



Shella Holdmarch,  
Venture-Captain

EXCUSE  
ME? YOU WANT  
WHAT?

Sooni,  
Varisian Sorcerer

Kym,  
Cleric Of Saronrae

Valorus,  
Mercenary Fighter

Harsh,  
Dwarf Ranger

Eeron,  
Journeyman Pathfinder,  
Wizard

Merisiel,  
Bored

# PATHFINDER ORIGINS THE CRIMSON EYE

IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE WE DEFEATED THE GALLOWED GANGS, AND THERE'S BEEN NO SIGN OF THE VEILED MASTER WHO PULLED THEIR STRINGS.

EZREN TOLD US YOU HAVE A MAP ROOM FILLED WITH ADVENTURE LEADS. WE FIGURE MAYBE YOU PATHFINDER SOCIETY FOLKS COULD LET US TAKE A PEEK AND POINT US IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

EZREN, ALL OF US HERE IN THE MAGNIMAR LODGE APPRECIATE THE WORK YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE DONE, BUT YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN OUR RANKS IS SCARCELY A MONTH OLD.

THE REST OF YOU ARE NOT EVEN PATHFINDERS. WOULD YOU HAVE ME TURN THE LODGE'S SECRETS OVER TO STRANGERS?

I CAN VOUCH FOR ALL OF MY COMPANIONS, LADY HEDMARCH. THE VICTORIES I'VE SHARED WITH YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT THEM. I PROMISE THAT YOUR SECRETS ARE SAFE WITH ALL OF US.

WITH SHAPE-CHANGERS HAUNTING THE CITY AND ATTACKS IN THIS VERY OFFICE, THE PATHFINDER SOCIETY MUST BE MORE VIGILANT THAN EVER.

I APPRECIATE THAT YOU VOUCH FOR YOUR FRIENDS, EZREN, BUT AS LEADER OF THE LODGE, I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO BE CERTAIN.



"AND WHAT MY AGENTS HAVE TOLD ME OF YOUR COMPANIONS HAS NOT ALWAYS BEEN... ENCOURAGING.

"YOUR FRIEND MERIBEL, FOR EXAMPLE, IS A KNOWN CRIMINAL WITH THEFTS IN THIS CITY GOING BACK DECADES.

"FROM WHAT I HEAR, YOUR FIGHTER VALEROS DRINKS SO MUCH HE SELDOM STOPS VOMITING.

"THE REST OF YOU ARE OTHERS.



"A CRANKY DWARF WHO SMELLS MORE OF TEA THAN TREASURE.

"A VARISIAN SORCERER SADDLED WITH A POWERFUL CURSE: AMBITION.



"A CLERIC WHO CROSSED HALF THE WORLD ONLY TO DISCOVER SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW WHO SHE IS.



THESE ARE THE PEOPLE YOU'RE ASKING ME TO TRUST, EZRENT

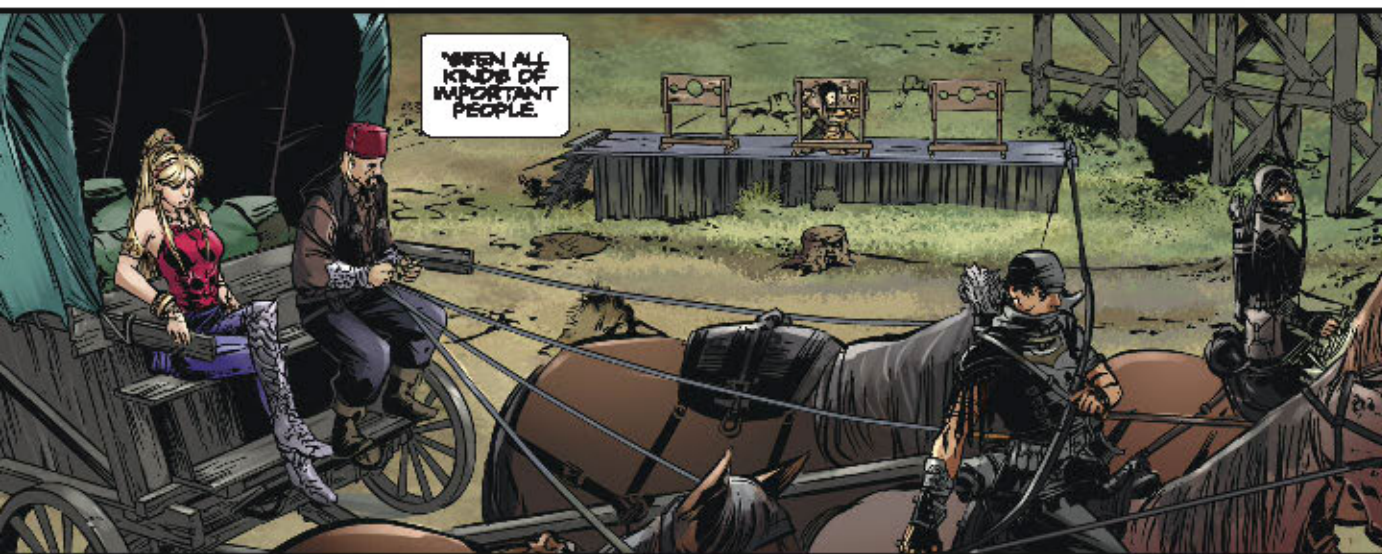
DON'T LISTEN TO YOUR SPIES. YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE I COME FROM, WHAT I'M ALL ABOUT? LET ME TELL YOU

IN MY OWN WORDS.





I'VE TRAVELED TO IMPORTANT PLACES.





"I JOINED UP WITH THE CARAVAN  
IN A CRAPPY LITTLE VILLAGE  
CALLED CROWSTUMP, JUST  
OUTSIDE THE FANGWOOD IN THE  
REBEL FRONTIER OF NERATHAS.



"SIMPLE FOLK, THOSE  
CROWSTUMPERS.  
DON'T HAVE A LOT OF  
LOVE FOR OUTSIDERS.

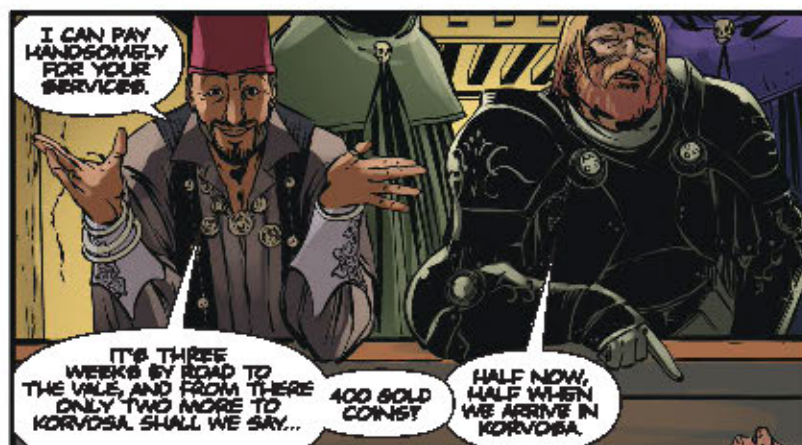
"SPECIALLY  
INTERESTING  
ONES LIKE  
ME."



"THAT'S ENOUGH SHAME FOR THE  
NIGHT, YOU DRUNKEN LOUT. MARK MY  
WORDS AND GET OUT OF THIS TOWN  
BEFORE THE SHERIFF PUTS YOU IN  
THESE STOCKS FOR A WEEK!

"AND IN  
THE NAME OF  
THE GODS,  
DO NOT HAVE  
ANOTHER  
DRINK!"





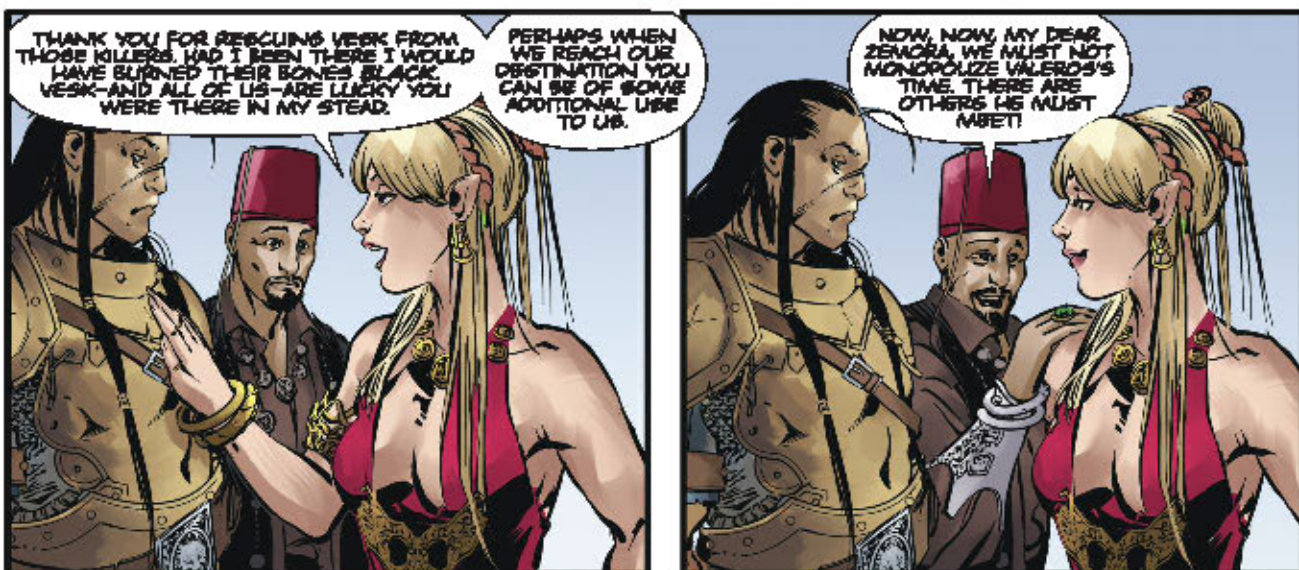






"AFTER CLEANING UP THE MESS IN THE TAVERN AND PAYING OFF THE OWNER, VELTUS VESK INTRODUCED ME TO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS CARAVAN PARTY."

VALERIUS, THIS IS ZENNORA, OUR RESIDENT SORCERER AND MY MOST TRUSTED ASSOCIATE. SHE'S BEEN WITH US SINCE WE SET OUT FROM CHELAX TWO MONTHS AGO, AND WE'D BE LOST WITHOUT HER.



THANK YOU FOR RESCUING VESK FROM THOSE KILLERS. HAD I BEEN THERE I WOULD HAVE BURNED THEIR BONES BLACK. VESK-AND ALL OF US-ARE LUCKY YOU WERE THERE IN MY STEAD.

PERHAPS WHEN WE REACH OUR DESTINATION YOU CAN BE OF SOME ADDITIONAL USE TO US.

NOW, NOW, MY DEAR ZENNORA, WE MUST NOT MONOPOLIZE VALERIUS'S TIME. THERE ARE OTHERS HE MUST MEET!



SEE THOSE RUFFIANS GUARDING THE RED WAGON? GOOD WITH SWORDS, GREAT WITH BOWS. ONE OF THEM IS EVEN A DECENT COOK.

"DRAGON'S DOZEN," THEY CALL THEMSELVES. USED TO BE TWELVE OF THEM, UNTIL WE HIT A BORDER SKIRMISH ON THE WAY INTO NERMATHIS. THESE THREE ONLY STAY BECAUSE I AGREED TO PAY SURVIVORS THE FULL FEE FOR ALL TWELVE.



THE RED WAGON HOLDS OUR CARGO. MY ONLY RULE IS THAT THE DOORS STAY LOCKED UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESTINATION.



YOU'VE  
ALREADY MET AMIRI.  
WE PICKED HER UP DOWN  
IN MOLTUNE. I GUESS IT'S  
AS DEEP INTO CIVILIZATION  
AS SHE WAS WILLING TO GO.  
NOW SHE'S HEADING  
BACK INTO THE WILD, BUT  
SHE'LL STAY WITH US  
AS LONG AS WE'RE  
GOING IN THE SAME  
DIRECTION.



"SHE CLAIMS SHE GOT HER  
SWORD FROM A GIANT SHE  
KILLED, AND I BELIEVE HER.  
IT SEEMS LIKE SHE CAN  
BARELY LIFT IT, BUT WHEN  
BATTLE BEGINS SHE  
SWINGS THAT THING  
AROUND LIKE A RAPHER.



"AS YOU'VE SEEN,  
IT COMES IN  
HANDY IN A BAR  
FIGHT."

I HOPE YOU  
FIGHT BETTER  
ON THE ROAD  
THAN YOU DID  
IN THAT BAR.

HEY,  
THIS ISN'T  
MY FIRST  
CARAVAN JOB,  
SISTER.

I AM  
NOT YOUR  
SISTER.

AND  
I DOUBT ANY  
OF YOUR PREVIOUS  
CARAVANS HAVE  
BEEN CURSED LIKE  
THIS ONE.



NOW, NOW,  
AMIRI. LET US  
NOT TALK OF CURSES.  
WE SHOULD HAVE  
CLEAR ROADS TO THE  
BLOODSWORN VALE.  
I DON'T IMAGINE  
WE'LL RUN INTO  
TOO MUCH  
TROUBLE ON  
THE WAY.



The next day.

BUGBEARS!

"I STARTED TO BELIEVE AMIR'S TALK ABOUT THE CARAVAN BEING CURSED WHEN ONE OF DROBON'S DOZEN TOOK AN ARROW BETWEEN THE EYES."

"NATURALLY, THE BUGBEARS HAD TO KILL THE COOK."

"BUT IF WE WERE ALL GOING TO DIE, IT CERTAINLY WASN'T GOING TO BE AT THE HANDS OF SIMPLE BUGBEARS. NOT WITH AMIR ON OUR SIDE."

"OR, YOU KNOW, ME."

"WE COULD HAVE USED MORE HELP FROM ZEMORA AND THE DOZEN. ALL THEY SEEMED TO CARE ABOUT WAS PROTECTING THAT DAMN RED WAGON."

VOX

VOX

VOX