

Rakahemet

Clark

Lawful Good



NAME	PLAYERNAME	DEITY	ALIGNMENT
Mnk8	Human	5'6"	Normal
CLASS	RACE	HEIGHT	VISION
8	21	Green	37
LEVEL	AGE	EYES	POINTS
34399	Medium	160 lbs.	
EXPERIENCE	SIZE	WEIGHT	
36000	Male	Black,	
NEXT LEVEL	GENDER	HAIR	

ABILITY NAME	ABILITY SCORE	ABILITY MODIFIER	TEMP SCORE	TEMP MODIFIER
STR Strength	14	+2		
DEX Dexterity	16	+3		
CON Constitution	16	+3		
INT Intelligence	12	+1		
WIS Wisdom	18	+4		
CHA Charisma	12	+1		

HP hit points	76	WOUNDS/CURRENT HP					SUBDUAL DAMAGE					DAMAGE REDUCTION					SPEED Walk 0'		
AC armor class	15	15	15	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	TOTAL	FLAT	TOUCH	BASE	ARMOR BONUS	SHIELD BONUS	STAT MODIFIER	SIZE MODIFIER	NATURAL ARMOR	MISC MODIFIER	MISS CHANCE	ARCANE SPELL FAILURE	ARMOR CHECK PENALTY	SPELL RESISTANCE					

INITIATIVE modifier	+3	=	+3	+	+0
TOTAL			DEX MODIFIER		MISC MODIFIER
BASE ATTACK bonus	+6/+1				

SKILL NAME	KEY ABILITY	SKILL MODIFIER	ABILITY MODIFIER	MAX RANKS: 11/5.5	
				RANKS	MISC MODIFIER
✓ Balance	DEX	7	= 3	+ 2.0	+ 2
✓ Climb	STR	10	= 2	+ 8.0	+ 0
✓ Escape Artist	DEX	8	= 3	+ 5.0	+ 0
✓ Hide	DEX	7	= 3	+ 4.0	+ 0
✓ Intimidate	CHA	6	= 1	+ 5.0	+ 0
✓ Jump	STR	15	= 2	+ 11.0	+ 2
✓ Listen	WIS	6	= 4	+ 2.0	+ 0
✓ Move Silently	DEX	6	= 3	+ 3.0	+ 0
✓ Ride	DEX	5	= 3	+ 2.0	+ 0
✓ Swim	STR	4	= 2	+ 2.0	+ 0
Tumble	DEX	16	= 3	+ 11.0	+ 2

SAVING THROWS	TOTAL	BASE SAVE	ABILITY MODIFIER	MAGIC MODIFIER	MISC MODIFIER	TEMP MODIFIER	conditional modifiers
FORTITUDE (constitution)	+9	+6	+3	+0	+0		
REFLEX (dexterity)	+9	+6	+3	+0	+0		
WILL (wisdom)	+10	+6	+4	+0	+0		

	TOTAL	BASE ATTACK BONUS	ABILITY MODIFIER	SIZE MODIFIER	MISC MODIFIER	TEMP MODIFIER
MELEE attack bonus	+8/+3	+6/+1	+2	+0	+0	
RANGED attack bonus	+9/+4	+6/+1	+3	+0	+0	
GRAPPLE attack bonus	+8/+3	+6/+1	+4	+0	-2	

UNARMED	TOTAL ATTACK BONUS	DAMAGE	CRITICAL
	+8/+5	1d10+2	20/x2

*Amentari's Gauntlets		CURRENT HAND	TYPE	SIZE	CRITICAL
		Primary	B	S	20/x2
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam		
1H-P	+10/+7	1d10+4	2W-P-(OH)	+4/+1	1d10+4
1H-O	+6/+3	1d10+3	2W-P-(OL)	+6/+3	1d10+4
2H	+10/+7	1d10+4	2W-OH	+2	1d10+3
Special Properties	A monk can attack using her Unarmed attack bonus, (Nunchaku +2 (Spell Effect (Command Word) (SPELLNAME[Barkskin] CASTER[Druid] SPELLTYPE[Divine] SPELLLEVEL[2] CASTERLEVEL[3]))), (Nunchaku +2 (Spell Effect (Command Word) (SPELLNAME[Barkskin] CASTER[Druid] SPELLTYPE[Divine] SPELLLEVEL[2] CASTERLEVEL[3])))				

*Flurry of Blows		CURRENT HAND	TYPE	SIZE	CRITICAL
		Equipped	B	T	20/x2
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam		
1H-P	+6/+6/+3	1d10+2	2W-P-(OH)	+0/+0/-3	1d10+2
1H-O	+2/+2/-1	1d10+1	2W-P-(OL)	+2/+2/-1	1d10+2
2H	+6/+6/+3	1d10+2	2W-OH	-2	1d10+1
Special Properties					

Kama		CURRENT HAND	TYPE	SIZE	CRITICAL
		Carried	S	S	20/x2
To Hit	Dam	To Hit	Dam		
1H-P	+8/+5	1d6+2	2W-P-(OH)	+2/-1	1d6+2
1H-O	+4/+1	1d6+1	2W-P-(OL)	+4/+1	1d6+2
2H	+8/+5	1d6+2	2W-OH	+0	1d6+1
Special Properties	A monk can attack using her Unarmed attack bonus				

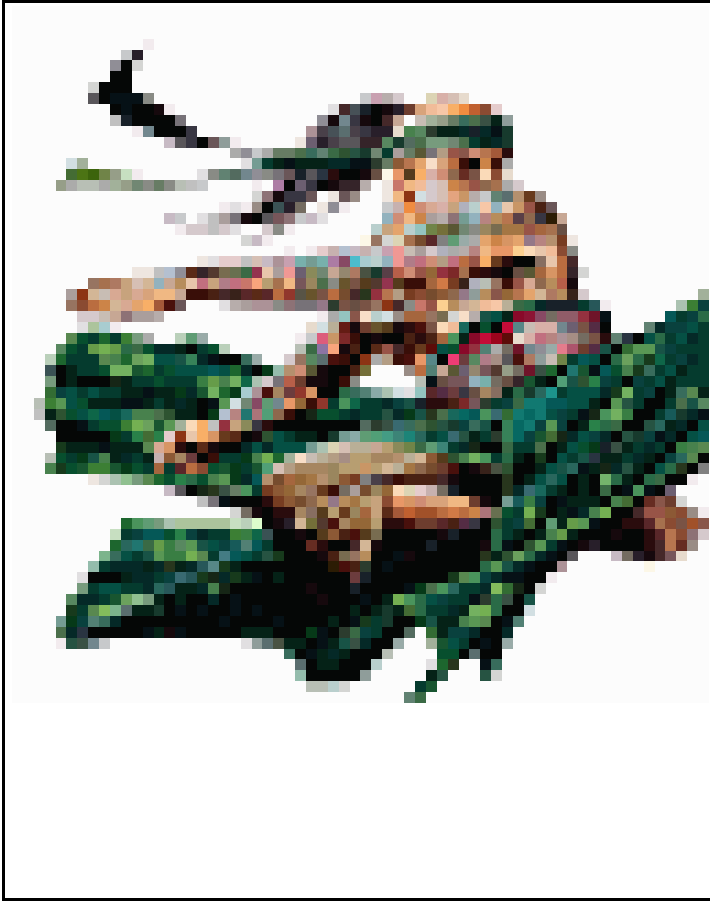
1H-P: One handed, in primary hand. 1H-O: One handed, in off hand. 2H: Two handed. 2W-P-(OH): 2 weapons, primary hand (off hand weapon is heavy). 2W-P-(OL): 2 weapons, primary hand (off hand weapon is light). 2W-OH: 2 weapons, off hand.

WHOLENESS OF BODY	
HP per day	□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □

Stunning Fist	
DC18	□□□□ □□

✓: can be used untrained. X: exclusive skills

Rakahemet



Human

RACE

21

AGE

Male

GENDER

Normal

VISION

Lawful Good

ALIGNMENT

Right

DOMINANT HAND

5' 6"

HEIGHT

160 lbs.

WEIGHT

Green

EYE COLOR

SKIN COLOR

Black

HAIR

PHOBIAS

PERSONALITY TRAITS

INTERESTS

SPOKEN STYLE

RESIDENCE

LOCATION

None

REGION

Description:

Biography:

I am Rakahemet, named so by the elders of the Temple of Osiris. As happens sometimes, I was found on the steps of the temple, by one of the elite temple guards, a "Master of Ka", as they are called. Abandoned by my mother, who was no doubt too poor to raise me, or maybe she was ashamed by the identity of my father, whatever the reason, it matters not now. The elders named me, and looked to the stars to determine my fate. Was I to become a holy man, a priest of Osiris? Or perhaps a servant seeing to the cleaning of the temple; the elders meditated on my fate and gave me over to a third path, to the Masters of Ka. Charged with guarding the temples of Pharaoh, the Masters remain deliberately apart from the rest of the world, focused on their task, which is now mine as well. I grew up within the walls of the cloister along with the other children of the Masters. Although I was able to find my Ka at an early age, and thus was an eligible candidate to be trained as a Student of Ka, I never found books and lectures to my liking. The physical aspects of the Master's life were more to my liking, and the meditations we were taught helped me to find the calmness I needed to study enough to gain admittance to become Acolyte of Ka. Although I tried my teachers sorely with my lack of appreciation for the studious pursuits, I retained my knack for the physical aspects of Ka. When I at last earned the right to wear the black uniform of the Masters, it was my dream come true. I am eagerly waiting for my first assignment.

Notes:

Experience Tracking:

Exp.

25699

Day of the Crocodile

Part I = 2500xp

Part II = 600 xp (was not present)

Part III = 2000xp (was not present)

2800 for the rescue of the Queen's workers from the underworld.

Received 800 for "Sabaeon Wind, Seeking the Staff of Utnapishtim" (Not Present)

Adventures:

What strange fate is it that I was assigned to guard the very same temple I was left at as a newborn? Perhaps, as then, this temple is where I am to begin the stages of my life. For only days after being assigned to it, my life changed once again. I was assigned to protect a group of pilgrims venturing to the Finger of Gebb, a holy place where those worthy enough find visions waiting for them. Among these travelers I've met Aikeem, a young wizard and Ashi, an elf. My companions puzzled out the strange secret of the Finger, and we found our enlightenment beneath the desert floor; a lost sanctuary, under the sand. A sanctuary, as it turns out, for monsters. We fought Orcs and other strange beasts, with the support of the mysterious clerics that run the Finger. I put my training to good use and accounted well against these monsters. These strangers I have met I now account my friends, the only such I have outside the temple.

Again, my return to the Temple of Osiris has heralded another change in my life. Only a short time after my return, I attended the naming ceremony for the Champions of Osiris, along with everyone else in the whole country, it seemed. Thousands and thousands have come to see the Pharaoh name the next seven Champions. But then something strange happened. As the High Priest of Osiris raised his staff to deliver the honor upon the named Champions, some strange attack occurred. I must admit, I was not paying attention to what happened until the crowd started pointing and exclaiming. I turned and looked, only to be blinded momentarily from a reflection off of the High Priest's staff. Only it was more than that... much more. Strange things filled my head, things I could not hope to grasp. Words and visions, all flooding by so quickly that I could not remember any of them. Then the light was gone, and I was back, watching the furor at the naming ceremony. Later, I learned that the strange creature that interrupted the naming was actually the will of Osiris, for it had caused others to receive the wisdom of Osiris, not just the chosen seven. I heard that five others had gained this blessing, but I also heard that there two more that had not been identified as yet. I returned to my training, feeling somewhat stronger despite the unseemly chaos of the ceremony.

But over the next week, that feeling of strength only grew. In my training, I easily outstripped my peers at all tasks I was given even, most surprisingly, those of scholarly acuity. After only hearing on a subject a single time, I found myself able to repeat it back, verbatim. My teachers, astounded by my sudden ability, subjected me to surprise test with the Head of our order in attendance. To everyone's surprise, (even my own) I was able to handle every question, see every insight and perform every task as if I was veteran of the order, not a young Master with a uniform so new it hadn't a chance to wrinkle. Finally the Head Master sent me to appear before Pharaoh. He, along with my teachers, suggested to Pharaoh that I was one of the missing Champions. This feeling of surprise was starting to become my normal state. After some deliberation, Pharaoh agreed, and I was asked to pledge my fealty directly to Pharaoh. Greatly honored, I agreed. I was given two scrolls and a mission! I was shown to the stables where I turned over the first of my scrolls to a grumpy dwarf who I was to accompany. (The second scroll I was to deliver, to some

remote outpost) But not by horseback or even by boat, not this Champion, but by air! This dwarf, (Cretun? I never did get his name) had two Hippogriffs, fierce looking winged cat creatures with bird-like heads. I was introduced to the one I was going to ride, which I must admit was an unnerving experience. But I centered myself and was able to suffer its attentions without reaction. Since I've never ridden any beast that could fly before, the dwarf strapped me into some kind of harness on the back of the beast. (Something that I don't think was necessary, but I didn't know that then.) After that, we were off! Into the sky we went. I will never forget how the earth looks to the gods and the birds. The dwarf made periodic stops, to let the beasts rest and feed them. (Another unnerving experience is to watch them eat. Something else I'm not likely to forget anytime soon.) While we were airborne, I spotted something below us, maybe a whirlwind? But this voice in my head, this wisdom from Osiris, told me it was more than just a whirlwind and that someone was fighting for their life down there. So I yelled to the dwarf, tried to get him to see what I saw and land. Unable to hear me over the wind and such, he misunderstood why I wanted to descend, but started down anyway. Although I didn't have the ability to control where this beast landed, the gods must have intervened, for I passed right next to one of the whirlwinds (actually some kind of sand elemental, I think) as it was attacking some people. I managed to use my sling to launch a bullet at it, and scored a hard hit, but it didn't even make an impression on its skin. A moment later, I was on the ground. I sprang off of the hippogriff, and charged into combat, for there was another whirlwind on the ground. Figuring that a sharp weapon might do more damage than a blunt one, I used my Kama to make my attack. Whether or not that was what made the difference, I did score a hit upon it, and I saw some sand fly. But the others already on the ground were far from helpless, and their attacks were telling as well. Within seconds, both whirlwinds had been destroyed. I greeted these others afterward, and since surprise is my normal emotion now, I hardly reacted when I noticed it was my friends from the pilgrimage to the Finger of Gebb! It turns out that they also have become Champions. Osiris truly does work in mysterious ways. They too, were on their way to the same place, Outpost 29. There was also a bad-tempered half-orc with them, who seemed envious of the fact that I was traveling by air, and not in a "garbage scow". It makes me feel sad, to realize that not everyone can be enlightened enough to accept the will of the gods without such outpouring of negative emotion. I was not able to stay and talk long, for my guide had landed by this time, and was impatient to be on our way. So I strapped myself back onto the hippogriff, and we took off. No more than an half an hour later, we spotted the outpost, and landed shortly thereafter. My guide and I made our way to the barracks, (a wondrous location, set in an outcropping between two large pools of water, with an incredible amount of vegetation.) where we presented our orders to the post commander. My guide presented his first, which seemed to indicate that he was a craftsman, and was here to work his craft. The commander seemed surprised by his timing, but after he took my orders, he was even more surprised. Apparently, the orders indicated that he was to leave immediately on a pilgrimage, after which he would be reassigned to a new post. (Along with a number of his sub commanders) He left immediately to prepare to leave, with just enough presence of mind to ask a subordinate to see to me lodgings. He installed me into a guest room, with luxurious appointments like I've never seen before. Several hours later, my friends finally made it to the Outpost, and the Commander was ready to receive them with appropriate pomp. (Good thing I was able to bring the orders before they arrived!) A meal was served, but consisted mostly of cold and preserved items. We found that slightly strange, but found out a short time later that the part of the base that contains the kitchens is under water. I also found out that my new orders are to remain with the other Champions at the base and take over the duties there. It had been decided well before I arrived that our Commander was going to be Dave's Char, a Paladin. He asked me to question one of the sub commanders, a female cleric, about her duties so we could make sure we didn't neglect any responsibilities. So after the meal, I followed her as she quickly departed the outpost (I assume that Nezzar's advances had made

her uncomfortable, as he was ogling anything female) and went topside, onto the top of the cliff the outpost is built into. We passed the watchtower, (which I had assumed to be our destination) and went to a pool of water with iron bars crisscrossing the top of it. There, she stripped down to her smallclothes, (while she was somewhat older, she was not unattractive) and dived into the pool. After she returned, I found out that this pool was access to the part of the outpost that was submerged. I must admit, she told me much more, but I could not focus on her speech, as the water had made her smallclothes all but transparent. (I had to hastily center myself, or I would have continued ogling her just like the guards in the watchtower were noisily doing.) After she re-robed, (and I found my center again) she returned to the outpost to begin packing for her imminent departure.

A short while later, after the former Commander and his sub commanders left, (and I mean a short while. Only a few hours) the guards in the watchtower reported a disturbance in the pass. (One of the primary purposes of this outpost is to keep the pass clear and unthreatened) A small caravan had been crossing through when something came out of the rocks, and attacked it, but it was not clear who or what, because a scuffle had broken out within the ranks of the caravaners. The only thing that was clear was that a horse was missing. The guards, studying the pass with their telescope, noted something that looked like a cave entrance in the pass where there had been none before. So we Champions, along with one of the guards, made our way up the pass to investigate. There, in this new cave, was a horrible creature that seemed to be entirely made up of mouths. It made constant gibbering noises and attempted to eat us, but it was easily defeated. But our adventure wasn't over yet. When we started to head back to the outpost, a strange Djinn appeared before us! He threatened us to silence, and forbade us to pass, unless we could decipher a riddle that would reveal to us the only means he would permit passage. The riddle he posed was very simple, and Aikeem (who the riddle was originally posed to) answered it easily. (Not to be modest, but I worked it out myself. It went something like this; "You can find the answer in the middle of strife, at the end of the world and at the end of life." The answer was "ride" of course.) After we all had answered it, he invited us all to a banquet, which he produced out of thin air in the middle of the pass! There were all kinds of food there, and everything I tried was excellent. Nezzar however, his insanity obvious to me now, made all sorts of threats to this "Mad Djinn", whom he and the other Champions had met before, and refused to eat a bite. The Mad Djinn took it all in stride, and mostly ignored him. (Which was good for Nezzar, anything powerful enough to conjure things out of thin air would have been powerful enough to do the opposite with him) The Djinn then asked for something in return for the repast he provided, and someone cunningly offered half of the gibbering beast we had just slain. He eagerly accepted, and conjured an iron pot and fire out of nothing and set about making a stew from it. It was one of the most disgusting looking and foul smelling concoctions I have ever seen. He then proceeds to eat it! He gobbled down the entire contents of the pot, (and it was quite a lot) and his stomach began making ominous sounds almost immediately. He belched forth a horse! Not a large horse, granted, but nevertheless a horse! (It turns out that it was the same horse that the creature had eaten. Strange that.) He then said that he would grant a boon to each, but not to be too greedy. A small thing, he said. My companions started asking for various weapons. Which he would then proceed to create, out of what things were handy, just lying about! When I started to ask for a bow, Ashi suggested that I take his and ask for something else. I agreed, and asked for a set of nunchukas instead. He then broke off part of the table and fashioned a beautiful weapon with nothing more than a sharp rock! When he handed it to me, the weapon handles were of a dark, ebony-like wood with bronze-colored fittings. It had incredible balance. (Aikeem said the thing he created weren't magical, but it looked like magic to me.) He then also took the bow Ashi had given me and polished it, and the wood took on the same hue as my new nunchukas. Ashi then asked for new bow for himself, and the Djinn created a new longbow for him, which had the same appearance as the rest of weapons he created, dark wood with bronze-colored blades or fittings. Amazing. After he finished making items for us,

he finally left. We returned to the outpost, returning the horse to the caravaner. What a day. I have much to think on, this sudden change. I am no longer a temple guard, a duty I did not ask for but was happy to undertake, but now a Champion of Osiris, a more onerous duty that I also did not ask for. I think I shall like this change, but I wonder how many more changes will I be subjected to without my advice?

Oasis of the Khepri
Quinian's Spellbook.

On the way to escort the prince back to Nubia, we made a detour to Quinian's old Master's home to find his spellbook, that was lost 60+ years ago when the Mad Djinn turned him into the Fool's Staff. We encountered Gnolls guarding the remains of the place. I had an opportunity to try my new 'fists or iron' technique, with good success. (I added one name to the Book of the Dead, and helped put a few more there.) They had a number of prisoners, which they spitefully slew, except for one which Nezzar was able to save. After some searching, we discovered the secret entrance to complex. In what appeared to be a tomb, we found another secret passage, which led to a secret with a puzzle trap that we couldn't figure out in the time allotted. The floor dropped out, and dumped Ashi, Quinian, Nezzar, Boramn and myself into a spike-filled pit that also had mummies. Many of my friends were paralyzed, but Boramn managed to turn three of the four and enchanted my nunchucks temporarily so that I could damage them. This was indeed a trial, but we persevered and overcame the dead guardians. We recovered Quinian's spellbook, plus many more treasures. Personally, I was gifted with a 'Tome of Understanding', a wonderful book that has enlightened me in ways that I cannot fully express. On an interesting note, Nezzar took for his treasure a bottle that can imprison a Djinni, such as the Mad Djinn. It seems Quinian's master had a feud with the odd being, which is how Quinian wound up as a staff originally. Nezzar seems consumed with the idea of capturing the Mad Djinn, and I must admit that I am slowly coming around to his way of thinking.

After being freed from my imprisonment in the underwater pyramid, I was able to describe for my friends the ceremony for opening the portal. Nezzar immediately insisted that we activate it and go through, although he was unable to articulate a reason to do so. While we were discussing our next action, a glowing Eye of Horus appeared nearby to us. It was Queen soandso, asking as to our progress. Potiphar answered her, relaying that although we discovered what had happened to her workers, although we haven't yet rescued but a handful. We discussed it with her, and the decision was made to attempt to activate the portal ourselves and pass through the underworld beyond and to discover the fate of the other workers. After supplying us with some healing potions and two guards to secure the portal once we go through, we did the Queen farewell, and rested briefly before our attempt to activate the portal. Nezzar insisted on trying first, while holding his strange astrolabe device in his other hand. However, he was unsuccessful. I suggested that Potiphar try it next, being that he is an intensely religious man. Potiphar repeated the ceremony, but he invoked his holy power as he did so, and the portal opened.

We quickly passed through, entering onto a high stairway in a dark cavern. Nezzar, with his dark vision, immediately moved ahead of the rest of us. Once Potiphar unshielded his magical light, the rest of us could see as well. Ashi then immediately spotted movement at the base of the stair, which we quickly investigated, and found four of the workers that were sent through earlier. Nezzar provided them with rations to ease their hunger, and they told us that two more of their number had moved into the next cavern, looking for some form of assistance.

We headed after them, with Ashi ahead, tracking them. It wasn't long before we encountered a column of strange lizard-like creatures, humanoid with four arms each. Two of them were carrying one of the missing workers between them. They quickly caught our scent, so Aikeem attempted to cause them to flee with his magic. Sadly, it was ineffective, so Potiphar charged to attack. He was quickly overwhelmed by three of them, and grappled by one of the creatures with it's many arms. I charged into combat, leaping over Ashi, (who has already engaged one) and launching an attack upon one of them. I quickly found myself in the fight of my life, it's many armed whirling about with shortswords and

claws. It grappled me, but I was able to land a few telling blows. It bit me in the neck with its venom-dripping fangs, but I was able to resist whatever effects the venom was supposed to have. Aikeem attempted to strike it with his magic, but his initial attempt fizzled. However his second spell finished off my wounded opponent. Freed from combat for a moment, I looked quickly about the field of battle. Ashi and Nezzar had apparently finished off a couple, and three others were fleeing. I joined Nezzar in running one down, but he managed to bring it down before I could land a blow upon it. The other two escaped into the twilight darkness.

We quickly searched the bodies, securing their arms. Our worker, the project engineer as it turns out, was still alive, but paralyzed. We decided to count our blessings that the fight hadn't been harder, and took the paralyzed man and headed back toward the cavern where we emerged into this underworld. Before we could get there, a ghostly winged creature appeared before us. "You kill Varenyl. Varenyl now kill you." These were the same gargoyles that we defeated in the home of Quinian's master! I attacked the one nearest me, landing a blow with the nunchuka that the Mad Djinn gave me. (I recalled that I was unable to harm them before with my fists.) It faded somewhat, but Potiphar presented his holy symbol and blasted them with the might of his deity, causing them to flee and fade away, but not before one issued a strange howl that chilled us all to the bone, and made the normally bold Nezzar and Ashi to flee from the area.

Preparing to continue on, Nezzar noticed something odd about the paralyzed man. A small thorn, so small as to be almost invisible was protruding from his neck. This was determined to be a "zil seed", which would turn the man into a host for a zil youngling. (The lizard-like creatures are "zils") Potiphar struggled to remove it, but was ultimately successful. Once it was removed, the man was no longer paralyzed, and was able to relate to us that his compatriot was free.

ghost architect, gnolls again, lemurs again. Potiphar and other architect dead by column. Queen gave us right to wear mithril. Received 3 pnds of mithril. (gave to Nezzar) Asked for enchanted gloves.

Character Sheet Notes: