



Einwicket's Bestiary

# Along the Haerrie Path

Christopher Correll, Allen Taliesin, and Mike Welham





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## Special Thanks

Gregg Bender, Jason Mitchell, Derek Reve, Janet Bell, Sarah Counts  
and the entire Fawtl Crew

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## Chapter One

# Overview of the Faerie Realm

Excerpts from *Journeys in the Otherworld: A Six Month Tour of Faerie* by Professor Thaddeus Finwicket

**W**e passed into the Glades of Light and Shadow in the summer of 10705 by the Discarnin Calendar. The sunlit fields and blue skies outside the forest transitioned into a dramatic twilight autumnal wonder upon entering. While time actually passes normally for creatures living in the Glades of Light and Shadow, your senses try to tell you otherwise. The sun slants through the trees the way it does when night approaches. As the light filters through the multicolored canopy you get the impression you are standing in the heart of a cathedral, though one crafted

of natural magic rather than the work of mortals. Hazy clouds of golden mist drift languorously through the chill air while a light breeze stirs the fallen leaves.

Though we had entered the Glades of Light and Shadow, we had not yet passed into the Realm of Faerie. In a metaphysical sense, the Glades lie very close to the birthplace of the fey, but they are not of that world. We eventually found a grig by the name of Bluebell who was more than willing to serve as our guide. She asked no payment, so long as we promised to act as a willing audience for her nightly musical performances. Fortunately, the small, cricket-legged pixie was an entertaining performer. With her assistance we found a nearby portal to Faerie.

If it had not been for Bluebell, our success in this mission would have been in question. There are few places more confusing and misleading than the Realm of Faerie. That said, its beauty is unmatched, even when it is mingled with an equal measure of horror. I could have easily spent an entire year there.



## THE FAERIE REALMS

Similar to the Positive and Negative Energy Planes, Faerie exists in the same space as the Material Plane, just slightly out of phase. This renders it invisible to the naked eye, though unlike the energy planes, the state at which Faerie exists is very close to that of the Material Plane. In some cases, the boundaries are so thin that the essence of the Faerie Realm may leak into the Material Plane. Planar scholars posit that the Realms of Faerie function as a sort of filter, taking the pure energies of the Negative and Positive Energy Planes and transmuting them into something that is not absolutely destructive to the physical realms.

Certainly the Faerie Realm is a place of duality, at once both fecund and decaying. Faerie is a land of wonder with a deep chill of dread underlying the majesty. While many of the native creatures cannot permanently die, they can cease to exist temporarily. This state of transitional fatality is brutal and excruciatingly cruel for the creature in question and very few pass through this trial with their minds intact.

The Realms of Faerie are simultaneously a single plane and a collection of small, unique dominions. Dominions are attracted to each other and tend to form clusters that correspond with the planets, moons, and suns of the Material Plane. Between these clusters there lies a cerulean expanse known as the Faerie Sky (which is described in more detail below). These various dominions are distributed haphazardly and it is not unusual to see them stacked upon each other in random ways. Faerie dominions shift amongst each other, though this movement is usually so slow that it is imperceptible to most mortal races. Occasional upheavals might speed up the process, but those kinds of events are rare.

Each dominion is administered by a being known as a Fey Ruler. Also called the Overlords or the Ancient Ones, rulers amongst the fey are unique and amazing entities. They belong to no race, though they might take the form of another fey type. How and why they exist is yet another mystery of the Faerie Realm. The Ancient Ones claim they represent the conscious will of the plane. There is significant evidence to support this claim, least of which being the Fey Ruler's unmatched mastery over the physical nature of their dominion.

While not divine, many of the Overlords wield power that places them on par with some of the lesser deities. But most Ancient Ones can be safely compared to the major demons of the Abyss or Dukes of Hell in terms of sheer strength and magical aptitude. Unlike the gods, worship does not benefit the most powerful of the fey nor does a dearth of adulation result in harm. This does

not prevent others from worshiping the Overlords, both mortal and fey alike, though the Fey Rulers typically avoid the entanglements of religion and theology.

Each of the Overlords tends to remain in his respective dominions. Empires are rare, but do emerge from time to time with a single ruler forcing his neighbors to submit to his rule. However, a number of factors conspire against that level of control, one of the greatest being the bond each Ancient One shares with the land he rules. In their dominions Fey Rulers are the ultimate authority, blessed with complete control over the physical nature of their kingdoms. While it is not known if the Overlords are granted land upon their creation or if they must claim it on their own, once the bond is established it can only be broken through final death.

As with mortal rulers, the Ancient Ones are keen to take titles and affectations that suit them. The variety of titles the Overlords claim is staggering. If a title exists in the material world there is likely a ruler in Faerie using it as well. Unlike mortal governments these titles don't seem to hold much weight. In other words, a Duke appears to have just as much authority as a King. What matters is personal might of the Overlord, not her chosen title.

Attempts to define or catalogue the Ancient Ones always result in failure. They are simply too diverse to classify them the way one might do with devils or celestials. Born of imagination and wonder, Fey Rulers are in complete control of their forms and functions.

They may appear however they desire, often favoring one manifestation over others. Nonetheless, their physical form is like clothing to be donned or discarded as the need arises. The Overlords are immortal and very difficult to kill through violence. No matter where they are, an Ancient One will quickly re-form in its chosen sanctuary. In this way they are nearly impossible to kill permanently or even remove from existence for long periods of time.

In Faerie, every gift comes with a price. While it is difficult for an Overlord to die in the traditional sense, each of them must operate under certain strictures known as a *geis* (plural *geasa*). Exclusive to each of the Ancient Ones, these rules amount to a number of taboos that must be closely observed. Violating a *geis* always results in punishment. Often this means a loss of status and a forced transformation into a mortal form. While rare, final death can occur.

The most recent example of the power which *geasa* hold over the Fey Rulers comes in the story of Gelid the Frozen Lord, Grand Duke of the Torpid Court, who was sworn never to lay his hand upon another in love or lust.

Through a series of glamours the Duke was compelled to break his *geis* and embraced a member of his court in a moment of desire. At once the fire in his heart blazed forth, turning his icebound body into a pool of clear water. That pool yet remains in the ruins of Gelid's palace and its waters are said to be a powerful aphrodisiac.

By their nature, the Fey Rulers have difficulty relating to other beings, specially mortals. In some ways, they resemble the Dukes of Hell or the Princes of the Abyss in their deeds, though their motivations are rarely so explicitly evil. Their minds are alien, processing thoughts and emotions in ways others find incomprehensible. This creates a sense that the Ancient Ones are cruel or unfeeling, when in fact they simply express their love, benevolence, or hate in ways that seem bizarre to mortal sensibilities.

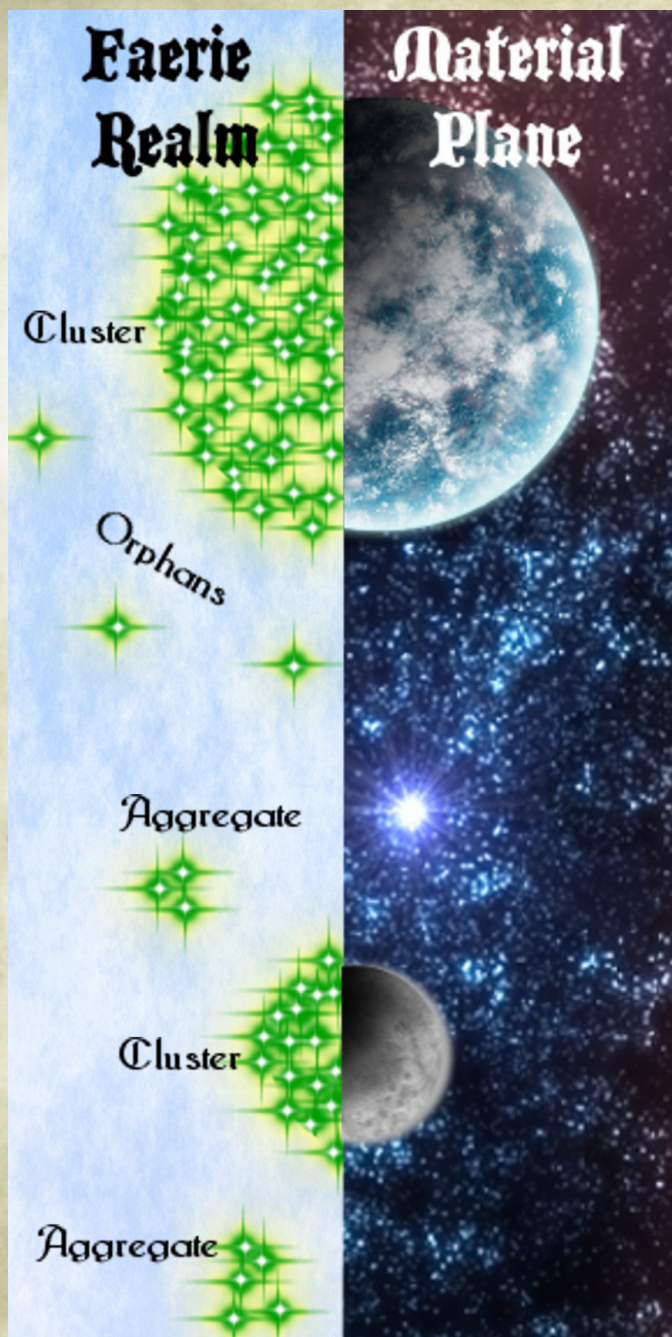
Through the will of the Overlords, any of the varied environments found on the Material Plane, and many that cannot, exist in the Realms of Faerie. Due to the nature of the plane, one can find incongruous pairings, such as a hot desert next to an arctic region. Usually this crops up when one dominion sports a chosen

climate while a neighboring ruler chooses something entirely different. However, Fey Rulers can choose to exhibit such discrepancies in a single dominion if the mood takes them.

The borders between dominions are sort of “semi-solid” barriers. Creatures may move freely from one dominion to another rather easily, unless some other factor prohibits their travel. Borders are generally transparent and viewers on one side can see what the next dominion might hold for them. Of course, Fey Rulers can just as easily disguise a border or otherwise trick the viewer if they desire. A dominion’s natural features usually end at a border unless the neighboring ruler chooses to continue them. Breathable air is something that permeates all borders and cannot be easily controlled by the Ancient Ones.

Dominions have a natural tendency to remain in contact within their original cluster, though some might be ejected from the core through willful desire on the part of the Ancient One who rules it or through those rare happenstances that cause dramatic change in the Realms of Faerie. Orphan dominions will float aimlessly until they come into contact with a new cluster or join





an aggregate of orphans within the Faerie Sky.

Similar to the Material Plane, there are great voids of space between the clusters. Instead of a cold, airless environment, the distance between them is filled with blue skies and voluminous clouds. Island dominions float within this airy place, acting as home for all sorts of fey creatures. Travel within this Faerie Sky is a simple of matter of thought control and even beings without the gift of flight can soar across the open expanse like birds.

The temperature remains constant and comfortable throughout the Faerie Sky and air is never in short

supply.

Time is the biggest hurdle many visitors from the Material Plane have to overcome. A traveler might enter the realm of the fey only to exit many years later.

Conversely, there are tales of unfortunate individuals who find themselves not in the future, but the past. While the span of years can vary, it isn't unusual for natives of the Material Plane to exit Faerie centuries, or even millennia, into the future or past. It is generally assumed that time flows differently in Faerie and doesn't follow the stable progression evident in many material plane worlds. This assumption is wrong, though the true phenomenon is not any less fantastic.

The issue arises in the various methods of travel used by those visiting the plane. A spellcaster using a reliable form of planar travel, such as plane shift or gate, is not likely to run into any problems. But the various portals and trods (which are explained in more detail below) connect with the Material Plane at different points in its history. Thus, entering Faerie through one path and exiting through another will likely result in some form of temporal anomaly.

Day and night have little meaning in the Realms of Faerie. Rather, every ruler is responsible for the visible time of day in his dominion. Some might allow day and night to pass as it does on the Material Plane while others choose to remain within a single point in the day. Ultimately, the apparent time of day has no bearing on the passage of time or its perception. Time still passes in the Realms of Faerie much as it does on the Material Plane.

## PATHS TO WONDER

The roads to Faerie are many and those who tread them are brave. With so many ways to gain entry to this land of wonder, adventures amongst the fey are simply a step away.

### Spells

For the most part, standard planar travel spells operate normally with little risk. These spells are by far the most reliable method to reach the Realms of Faerie.

Of special note, *plane shift* will always drop you within the dominion that shares the same physical space as the caster. In this situation, the random location will not stray outside of the dominion's borders, no matter how far the caster deviates from the intended location.

Should the indicated deviation exceed the number of miles between the destination and the dominion's borders the caster and all companions will appear just inside the boundary of the region.

## Portals

Portals to Faerie exist all across the Material Plane and many of them figure into legends and folklore.

Adventurers seeking to enter a fey dominion would do best to listen to the locals, for their tales might betray a prominent clue or lead to a local fey portal. Oftentimes these stories speak of mounds, standing stones, and forest glades as the likely locations for such portals. In most cases this holds true, as many of the oldest entrances lie in sacred areas infused with natural magic.

Unlike some portals, those that lead to Faerie rarely reveal what lies on the other side. When open, many simply glow softly with a golden or green light. Those few that do give a glimpse of the dominion on the other side should be approached carefully as the reality might not match the image presented in the portal.

Around these various portals the land is usually thick with fey creatures. Some of them have simply wandered into the Material Plane while others might have migrated there to escape the tyranny of an Ancient One or some other malign force. Whatever the case, the fey that live near these portals are often jealous of what they consider their property. They do not want just any mortal wandering into it and finding their way to Faerie. As such, most of these portals will be guarded or, at least, carefully watched by local fey. Those seeking to use such a portal without permission often find themselves quickly challenged.

For the most part portals to the Realms of Faerie are intermittent, opening and closing based on strict environmental conditions. Each portal is different in this regard. Some might stay open only during nights of the full moon while others might open during the solstices

and equinoxes. Still others might require water to flow through a dry riverbed or over a cliff in order to form a waterfall.

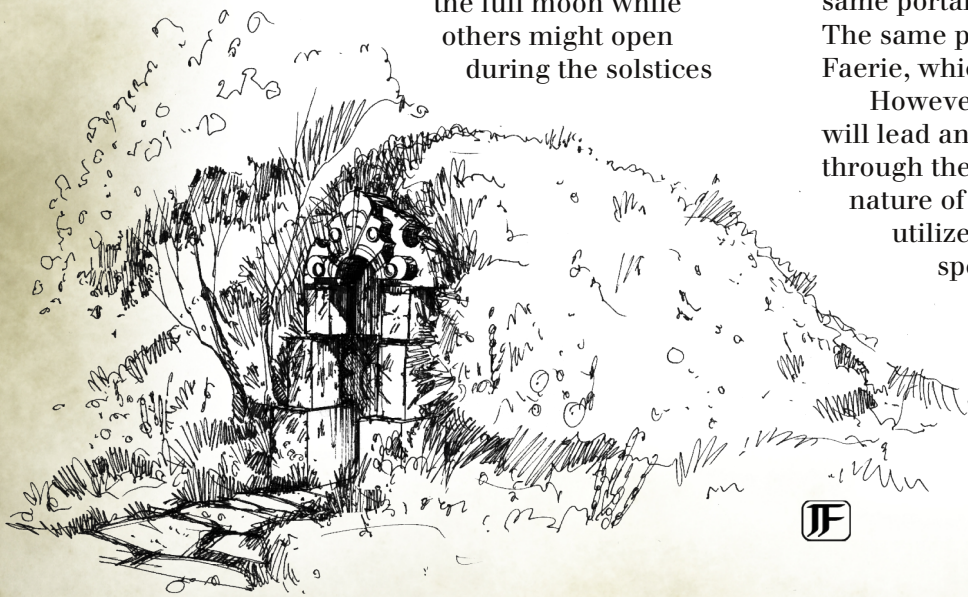
A combination of factors are often required to gain entry. For instance, stories abound concerning a portal that can only admit a traveler after he has walked clockwise around a particular standing stone five times during the height of the full moon. Similar portals might require even more complex actions to open, such as one that is said to only open to those who can perform the country dance known as Postie's Jig with masterful skill.

As stated before, the real danger in Faerie portals lie in where they connect with the Material Plane. Many of these entrances connect at different points in history, which often leads to outdated folk wisdom or stories that are only true if a person arrives at the portal at the correct point in time. Leaving a Faerie through the same portal used to enter is generally safe. However, taking another path might place a traveler many years in the future or, more rarely, in the past. It is this unreliability that has led to the myth that time passes differently in Faerie.

But even traveling through the same portal, or what a person may assume is the same portal, is not completely safe. The issue here lies in the nature of Faerie portals and what constitutes a single portal and not simply multiple portals that open at the same location. For example, local villagers might claim a portal opens on a nearby hill on every equinox and solstice when in fact two portals utilize that location, one that opens on the equinoxes and one that opens on the solstice. To the casual observer these appear to be the same portal though both lead to very different locations. The same potential for confusion exists in the Realms of Faerie, which is where the true danger lies.

However, a traveler can determine where a portal will lead and what time period the portal contacts through the use of spells and effects that reveal the true nature of things. For instance, a spellcaster might utilize *augury*, *divination*, *true seeing*, or similar spells to gain the pertinent details on the portal. In the case of true seeing, the portal reveals an accurate image of what lies beyond, making it useful for those rare portals that might reveal a false destination. Finally, any items that duplicate these spells, such as a stone of seeing, or otherwise reveal hidden knowledge will provide the necessary information concerning the portal.

Portals found in the Material Plane do not necessarily connect with dominions that



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currently share the same metaphysical space as the portal's location. The same goes for portals that lead from Faerie. Most of the time this discrepancy lies in the natural, albeit slow, journey the Faerie dominions make as they shift across the physical world, though a few were constructed for its specific destination.

This represents the other major danger of traveling in Faerie. Portals might take travelers far from their home, even away from their native planet in some cases.

Much of this frustration can be alleviated by simply using the same portal on the return trip. Naturally, this solution suffers from the same pitfalls detailed above.

### Faerie Trails

Emanating from the Material Plane like the spokes of a wheel, Faerie Trails are magical roads, roughly 10 feet wide, that connect multiple planes along its length. Despite the name, Faerie is not the only plane accessible using these paths, though they are most commonly used by the fey to travel the multiverse. Most Faerie Trails are invisible to the naked eye, which prevents ignorant creatures from stumbling upon them by accident.

However, there are cases of individuals who suddenly find themselves walking a Faerie Trail, blundering their way across the vast stretches of the multiverse wholly unaware of how they got where they are.

No matter what plane a spellcaster is on, *detect magic* will reveal a Faerie Trail, which emanates an aura of strong conjuration magic with the teleportation sub-school, and allow the viewer to step upon the path.

An individual who can view the trail can bring others with her so long as all potential travelers join hands when stepping upon the path. It is not necessary to



maintain this contact once everyone gains access to the Faerie Trail. From the outside, anyone stepping upon these magical roads appear hazy and indistinct, like fog that has taken a humanoid shape.

Those who follow a Faerie Trail will eventually see the environment around them shift and change as the traveler begins moving into the planes the path touches.

Normally a Faerie Trail will enter the Realms of Faerie first, the Ethereal Plane second, then onward toward the Elemental Planes and beyond. Fortunately while a traveler remains on the Faerie Trail they are safe from environmental factors of each plane visited. But once an individual leaves the path, either willingly or forcibly, they are subject to the rigors of their current location.

While traveling a Faerie Trail, overland movement is tripled, making it a convenient mode of travel even if one stays within a single plane. The distance a Faerie Trail covers on a particular plane varies and travelers are never certain when they might shift into a new plane. That said, turning around and moving backwards is nearly always possible.

Once a destination is reached an individual must simply walk off of the Faerie Trail to enter their plane of choice. As mentioned earlier, leaving the Faerie Trail means its protection over environmental factors is lost, so travelers should do so only when properly prepared.

The Realms of Faerie tend to be amicable to life so departing the path does not usually result in instant death.

## THE NOWHERE DIMENSION

Fey celebrate and embrace the cycle of life and death, which is small comfort to non-fey who find themselves prey in a Wild Hunt or watch as their village is overrun by plants. To the fey, everything returns from death, not in the exact same form and not in the sense of reincarnation. When a deer dies, another one will take its place, and when a human dies, another one (or more) will take its place. This cycle is expected and something to be cherished, by the fey way of thinking, and the seemingly casual disregard for life results from this mindset.

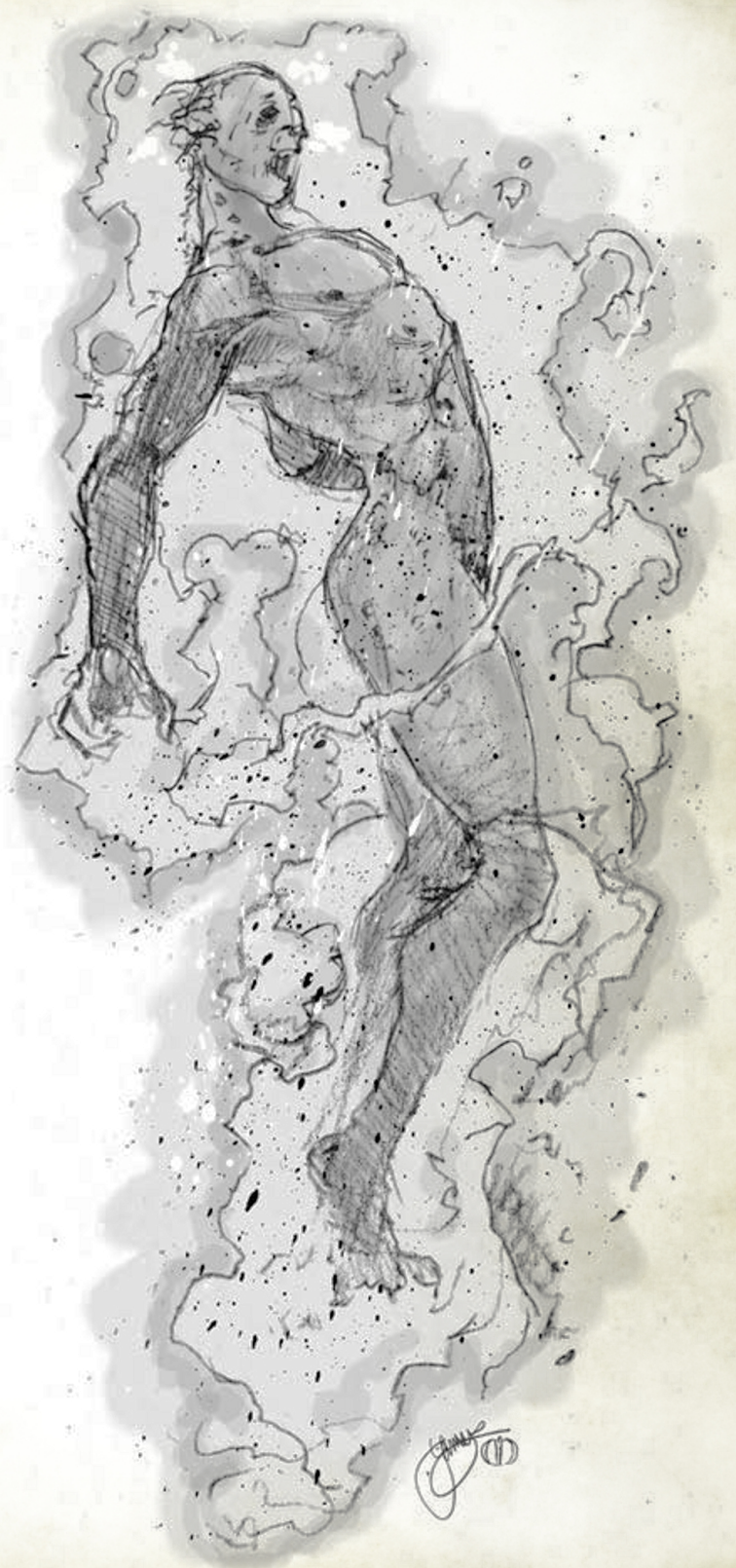
On the other hand, oblivion terrifies the fey. Knowing that something has been completely erased, that the cycle of life and death has been disrupted, gives them nightmares. Unfortunately, annihilation is all too real for the fey, since their realm borders a dimension which embodies that concept. Ancient even by their reckoning, the Nowhere Dimension touches on their realm in many different places. It appears as a sheet of inky blackness with stars that slowly wink in and out of existence. The first forays into the Nowhere Dimension resulted in disaster, as no creature who entered ever returned.

Tragically each of the explorers who entered the rifts were slowly forgotten, a painful process that ultimately led to the terrifying realization by close friends and family of the missing that their memory had a hole in it. Not even magic could repair this gaping wound in their minds.

Fey kings and queens eventually pieced together the cause for this horrifying loss of memory and made sure to cordon off borders with the Nowhere Dimension. Simultaneously, they realized the power of this dimension and researched ways to make it work for them. The most prominent result of this research is the nowhere men, fey creatures who undergo a ritual which partially submerges them in the nowhere lands, removing most of their identity and their existence in a third physical dimension.

With a palpable fear of this dimension, a fey creature displays yet another reaction which seems quirky to non-fey. When the word “nowhere” is spoken in a way which can be perceived as a destination (“You’re going nowhere”, “These discussions are going nowhere”), the creature must attempt a Will saving throw (DC 15) to avoid becoming shaken. If someone directly addresses the creature in the same manner, the DC increases to 25. Recalling this information requires a DC 30 Knowledge (nature) skill check, but someone who abuses this knowledge opens himself up to learning

about the Nowhere Dimension firsthand when the thin man assassins come after him.



## Chapter Two

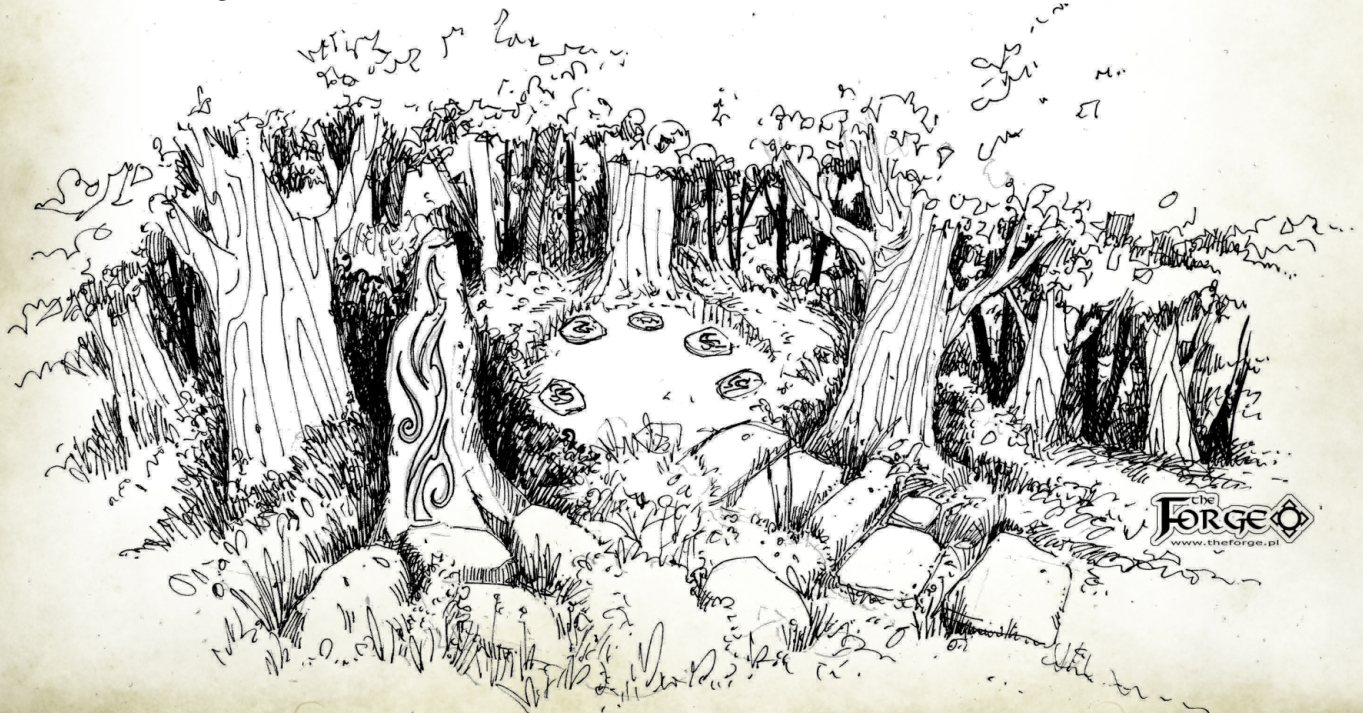
## To Pierce the Veil of Time

The only faerie seer I have met went by the name of Caedmus. His grove was at the heart of a Faerie Dominion known as Causica's Eye, a forest of massive trees and deep, cold springs. Mirrors hung from every branch, their perfect silver faces reflecting the soft light that permeated the land. At the center was a pool of placid water lined with marble paving stones. Caedmus was reclining upon the ground as we entered the grove. I would have thought he was gazing into the basin if it was not obvious by simple observation that he was blind.

I spoke with him for many hours, much to the chagrin of my friends,

my students, and our impatient guide. To tear myself away from him was difficult. Caedmus had a keen mind and the way the air seemed to twist around him intrigued me. He explained this was a result of his natural state, as he existed outside the normal flow of time. I was overwhelmed by the idea and sought to learn more.

Over the course of my discussion with Caedmus it became clear he was quite mad. With that revelation, I decided it would be best if we moved on. Yet, the foreknowledge I gained from this visit was more than worth the trifling memories I passed into his care.



**FAERIE SEER**

*The figure before you looks fairly human. His eyes are covered with a linen cloth and he wears a simple robe of pure white. In his hands he holds a shallow, marble bowl into which he appears to be gazing, despite his obvious blindness. The air around him seems to twist and ripple.*

**FAERIE SEER**

CR 7 (XP 3,200)

N Medium fey

**Init:** +2 ; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft., low-light vision;**Perception** +3**Aura** Aura of Unraveled Fate (20 ft.; DC 21)**DEFENSE**

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+2 Dex, +1 Dodge, +7 deflection)

**hp** 65 (10d6+30)**Fort** +6; **Ref** +9; **Will** +10**DR** 10/cold iron**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** +1 scythe +6 (2d4+1; x4)**Space** 5 ft. **Reach** 5 ft.**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 10th )Constant- *comprehend languages, detect magic, detect thoughts* (DC 16)3/day - *contact other plane, detect scrying, scrying* (DC 19)1/day- *divination, legend lore***Sorcerer Spells Known** (CL 6th)3rd – (4/day) *clairaudience/clairvoyance*2nd – (6/day) *locate object, see invisibility*1st – (7/day) *charm person* (DC 15), *identify; sleep* (DC 15), *true strike*0 (at will) – *arcane mark, daze* (DC14), *detect poison, ghost sound, light, read magic, resistance***STATISTICS****Str** 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 16, **Int** 18, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +5; CMB +5; CMD 17

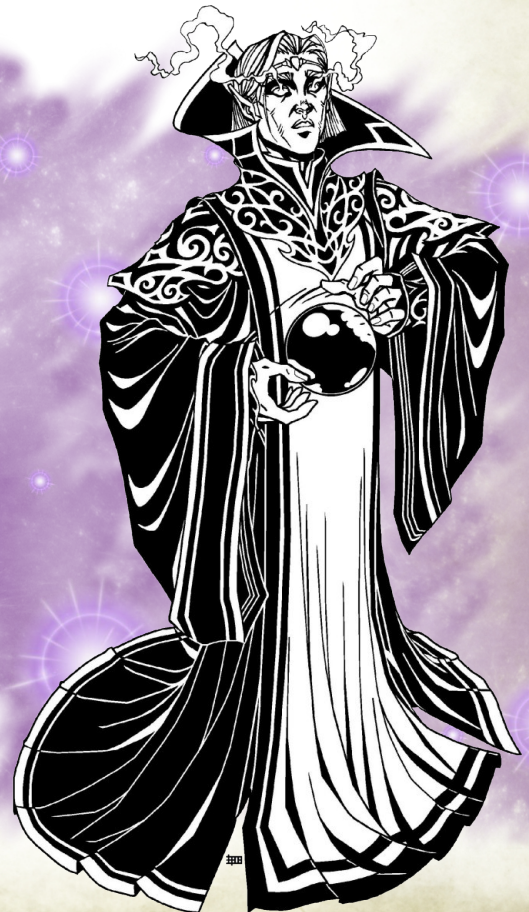
**Feats** Ability Focus (aura of unraveled fate), Ability Focus (scrying), Dodge, Combat Casting, Skill Focus (knowledge (history))**Skills** Bluff +17, Diplomacy +17, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (history) +23, Knowledge (nature) +17, Knowledge (the planes) +17, Knowledge (religion) +17, Linguistics +17, Perform (oratory) +17, Spellcraft +17**Languages** Aquan, Auran, Common, Draconic, Elven, Gnome, Halfling, Ignan, Sylvan, Terran**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

**Aura of Unraveled Fate (Su)** A faerie seer stands outside the fabric of time. As such, the area around him is in constant flux as a myriad of possible futures exist within the same space and are constantly competing for dominance. Attack rolls made within the aura must be rolled twice and the attacker must take the lower of the two results. A Will save DC 19 can be made to avoid this effect.

Once a creature succeeds at its save it is immune to the aura of that faerie seer.

In addition, this aura provides the faerie seer with +7 deflection bonus to AC. The aura protects the faerie seer even if an attacker has made his save against the former effect.

**Spells** A faerie seer casts spells as a 6th level sorcerer.

**ECOLOGY****Environment** temperate forests**Organization** solitary**Treasure** standard (+1 scythe, wand of color spray (25 charges) plus other treasure)



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### Society and Habitat

Solitary by nature, faerie seers seek out isolated groves in which to make their homes. These spaces are decorated in a fashion that suits the individual Seer, with various objects dangling from branches or statuary placed in key locations. The pieces chosen are often related to the faerie seer's interest in divination, with mirrors or bones being a common motif.

Faerie seers expect visitors, though they do not hesitate to defend themselves if a guest has violent intentions. One of the first things a seer does upon moving into a forest grove is forge mutual defense pacts with nearby residents. This way assistance is never far when a situation turns dangerous.

Otherwise, faerie seers are welcoming of petitioners and will answer questions and pry into the future for a price. The cost differs depending on the seer, though they tend to prefer more esoteric payments such as a single childhood memory or a particularly comforting dream. What value these hold for a faerie seer is uncertain.

### Ecology

Faerie seers are born from the fabric of the Faerie Realm in places where time is in constant flux. They emerge as adults and never appear to age. While faerie seers begin life with a respectable amount of inherent knowledge, their passion for learning insures they never stop collecting lore.

It is assumed that the creation of a faerie seer is a rare event that only occurs at the death of another seer. The scarcity of the race seems to back this theory, though the mystery and majesty of the Faerie Realm is hardly understood by mortal scholars and it is possible faerie seers are more common in that magical domain.

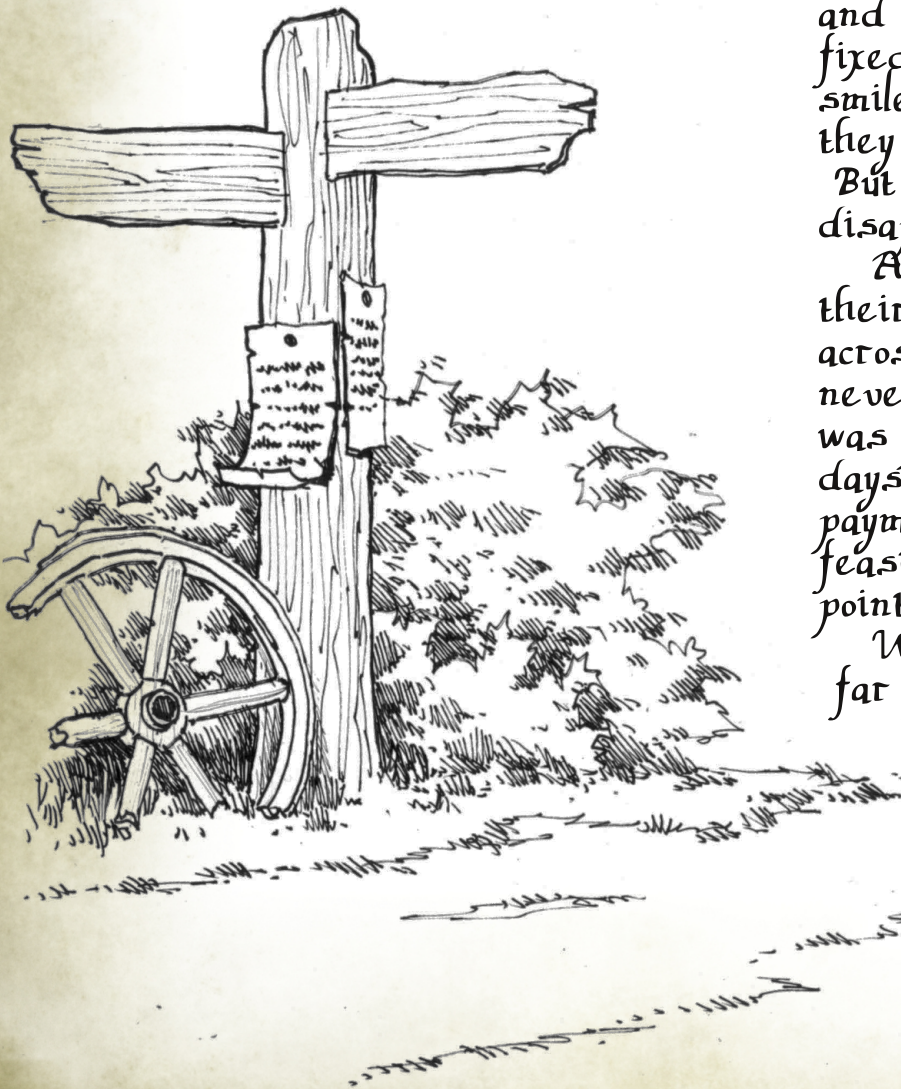
The ability to pierce the veil of time does have a drawback. Faerie seers who are careless in their perusal of future events have been known to go insane.

Unfortunately, this madness wears down a faerie seer's restraint and makes them more prone to dwell on images of horror or tragedy. This furthers their madness and often corrupts their view of the world, the future, and the sanctity of life.

## Chapter Three

## Of Harvests Long Forgotten

I had long heard the stories of the harvest haunt from farmers living near the Glades of Light and Shadow. However, I had not actually witnessed their existence until my trip to the Realms of Faerie. At first I thought we were dealing with some form of leprechaun or grugach, but after some



observation it occurred to me who this little fey woman was. We watched her for almost ten minutes as she danced through the tall grass and played in small puddles that lay near the crossroads we had chosen as a campsite. Never once did she seem to take notice of our party.

Around that time about ten more of her kind arrived, likely her sisters, and it was then that they turned and fixed their eyes upon the group. They smiled at us, and I thought perhaps they wanted us to join their revels.

But then they simply turned and disappeared before our sight.

As they departed, we could hear their laughter and merriment drifting across the meadowland. While we never saw them again, our expedition was plagued with minor mishaps for days afterward. Then, as if in payment for their good fun, a magical feast was laid out for us. From that point onward the pranks ended.

Why these harvest haunts were so far from their preferred environment on the Material Plane is a mystery, but these unique little creatures are so interesting that I have since begun a search for them in the rich farmlands south of the Glades of Light and Shadow. So far, I have had little luck in finding them.

## HARVEST HAUNT

*This tiny woman scampers across the ground. She has russet skin and yellow eyes beneath a frock of black hair. She wears a skirt made from corn husks and a vest of peeled potato skins.*

### HARVEST HAUNT

CR 6 (XP 2,400)

CN Tiny fey

**Init** +6; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +13

**Aura** Aura of Complacency (100 ft., DC17)

### DEFENSE

**AC** 19, **touch** 19, **flat-footed** 12 (+6 dex, +1 dodge, +2 size)

**hp** 24 (7d6)

**Fort** +2; **Ref** +11; **Will** +6

**DR** 5/Cold Iron

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20ft

**Melee** Blighting Touch +9 (1d8+4 negative energy)

**Space** 2.5 ft. **Reach** 0 ft.

**Special Attacks** Blighted Touch

**Spell-Like Abilities** (Caster Level 7th)

At Will—*invisibility*

1/week—*heroes feast*

1/day—*create food and drink*

### STATISTICS

**Str** 5, **Dex** 23, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 18

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** -2; **CMD** 18

**Feats** Alertness, Dodge, Stealthy, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Bluff +14, Escape Artist +18, Perception +13,

Knowledge (Nature) +11, Sense Motive +13, Stealth +26,

Survival +8

**Languages** Sylvan, Terran

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Blighting Touch (Su)** The touch of a Harvest Haunt can convey negative energy into another being. This manifests as a cold-burning sensation that does 1d8 negative energy damage plus the Harvest Haunt's charisma modifier.

**Aura of Complacency (Su)** A Harvest Haunt projects a 100-ft aura that makes all living, non-fey creatures within the area feel complacent. Those affected by the aura must make a DC 17 will save or fall under the effects of a Suggestion, that instructs the victim to "Remain inside to eat, drink, and be merry." Since this is something most people want to do, they often take a -2 penalty on their will save as per the spell (subject to GM discretion). A creature that saves against this aura is immune to its effects for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma based.

### ECOLOGY

**Environment** Temperate Plains

**Organization** Solitary, pair, or troupe (3-12)

**Treasure** None





### Society and Habitat

Harvest Haunts are creatures of mirth, but a catastrophe to any farmers who might find one on their property.

Harvest Haunts spend most of their short lives dancing the edges of the Glades of Light and Shadow, but when the days start to get shorter the Harvest Haunts begin to follow human farmers indoors. Using their innate ability for stealth, Harvest Haunts enter the farmer's house undetected and begin to use their magic. Their Aura of Complacency will cause the farmer's crop fields to remain untended, and by harvest time they'll be swollen with Harvest Haunt eggs.

Harvest Haunts will remain invisible most of the time, though they might reveal themselves to particularly dim-witted people so that they might play pranks on them. They're selfish by nature, but love to witness other people's joy. They will often provide food for the farmers during reproductive periods using their ability to create food, but the short duration of that spell makes it useless for anything other purpose.

Unfortunately their method of procreation always leaves farmers in dire straits, as they'll have no food stored for the winter.

### Ecology

These creatures birth their own kind by utilizing living crops, especially potatoes and corn, to lay their eggs within. Harvesting the crop kills the eggs within. They're completely hermaphroditic, allowing them to remain isolated from even other Harvest Haunts if need be. At best, they'll remain near their sisters until the time comes for them to move along and lay their own eggs.

Harvest Haunts live a very short time, around two years on average. During this time they will only lay eggs once, dying within 24 hours of their hatching.

They'll lay an average of around 2d6 eggs, and when they hatch the young will travel back to Faerie to revel in that magical realm.

## Chapter Four

## An Adventure in Fashion

Let it never be said that the fey are unproductive or lazy. Some of them are quite the consummate craftsmen, though they tend to be obsessed with their chosen trade. Such is the case with the spindler, a clever creature who takes so much pride in his work he cannot imagine why anyone would refuse to purchase it. We came across one such gentleman in the fey city of Wittywindle. He appeared like any other tailor that you might meet in a hundred different towns. As you might expect, he called to us as we ambled through the tight, winding lanes of the city, offering to show us his wares.

When several of our party members declined, a change came over the rejected merchant and his eyes grew cold. It was then that he began to forcibly clothe us. Poor Richard was the first to fall to the spindler's fashion fueled rage. He had a child's dress, complete with frolicking kittens embroidered upon it, shoved over his head.

A number of our guards immediately broke into uncontrollable laughter. While they were busy grabbing their stomachs in

mirth, the spindler attempted to place a new piece, this time a black bodice stitched with a slogan I would rather not repeat, on the body of Captain Reis.

Fortunately he did not succumb to the attack and quickly turned back the crazed tailor, giving us time to rip the dress off Richard and escape into the thronging masses of the city.

It was only afterwards, when I had time to research our experience, did I find out what we faced. I am thankful for the fast acting Captain Reis or else we might have all ended up wearing absurd fashions that usurped our bodies and minds. In any case, that experience has taught me to be wary of clothing merchants who seem to be far too interested in selling me their wares.



**SPINDLER**

*The exceptionally well-dressed clothes merchant standing before you offers you an opportunity to try on some of his wares. As you consider his pitch, you notice a gleam of mischief in his eyes. The more you wait, the more insistent he becomes, to the point where he reaches out to force a pitch black shirt over your head.*

**SPINDLER**

CR 4 (XP 1,200)

CN Medium fey

**Init** +7; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +5**DEFENSE****AC** 16, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+2 armor, +3 Dex, +1 natural)**hp** 35 (6d6 + 12)**Fort** +4; **Ref** +8; **Will** +6**DR** 5/cold iron**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** needle +6 (1d6+1 plus poison)**Special Attacks** enchanted cloth**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 7th)At will—*mending*, *prestidigitation*3/day—*make whole*1/day—*charm monster* (DC 18)**STATISTICS****Str** 13, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 19**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +4 (+8 grapple); **CMD** 17**Feats** Deceitful, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse**Skill** Acrobatics +7, Appraise +9, Bluff +15, Craft (clothing)

+15, Disguise +15, Perception +5, Profession (tailor) +10,

**Sense Motive** +5, **Stealth** +9; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Craft

(clothing)

**Languages** Common, Sylvan**SQ** fashion conscious**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

**Enchanted Cloth (Ex)** If a spindler begins his turn with an opponent of his size category or smaller grappled, he can force his victim to wear one of his creations. The clothing has no effect on the wearer; rather, it causes others to experience an effect as a result of seeing the character. Regardless of whether the viewer makes her save, she is unaffected by the same piece of clothing for 24 hours. Once per day, the wearer can attempt to make a Will save (DC 18) to remove the article, which renders its magic inert (unless someone was foolish enough to voluntarily wear it again).

Typical effects (along with associated color/pattern and

save DCs) of the clothing are as follows: *confusion* (clashing colors with no discernible pattern, DC 18), *crushing despair* (a color that seems darker than black, DC 18), *hideous laughter* (frolicking kittens on a field of blue, DC 16), *rage* (provocative slogan with a red background, DC 17), *scare* (normal scene which suddenly transforms into something terrifying on a black background, DC 16), *touch of idiocy* (plain white background with block-lettered text of a bad pun or unfunny joke, DC 16). All save DCs are Charisma-based.

**Fashion Conscious (Ex)** Appraise, Craft (clothing), and Profession (tailor) are always class skills for a spindler.

**Poison (Ex) Needle**—injury; *save* Fort DC 15; *frequency* 1/round for 10 rounds; effect sleep for 10 minutes; **cure** 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**ECOLOGY****Environment** temperate forest or urban**Organization** solitary, pair, or coterie (3-8)**Treasure** standard (clothing, needle, other treasure)

### Society and Habitat

Spindlers are tailors to the fey, for whom they strive to design the best outfits. That arrangement of leaves and flowers accentuating a dryad's features, that gossamer gown the nymph wears, and that vest which makes the satyr look more rugged were most likely designed by one of these creatures. Many nobles retain a spindler in the household to insure he and his family are always well-dressed and appointed.

Once a year, at a major festival, a coterie of spindlers gathers to exchange designs and make their introductions to remote fey nobles. It is not uncommon for warring nobles to exchange their tailors as part of a peace pact drawn up at a festival.

Whereas a spindler is well-regarded in fey society, he is hated and feared among what he considers to be duller races. Convinced of his genius and mastery of fashion, he doesn't see why anyone would turn down one of his masterful creations. Incensed at what the spindler perceives as a slight, he will ambush an

unsuspecting victim to force him to appreciate his superior taste in clothing.

### Ecology

The desire to force his creations on humanoids might also explain why the creature developed blood with soporific qualities. Long ago, an accident involving a diplomat revealed the poisonous properties of the spindler's blood. Now these creatures use it to their advantage. They do so only as a last resort, though, because a sleeping recipient cannot react to his new threads, and thus denies the spindler his greatest source of satisfaction.

Once every ten years, a spindler is drawn to a remote location—a place with a giant, ancient spinning wheel—for what the creatures refer to as The Great Swap. In preparation for this festival, a spindler creates his most personal creation to date, which he exchanges with another spindler. The pair then retreats into the woods to make love; the result of their union is always a spindler child, who grows into maturity in 25 years.



## Chapter Five

## Terror at the Edge of a Knife

Our troubles began in the court of Duke Uthalian, Keeper of the Crystal Goblet of Morn. While I am well-schooled in the vagaries of the faerie courts, even the experts make mistakes sometimes. Apparently the Duke's daughter, Emeris, was under a magical ban. No man may touch her until he first undergoes the Three Trials in the Canyon of the Scaled Ones. If I had known, I never would have taken her hand and kissed it. But for my ignorance, many good people lost their lives.



The Duke expelled us from his court. That was not to be the end of our punishment, however. He set upon us an assassin of brutal efficiency. According to our guide the creature that stalked us was a thin man, a race of fey who had somehow gone through a terrible transformation in a place known only as the Nowhere Dimension. This assassin gave us a three day headstart, just enough time to think we had escaped without incident, before he unleashed his cruel will on our party.

Captain Reis was slain while on watch.

We found his body the next morning, slit open from sternum to crotch. Next came a promising young student of mine named Malleric. He was unarmed, but he would not have been able to defend himself even if he

held a weapon. I had sent him out to gather some herbs for study, but I had sent guards to accompany him. Somehow they became separated. That was when the cruel killer attacked. It was obvious from the body that the thin man took is time with Malleric. The third victim was our grig guide, Bluebell. I will never forget the look of terror and pain on her face when we found her corpse.

Eventually we fled the Realms of Faerie in the hope of shaking our pursuer. The ruse appeared to work, but I am still reluctant to claim victory. If what I have discovered about the thin man is true, he will find us. I spend each day looking over my shoulder and I have surrounded myself with guards of the highest caliber. It is regretful that our expedition to Faerie ended so ignobly, though I have no one to blame but myself.

**THIN MAN**

*A gray man, composed of what you believe to be paper, appears in front of you seemingly from nowhere. He turns to his left, vanishing again into thin air. The next time you see him, he's right in front of you, bladed arms crossed, ready to slash you.*

**THIN MAN**

CR 7 (3,200 XP)

NE Medium fey

Init +10; Senses low-light vision; Perception +16

**DEFENSE**

AC 20, touch 16, flat-footed 14 (+6 Dex, +5 natural)

hp 66 (12d6 + 24)

Fort +6; Ref +14; Will +9

Defensive Abilities missing dimension

DR 10/piercing or slashing

**OFFENSE**

Speed 40 ft.

Melee 2 blade arms +13 (2d8+2)

Special Attacks sneak attack (+3d6)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 9th)

3/day—*dimension door***STATISTICS**

Str 15, Dex 23, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 12

Base Atk +6; CMB +12; CMD 24 (32 vs. grapple)

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Dazzlingly Display, Improved Initiative, Shatter Defenses, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (blade arm)

Skill Acrobatics +21, Bluff +9, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +25, Intimidate +14, Perception +16, Sense Motive +16, Sleight of Hand +21, Stealth +29; Racial Modifiers +4

Escape Artist, +4 Intimidate, +8 Stealth

Languages Common, Sylvan

**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

**Missing Dimension (Ex)** A thin man only exists in two dimensions, allowing him to deliver vicious attacks with his arm blades, as well as providing a measure of defense against those who have trouble perceiving him.

A creature must make a DC 22 Perception check when attacking a thin man. Success means the thin man only has concealment against the attack, while failure means the creature has total concealment. The DC for the Perception check is Dexterity-based.

A thin man within 30 feet of another of his kind must make a DC 17 Fortitude save or be destroyed. The save DC is Charisma-based.

**ECOLOGY**

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure none

**Society and Habitat**

Unparalleled assassins for the fey courts, thin men, or “nowhere men” due to their ability to effectively disappear, do whatever dirty work nobles require of them. Their targets are usually other fey creatures, but they commonly find themselves on missions to eliminate humanoid rulers who have wronged a noble or despoiled a sacred fey location. Not all of their deployments are for assassination, though, since they make excellent spies with their ability to remain unseen except to the keenest observer.

These creatures rarely work together, not out of a sense of competition, but more out of necessity, since their missing dimension plays havoc on others of their type. If more than one thin man is required, their contact must provide details to coordinate the creatures’ tasks. Failure to communicate the presence of another thin man usually results in the death of the hiring creature.

Inscrutable, even to the majority of the fey, thin men are never discussed in polite company. Even the most obviously evil fey creatures will avoid speaking of thin men among themselves, out of fear that one of them might be lurking nearby. The best method to get a thin man’s attention regarding a job is to write the request on the opposite side of a sheet of paper or parchment. However, there are many times a thin man will appear when a client speaks aloud to himself about a problem he needs resolved.

**Ecology**

The vast majority of humanoid society regards nowhere men as a myth or bedtime story to frighten children into behaving. Witnesses who have seen a thin man appear out without warning, decapitate his target, and disappear know better. Getting a witness to talk about it will be tricky, as the experience usually leaves him a gibbering mess.

Even fey creatures are uncertain of the origins and life cycles of thin men. The most popular theory holds that a group of highly curious fey creatures ventured to a dimensional rift which ended up partially closing on the group, swallowing up their third dimension. According to some darker whispers, promising fey—those who demonstrate a keen ability to hide and sneak—sometimes suddenly disappear, their presumed fate being a ritual designed to create another thin man. No creature has ever seen a thin man they recognize, but this could be deliberate.



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# Finwicket's Bestiary Along the Faerie Path

Join gnomish explorer and esteemed expert in biology Thaddeus Finwicket as he reveals hitherto unknown creatures from the Realms of Faerie. After a six month-long expedition into the storied woodlands and haunted knolls, the good professor has returned with tales that would impress the most cynical and hardened adventurers.

Get complete details on four fey beings never before seen by mortal eyes:

- \* *Faerie Seer*- Mysterious and enigmatic, Faerie Seers are consummate diviners. They never give up their secrets without a price.
- \* *Harvest Haunt*- Scourge of farmers everywhere, these wily fey utilize the abundance of the harvest to perpetuate their numbers.
- \* *Spindler*-A fey tailor with a taste for style and an unremitting urge to force his products on others.
- \* *Thin Man*- As assassins of the fey courts, Thin Men are rarely spotted before it is too late. Rumors suggest they are heralds of something horrifying, a menace that lies far beyond the ken of sanity

*Finwicket's Bestiary: Along the Faerie Path* also includes an extensive overview of the Faerie Realm and how to get there.

