

Camarella Froust

1 witch wisdom

level/class	patron		race	alignment			armor class	total	diety			
ability score	total	mod										
STR strength	13	+1	HP hit points	7	7	7	AC armor class	12	MOVE movement rate	30	LIGHT encumbrance	76
DEX dexterity	12	+1	INIT initiative	+1			TOUCH armor class	11	AGE young adult	19	MED encumbrance	153
CON constitution	10	+0	EXP experience				FLAT-FOOTED armor class	11	HEIGHT tall for race	5'8"	HEAVY encumbrance	230
INT intelligence	16	+3	FORT fortitude	+0	+0	+0	CMB combat maneuver	1	WEIGHT thin for race	120	LIFT overhead	230
WIS wisdom	10	+0	REF reflex	+1	+0	+1	CMD maneuver defense	14	GEAR carried weight	-	LIFT off the ground	460
CHA charisma	12	+1	WILL willpower	+2	+2	+0	CONC concentration	+5	TOTAL if carried	-	DRAG push or drag	1150

FEATS & FEATURES

darkvision 60'
claws
natural armor +1
green widow
white hair
witch cantrips
witch familiar
feat: rime spell
feat: chance savior
trait: magical lineage (shocking grasp)
trait: varissian wanderer (perform)

weapons & attacks	range	attack	damage	crit
ranged touch		+2	by spell	20
hair		+3	1d4+4	20
claws		+1	1d4+1	20

SKILLS

	total	armor penalty	misc
acrobatics	1		1
appraise	3		3
bluff	3		1 2
climb	1		1
craft alchemy	7	1 3	3
diplomacy	1		1
disguise	1		1
escape artist	1		1
fly	4	3	1
heal	0	-	0
intimidate	5	1 3	1
knowledge: arcana	int		- 3
knowledge: local	7	1 3	3
knowledge: planes	int		- 3
knowledge: history	int		2
perform	8	1 3	1
perception	5	3	0 2
sense motive	0		0
spellcraft	4	1 3	
stealth	1		1
survival	0		0
swim	1		1
use magic device	cha		1

WITCH SPELLS No. DC

level 0	3	13
level 1	2	14
level 2		

MAGUS SPELLS No. DC

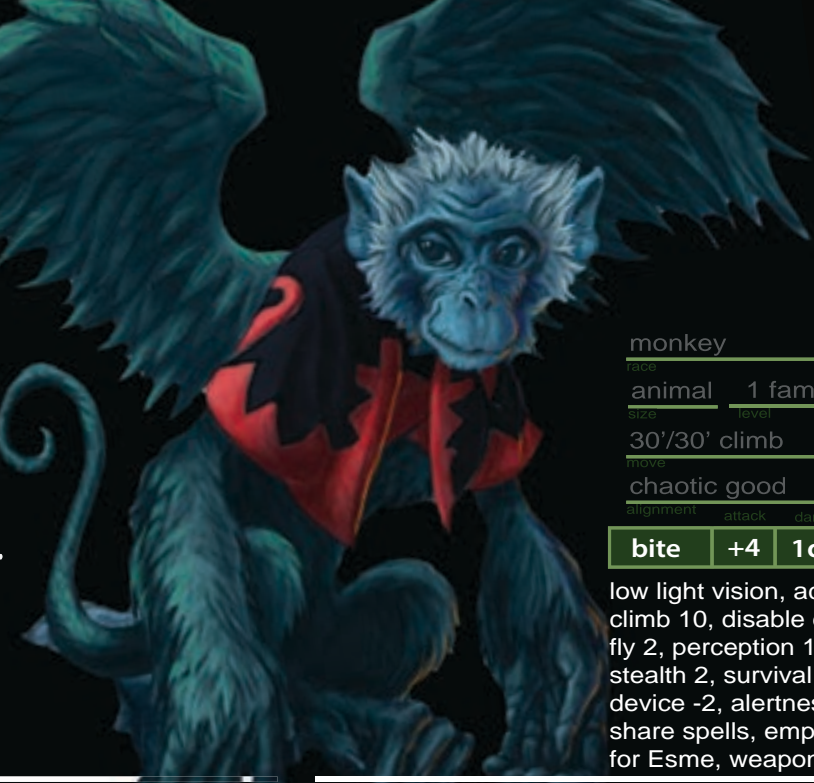
level 0		
level 1		
level 2		

LANGUAGES

common, aklo, dragon, thassillonian



Chad



monkey		
race		
animal	1	familiar
size	level	
30'/30'	climb	
move		
chaotic good	alignment	
attack	damage	
bite	+4	1d3-4

low light vision, acrobatics 10, bluff -3, climb 10, disable device 2, escape artist 2, fly 2, perception 1, sleight of hand 2, stealth 2, survival 1, swim 2, use magic device -2, alertness, improved evasion, share spells, empathic link, +3 acrobatics for Esme, weapon finesse

STR	3	-
DEX	15	+4
CON	10	+1
INT	6	-3
WIS	12	+1
CHA	5	-2
HP	6	6
AC	armor class	13 15
INIT	initiative	+2
DR	dam resist	
FORT	fortitude	+2 +2
REF	reflex	+4 +4
WILL	willpower	+3 +3

LVL	WITCH SPELLS
0	Bleed
0	Dancing Lights
0	Daze
0	Detect Magic
0	Detect Poison
0	Light
0	Mending
0	Message
0	Putrefy food and drink
0	Read Magic
0	Resistance
0	Spark
0	Stabilize
0	Touch of Fatigue
1	Shocking Grasp
1	Enlarge person
1	Mage Armor

LVL	MAGUS SPELL
0	Orb deals 1d3 acid damage.
0	Incubates a personal rune.
0	Creates torches or other lights
0	Humanoid w/ 4 HD loses next action
0	Detects all spells and magic items
0	Deals 1d6 damage to the undead
0	Dazzles one creature (-1 on attack rolls).
0	Plays sound.
0	Object shines like a torch
0	Opens telepresence.
0	Opens or closes small or light things.
0	Performs minor tricks.
0	Ray deals 1d3 cold damage.
0	Read scrolls and spellbooks.
0	Unattended Fine flammable object catches fire.
1	1d6/level damage (5d6 max)
1	1d6/level damage (5d6 max)
1	1d6/level damage (5d6 max)

Esme at 15



Esme today



ALCHEMY KIT	
Item	lbs.
Alchemical Grease	1.0
3 doses of alchemist's kindness	
Antiplague	1.0
Smelling Salts	
Soothe syrup	0.5
3 vermin repellents	
Scent cloak	2.0
Water purification sponge	1.0
Bloodblock	

ESMERELDA	
Item	lbs.
Belt Pouch	0.5
Component Pouch	
Blanket	3.0
Cauldron	5.0
Chalk	
3 flasks	4.5
Grooming kit	2.0
Ink	
Inkpen	
Marbles	2.0
10 sheets of paper	0.5
3 large sack	1.5
Sewing kit	
String	0.5
Teapot	1.0
Waterproof bag	0.5
5 waterskins	8.0
Umbrella	



Claws: your hands and fingernails tend to harden and become sharp as you reach adolescence. This gives her the claws, [claws, small], (1d4) natural attack.

Natural armor: hags and their offspring have uncommonly tough skin. A changeling begins play with a natural armor bonus of +1.

Darkvision 60 ft: changelings can see in the dark up to 60 ft.

Green widow: a changeling of green hag descent is naturally able to lure in potential mates and effectively trick them into pursuing her. You gain a +2 trait bonus on bluff checks made against characters that might be sexually attracted to you.

White hair: a white-haired witch gains the ability to use her hair as a weapon. This functions as a primary natural attack with a reach of 5 ft. The hair deals 1d4+4 points of damage. Whenever the hair strikes a foe, the witch can attempt to grapple that foe with her hair as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity, using her intelligence modifier in place of her strength modifier when making the combat maneuver check. When a white-haired witch grapples a foe in this way, she does not gain the grappled condition. (pfco: dep 23).

Witch familiar: you have selected monkey familiar. It grants +3 bonus on acrobatics checks. See the rules for familiars in [pfr 82-83]. See witch's familiar section for additional rules. (pfapg 66).

Feats

Rime spell: the frost of your cold spell clings to the target, impeding it for a short time. A rime spell causes creatures that takes cold damage from the spell to become entangled for a number of rounds equal to the original level of the spell. This feat only affects spells with the cold descriptor. A rime spell uses up a spell slot one level higher than the spell's actual level. (pfum 155)

traits

Chance savior (campaign: carrion crown): fate smiled on you and professor lorrिमor one day in the not so distant past. Your ability to think quickly on your feet has stayed with you, and you quite often feel that you're in the right place at the right time. You gain a +2 trait bonus on initiative checks.

Magical lineage (magic): shocking grasp is treated as one level lower when figuring adjusted level for metamagic. (pfapg 329)

Varisian wanderer (regional: varisia): you were raised among or have spent time with a group of varisian nomads, whether travelers, szarni criminals, or entertainers, and have learned their ways. Choose one of the following skills: perform (choose one type), profession (fortuneteller), or sleight of hand. You gain a +1 trait bonus on this skill, and it is always a class skill. (pfr 22)

4694, Eastus - Vische, Ulastav

Few recognized Black Aliss the day she moved into 7 Rumblebelly Lane in Vische. She'd lived on Mount Graywreath for as long as anyone could remember, and considering that her name was used to make Old Ganther Buck eat his peas and go to bed quietly as a lad, those memories went back very far indeed.

The house was paid for in gold coins dating back well before the wars of the Whispering Tyrant and it was to his credit that the Count's man kept his face impassive as he counted them. Upon signing the deed, Aliss walked into the house, the babe in her arms, quietly closed the door and that was that. The welcoming committee kept watch each day for a wagon to trundle up the road, burdened down with furniture and foodstuffs and maybe, just possibly, a glimpse of the man that had tamed Black Aliss.

When they finally visited, four full days later, they were welcomed into the home by a normal housewife, looking not like some terror of the night, but like any other, her cheeks rosy from the stove. Laid out on the kitchen table before them were scones with jam and steeping tea, as though they were expected. Awed whispers fluttered as Aliss went to fetch her new babe and the local women explored the cozy home where they'd expected bare walls and floorboards.

Their little sighs of comfort ended however, when Aliss returned, her babe swaddled in a soft blanket. The pink wool of the blanket was beautifully decorated by small embroidered white and yellow lilies. The proud mother cooed to her daughter when it let out a little cry, the sound reminding every mother present of their own daughters, married and with daughters of their own.

When Aliss turned her babe to face them, the women recoiled in shock despite themselves. All reminiscences were forgotten when they saw those little fingers gripping the pink blanket below a face of emerald green.

From that day forward, the township of Foggy Bottom, on the outskirts of Vische, would never be the same.

4711, Neth - Vische, Ulastav

The young maid thrashed her head in a panic, her eyes desperately seeking an exit despite the bonds pinning her hands to table. The withered prelate before her nodded grimly to the hulking manservant shoving pincers and tons into the fire. A burst of hysteria broke out from the kitchen, hushed after a few metallic thunks from a ladle.

The patrons fled when the carriage pulled up – the Sigil of the Pharasmin Penitence on the door. When Witchfinder Judge Coim stepped out, the Mistress had to wield the broom to get the serving girls moving. Now one of her girls was headed to the fire and her husband, Master Buckleby was out arranging deliveries for the morn. She'd sent a girl for him an hour past and was now simply trying to keep the other girls from outright hysteria.

Turning in relief as the kitchen door burst open, Mistress Buckleby stared at the figure striding into the room. An emerald green face floated in a sea of black hair, draped in a long black dress 50 years out of fashion. By all that's Holy, that fool girl's gone and killed them all – she'd sent for Master Buckleby, yet here she was with Black Esme herself.

The panic in the kitchen became a pure rout. No sane mortal wanted to be within a league when Esme faced Coim. Just four years past, he had guaranteed his future when he captured Aliss Proust. The entire Penitence hierarchy had some to Vische the day she burned, far too absorbed with each other to notice the twelve year old girl under a wagon, her green face streaked with tears for her mamman.

Master Buckleby and his wife returned to the inn an hour later, only to watch the flames lick up the peaked roof. The remains of the carriage leaned drunkenly across the front doors, just now beginning to catch flame. He had cursed his fate in three languages as he undid the brake and rolled the fine carriage down the hill. Nothing would be salvaged from this night, except possibly their lives. Turning away as everything they owned went up in flames, they hoped to escape town before the fire died down and someone found the frozen body of Judge Coim, nailed to the inn door.

