On Goblins.

Goblins are garish little beasts: green, angular, and skittish. They are as much a nuisance as they are a threat. From the entry on Goblins found in the 1st edition of *The Complete Golarion Bestiary: Critters, Beasts, and Demons*:

*Weak and cowardly, goblins are frequently manipulated or enslaved by stronger creatures that need destructive, disposable foot soldiers. Goblins can eat nearly anything, but prefer a diet of meat and consider the flesh of humans and gnomes a rare and difficult-to-obtain delicacy. Goblins are short, ugly humanoids that stand just over 3 feet tall. Their scrawny bodies are topped with oversized and usually hairless heads with massive ears and beady red or occasionally yellow eyes. Goblins' skin tone varies based on the surrounding environment; common skin tones include green, gray, and blue, though black and even pale white goblins have been sighted.*

(ARG pg. 1, PRPGB, pg. 156)

Readers, I implore you to proceed with caution should it befall you to encounter one of these creatures in your travels. Where there is one, there are likely many more unseen. Where there are many, violence is all but guaranteed. Heed my warnings, for they seldom take prisoners.

I first encountered these creatures while on assignment in the town of Sandpoint. My dedication to report the truth often brings me to the fringes of the astonishing and strange, and an unexpected goblin raid was no different.

Sandpoint is a quaint Varisian town on the edge of the Magnimar Empire. Nestled into a natural cove along the Lost Coast, it boasts a successful fisherman’s enclave in addition to its numerous local businesses.

To the rare tourist that happens to find themselves there, they would be surprised to find such diversity in the faces passing them in the streets. Although Sandpoint is home to a small population from mostly Varisian and Chelixian descent, the town also serves as a bustling harbor for ships from all across Golarion. Do not be taken aback by the Dwarve downing his umpteenth ale at the Rusty Dragon Inn, nor is there a need to be startled while hiking by the Gnome conversing with a sunbathing lizard, and yes, it is very likely those *were* pointed ears poking out from the hooded figure you passed on the street last night. For many of these transients, Sandpoint is nothing more than a blip in their journey. For some, sadly, it would be their last stop.

Two months ago, I was in Sandpoint’s center square celebrating the opening of the town’s newly restored Cathedral. It was wonderful event filled with food, drink, and music. Children weaved in and out of the crowd, shrieks of laughter following their steps. Vendors hawked their carnival faire and shop owners rushed in and out trying to keep up with demand. We had no way of knowing the carts were filled with explosives.

Goblins poured into the streets, blades in hand attacking indiscriminately. They worked in a highly coordinated formation, flanking the crowd. Some established themselves from a position with which they could overlook their attack. It was orchestrated chaos, violent and primitive at its core. Readers I lament that in that moment, I failed the journalist’s code of ethics that I pledged my pen to. In a moment of inspired courage I found myself back to back with three other equally moved individuals. We had taken up arms to defend ourselves, and those who could not do so for themselves. The combat was short, muddled, and truthfully unremarkable. Readers, I do not wish to recall the event in any greater detail, as it would keep me up many more nights than it already has. Know this however; we fought, and we prevailed. Goblin corpses lay still on the blood drenched cobblestone that day.

Today I sit writing to you from Sandpoint still, in a rented room above the Rusty Dragon Inn. I am traversing head on into the frontier of high strange and I hope that you, loyal Readers, choose to follow as well. Fear not, for I shan’t tread alone; a band of valiant and brave adventurers cover my back, and I there’s. Stay tuned for our next issue; I promise you won’t be disappointed.

- Jezorat Hernanz, Reporter at Astonishing Legends Magazine

This issue is dedicated to my mentor, Giseh Rosash

*“The thing about living a cliché, is the nagging sense of embarrassment that accompanies it. It stays with you, creeping into every decision you make. One day, you realize your choices are no longer your own; they’re a council meeting between destiny, free will, and a hired public relations consultant.”*