

NUG

CHARACTER BIO

- Goblin ([Goblinblood Survivor](#)).
- 1st-Level [Gunslinger](#), [Way of the Drifter](#)

“When the soldiers come, you hide. Hide, and don’t come out until it’s completely silent. Do you understand, boy?”

My father barked instructions while my mother hugged me at the door to our hut. She didn’t cry. She never cried since the war started. I think she ran out of tears.

“Go. Now. Into the hole. Remember, don’t come out no matter what you hear,” he ordered, one hand on his axe and the other on my head. He gave the smallest smile, and I knew I’d never see him alive again.

The cries from outside came closer. Smoke from burning homes was in the air, like a thick forest fire had come too close.

I turned, catching a final glance of my mother as she held her daggers forward. The hole we’d dug for hiding was within arm’s reach of my small body when the hut door crashed apart, rendered to splinters by a knight’s pauldron. Three soldiers pooled into our small house, and I saw a pair of swords pierce my father’s lungs through to his back. He fell limp, but he took one of them with him, tearing the knight’s throat out with his axe as he fell.

An uncontrolled scream came from my mouth as the terror took hold, and I froze still. Mother had both of her daggers in the stomach of another knight, their thin points piercing chain mail. There was a sword in her shoulder, but I watched as she pulled one of the daggers out of the man and thrust it into the neck of another. His body fell across her, smothering her in blood.

“Run!” she called with her final breath before the last standing knight crushed her face under his boot.

I looked desperately from her body to the knight. He stood above me holding his stomach to keep from bleeding out while he breathed sluggishly. I noticed the insignia covered his pauldron and the hilt of his sword. A golden eagle with outstretched wings.

“C’mere, you little shite!” he crowed and took a clumsy swing toward me with his blade. I ducked too slowly, and I felt the sword cleave my left ear from its perch and rip into the side of my head behind it. The knight tripped and fell, spinning to the ground with a pained grunt.

Clutching my head, I ran past him through the open entrance and saw the full display of the Eagle Knights’ cruelty. They had sacked the only home I ever knew in my short life. Bodies crowded the dirt and pine roads, both human and goblin. Not just the town, but the forest itself was on fire. I could taste the soot and the death on the wind, but I put it all from my mind as I fled.



GOBLIN WARRIOR
PATHFINDER ROLEPLAYING GAME

I ran as fast as my tiny legs would take me into the Chitterwood while it burned down around me.

“Oy!” I heard a call. Another goblin voice.

“Snit?” I asked, my eyes too blurry to see him through the tears and the smoke. The older boy was basically an adult, even if we were only a couple of years apart.

“Nug!” he screamed, flying toward me. “Come on, we gotta go. The soldiers are chasing everyone through the forest.”

I felt my head and realized I was slathered in blood down my left side. I was starting to feel dizzy.

“I don’t feel so good,” I said, a sleepy feeling overtaking me. There was a sense of vertigo and a thud, and I realized it was me hitting the ground.

“Nug? Nug, come on, buddy! Nug!”

The smell of rabbit cooking over a fire urged me awake.

“Oy,” Snit said, kneeling in front of the fire. “About time you got up. It’s been two days.”

I touched my wound. It had been bandaged.

“Is everyone still...” I started to ask, wondering if it had been a nightmare.

“Dead? Yeah.” Snit was tearing some leaves into a pot of boiling rabbit stew. His family had been hunters. If anyone were to find me, I was glad it had been him. I gave silent thanks to Lamashtu as my parents had taught me, for all the good it did us. My thanks quickly went to spite as my mind flashed to them dying in front of me.

“Just focus on getting better,” Snit said, cringing in pain at something. I noticed a nasty gash on his arm had been wrapped and was bleeding through. He saw me

staring at it. "One of the soldiers got too close while I was running away."

I shook off my grogginess.

"We gotta stick together." I got up to take a look at his arm. I was always better with my father's tools or mixing potions with my mother than with anything more practical. There was nothing more I could do for him.

Snit looked away and got quiet, lost in thought.

"Yeah," he finally said. He went to work tearing rabbit meat off a boiling bone, wincing as he burned his hand.

"Wait," I told him. I saw a couple pieces of flint on the ground and rubbed them on my pant leg to get the dirt off. I set one on a rock and started chipping away to sharpen it into a long knife.

"Here," I said after a minute. "I won't be much use for hunting, but I can at least do that."

For the first time since I saw him in the burning forest, his expression softened. I saw his lip curl up into a toothy grin.

I think we both knew just then that we'd survive, at least. If we could get far enough away from the burning forest.

And far enough away from the memories.

We walked for a long, long time. The only thing we knew was that the humans had come from the north and the east, so we went the opposite way. Beyond that, we had no purpose or true direction.

There were caravans that took kindly to us. Two war orphans who looked pathetic and malnourished tugged on what little heart strings were left in people. Even if we were goblins, we weren't a threat to anybody, and I guess they knew that. It helped that we made sure not to cause trouble and never gave anyone a reason to hate us more than they did.

We eventually found ourselves accompanying a clan of dwarves to the city of Laekastel where we stowed away on a ship that crossed the Inner Sea. We were caught just a couple of hours in, and the ship's cook, a fat dwarf with a greasy beard, threatened to throw us into his cook pot. We made ourselves useful in his kitchen, and he let us be. I learned more about knives and blades in those two weeks than I'd ever learned at home.

It several years of drifting, but we took jobs with caravans where we could find them, traveling all over. Down the Junira River as kitchen hands on a river boat, then across a huge desert in a magically powered sand trawl where we swabbed the deck in the blistering heat. We were eaten alive by bugs while we crossed a huge swamp, then we found ourselves on another river boat sailing up the Elemion and Ustradi rivers.

All the way, we held our own. We found kinship with dwarves of the southern lands. We learned that their kind also suffered at the hands of humans and their empires and military strength in the past, and they were nice enough people as long as we weren't a burden.

Finally, one day as we neared Lake Ustradi and the end of our latest journey, we found ourselves upon the banks of the small city of Alkenstar.

"What a dump," I said under my breath as our boat docked. I was considerably older now at nineteen, fully grown even for a human, much less a goblin. I saw the ramshackle brick and iron buildings covered in thick layers of soot, and I couldn't help but cough.

One of the dwarves next to me, a dark skinned man with a thinner beard than most, had heard my comment and busted out in a jovial belly laugh. "Aye, a dump it is. But it's home. And don't let the wrong ears hear you run this place down. You're just as like to get shot as to have someone buy you an ale."



ALKENSTAR
SAM BURLEY
(PAIZO)

"Shot?" I asked.

The dwarf raised a thick finger toward a guard standing at the dock. Around his waist, holstered in some sort of leather strapping, was a device I'd never seen. It had a smooth barrel on one end and a metal handle that had some sort of trigger mechanism. A leather bandolier near it housed some kind of ammunition, like crossbow bolts but much smaller, and blunt. Each was shorter than a finger's length, and I had small fingers next to a dwarf's.

The man gave me a smirk under his thick beard and shook his head, still laughing.

"Stay close," Snit said, his hand touching my wrist.

"Yeah," I agreed. "First thing we gotta do is find a place to sleep. Then we find work."

"Maybe both at once," my friend said, pointing to a sign. It was scrawled in Taldanese, a language we picked up quickly that seemed to be used everywhere we'd been except the forest we grew up in. We'd even switched to speaking it around those not of our kind, which was everyone.

NOW HIRING

Apprentices in gun shop

Bed and meals provided plus 1 silver piece a day

Speak to Burg at the Gunworks

HUMANS NEED NOT APPLY

We looked at each other and nodded.

What we'd thought was a tiny city was suddenly revealed to us. The city proper was built atop cliffs that hid the view from the river below and belied the true scale of it. It was miles and miles of industry and sprawling metropolis on a scale we couldn't have imagined. From the dock, what we saw were shanties compared to the massive buildings above that scraped the sky.

And as we ascended in cable cars driven by some technological wonder, the smoke thickened. It soon became too hard to breathe.

"You'll get used to it," the same dwarf said. I noticed his skin was darkened not from life in the wastes, but with soot from the city's ash itself.

"Oy, where's the Gunworks?" I asked the dwarf.

He raised an eyebrow and grinned. "I'm headed there. Come on, both of ya. We can share a ride."

Snit gave me a look and I shrugged as the man whistled and raised a hand. A motorized carriage pulled up alongside us on the cobbled street. Another dwarf was holding the reins, which looked more like a wheel that turned left and right than something you'd leash a horse with.

We climbed into the carriage and sat nestled next to the dwarf who laughed the whole half hour ride before refusing our coin for the help. Exiting the peculiar machine, we found ourselves at the base of an enormous fortress.

It was an ancient castle on the shore of Lake Ustradi, the peaks and towers of which stretched higher than we could crane our necks. Inside, it bustled with all sorts of

people. Some of them looked at us curiously, but most ignored us. It was the first time since leaving our home forest that we appeared commonplace.

"There are other goblins here!" Snit said, unable to keep his voice down. I saw them too, and it was exciting. It had been over a decade since we encountered anyone else of our kind.

We saw the business that was advertised before on the sign and entered eagerly. A goblin sat atop a stool in one corner, a multi-lensed eyeglass over one eye and a small hammer in one hand tapping away at some metal.

"Just a second," he said in the common language, not looking up from his work.

"Sign said you're hiring," Snit said in Goblin, wasting no time. That got the man's attention.

He was older than us by a couple of decades, hair starting to gray and grow thin. His arms were frail, and he looked small even for one of our kind. I could tell his eyes had never seen the wars from ten years ago first hand. He was probably born and raised here. His skin was much lighter than our deep green of the forest.

"Hey, a couple of Goblisch speakers," the workshop owner said curiously. "What brings a pair of my cousins here?"

"Just looking for jobs," Snit said.

"We can do whatever needs doing," I added. "I'm good with my hands, and he's good with his head."

"Exactly what I need," the goblin said, rubbing his chin. "I'm Burg. You both look young and strong. Don't expect me to go easy on ya, though!"

I gave him a smile. "Wouldn't have it any other way."

"Awright then," Burg said. "Let's get started. Get over here and I'll show you how my guns work."

Burg worked us hard for ten years, but it was the first time in our lives we had a steady and stable job. It was nice having a place to sleep that didn't involve counting down the days until it ended. All he asked was that we learn the craft. He wanted apprentices, not laborers. We fit the bill, and our days of drifting felt at an end.

"What do you call that thing?" Burg said, looking at my masterpiece. I'd made hundreds of guns in my life with him, spending two years perfecting barrel-crafting until I started working on triggers and load chambers. I'd made flintlocks, pistols, pepperboxes, hackbuts, triggerbrands, and shotguns. This was something new entirely.

"I dunno what to call it, but it should go boom," I said proudly.

"Hah. Most guns go boom, you lackwit," Burg said, smacking me on the head. At this point, he was like a father to me. "Looks like a hand cannon that needs two or three arms to shoot."

"Uses four times as much black powder per shot, but the bullets are twice as big," I said.

"You're never gonna fire that thing with one hand. The kick'll throw your shoulder out," Burg laughed. "Let's take it out back and try it."

We moved through the workshop into the shooting yard where I held the gun up in one hand.

"See how balanced it is?" I said. "All the weight's in the back. The barrel's made of some of that special metal we had leftover from the last few jobs. I melted the scraps down and forged it myself."

Burg nodded now that he saw I was serious. "Give it a go. Let's see it in action."

I loaded a single bullet into the chamber and fired at a target within thirty feet. The straw figure was blasted apart.

"Phew," Burg said, slapping my shoulder. "Not bad. Little bit of drift, though. It won't have the range of a normal cannon."

"Probably worth it for the damage it'll cause," I said, inspecting the barrel for powder burns.

"Hey, we got a customer in here!" Snit called from the shop. We made our way back inside and saw Snit with his head down in a box of trigger parts digging for something.

A human man, thin and scraggly, stood waiting behind the counter, hands behind his back. He had an ill look in his eyes.

"Can I help you?" Burg asked with a knot in his lip. He was always cautious around humans. By nature, all goblins were.

"You can," the man said.

Just then, I noticed the insignia on his collar. It was gold metal. An eagle with outstretched wings, feathers flowing. A memory surfaced of me looking up at three human soldiers, my parents' small bodies the only thing between them and my death as a child. This man bore little resemblance to any of them, though, beyond the insignia.

Before I could speak, the man pulled a pistol from behind his back. His eyes widened with insanity as he pulled the trigger.

"Gah!" Burg screamed, clutching his chest. Blood flew, spattering me and the counter.

I caught a glimpse of the man fleeing around the corner on the way out of our shop.

Snit rushed to Burg's side and gave my gun a headlong glance.

"Go!" he said, determination filling his face as he tended Burg's bullet wound.

I rushed forward around the threshold of the shop and into the Gunworks interior, looking into the distance to see the man still running. I chased him as fast as my small legs would pump. Luckily, years of carrying heavy gun parts had made me strong.

I loaded another bullet into my boom gun while running at full speed. I was having trouble controlling my breath, but I focused and grit my teeth through it.

There, the man had stopped. I aimed for his eyes and fired. The wall behind him exploded into rubble as he ducked.

Screams and calls for city guard echoed through the halls. There wasn't as much of a guard presence here in the Gunworks, though. Everyone was armed, so no one dared cause trouble like this.

I didn't care. The human had tried to kill the closest thing I had to a father. He may have succeeded, for all I knew right then.

And more than that, he'd brought back memories from my childhood that I didn't want to live through again. I wanted answers, and I'd draw them from his dead body.

Through the smoke and ruin, I saw him scurry across the rubble like a rat, climbing to his feet from where he'd been blown to the ground by my shot. I quickly loaded another one and aimed, but I couldn't get a clear path to him.

So I ran forward into the fray I'd caused. I chased him around corners and through the winding maze of the Gunworks castle past dwarves and goblins and other creatures I'd known in a decade since calling this place my home.

He ran through a curved corridor. I aimed and fired,

**GOBLIN
HAND CANNON**
STEVEN ROGERS
(ARTSTATION)



blowing a hole in the wall where his torso had been. A piece of shrapnel ricocheted back and nailed me in the face, cutting me across the eye.

I cursed. My vision was impaired now, which made the lack of range on this weapon even more noticeable. With the force it delivered, this human would be dead by now if I could only land a shot.

Through the dust from the scraps of brick, I heard a bang and felt a bullet fly past my face. He'd had time to load his pistol and fire at me. The shock left me frozen for a second. Long enough for him to scramble back to his feet and keep running.

Loading again, I followed. If I knew these halls, he'd be mine soon.

Around two corners, and he found himself trapped. There was a dead end I knew he'd find his way into.

I leveled my cannon forward.

"You've seen what this thing can do," I said, heaving my breath while spitting hate. "You move an inch, and I put a hole in your chest that you could stick your head through."

He held his pistol in his left hand down by his side. He'd probably had time to load it again, though I didn't see where he kept his ammo.

The man's face was expressionless. Cold. Merciless.

"What's your deal?" I asked him, my gun steadied at him twenty paces away. "You wanna die?"

"I died twenty years ago," he said so quietly he was almost inaudible.

"Well, you're gonna die again if you don't put your weapon down," I said, my finger on the trigger.

He raised his gun. I fired.

I hit him in the shoulder and blew his arm off.

"You say he didn't make a sound when you shot his arm off?" the inspector asked me.

"Not a peep," I answered. "It was downright creepy."

"Probably some war vet who wanted revenge," the dwarven man said, huffing a smoke pipe in his mouth. "What I wanna know is how he teleported away. We're in a dead magic zone here."

"I said he shimmered and disappeared," I countered.

"If that ain't teleportation, I dunno what is." He shook his head.

"What's gonna happen to me?"

The inspector took a long, hard look at me from behind his desk.

"My guess is, since nobody else got hurt, you'll only spend a few weeks in lockup. Disturbing the peace. You can't just go discharging weapons in the Gunworks promenade. You've got a clean record, but we can't let people around here think it's alright to respond to gun fire with more gun fire. It's a miracle no one died."

I tried not to react, but I was sure my face said everything.

"It'll take the magistrate a day or two to rule. We'll come find you at your shop if we have any more

questions. In the meantime, just don't skip town and there won't be any problems," the inspector warned me.

He let me go, and I made the trek back to the Gunworks castle and Burg's shop. The only home I'd known for the past ten years.

"What are you gonna do?" Snit asked me as I walked in. He read my face before I could say a word.

I shook my head, still lost in thought.

"Whoever that was is still out there. Somebody's gotta find him," I said.

"Did you tell the guards about the last part? The note he dropped?"

"Nope," I said, pulling the rolled, crinkled paper out of my pocket. It was nothing more than a simple flyer.

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HELLBREAKERS WANTED IN ISGER
DEATH TO CHELIAX*

"It's all I've got to go on, though," I lamented.

"Isger," Snit said longingly. "Some of the soldiers that burned our town were probably from there."

"All the more reason to go," I said, suddenly resolute. "I need to know."

"You're really good with leaving?" he asked me, his face turning even more sour.

I considered for a good, long while.

"Yeah," I eventually told him. "Beats sitting in jail for a month. Besides, I'm sure you'll be fine. They're adding extra security around the Gunworks because of the attack."

"Yeah," he said, miming my tone. "Back to drifting again, huh?"

"At least this time, I know where I'm headed," I said.

I gathered a few supplies that he and Burg wouldn't miss. A triggerbrand, some extra ammo and powder, and some other bits and bobs for the road. Finally, I gave Snit a hug goodbye.

"Take care of the old man. I'm sure I'll be back before you two know it. Probably with some stories to tell."

I held my boom gun in my hand, looking it over. It'd be my new best friend for a while. If I took care of it, I was sure it'd take care of me.



GUNSLINGER
CLASS SYMBOL

NUG'S TALE

Nug grew up at the height of the Goblinblood Wars. Near the end of the four year conflict, he witnessed his village burned at the hands of an Eagle Knight battalion from Andoran and Isgar during their campaign to scour the Chitterwood. When he was driven from his home, he and Snit were two of the only survivors.

The pair came from similar homes in the small village, born to faithful goblin parents who instructed them in traditional ways. While Nug's parents practiced smithing and alchemy and passed those skills onto him, Snit's family was more practical, passing on hunting and medicinal skills. They managed to keep each other alive for years while drifting through the countryside, always heading away from human lands where they could manage. This grand adventure allowed them to forge a kinship as close to family as anything. They genuinely consider each other to be brothers.

This made it all the more difficult when their adoptive father was attacked and injured at the hands of a mysterious gunman. Nug's choice to chase the man down stems from a few different reasons – namely, his fear of another attack, but also the insignia the attacker wore. The same insignia of the knights that sacked his village as a child. The note that was left might be his only trail, but Nug's smarts and skills are enough for him to finally leave Alkenstar and head out to find the answers he's seeking.

Snit and Burg are essentially family to Nug. Should your party ever make their way to Alkenstar, these two will provide any aid they can, likely without question. Their loyalty should be beyond reproach. As for the mysterious attacker that shot Burg, your DM may have him show up in your campaign as a villain down the road. He has ties to both the Goblinblood Wars from years past and to forces still present in Isgar, and there are any number of different ways to incorporate him into the Hellbreakers story. Was he a soldier who helped scour the goblin village where Nug hailed from, or was there some other reason he was so intent on killing Nug's adoptive father?

Though Nug is still inexperienced in the ways of the gunslinger, his skills will make up for any shortcomings he might have. He's a quick study, and regardless of which path he chooses, he'll be a force to be reckoned with in Isgar and beyond.

EAGLE KNIGHT
GRAFIT STUDIO

