

The Seleventh 13th,

Special Operations and Other Operations of Relative Significance:

Long ago --- at least a year by common recollections --- there were regiments of many different numbers under the service of The Rat King. Lo, the significance of the number 13 in ratfolk culture, combined with the competitive and paranoid nature of ratfolk in the Under-Empire, made this fact counterproductive to the rat-god cause. Namely, every regiment that was not the 13th wanted very much to be the 13th. Ultimately, it was decided that every regiment would be the 13th. Following this decision, accidental deaths involving explosives and/or large boulders decreased substantially among the 13th regiment (though less so for members of the Thirteenth 13th).

The regiment's leader, Varkus Skullsplitter, accidentally got "a bit" of blood on the note informing him of this organizational change--- leaving him unsure as to whether his regiment was to be the Seventh 13th or Eleventh 13th. To avoid having to admit this fault to The Rat King, or stepping on the toes of the Seventh or Eleventh 13th by guessing, Varkus's regiment has been operating as the Seleventh 13th until someone tells them not to.

The Job:

Recently, a cult has arisen in the under-empire. Though the Rat King has long insisted on maintaining reasonable relations with the pitiable surface dwellers, there have always been dissenters. Followers of "the Great Horned Rat" (who is, in fact, the nascent demon lord Murnath--- though many are unaware of this), have a great disdain for surface dwellers, who they believe look down on the ratfolk, forcing them to dwell in the sewers with their waste. They tell stories of a distant under-empire of the ratfolk who were led by Murnath himself to march onto the surface, securing respect and a surface home from the easily defeated surface dwellers. They believe that someday Murnath will come to their sewers and tunnels, and that he will lead them to conquer the surface with a mighty and immutable tide of vermin. Other ratfolk have been quick to point out that living in the sewers is great:

"Look at that! There's whole kernels of corn in here! You wouldn't find that on the surface, would you!?"

"My friend Ratticus lived on the surface. Lived. That dumb SOB got eaten by a giant owl. It ain't safe up there!"

Moreover, most ratfolk ignore these 'prophecies', since they're contingent on the return of a fabled beast that they have little reason to believe has ever existed. However, since *The Warp* descended upon Akiton, many ratfolk have become... unhinged. Many feast on the so-called warpstone, a by product of this calamity that is said to strengthen ratfolk and which followers of Murnath believe will finally make them worthy of His attention. If nothing else, consumption of warpstone has magnified the paranoia and brashness among otherwise reasonable ratfolk. As a result, the size and fervor of The Followers of the Great Horned Rat have increased dramatically in the last generation or so.

Unfortunately, in the past few weeks, rumors have begun to spread of a young ratfolk, born with horns and blood red fur--- who the cult is calling their champion, though they have not yet presented such a rat publicly. If such a rat exists, this will serve as a clarion call for Murnath's followers and may spell doom for the Rat King, those loyal to him, and countless innocents on the surface.

The Seleventh 13th was first tasked with determining if such a rat existed. After some days of *skillful detective work*, they believe that he does exist, and they have identified where they believe he is hiding. This rat must be recovered before he can be claimed by the cult. Whether willing or not, they will hold him up as a banner to rally their crazed believers.

“[...] You are to investigate this recent intelligence. If you find this fabled rat, and he is loyal to Murnath and his followers, you are to eliminate him and any evidence that he has ever existed. If he is an unwitting pawn... it might still be easiest to kill him but I guess you could also just use your judgment and make sure he isn't seen or captured or whatever.

This message will not self destruct... so you should probably... destruct(?) it? Obviously optics would be bad if this got out.

**Love,
-- Rat King”**

The Seleventh 13th will dispatch a small tactical unit to hit the location, while also sending out a number of dummy teams to other locations as a distraction in case they're being watched. You should expect some chokepoint confrontations, and battles involving a small number of powerful enemies alongside a large number of weak enemies.

Members

1 - Varkus Skullsplitter (NG Vigilante 6 / Occultist 1) (“The Leader”. Kills things with an axe whether it’s his turn or not):

Likely among the largest natural ratfolk ever to live. At nearly 4’9” tall, Varkus’s survival --- standing well above others in the rat-pack --- was far from guaranteed. Now, few could guarantee the opposite. Varkus carries a massive axe, and fights among his kind with all of the deadly precision of his smaller counterparts. A small mis-step from a foe will see them split like a log long before they realize their mistake.

Varkus will often ask an ‘acquaintance’: “Do you know why they call me ‘Skullsplitter’?” An answer involving his propensity for splitting the skulls of his foes will result in a great deal of scorn from Varkus, who will explain matter-of-factly that he comes from a long line of very skilled neurosurgeons who have made great contributions to their field, saving countless lives. He may then deliver a brief pointed lecture regarding the hurtful assumptions that surface-dwellers tend to impress upon rat culture. He may also split their skull with his axe.

For his stature and his prowess in battle, his foes would seek to eliminate Varkus outside of combat instead. And so, he has become adept at masquerading as a lesser rat -- a meek, unassuming fellow, who is free to skulk about the under-empire with impunity. Afterall, no one would suspect innocent little Tretch Skitterleap is truly Varkus Skullsplitter!

While Varkus doesn’t approve of the treatment of rat-folk by surface dwellers, he doesn’t wish for them to be unilaterally slaughtered as the cultists do.



2 - Skaravin "Tripod" Garus (NG Occultist 7) (Reloads a big gun and casts big spells):

An occultist who serves as the loader on the Seleveth 13th's jezail gun team, casting damaging and controlling spells as his partner lays fire of his own over his shoulder. May also summon skeletons using the Necromantic Servant ability to keep foes at a distance. These could be useful for a team member who requires melee allies for flanking. Requires a move action each round while Tekari is firing to reload the weapon. A bit grim. Carries a wand of CLW.



3 - Tikari Mirren (LG Gunslinger (Techslinger) 7) (“The Sharpshooter”- Excellent at taking out single targets or small groups, weak in close quarters):

Tikari is calm and calculated, and takes his job very seriously. Uses a warplock jezzail rifle to eliminate foes from a distance, depending on good pal Skaravin to reload the weapon and keep foes away. Has some extra medical injectors.



4 - Hank Jonesworth...burg... (LG Shifter 7) (“Normal Rat-guy”. Melee damage and debuffing. Exceptionally hard to finish off):

Just your average, everyday, completely normal ratfolk guy. Hank wears long hooded robes that obscure Hank’s entire body, which shifts about unnaturally beneath the cloth --- just like anybody else’s. If anyone caught a glimpse beneath his robes, they might think that Hank looks less like a ratfolk, and more like an incalculably numerous collection of irradiated warp-rats who appear to share a common identity and purpose, and who take the shape of a ratfolk-like being to seek their goals. But eyes can play tricks, of course--- Hank is just a normal guy. You can tell because of the way that he is. Hank uses the pronoun “we”. Hank isn’t generally great at keeping secrets.

Hank hasn’t yet formed much of an opinion on many things, but thinks Murnath is a dumb bitch. “You have before you a race of intelligent and resourceful beings with a social bond unrivaled throughout all the worlds, and you think to harness their great potential by drowning countless innocent souls in the maelstrom of their carefully stoked fury? What will happen then? How long before this wanton behavior attracts the attention of a foe that can quell them? Murnath, you are disgraceful and we find you unworthy of the loyalty of these great and noble creatures. Uhh, I mean... **us** great and noble creatures.”



5 - Shrat (CG Synthesist Summoner 7)(“The Rat Ogre”, kills people with his bare hands (and he has four of them!)):

Shrat began some time ago experimenting with more careful, responsible uses of warpstone. He then said “fuck it” and implanted his body with big inert chunks of it that he can activate with ~*~magic~*~. Upon activation, Shrat transforms into a large four-armed ogre of a rat.

Shrat likes reading, crossword puzzles, cooking for friends, and beating people to death with their own legs.



6 - Riddlo Vetik (CG Gunslinger (Gun tank, Techslinger) 7) (Rat rambo [or Jessi Ventura from Predator?]. Excellent crowd control.)

Riddlo wears finely crafted platemail armor, and wields a much sought after experimental ratfolk firearm -- the Ratling Gun. The Ratling gun rapidly fires shells containing a concentrated acid that explode on impact, easily eating through armor. This weapon can clear a narrow corridor of foes by firing in automatic mode, or can pick away at an oncoming horde of enemies in scatter mode by firing wildly in an arc. Enemies hit directly, or within the area of an "automatic" or "scatter" attack are suppressed for their next round -- reducing their speed by half their usual amount (to a minimum of 5 feet). Has some extra medical injectors.



7 - Ortayu (CG Psychic (Psychic Marauder) 7) ("Stop hitting yourself". Battlefield control, some damage)

A practitioner of the ratfolk art of Ranatagi, Ortayu is a powerful psychic capable of sniffing out the ragged edges of reality itself. Through mastery of Ranatagi, Ortayu may reach through tears in space to attack a foe from behind or to deliver a directional spell from just the right angle to knock enemies from a ledge. Can also confuse large numbers of foes. Has some powerful tricks.



8 - Rakarus Skivering (NG Unchained Rogue (Arcane Scoundrel) 7) (Massive melee damage with a flanking partner, and some supporting spells as needed)

The head of the local Church of Nethys-- a devout ratfolk willing to fight for what he believes is right. He seeks to return the Under-Empire to a balance, and believes that the Rat King is the best way to see that through. Also pretty good at stabbing people in the back. Carries a wand of CLW.



9 - Ratagast (NG Druid (Swarm Monger) 7)(Summoner of beasts and battlefield controller)

Ratagast became disillusioned with life in the Under-empire when the cultists began inflating their ranks. He left to find answers elsewhere--- traveling throughout the Dry Sea and even becoming a rare non-elven friend to the Wildwood of Ketephys. Ratagast has since been called back to action, where he is joined by his faithful rat companion, Sebastian. In battle, Ratagast gestures and countless multitudes of identical rats pour from beneath his matted fur and ragged clothing to join Sebastian in overwhelming foes. Ratagast may call other friends from nature to join him if needed, and is capable of summoning very powerful allies from the forest in particularly dire situations. Has some extra cure scrolls.

Hank **really** likes Ratagast, though they cannot say why.



10 - Nyan Rat (CG Vigilante (Teisatsu) 7)(A mild-mannered rat by day... super rat by night! Does some teleporting, very sneaky, stabs things in the back also)

By day, the caped ratfolk known as Nyan Rat masquerades as Tani Craventail, a fervent follower of Murnath. By night, she uses the intel she's collected to inflict great harm to the organization. While many of the rats sent by the Rat King to infiltrate the ranks of the organization have fallen to the allure of warpstone, Nyan Rat's time there has only made her more resolute... if not unhinged.

Nyan Rat moves about unseen, despite the preposterous rainbow colored cloak that trails behind her. When she leaps into battle she strikes fear into the enemies of the Rat King--- her colorful cloak's appearance heralding their doom. Having seen in more detail than most what the cult is capable of, she is perhaps the least merciful of the Seleventh 13th.

