

# BLOODRAGER LEVEL 4

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 4

CN Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +1; **Senses** Perception +7

## DEFENSE

**AC** 18, touch 12, flat-footed 17 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex)

**hp** 40 (4d10+12)

**Fort** +7, **Ref** +3, **Will** +2

**Defensive Abilities** blood sanctuary, uncanny dodge

## OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 *earthbreaker*<sup>UE</sup> +9 (2d6+7/×3)

**Ranged** sling +5 (1d4+4)

**Special Attacks** bloodline power (elemental strikes), bloodrage (12 rounds/day)

**Bloodrager Spells Known** (CL 4th; concentration +6)  
1st (2/day)—*enlarge person*, *shield*

## TACTICS

**Bloodraging Statistics** When bloodraging, your statistics are

**AC** 16, touch 10, flat-footed 15, **hp** 52, **Fort** +10, **Will** +4; **Resist** electricity 10;

**Melee** +1 *earthbreaker* +11 (2d6+10/×3); **Ranged** sling +5 (1d4+6);

**Str** 22, **Con** 21; **CMB** +11; **Skills** Climb +7, Ride +1, Swim +7.

**Fatigued Statistics** When fatigued, your statistics are

**Init** +0; **AC** 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16, **Ref** +2;

**Melee** +1 *earthbreaker* +8 (2d6+5/×3); **Ranged** sling +4 (1d4+3)

**Str** 16, **Dex** 10; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 18; **Skills** Acrobatics +4, Climb +4, Swim +4

## STATISTICS

**Str** 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** 15, **Int** 8, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 20

**Feats** Eschew Materials, Furious Focus<sup>APG</sup>, Power Attack, Raging Vitality<sup>APG</sup>

**Skills** Acrobatics +5, Climb +5, Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Perception +7, Ride +2, Spellcraft +3, Survival +4, Swim +5; **Armor Check Penalty** -3

**Traits** air-touched, bred for war<sup>HOG</sup>

**Languages** Common, Shianti

**SQ** blood casting, bloodline (elemental [air]), fast movement

**Combat Gear** acid, alchemist's fire (2), *potion of cure light wounds*;

**Other Gear** mwk breastplate, +1 *earth breaker*, cloak of resistance

+1, ring of protection +1, wand of cure light wounds (10 charges), sling with 10 bullets, backpack, waterskin, 56 gp 9 sp

## SPECIAL ABILITIES

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

**Blood Casting** Crowe can cast his bloodrager spells while bloodraging. He can even cast defensively and concentrate on these spells.

**Blood Sanctuary** Crowe receives a +2 bonus to saves against his own attacks and allies' attacks.

**Bloodrage** Crowe can enter bloodrage for up to twelve rounds per day, using his bloodraging statistics. He can't use abilities requiring patience or concentration, any Int skill, any Cha 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 -2 penalty to hit with his earthbreaker to do +6 damage.

**Raging Vitality** Crowe can continue his bloodrage even when he is unconscious.

**Uncanny Dodge** Crowe is not denied his Dex bonus before he acts in combat or against invisible opponents.

When Crowe was a young man waiting to depart on his first horse gathering, each night he dreamed of a storm, a storm he heard during each of his violent outbursts. Some in the tribe thought this was simply an excuse for misbehavior. In order to teach Crowe patience, his father took his son on a horse gathering and 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.

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—claiming there had been no storm. More than a dozen horses lay dead, and half of the hunting party lay trampled in the riverbed. 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.”