



Abadar Master of the First Vault

God of cities, wealth, merchants, and law

Alignment: LN

Domains: Earth, Law, Nobility, Protection, Travel

Favored Weapon: Light crossbow

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Andoran, Brevoyn, Cheliax, Katapesh, Molthune, Nex, Sargava, Taldor, Varisia

Nationality: Taldan



Asmodeus Prince of Darkness

God of tyranny, slavery, pride, and contracts

Alignment: LE

Domains: Evil, Fire, Law, Magic, Trickery

Favored Weapon: Mace

Centers of Worship: Cheliax, Isger, Nidal

Nationality: Devil



Abadar dwells in the perfect city of Aktun, where he watches over the First Vault. Its vast halls hold a perfect copy of every object ever made, from the flawless longsword to the faultless law. Abadar is a patient, calculating, and far-seeing deity who wishes to bring civilization to the frontiers, order to the wilds, and wealth to all who support the progression of law. His primary worshipers are judges, merchants, lawyers, and aristocrats, all of whom benefit from established laws and commerce. Those who are poor or who have been wronged also worship him, hoping he helps to reverse their ill fortune, for most mortals seek wealth and the happiness it brings. He expects his followers to abide by the laws (although not foolish, contradictory, toothless, or purposeless laws) and work to promote order and peace. Abadar is shown as a clean, well-dressed man bearing the markings of riches and civilization. From his gold breastplate to his richly embroidered cloak, everything about him is refined and cultured, and he always carries an ornate gold key.

Clerics of Abadar are an organized lot, spending much of their time helping the community thrive and grow. They care less about morals and more about helping the culture itself to continue expanding. Despite this, their efforts generally trend toward the advancement of all, such as taming the wilderness, passing laws, and eliminating disease—as all of these are helpful toward the growth of civilization. Formal garb for religious ceremonies includes white silk cloth trimmed with gold thread, a belt or necklace of gold links bearing a golden key, and a half-cloak of deep yellow or golden color. Temples are elaborate buildings with rich decorations and high, thick, stained-glass windows. These windows have small frames (to restrict access from thieves) and usually feature vivid yellow glass that casts a golden hue on everything within the church. Their holy book is Abadar's *Order of Numbers*.

Abadar is sometimes viewed as a father figure, particularly to other Taldan deities like Shelyn and Zon-Kuthon (although Zon-Kuthon no longer exhibits his true Taldan traits). He makes his will known to the faithful via sudden windfalls of cash, while those who have angered him find the opposite to be true—sudden mounting expenses leading to destitution.

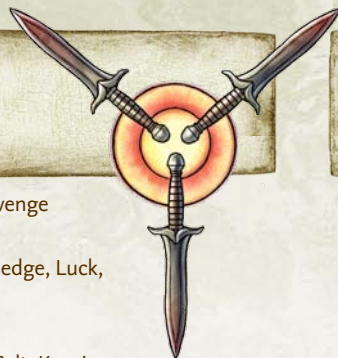
Some say that when the world was forged, Asmodeus wrote the contract of creation, agreed to by the gods. His faithful believe that this contract holds the key to their lord's final victory, ushering in a new age under his infernal reign. Asmodeus believes in strict discipline, unwavering obedience, and the strong ruling the weak. He loves the art of negotiation and delights in deals that appear fair but actually give one party a disparate advantage. The Prince of Darkness expects and appreciates flattery, although he recognizes it for what it is. Frequently shown as a red-skinned human with black horns, hooves, and a pale aura of flames, Asmodeus often appears as a foil in art depicting good deities. In his temples, such roles are reversed, with the Prince of Darkness standing tall over the other deities bowing before him.

Public temples dedicated to Asmodeus thrive in Cheliax, where they often share space with the nation's bureaucracy, although secret shrines are scattered across Golarion. Asmodeus's impeccably clean and orderly clerics dress mostly in dark tones, usually black with red accents; many ceremonies use horned masks or helms. His faithful abound among slavers, bureaucrats, tyrants, and even some silver-tongued nobles. Temples built to him look and feel distinctly diabolical, but many are actually temples of other gods that were abandoned or purchased and redecorated to suit their new master, with rituals designed to blaspheme what was once practiced there. His doctrine is recorded in the *Asmodean Disciplines*, although that work is greatly simplified and relies on numerous appendices and supplementary volumes.

Asmodeus is also the most powerful of Hell's archdevils, and the only one of that realm's rulers to rightfully claim the title of deity. The eight other archdevils have long sought Asmodeus's throne, but to date, none of them have been able to displace the Prince of Darkness from his position of power. Of all the evil gods, the other deities find Asmodeus the easiest to bargain and deal with, although few are foolish enough to do so unless it is absolutely necessary. The most legendary tale of such an event was the imprisonment of Rovagug—after Sarenrae cast the Rough Beast into the Pit of Gormuz, it was Asmodeus who locked Rovagug away. He carries the key to that lock still.

Calistria

The Savored Sting



Goddess of trickery, lust, and revenge

Alignment: CN

Domains: Chaos, Charm, Knowledge, Luck, Trickery

Favored Weapon: Whip

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Galt, Kyonin, Nex, River Kingdoms, Shackles, Taldor, Varisia

Nationality: Elf

Cayden Cailean

The Drunken Hero



God of freedom, ale, wine, and bravery

Alignment: CG

Domains: Chaos, Charm, Good, Strength, Travel

Favored Weapon: Rapier

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Andoran, Galt, River Kingdoms, Shackles, Taldor

Nationality: Taldan

Although the elves worship a great many deities, they hold none so highly as Calistria. The Savored Sting speaks to the mercurial, detached nature that makes elves elves. Some favor her as a trickster goddess, while others appreciate her lustful, audacious spirit. Ever scheming and planning her next conquest, Calistria is always maneuvering to a more advantageous position. Spies, prostitutes, and thrillseekers are often followers of Calistria. Scarce races such as half-elves and tieflings are attracted to the faith, seeing their “exotic” appearance as an advantage in a society where they stand out as different. Iconography of the faith depicts her as the ideal of elven beauty, dressed in revealing gowns with long graceful ears, slender limbs, and a suggestive smile playing across her lips. Giant wasps, her favored creatures, commonly appear beside her; unlike bees, wasps can sting again and again without dying—which represents Calistria’s vindictiveness.

In human lands, temples of Calistria often host a lively community of sacred prostitutes, each with his or her own contacts in the community. The resulting hotbed of gossip, double-dealing, and opportunities for revenge assure the cult’s growing popularity. In elven lands, her temples are more like thieves’ guilds, catering to suspicious lovers seeking evidence, wealthy folk wishing to escalate feuds, and only tertially a place for carnal release. Formal clothing is very scant, typically yellow silk that covers little and conceals even less, often augmented with henna dyes on the palms of the hands and in narrow bands on the arms. Her holy text is *The Book of Joy*, a guide to many passions.

Calistria’s promiscuity is well documented in many religious texts (including her own), but often these accounts seem to be at odds, indicating that some of her supposed trysts may be little more than wishful thinking on the parts of other gods and goddesses. Some tales preach that Cayden Cailean got drunk and took the Test of the *Starstone* after Calistria rebuffed his advances, claiming that no mortal could enjoy her charms and survive.

Calistria shows her favor among the faithful with sudden runs of luck among attempts to find companionship, while those who displease her often find themselves plagued by wasps with an unerring ability to sting in sensitive places.

The legends say that Cayden Cailean never meant to become a god. As a hired sword working out of Absalom, Cayden was renowned for taking on any job, so long as the cause was just and the coin was plentiful. One night, in an intoxicated stupor, a fellow drunk dared him to take on the Test of the *Starstone*. He accepted, and somehow, 3 days later Cayden Cailean emerged from the *Starstone*’s sacred cathedral as a living god. Amazed that he passed the tests and unable to remember how he did it, he continued in his godly life much as he did when a mortal—fighting for just causes, enjoying various alcohols, and not doing anything he didn’t want to do. This simple philosophy appeals to many mortals both high and low, and he is the patron god of adventurers, philanthropists, revelers, and freedom fighters. In art, Cayden Cailean appears as he did in life, as a bronze-skinned man with a short beard, carrying a tankard of ale in one hand. Some depictions of the Drunken Hero display broken shackles about his wrists, representing Cayden’s escape from the concerns of mortal life. In more heroic art he is shown defeating swarming devils, all the while grinning happily and hoisting his tankard high.

Members of Cayden’s faith make excellent guides and explorers, quick to smile at danger and always willing to have fun even in the direst of circumstances. His festive temples resemble common ale halls and attract members of all social classes. Formal raiment is a simple brown tunic or robe with a wine-red stole bearing his ale-mug symbol (adventurer-priests of the faith sometimes carry a magical stole that doubles as a rope). He has few buildings that function only as temples; most are actual alehouses bearing a shrine to him above the bar. His simple holy text is the *Placard of Wisdom*, condensing his divine philosophy into a few short phrases suitable for hanging on the wall.

The faithful of Cayden Cailean often carry tankards with them for luck, or pause before a particularly dangerous or stressful task to pour a splash of ale out upon the ground. He often shows his approval through the discovery of a fresh bottle of wine, but in cases where a mortal has instead drawn his ire, such found bottles invariably taste of vinegar or sewage.



Desna Song of the Spheres



Goddess of dreams, stars, travelers, and luck

Alignment: CG

Domains: Chaos, Good, Liberation, Luck, Travel

Favored Weapon: Starknife

Centers of Worship: Kyonin, Lands of the Linnorm Kings, Nidal, Numeria, River Kingdoms, Ustalav, Varisia

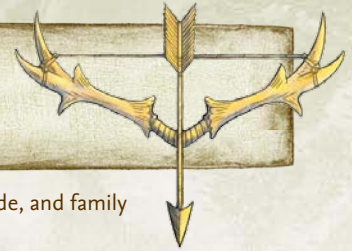
Nationality: Varisian

While the other gods created the world, legend holds that Desna was busy placing stars in the heavens above, content to allow the other deities to create a world full of wonders for her and her faithful to explore. Since that day, all those who look up to the stars find themselves wandering in the endless mysteries of the sky. Trailblazers, scouts, adventurers, and sailors praise her name, as do caravaneers and those who travel for business, and her luck makes her a favorite of gamblers and thieves. Desna often appears as a comely elven woman, clad in billowing gowns with brightly colored butterfly wings on her back. Delicate clouds of butterflies frequently accompany her image.

Wanderers at heart, the faithful of Desna travel the world in search of new experiences, while always trying to live life to its fullest. Their temples are light, open affairs, with most possessing a skylight to allow in the night sky and a significant number of astrological charts to mark important celestial events. Formal attire for most of the priesthood is a flowing white robe with black trim and a matching silken cap, although ranking members of the church add more decorative elements. Desna keeps few temples, preferring unattended shrines at crossroads and places of secluded beauty, like hilltops or peninsula points. Her temples also double as celestial observatories or at least have one room partially open to the sky, and in rural areas they often have services for travelers. Her holy text is called *The Eight Scrolls*.

Desna is one of Golarion's oldest deities, yet she has changed little since the dawn of civilization. Her worship has always been strongest in the regions known today as Varisia and Ustalav, and despite the fact that she herself does not generally appear as a Varisian, she seems to identify most strongly with these folk, perhaps as a result of their love of travel and respect for the world. Desna often shows her favor through the manifestation of butterflies, particularly bright blue swallowtails. Her priests often make it a point to master the use of her favored weapon, a throwing blade known as a starknife—the weapon has become quite popular among others as well. She is said to dwell in a palace called Cynosure, visible in the northern night sky as the star around which all other stars dance.

Erastil Old Deadeye



God of Farming, hunting, trade, and family

Alignment: LG

Domains: Animal, Community, Good, Law, Plant

Favored Weapon: Longbow

Centers of Worship: Andoran, Cheliah, Galt, Isger, Lands of the Linnorm Kings, Molthune, Nirmathas, River Kingdoms, Varisia

Nationality: Ulfen

Worship of Erastil dates back to before the Age of Darkness, when early man began to domesticate and dominate his natural surroundings. Pastoral legends claim that Old Deadeye crafted the first bow as a gift to mortals so they might learn to hunt and survive in the dangerous world. Many—if not most—of his worshipers never set foot in a city, choosing instead to live simple lives in rustic villages, lonely shacks, or quiet towns on the border of untamed land. Erastil's followers often mount about their fireplace a carved wooden placard depicting their god's image. He appears alternately as an old human trapper with bow in hand or as a tall humanoid creature with the head of an elk. These images often depict Erastil fighting off wild animals and other beasts.

Erastil's faithful are found in most small villages and towns, administering to the people less through sermons and more by deed. His clerics are often called upon to help build homes, birth children, oversee trade, and bless crops. Shrines to Erastil are almost always simple wooden buildings that serve rural communities as gathering places. Even in large cities where his faith is overshadowed by more progressive religions, his temples are usually just large houses converted for church use, offering visitors a place to pray and sleep. Given his focus on the simpler things in life, formal raiment is practical—usually a leather or fur shoulder-cape, sometimes branded with his symbol or affixed with a wooden badge bearing his mark. His book, *Parables of Erastil*, gives homilies on strengthening family bonds, almanac-like advice on planting, and lore on game animals and tracking.

Erastil manifests his approval through bountiful hunts or harvests. At other times he might appear as a magnificent stag and lead a lost hunter back home. Erastil also works through the actions of all manner of hooved mammals, particularly caribou, elk, deer, and moose. He indicates his disfavor through omens such as failed crops and broken arrows.

Traditionally a patron common in rural areas in the northern reaches of Avistan, Erastil's faith has increasingly become entangled with civilization. Conflicts over jurisdiction and representation with the church of Abadar seem, unfortunately, to be on the rise as a result.

Gorum

Our Lord in Iron



God of strength, battle, and weapons

Alignment: CN

Domains: Chaos, Destruction, Glory, Strength, War

Favored Weapon: Greatsword

Centers of Worship: Brevoy, Lastwall, Lands of the Lin-norm Kings, Hold of the Mammoth Lords, Nirmathas, Numeria, River Kingdoms

Nationality: Kellid

Gorum's clerics say that the Lord in Iron was forged in the first great battle between orcs and humans. When the dust from the conflict finally settled, all that was left was one suit of iron armor. From that day forward, dying warriors and victorious knights sometimes swear they see Gorum delivering their deathblow or charging alongside them. Warriors from across Avistan and beyond call out to Gorum to strengthen their blades and aid them in upcoming battles. This sometimes leads to both sides of a conflict carrying the standard of Gorum, but the Lord in Iron favors the battle itself more than either side. The Lord in Iron commonly appears as a suit of terrible spiked plate mail armor possessing a pair of fiery red eyes, with no flesh visible. His followers believe that when there are no more battles to fight, Gorum will collapse and rust away, having lost all will to continue. His faith is strongest among warrior cultures and "barbaric" folk, as he has little use for anyone unwilling or unable to take up arms for battle.

In battle and ceremony, his priests wear heavy armor modeled after their god, although the armor is always functional. Followers claim that the spirit of Gorum lives in all iron, be it armor or a weapon, and they take great care to polish and maintain the artifacts of war for fear of offending their deity. His temples are more akin to fortresses than places of worship, made to withstand any assault and stockpiled with armor, weapons, and preserved rations. He has no sacred text, but a collection of seven heroic poems called the *Gorumskagat* explains the church's creed.

Traditionally, Gorum (and by extension, his priests and followers) has little interest in the affairs of other gods. If they oppose him directly, he'll fight them—otherwise, their affairs and politics are wastes of time. Gorum is a headstrong and impatient deity, prone to impulsive and emotional outbursts. His first reaction to an unexpected situation is typically violence, and when he sees something he likes, he takes it. His priests often emulate these traits, and as a result, there are far more evil followers of Gorum than good.

Gorum shows his favor in iron weapons or armor that shed blood and filth when touched. His anger most often manifests in sudden patches of rust, often enough to completely ruin an item.

Gozreh

The Wind and the Waves



God of nature, weather, and the sea

Alignment: N

Domains: Air, Animal, Plant, Water, Weather

Favored Weapon: Trident

Centers of Worship: Sargava, Shackles, Sodden Lands, Thuvia, Varisia

Nationality: Mwangi

Sailors claim that Gozreh dwells at the horizon, where the sea meets the sky. Born of the ocean's fury and the wind's wrath, Gozreh is a fickle deity. Those who ply the waters or rely upon the rains know this better than most, and are sure to placate Gozreh and honor him when the winds and waves are favorable. Gozreh has two aspects, equally depicted in art and sculpture. When at sea, or over water, Gozreh is a woman, with wild, flowing green hair whose body transforms into endless waves. In the sky and over land, Gozreh appears as an aged man with a long white beard, emerging from a mighty storm cloud. Temples in port cities often venerate both images. His worshipers are typically sailors, naval merchants, and farmers (especially those in need of rain).

Male priests are expected to grow long beards and female priests must keep long hair; both weave dried seaweed, strands of white cloth, and other decorative items into their hair. Formal garb is long flowing robes of sea-green, storm-gray, or sky blue, offset with coral and pearl jewelry. Gozreh's temples always open to the sky above and often contain some sort of pool or open water at their heart. Travelers preparing for a long ocean journey frequently seek the council of his clerics, who also bestow an annual blessing upon farmers before the spring planting. Gozreh's *Hymns to the Wind and the Waves* is a collection of susurrant prayers and rules for personal behavior and respect for the natural world.

The majority of druids follow various philosophies, the most predominant of which is the Green Faith (see page 176), yet some druids do turn to deities for guidance and inspiration. Of these, Gozreh is easily the most common choice—his druids tend to be loners who eschew organizations, including Gozreh's own, and live lives as hermits in secluded corners of the world.

Signs of Gozreh's favor include a sudden but gentle warm breeze that carries a strong scent of flowers, the unexplained sound of waves crashing on a distant beach, and dreams of a specific, recognizable animal (such as a white wolf, a frilled lizard with glowing blue eyes, or a ghostly raven). Signs of her displeasure include being watched and shrieked at by wild birds or beasts, sudden rainstorms localized over a specific building or individual, or an unending taste of blood in the mouth.



Iomedae The Inheritor



Goddess of valor, rulership, justice, and honor

Alignment: LG

Domains: Glory, Good, Law, Sun, War

Favored Weapon: Longsword

Centers of Worship: Andoran, Cheliax, Galt, Lastwall, Mendev, Molthune, Nirmathas, Sargava

Nationality: Chelaxian

As a mortal, Iomedae rose to prominence in the era of the Shining Crusade, where she led the Knights of Ozem in a series of victories over the Whispering Tyrant. Success in the Test of the *Starstone* a short time later granted the valiant swordswoman a spark of divinity and the attention of Aroden, who took her on as his herald. Today, Iomedae's church has absorbed most of Aroden's remaining followers and devotes a great deal of its focus to the Mendevian Crusades against the horror of the Worldwound. Followers of Iomedae have a strong sense of justice and fairness and an even stronger dedication to swordcraft, statesmanship, and bringing civilization to "savage" people. Her clerics have a reputation for trustworthiness that serves them well in political affairs. Iomedae appears as a fierce Chelaxian mistress of the sword, complete with full battle armor, heraldic markings, and resplendent shield.

Formal raiment is a white cassock with gold or yellow trim and matching mitre; most followers prefer these colors and wear them in their day-to-day garments. Pious adventurers usually wear a narrow chasuble in the goddess' colors. Her temples are bright whitewashed buildings that double as courts and living space for holy knights. Her holy text is *The Acts of Iomedae* (usually just called "*The Acts*"), a recounting of 11 personal miracles performed in ancient times by Iomedae throughout Avistan and Garund as demonstrations of the power of Aroden. Having absorbed most of her dead patron's followers, she informally enforces his teachings as well, although she is more forward-looking in her goals and doesn't let herself be constrained by the events of history. Likewise, her followers use converted churches of Aroden as well as her own unique temples.

The Mendevian Crusades look to be confronting the faithful of Iomedae with an unexpected trial—many of the soldiers recruited by her paladins and priests tend to be more interested in the violence of war than its solution, and are increasingly using the crusade as an excuse to pillage and plunder. The true followers of Iomedae in the region are thus doubly taxed, faced with demonic atrocities from without and reprehensible "allies" from within.

Irori Master of Masters



God of history, knowledge, and self-perfection

Alignment: LN

Domains: Healing, Knowledge, Law, Rune, Strength

Favored Weapon: Unarmed strike

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Jalmeray, Katapesh, Nex, Osirion, Qadira

Nationality: Vudrani

The followers of Irori claim that he was once a mortal who achieved absolute physical and mental perfection, and thus attained divinity. While many Avistani of the Inner Sea are wary of his strict adherents, the disciplined regimen of the Master of Masters is gaining popularity among those who seek order in these troubled times. There is a minor rivalry between his faith and that of Cayden Cailean, Iomedae, and Norgorber, for unlike them he became a god without the help of a magical artifact. Irori is very rarely depicted in art because his faithful believe that any icon of him cannot hope to live up to his perfect image. Instead, they describe him as a flawless Vudrani man, with no hair save a long braid, simple robes, and wooden sandals.

Irori's priests have no formal garb other than a long rope of braided hair tied in a loop and worn about the neck like a necklace. Temples are usually sprawling complexes featuring rooms for prayer, sleep, and exercise, where his faithful study and train night and day in an endless quest to achieve perfection and purify their *ki*, or lifeforce. Those who rise to the rank of master are said to go to Irori's side when they die, to serve him forever, while those who fail are reincarnated to begin the journey anew. The temples are not generally open to the public. His holy text is *Unbinding the Fetters*, a lengthy tome describing physical exercises, meditation, diet, and other methods to transcend the limitations of the mortal form.

Many of Irori's followers are monks, men and women who have dedicated their lifestyles to simplicity and purity in order to perfect their bodies. Yet there are others who focus instead upon the secrets of the mind, turning their focus inwards to perfect their very thoughts. Although more common in Vudra, psionic worshippers of Irori are not unknown in the Inner Sea region. Most react to such individuals with wonder and awe, and in some nations (notably Cheliax), spellcasters react to the similar yet alien powers these devotees possess with a mixture of jealousy and fear that swiftly leads to persecution. As a result, most psionic followers of Irori avoid using their powers in public except in the most dire of circumstances when little other option is available.

Lamashtu

Mother of Monsters



Goddess of madness, monsters, and nightmares

Alignment: CE

Domains: Chaos, Evil, Madness, Strength, Trickery

Favored Weapon: Falchion

Centers of Worship: Belkzen, Irrisen, Nex, Osirion, River Kingdoms, Varisia, Worldwound

Nationality: Demon

Gnolls claim that when Lamashtu first saw the hyena, she took it as her consort and the first gnoll was born. A thousand such stories abound about all manner of creatures, each citing the Mother of Monsters as the beasts' progenitor. Lamashtu's worshipers seek out deformity both in themselves and others. Scarring rituals and mutilation are common among the faithful. Although typically venerated by monstrous races, such as gnolls, medusas, and goblins, some human cults practice her dark litanies in secret, promoting tainted births and destroying works of beauty. Some use magic to become more hideous or beastlike in appearance, while her monstrous followers do the opposite to spy on city-dwellers. Lamashtu's crude depictions usually paint her as a jackal-headed woman, with long feathered wings, taloned feet, and a great swollen belly. Such images frequently include a multitude of monsters gathering to her call, with the favored rising above the rest.

Ritual garb includes a jackal mask made of leather or precious metal, a cloak of black feathers, and a pair of swords or knives decorated to resemble the Demon Queen's own weapons. Places of worship are often as simple as a flat rock but might include a ring of stones, pillars, trees, or wooden blocks; some might have a deep hole in the ground or access to some sort of chasm representing an entrance to the goddess's underworld realm. Her holy "text" is the *Skull of Mashag*, a magical skull that recites the goddess' doctrine.

Lamashtu is one of countless demon lords—quite possibly the most powerful of demon lords. One of her monikers reflects this level of power—the Demon Queen. Yet Lamashtu does not seek to rule the Abyss or bend the other demon lords to her will. She maintains wars with some (such as her arch-nemesis Pazuzu) and is rumored to be the lover of others (decadant Socothbenoth often brags of the children he has sired with her), yet her true interests lie beyond the petty squabbles of the demon host.

Lamashtu's favor appears as violent dreams, the appearance of sudden deformities, or unexplained pregnancies resulting in the painful (often fatal) birth of a deformed child.

Nethys

The All-Seeing Eye



God of magic

Alignment: N

Domains: Destruction, Knowledge, Magic, Protection, Rune

Favored Weapon: Quarterstaff

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Geb, Katapesh, Kyonin, Nex, Numeria, Osirion, Thuvia

Nationality: Garundi

Ancient Osiriani texts mention a powerful God-King named Nethys, whose mighty sorceries allowed him to see all that transpired, even across the planes of the Great Beyond. The knowledge he gained through these visions fueled his divinity, but shattered his psyche as well. Ever since, Nethys has been of two minds—one set upon destroying the world and another pledged to protect it. The church of Nethys tries to balance the god's two aspects, but individual temples might lean one way or the other. His followers are those who desire magical knowledge or power, arcane or divine, regardless of how they want to use it—to destroy, invent, or protect. Nethys is often shown with both his aspects in action. One side of him is burned and broken, unleashing terrible magic upon the world, while the other half is calm and serene, using magic to heal the sick and protect the innocent.

Formal ceremonies in the church require an elaborate robe, skullcap, mozzetta, and hood, all in similar colors (such as red, maroon, and burgundy), the color range chosen depending on the temple. Depending on its focus, a particular temple might look like a fortress, sanctuary, wizard's tower, or even a small palace, but always staffed by knowledgeable people unfazed by loud noises and strange appearances. His bible is *The Book of Magic*, a comprehensive guideline for channeling magic and the moral ramifications of its use and misuse (often taking alternative positions in the space of a few paragraphs); its words are always written on the temple's interior walls but most priests also carry it as a book or scroll bundle.

It is said that the manifestation of zones of unpredictable magic are the results of Nethys passing close to the Material Plane, while the manifestation of zones of "empty magic" (areas where magic simply doesn't function) are indications of his anger over a region. Nethys is not known for showing favor or wrath to his followers or enemies, a fact that many of his worshipers hold with some pride—they are quick to point out to other faiths that their god does not patronize them or coddle them with frustrating dreams or bizarre omens—traits that generally do not endear the faithful to members of other churches.



Norgorber The Reaper of Reputation



God of greed, secrets, poison, and murder

Alignment: NE

Domains: Charm, Death, Evil, Knowledge, Trickery

Favored Weapon: Short sword

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Galt, Nex, Osirion, River Kingdoms, Shackles, Taldor, Varisia

Nationality: Taldan

Little is known of Norgorber's life in Absalom before he ascended to godhood through the Test of the *Starstone*. Members of his debased faith go to great lengths to keep this life a secret, using murder if necessary to obscure Norgorber's origins. Some believe that if the Reaper of Reputation's true nature were discovered, he would be undone. Of the known Ascended gods, he is the only evil one. Norgorber's cult splits itself into four groups, with each focusing on one of his aspects and ignoring the others. They often wear masks as a symbol of this devotion, and to keep their identities a secret (even in Absalom, where their faith is marginally allowed). Some worshipers even carry additional masks to portray different emotions or signals, holding them in front of a simplified mask they only remove in private. Despite the division in the faith, Norgorber's followers still work together in some regards, taking careful actions meant to shape the future, all according to some secret plan. Those who call him the Reaper of Reputation venerate him primarily as the god of secrets and are typically spies or politicians. Thieves' guilds often venerate him as the Gray Master, and look to his skills as a thief more than anything else. Many alchemists, herbalists, and assassins know him as Blackfingers and see his work in every poisoned meal and venomous beast. Yet his most notorious, and most dangerous cultists are the madmen, murderers, and maniacs. These cultists know him as Father Skinsaw, and believe that with every murder, the future is sculpted according to their dark god's unknowable plan.

Ceremonial colors are black and brown, and the clothes themselves usually follow current fashion so the wearer can blend in with those outside the faith. Masks are used to invoke the mysteries of the divine in Norgorber's various aspects and are quite elaborate, often with colored lenses and hinged jaws. Temples dedicated to Norgorber are often hidden in other businesses, transformed at night so the faithful can plot and pray. His clerics are master imitators, stealing others' identities and using them to cover up dark deeds. At least 17 short texts are associated with the faith, all given innocuous code names and often disguised as mundane books or encoded to prevent easy scrutiny.

Pharasma Lady of Graves



Goddess of fate, death, prophecy, and birth

Alignment: N

Domains: Death, Healing, Knowledge, Repose, Water

Favored Weapon: Dagger

Centers of Worship: Brevoy, Nex, Osirion, Shackles, Thuvia, Ustalav, Varisia

Nationality: Garundi

Sitting atop an impossibly tall spire, Pharasma's Boneyard awaits all mortals. Once there, they stand in a great line, waiting to be judged and sent to their final reward. Only the unworthy end up in her graveyard; their souls left to rot for all eternity. Legends claim that Pharasma knew the death of Aroden was fast approaching and even judged him, but did nothing to warn her followers, many of whom were driven mad by the event. Pharasma is depicted as the midwife, the mad prophet, or the reaper of the dead, depending upon her role. Pregnant women often carry small tokens of her likeness on long necklaces to protect the unborn and to grant it a good life. Her followers are midwives, expectant mothers, morticians, and (less so since Aroden's death) diviners.

Pharasma's temples are gothic cathedrals, usually located near a town's graveyard, although a single bleak stone in an empty field or graveyard can serve as a shrine. Her faithful dress in funereal clothes for religious ceremonies, always black (regardless of the local custom) and accented with silver and tiny vials of holy water. They despise the undead as abominations to the natural order. Her holy book is *The Bones Land in a Spiral*; much of it was written long ago by a prophet, and many of its predictions are so vague that there is much debate about what events they foretell or if they have already passed. Other sections were added later and deal with safe childbirth, disposal of the dead to prevent undeath, proper ways to perform auguries, and so on.

Pharasma manifests her favor through the use of scarab beetles and whippoorwills, both of which function as psychopomps and serve to guide recently departed spirits to the Boneyard. Black roses are thought to bring good luck, especially if the rose's stem sports no thorns. Pharasma will also sometimes allow the spirit of someone who died under mysterious conditions to transmit short messages to their living kin to comfort them, to expose a murderer, or even to haunt an enemy. Her displeasure is often signified by cold chills down the spine, bleeding from under the fingernails, an unexplained taste of rich soil, the discovery of a dead whippoorwill, and the feeling that something important has been forgotten.

Rovagug The Rough Beast



God of wrath, disaster, and destruction

Alignment: CE

Domains: Chaos, Destruction, Evil, War, Weather

Favored Weapon: Greataxe

Centers of Worship: Belkzen, Hold of the Mammoth
Lords, Osirion, Qadira

Nationality: Monster

In the dawn of prehistory, Rovagug was born to destroy the world, but all the other gods stood against him, side by side. Many died in the struggle, but in the end, Sarenrae sliced open the world to imprison him within, and Asmodeus bound him there, keeping the only key. The only images of Rovagug show him as a terrible monster of unimaginable size and power. Of all the religions, few are more despised by civilized people than Rovagug's. In the wild lands, various monsters pay homage to him, including driders, orcs, ropers, and troglodytes. Many of his faithful believe that the Earthfall awoke their god, and that the time of his freedom is fast approaching. Foremost among his stirrings are the so-called Spawn of Rovagug, immense beasts who periodically surge from the Pit of Gormuz in central Casmaron, site of the Rough Beast's imprisonment long millenia ago. The legendary Tarrasque is merely the most powerful and terrifying of the Spawn, although several others have left their mark upon history over the years.

His priests wear shaggy coats dyed in strange colors and hideous masks depicting horrid beasts, melted faces, or maddening shapes. His temples are banned in nearly every major city, driving his followers to erect secret shrines, often no more than a fanged mouth or clawed hand surrounded by a spiraling line. The very rare temples are built in caves or dungeons and usually have some monster as the focus of worship, hand-fed by the priesthood to keep it reasonably tame except to outsiders. Rovagug has no holy text but his monstrous primitive thoughts press themselves upon his worshipers, flooding them with a desire to break, destroy, and rend, as well as to find a means to end his imprisonment and bring about the end of the world.

Rovagug has long railed against the other gods, but his hatred for Sarenrae eclipses all others. Even before the Dawnflower cast him down, their wars were legendary, and it is said that Sarenrae placed the fire of the sun in the core of the world to constantly burn him in his prison. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes are held to be indications of him twisting in his sleep, and storms the evidence of his breath coursing up from the dark places of the world.

Sarenrae The Dawnflower



Goddess of the sun, redemption, honesty, and healing

Alignment: NG

Domains: Fire, Glory, Good, Healing, Sun

Favored Weapon: Scimitar

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Katapesh,
Osirion, Qadira, Taldor, Thuvia

Nationality: Keleshite

When the primal forces created Golarion, Asmodeus planted a malignant evil upon the world under cover of perpetual darkness. The doctrine of Sarenrae's faith tells how the Dawnflower brought light to the world, and with it came truth and honesty. Those who had turned to evil saw their wickedness and were forgiven by the light of Sarenrae. The clergy of Sarenrae are peaceful most of the time, administering to their flock with a gentle hand and wise words. Such kindness vanishes, however, when the church is stirred to action against an evil that cannot be redeemed—particularly against the cult of Rovagug. At such times, Sarenrae's clerics become dervishes, dancing among foes while allowing their scimitars to give their opponents final redemption. Thus, her faith attracts those with kind hearts, but only those willing to harden them when kindness is a dangerous weakness. Religious art depicts the sun goddess as a strong woman with bronze skin and a mane of dancing flame. While one hand holds the light of the sun, the other grasps a scimitar, so that she might smite those who do not change their ways.

Formal raiment includes a long white chasuble and tunic decorated with red and gold thread depicting images of the sun, and officiating priests usually wear a golden crown with a red-gold sunburst device on top. Scimitars inlaid with gold sunbursts or golden gems are common ceremonial implements. Temples are open-air buildings (with satellite buildings having ceilings) open to the sky, sometimes with large brass or gold mirrors on high points to reflect more light toward the altar. Her holy book is *The Birth of Light and Truth*, and most copies contain extra pages for the owner to record uplifting stories he experiences or hears in order to repeat them to others. Swordplay, particularly with the scimitar, is held to be a form of art by her followers.

Sarenrae indicates her favor with sightings of doves, or through the shapes of ankhs appearing in unexpected places. Her displeasure is most often made apparent through unexplained sunburns or periods of blindness that can last anywhere from only a few moments for minor transgressions to a lifetime for mortal sins.



Goddess of beauty, art, love, and music

Alignment: NG

Domains: Air, Charm, Good, Luck, Protection

Favored Weapon: Glaive

Centers of Worship: Absalom, Galt, Sargava, Taldor

Nationality: Taldan

An ancient story tells of how Shelyn stole the glaive of Zon-Kuthon (her half-brother) in an attempt to redeem him from the alien influence possessing his mind. This attempt failed, but she has not given up hope, and out of love for him she retains the so-called *Whisperer of Souls* as her favored weapon despite its malign influence. Her story of love and devotion despite sorrow inspires mortal friends and lovers to persevere in adverse circumstances, bards to craft epic songs and tragedies, and artists to create works that touch the soul. All depictions of Shelyn, regardless of race or ethnicity, show her as a young woman barely out of her youth, with eyes of blue or silver (or sometimes heterochromatic, with both colors). Shelyn's ankle-length chestnut hair bears several strands colored bright red, green, and gold. She always wears tasteful clothing and jewelry that accentuates her beauty without revealing too much of it. Shelyn preaches (and practices) that true beauty comes from within, and she favors relationships not based solely on carnal desires, which often puts her at odds with Calistria.

Formal garb for the church is a pair of leggings and a long tunic for men or a calf-length dress for women, cut and tailored to make the wearer attractive but not overtly sexual. Red is her primary color, accented with silver, although blue is acceptable. Clerics of Shelyn must endeavor each day to create something of beauty—typically a work of art or piece of music but other skills might be appropriate (such as a gardener tending flowers). Her temples are roomy places surrounded by gardens and statues, decorated inside with paintings and sculpture and always filled with song and music. Shelyn's temples are havens for young lovers and are the sites of many wedding ceremonies. Her prayerbook is *Melodies of Inner Beauty*, most of which is stories in song form.

Shelyn sometimes sends messages to her faithful directly by means of a short but precise whispered message in the ear. Songbirds are sacred to the sect; their presence is considered good luck. Her displeasure can be manifested in a number of ways. A brief glimpse of a repellent reflection in a mirror, a lover's quarrel, a drably-colored bird, and wilted rose beds are all common signs of her disappointment.



God of the forge, protection, strategy

Alignment: LG

Domains: Artifice, Earth, Good, Law, Protection

Favored Weapon: Warhammer

Centers of Worship: Kalistocracy of Druma, Lands of the Linnorm Kings

Nationality: Dwarf

The dwarves believe that Torag created the world at his great forge, striking it again and again with his hammer to get the shape he desired. As the rocks tumbled and the sparks flew, the dwarves were born, made of stone with bellies full of fire. Torag appears as a powerful and cunning dwarf, busy at his forge hammering a weapon or shield. He is the consummate planner, with a contingency for nearly every situation. Nearly half his clerics are dwarves, although a great many humans have taken up his call. His faithful are skilled architects, craftsmen, and military planners. Guardians and watchmen sometimes offer up prayers to the father of creation, hoping he protects them as they watch over their charges.

Formal dress for the clergy is a work-worn heavy leather knee-length smithing apron, often with a large blacksmith's hammer. Some priests affix rivets, plates, or badges to their apron to commemorate significant events, such as marriage, birth of a child, completion of the first set of plate mail, and so on. Rings (on fingers, in ears, on beards, and so on) are common decorations and are exchanged among the faith to show friendship, debt, or allegiance. Temples tend to be circular, built around a large central and fully-functional forge and satellite anvils used for even mundane tasks, for every act of smelting and smithing is considered a prayer to Torag. His holy book is *Hammer and Tongs: The Forging of Metal and Other Good Works*, usually bound in metal with lacquered leather interior pages to resist sparks and burns.

Burrowing animals are sacred to the faithful of Torag, as are all animals that dwell in caves and mountainous areas. Flying creatures that live in such regions are viewed as abominations and freaks—bats in particular are hated by the church of Torag. He sometimes sends messages through the appearance of cryptic riddles that appear on stone surfaces for a short period of time. Earthquakes are the ultimate indication of his displeasure, but those who survive are thought to be blessed. The cult of Rovagug is particularly hated by the followers of Torag, for his spawn have long seethed and squirmed in the deeper corners of the earth. Yet despite this loathing, Torag's followers do not get on well with those of Sarenrae, since their willingness to forgive and their devotion to the sun seem to many dwarves an indication of weakness.

Urgathoa

The Pallid Princess



Goddess of gluttony, disease, and undeath

Alignment: NE

Domains: Death, Evil, Magic, Strength, War

Favored Weapon: Scythe

Centers of Worship: Geb, Ustalav

Nationality: Varisian

Some claim that Urgathoa was a mortal once, but when she died, her thirst for life turned her into the Great Beyond's first undead creature. She fled from Pharasma's endless line of souls and back to Golarion, bringing with her disease to the world. She appears as a beautiful, raven-haired woman from the waist up, but below that her form begins to rot and wither, until only blood-covered bones remain at her feet. Urgathoa is worshiped by undead as well as dark necromancers and those hoping to become undead. As such, her clerics must often keep their activities a secret. Some who are sick with the plague make offerings to the Pallid Princess in hopes of alleviating their illness, but most turn to Sarenrae. The occasional gluttonous prince might make offering to Urgathoa as well, be it for more food, women, or other carnal pleasures. She and Calistria vie for control of their overlapping interest, with the elven goddess representing lust and the undead one representing physical excess.

Ceremonial clothes in her church are a loose gray floor-length tunic with a bone-white or dark gray shoulder-cape clasped at the front. Traditionally the lower half of the tunic is either shredded or adorned with strips of cloth or tassels to give the overall appearance of increased damage as it approaches the floor, mirroring the goddess' own decay. Because most ceremonies involve indulging in large amounts of food and wine, these garments are usually stained from spills. Her temples are built like feast-halls, with a large central table serving as an altar and numerous chairs surrounding it. Most temples are adjacent to a private graveyard or built over a crypt, often inhabited by ghouls (which embody all three of the goddess's interests). Her sacred text is *Serving Your Hunger*, penned by Dason, her first knight-blackguard.

Urgathoa sometimes gifts female clerics who serve her particularly well by transforming them after death into hideous undead creatures called the daughters of Urgathoa. She has also been known to lend support to the daemon Horsemen from time to time, for many of their goals closely match her own. It is not uncommon to encounter daemon servants and guardians in her most powerful temples as a result.

Zon-kuthon

The Midnight Lord



God of envy, pain, darkness, and loss

Alignment: LE

Domains: Darkness, Death, Destruction, Evil, Law

Favored Weapon: Spiked chain

Centers of Worship: Belkzen, Cheliax, Geb, Irrisen, Nidal, Varisia

Nationality: Alien

The beauty goddess Shelyn once had a half-brother, but his envy over her talents led him to abandon her for a journey into unknown regions beyond the edge of the Great Beyond. There, he encountered something that changed him for the worse—when he returned, he had become a new god entirely, a god of pain and suffering and loss. He committed terrible acts against those who tried to redeem him, particularly his father and his half-sister, and for his crimes, he was banished to the Plane of Shadow, there to reside for as long as the sun hung in the sky. He came back to a world benighted by in the Age of Darkness, weeping tears of hateful joy at the prize he found before him. In time, his influence declined but he and his worshipers remain ready to surge across the world with lash and chain and cruel laughter. His horrid affection attracts evil sadists, demented masochists, and those whose spirits are so wounded that only overwhelming pain distracts them from their sorrows. Those wallowing in a spiritual darkness find themselves pulled to his dark embrace, while others left to starve in oubliettes might cut their own flesh just to remind themselves that they exist.

His appearance often changes, with wounds on different parts of his body and clothing cut to reveal them, and often with a metal crown that distorts his flesh into an obscene sunburst; mortal representations of Zon-Kuthon are usually simplified to a pale man in black with one significant wound. Zon-Kuthon's temples look like torture chambers, and many are actual torture chambers converted for church use. In smaller locales, the church might be a secret cave or basement where the cultists meet, littered with surgical and torture instruments that can pass as farm or craftsman's tools in case the lair is discovered. The church has no official formal garb, although their self-mutilation and use of black leather makes them identifiable. His book of laws is *Umbral Leaves*, penned by a mad prophet of his church.

Zon-Kuthon's faithful have carved out a nation of their own—founded at the height of the Age of Darkness, the people of Nidal venerate the Midnight Lord as their savior and king.