

AMARANTHUS HAWKWEED

LEVEL: 8
RACE: *Pixie*
CLASS: *Scout*

STR 10 +4
CON 10 +4
DEX 22 +10
INT -8 +3
WIS 16 +7
CHA 13 +5

UNTRAINED

Acrobatics +9
Arcana +3
Athletics +3
Bluff +5
Endurance +3
History +3
Insight +7
Intimidate +5
Religion +3
Streetwise +5
Thievery +9

Speed 4, Fly speed 6 (*altitude limit 1*)
Soaring Hawk: Fly speed 8. You cannot fly if you are carrying more than a normal load.

Tiny size, Fey origin

Low light vision

Wee Warrior: You have a reach of 1, rather than the reach of 0 that is typical for a Tiny creature. You also take a -5 penalty to Strength checks to break or force open objects. When wielding a weapon of your size, you follow the same rules that Small creatures do.

Languages: Common, Elven, Giant, Natural and Fey beasts



TRAINED SKILLS

Diplomacy +10
+2 Diplomacy, Intimidate and Bluff with beasts

Dungeoneering +12

Heal +12

Nature +14
You can make Nature checks instead of Arcana checks when dealing with fey.

Perception +14
Aspect of the Soaring Hawk +16
You can make a Perception check to see how many creatures have moved through the area in the last 24 hours, and where they went. In addition, you and allies do not take the -5 penalty for sleeping during an extended rest.

Stealth +16
Aspect of the Lurking Spider +18
When you make a Stealth check, allies in 10 squares gain a +2 bonus to their next Stealth check.

AT-WILL

Psionic Image

(*Close Burst 5; Minor*)

One or more targets in burst see an illusion of a Small or smaller object in the burst.

Sensing Eye

(*Range 5; Minor*)

Until the end of your next turn, determine Line of Sight from another square in range.

Thought Projection

(*Close Burst 5; Minor*)

You convey an image or ten words to one or more allies in burst.

ENCOUNTER

Crucial Advice

(*Imm. Reaction; Range 5*)

Trigger: An ally makes a skill check with a skill that you're trained in.

Effect: The ally may reroll the skill with a +3 bonus.

Pixie Dust

(*Move; Range 5*)

One ally can fly up to 6 squares as a free action.

Shrink

(*Minor; Melee 1*)

One object sized for Medium or Small characters becomes Tiny sized until your next extended rest or until this power is used on it again. Game stats don't change, though weapons become improvised weapons for creatures larger than Tiny.

AT-WILL

Melee Basic Attack - Pick

(Standard; melee 1)

+16 vs. AC; 1d8+11. **Crit:** 19+2d6+1d8

Melee Basic Attack - Short Sword

(Standard; melee 1)

+16 vs. AC; 1d6+10. **Crit:** 14+2d6

Dual Weapon Attack

(Free; melee 1; 1/round)

Trigger: You hit with a melee basic attack on your turn.

+16 vs. AC; 1d6+8. **Crit:** 14+2d6

Ranged Basic Attack

(Standard; range 15/30)

+14 vs. AC; 1d8+8. **Crit:** 16+2d6

Aspect of the Lurking Spider

(Minor; Stance)

You gain a +2 to Stealth. While you have Combat Advantage on a target, you gain +2 damage against it.

Aspect of the Regal Lion

(Minor; Stance)

When making a basic attack against a Large or larger enemy, +2 to hit.

You gain a +2 to all defenses versus Larger or larger enemies.

Aspect of the Soaring Hawk

(Minor; Stance)

You gain a +2 bonus to speed and Perception. You ignore the penalty from cover and concealment, and only take a -2 from total cover or total concealment.

FEATS

Pick Expertise

Wild Talent Master

Resourceful Leader

Wilderness Warrior

Fey-Minded

RESOURCEFUL

LEADER:

When an ally you can see spends an action point to make an attack, they gain +3 damage on a hit or 3 temporary HPs on a miss.

ENCOUNTER

Power Strike

(No Action; twice/encounter)

Trigger: You hit with a melee basic attack.

Effect: The target takes 1d8 extra damage from the attack.

Crucial Advice

(Imm. Reaction; Range 5)

Trigger: An ally makes a skill check with a skill that you're trained in.

Effect: The ally may reroll the skill with a +3 bonus.

Pixie Dust

(Move; Range 5)

One ally can fly up to 6 squares as a free action.

Shrink

(Minor; Melee 1)

One object sized for Medium or Small characters becomes Tiny sized until your next extended rest or until this power is used on it again. Game stats don't change, though weapons become improvised weapons for creatures larger than Tiny.

INITIATIVE: +10

If you are outdoors or in a natural environment and make an initiative check while you have cover or concealment, you can make a Stealth check to hide.

Action Points: 1

AC: 25

FORT: 17

REF: 23

WILL: 19

HP: 57 **Bloody:** 28

Surge: 14 7/day



DAILY

Nature Sense

(Free act)

Trigger: You make an Initiative check in a natural environment.

Effect: Make a Nature check in place of initiative. You and your allies gain a +4 to all defenses until the end of the first round of the encounter.

Evade Ambush

(Free act)

Effect: At the start of a surprise round in which any allies are surprised, use this power to allow 3 allies to not be surprised.

A LETTER FOUND TIED TO THE NECK OF A RAT, SITTING AT THE FRONT GATE OF THE SORROWFUL CITADEL

I used to tell new recruits like Bilberry here “If you’d fought for as long as I have, well, then, you wouldn’t be all cheery and innocent either.” I’ve been fighting for the Lady of Tears for the last three centuries, and war is rarely the pleasant and heroic business that your epic poems make it out to be.

The Weeping Maiden ain’t the strongest of the archfey, nor the wisest, nor the prettiest, nor the most kind. But when Delphinium fell to fomorian attack, she was the only faerie lord that would accept refugees. Refugees like me. For the last three hundred years, I’ve been repaying that act of kindness by fighting in her armies. And speaking strictly off the record? She can use all the help she can get. Those giant purple bastards are hammering us hard, and their territory expands through the Feywild further every decade.

This mission, though, it was supposed to be a milk run. The Cripple’s Gate was a minor front in a centuries-long war. Our company of gnomish illusionists would pull some magic to draw out the enemy forces with low

expectations. Then Duke Asphodel’s eladrin cavalry would ride out from hiding and surprise their forces. This would give enough time for three platoons of guerilla fighters to slip inside and seize control of the gatehouse. With the enemy forces trapped outside between Asphodel’s cavalry and the fort’s magic defenses turned against them, they’d be crushed easy. I was supposed to lead the spearhead unit into the heart of Cripple’s Gate, make sure the front gate closed behind the trolls.

Easy stuff, right? Well, like always, the brass’s plans didn’t match what we found there. I should have known. Something felt wrong the entire time we planned this mission. I should have paid attention to my instincts.

We got our signal, saw the enemy forces vacate and headed in. The moment we were in too deep, things went south. There were still cyclopes everywhere, and they were ready and waiting for us. Channeling our movements through the keep. Leading us into ambushes set to their advantage.

If you’re ever six inches tall and leading a warband against a bunch of insane fifteen foot tall magic giants, you don’t want to be the one getting ambushed. It’s a tactical nightmare, and

worse it’s *embarrassing*. We should have been the ones ambushing them. Hell, *that was the plan*. But a standup fight against a guy hundreds of times your size? No thanks. Count me out.

Best I can figure is, we got betrayed. I don’t know if Duke Asphodel turned to the Feydark’s side or if our gnomish spies were feeding us false intel. All I know is that the enemy was ready and waiting for us when they should have been scattered to the four winds. Somebody tipped them off, and my friends died for that.

Once the plan went out the window, we had to improvise. We kept trying to work our way, through stealth when we could and violence when we couldn’t, up to the wizard’s tower. The Cripple’s Gate’s enchanted ballista and animated gargoyles should have been controlled from there. If we could seize the main ritual chamber, maybe this shitstorm could be turned around.

I went into Cripple’s Gate with twenty seven brave pixies under my command. The enemy ambushes slowly whittled our band down as we worked our way through the keep. Birdsfoot was split in twain by a troll’s axe. Love-in-a-Puzzle got her legs eaten by a spriggan. Ranunculus was blasted by a mage’s spell of some sort. And I

don't know what happened to Quaking-Grass. He must have gotten separated from us in the maze of twisting hallways. I just don't know how or when.

Each of their losses was my failure. Each had entrusted me with their lives, in service of the Lady of Tears. I promised I'd get them out of there alive. And now? Most of these wee noble warriors are dead. A few might still be alive, to be tortured by insane fomorians for intelligence or just for their weird sadistic kicks.

By the time we made it to the mage's quarters, it was just me and Bilberry left. And Bilberry's got a nasty, magically poison arrow in the gut. I think he's stabilized for the moment, but he's not going to be much help. He comes in and out of consciousness, though he's getting worse all the time. It's going to take some serious magic to stop this poisonous enchantment from killing the poor pixie.

And now that we're barricaded in the wizard's chambers, there's more bad news. We may have a few minutes of safety, but it doesn't look like it'll do us much good. We can't control the castle's defenses from here. Our intelligence was wrong, of course. Probably the ritual circle for that is somewhere else in the castle entirely.

I'm no arcanist. But Bilberry was conscious just long enough to say that the chamber's set up for some magic portal ritual. Shadow magic stuff. Looks like our attack interrupted a big spell in progress. Where's the portal go? I sure can't tell. Probably somewhere nasty. But I think someplace unknown beats certain death in the dungeons of giant purple madmen. The mage's tower has no windows. (Who the hell builds a tower without windows? Wizards, I guess. Crazy fuckers gonna get me killed.) So the portal ritual is the only way out that don't involve fighting another hundred angry trolls. Hell, probably the same troll warriors I killed once already.

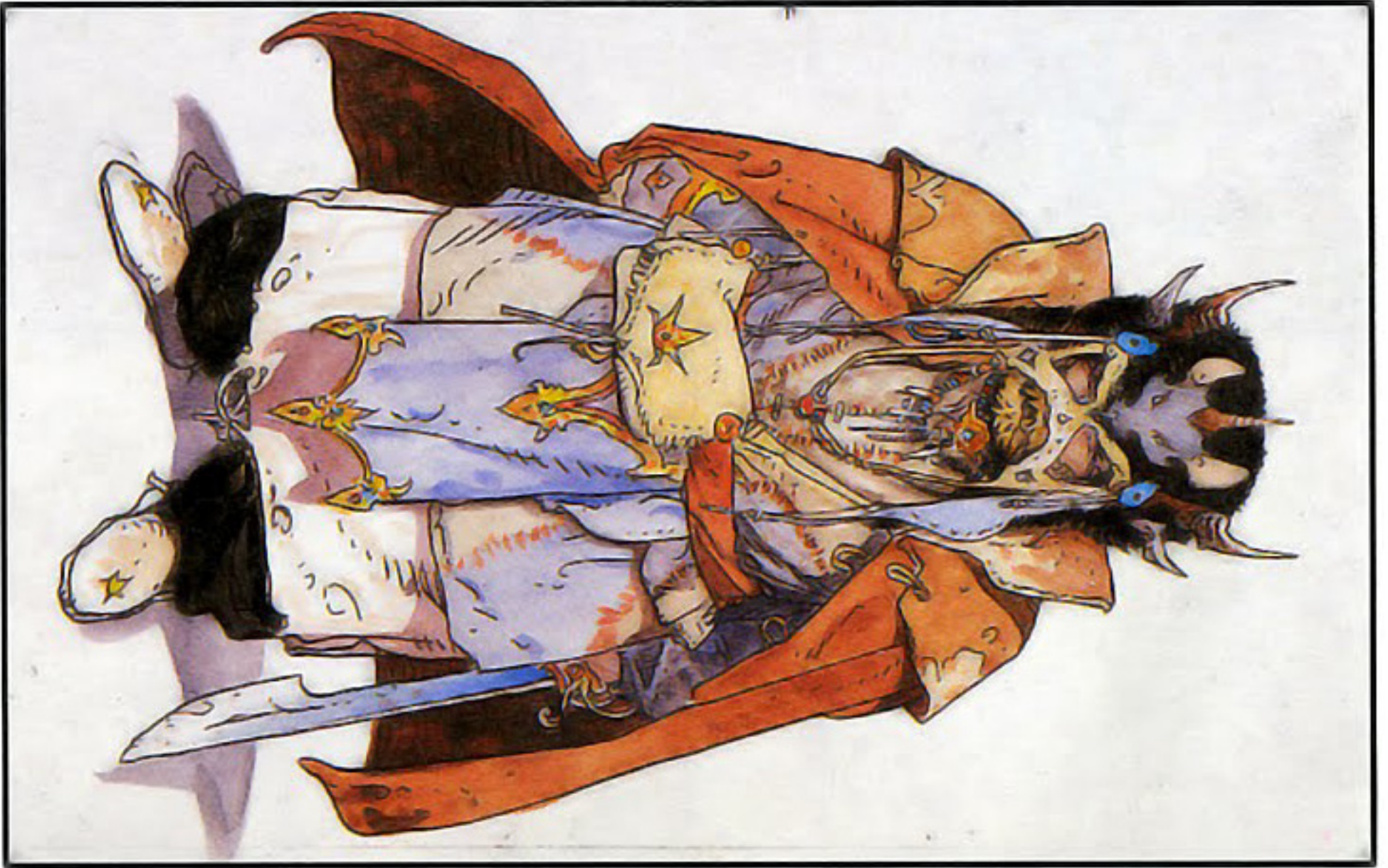
All of the keep will be on the lookout for survivors of our forces. We can't sneak out, but maybe an ordinary rat can. Mistress Blackfur here has agreed to carry our message back to the Lady of Tears, in a promise of all the bread she can eat. Please, if you're reading this, treat my rodential friend kindly, would you? She's done a great service to me.

I'm writing this now so that there is some record of our failure. So that somebody has some idea what went wrong in Cripple's Gate. And so that, just maybe, somebody will know where Bilberry and I have gone and

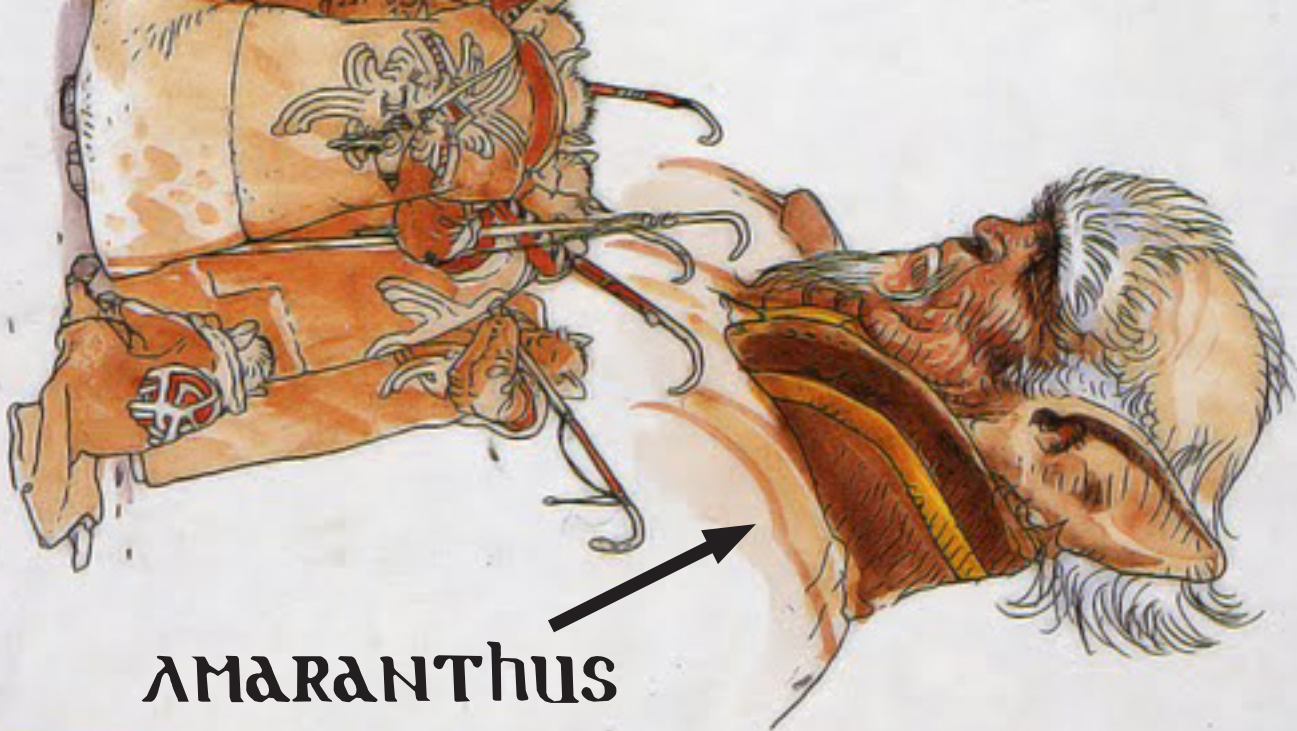
come looking for us. We're gonna complete this planar ritual hoozit and hop on through. With any luck we won't be instantly killed when we step out onto the Nine Hells or something.

May the Lady of Tears weep
for another's tragedies today,
AMARANTHUS
HAWKWEED

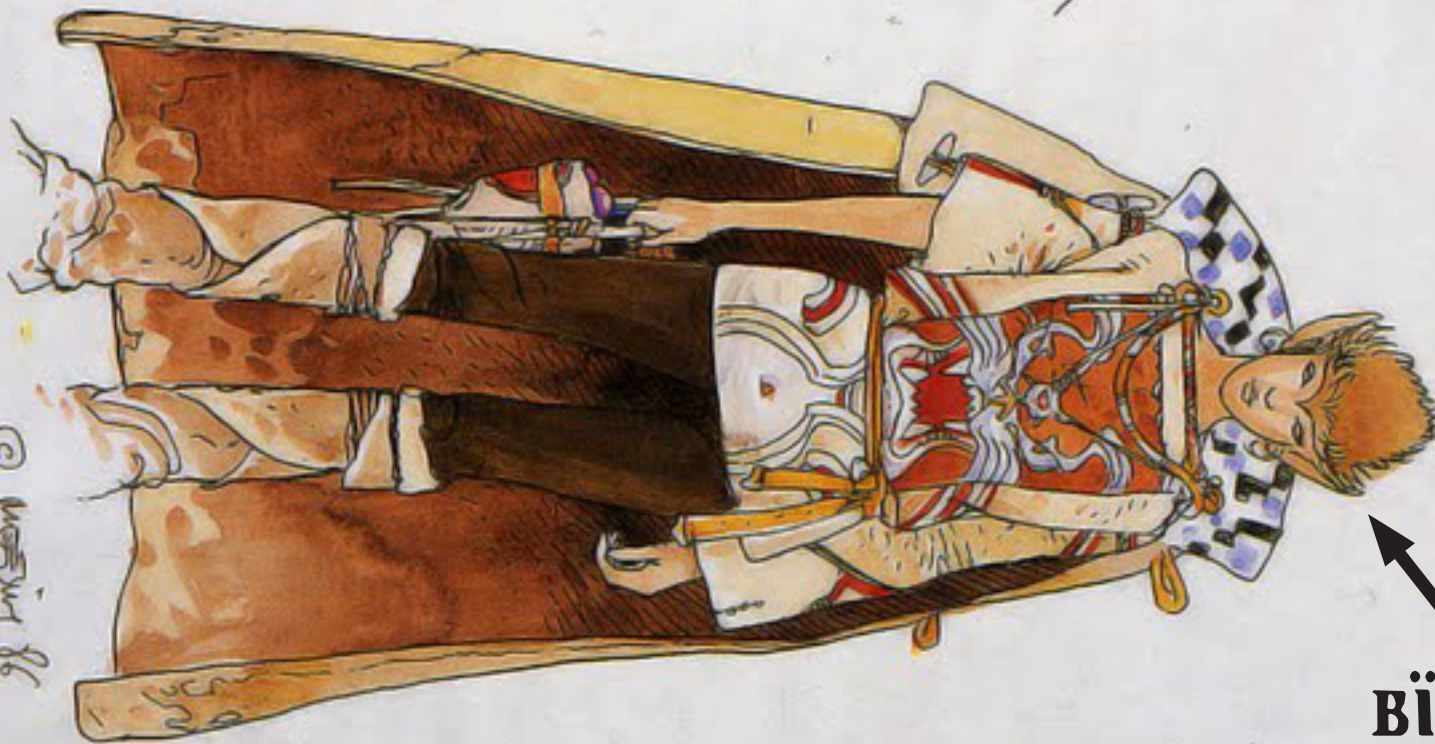




AMARANTHUS (actual size)



AMARANTHUS



BILBERRY

© Mordvin 86