

BLOODRAGER LEVEL 1

A man of few words, Crowe keeps a tight hold on the storm that always rages inside him, letting it loose only on the battlefield.

CROWE

Male human air elemental bloodrager 1

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 13 (1d10+3)

Fort +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee earthbreaker^{UE} +5 (2d6+6/×3)

Ranged sling +2 (1d4+4)

Special Attacks bloodline power (elemental strikes), bloodrage (6 rounds/day)

TACTICS

Bloodraging Statistics When bloodraging, your statistics are

AC 15, touch 9, flat-footed 14, **hp** 15, **Fort** +6, **Will** +2;

Melee earthbreaker +7 (2d6+9/×3); **Ranged** sling +2 (1d4+6);

Str 22, **Con** 18; **CMB** +8

Fatigued Statistics When fatigued, your statistics are

Init +0; **AC** 16, touch 10, flat-footed 15, **Ref** +0;

Melee earthbreaker +4 (2d6+4/×3); **Ranged** sling +1 (1d4+3)

Str 16, **Dex** 10; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 14; **Skills** Acrobatics -1

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** 8, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 16

Feats Furious Focus^{APG}, Power Attack

Skills Acrobatics +0, Intimidate +7, Perception +4, Survival +4; **Armor**

Check Penalty -5

Traits air-touched, bred for war^{HOG}

Languages Common, Shoanti

SQ bloodline (elemental [air]), fast movement

Combat Gear acid, *potion of cure light wounds*; **Other Gear** four-mirror armor^{UE}, earth breaker, sling with 10 bullets, backpack, waterskin, 1 gp, 9 sp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Air Touched Crowe gains DR 1/- against all creatures and attacks with the air subtype.

Bloodrage Crowe can enter bloodrage for up to 6 rounds per day, using his bloodraging statistics. He can't use abilities requiring patience or concentration, any Int skill except Intimidate, and any

Dex skill except Acrobatics, Fly, and Ride. Once his bloodrage ends, Crowe is fatigued for twice the number of rounds he just bloodraged, and he can't bloodrage again while fatigued or exhausted.

Elemental Strikes Three times per day as a swift action, Crowe can cause all his melee attacks to do 1d6 extra electricity damage for round.

Furious Focus Crowe's first attack each round suffers no penalty from Power Attack.

Power Attack Crowe can take a -1 penalty to hit with his earthbreaker to do +3 damage.

Cure Light Wounds Crowe's potion heals the drinker for 1d8+1 damage.

When Crowe was a young man waiting to depart on his first horse gathering, he had the same dream every night for five weeks. Each time the storm came. Each time the stampede thundered out of the canyon to the south. Each time his body was trampled to pulp before he woke up soaking with sweat.

As Crowe grew stronger of frame, he trained with the weapons of his ancestors and learned how to protect his people and their way of life. Crowe learned the klar, mastered the earthbreaker, and also studied the natural world and the ways of magic that his mother followed. Throughout his tutelage, he challenged his elders and was challenged by his not-so-infrequent gaps in memory, and many blamed his parents for his outbursts.

Though Crowe was still considered to be too young for a long outing, his father decided that taking his son on his first horse gathering would teach the boy discipline. In order to test Crowe's patience, his father sent the youth ahead to the canyon's mouth to capture a horse.

Crowe crouched upon a flat umber rock, trembling with terror. All he could hear was the storm, a low, rolling rumble that thundered in his eardrums. The thunder beating in his ears changed. It wasn't just internal; it was echoing through the canyon. Then the storm broke. Thunder rumbled and crashed through the canyon and lightning bathed its rusty walls in flashes of white.

After the storm had passed, Crowe awoke to find his cousin sitting on his chest and slapping his face, claiming that he was to blame for the carnage spread all around him. More than a dozen horses lay dead, and half of the hunting party lay trampled in the riverbed. They said Crowe was to blame. They said there was no storm. They said he had done it. Slick with blood, confused, and full of no uncertain amount of shame, he stumbled through the night. The dawn broke on Crowe's new life—a life not burdened by tradition, a life that was numb to fear.



“Savor the lightning’s flash, for the thunder that follows will be the last thing you hear.”