realized an army of hobgoblins, and their worthless kin, was pointless, but what choice did she have? They hadn't even made it past the duergar, much less down to Sekamina, and the Wood had become unfriendly once she returned alone.

Her reverie was temporarily broken by the pitboss yelling something or another from his platform to the north. He was too far away for her to make out the babbling and she added her poor mastery of surface common to her list of curses. With her chin on her fist and lost in reverie, Ghilanna lost herself in the sound of her lizard finishing off yet this most recent sparring partner. Ignoring the Pitboss, she once again sank into her reverie, cursing fate, the gods, her sister and the Black Marquis. How was she to know the pipsqueak would get so upset at the loss of one little farmstead. It's not like there weren't more humans to work the land and she'd been amazed how quickly the remaining hobgoblins had quieted down for only fifteen slaves.

All had been fine until the Marquis' men purged the Wood. Damn him, it was only fifteen! And half were children, unable to work anyway! Worthless!

Oh, he'd thought he was so clever sitting up on his wooden throne looking down at her. "We'll see how you like slavery when the tables are turned," he shouted in his little merchant's voice. Then the half-orc entered the room and she realized this might be serious.

Ullorth Ungin, the little weasle had sold the naming of her punishment to the half-orc. It seemed that although slavery was illegal in the River Kingdoms, the Marquis had found a loophole.

And what did Ullorth Ungin condemn her to? Hah! Fighting in the arena, as if killing sunlovers was a punishment. That elf Antelo had refused to train her of course, but what could he possibly have to teach?

Now she just had to figure out what these "Immortal Games" were and then she could decide whether to stay or escape. These "gladiators" dress up as monsters and play pretend. Let's see what they think when they find a real monster in their midst.

The Witch Queen

No one bothered to tell Ghilanna about personnas and that may have been for the best. Evidently, combining every scary story about dark elves into one personna couldn't hold a candle to the real thing. It wasn't just that she was cruel, vindictive or arrogant - she didn't even know what those words meant! Her best behavior eclipsed the worst rumors they'd spread so far and she'd not even begun fighting yet.

Ullorth swears he knows what he's doing, that this is the year we'll win. That was all fine and good. What really bothered both Erevil and Freth was what winning would do to them if this was how they accomplished it...

