

# PATHFINDER®

## DARK WATERS RISING

### CHAPTER 3

From the Pathfinder Chronicles:  
Caught between Shank's Wood and Nettlewood is a patch of northern coastline known as Paupers' Graves. In the days before Varisia was well settled and Sandpoint's construction was underway, poor migrant workers hoping for prosperity were buried beneath the coastal soil when hard labor claimed their lives.

Now, the only corpses found in Paupers' are fresh ones, victims of undead scavengers who haunt the cemetery.

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LET ME  
AT HIM, SEONI.  
THAT GRINNING  
DEVIL'S GONNA SPIT  
OUT INFORMATION  
FASTER THAN  
YOU CAN SAY  
'ASMODEUS'.

VALEROS,  
STAND DOWN!  
YOU ARE NOT  
TORTURING  
THAT MAN.

HEH  
HEH HEH...







IT'S NOT 'TORTURE,' MY DEAR. IT'S CALLED 'PERSUASION.'

I'M NOT YOUR 'DEAR' AND IT IS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, WHATEVER YOU CALL IT!

SHE'S RIGHT. HE'S NOT INTIMIDATED BY SPIT NOR STEEL. IT WON'T DO NO GOOD.



HEH HEH HEH!

MY ALLIES DON'T EVEN NEED TO COME GET ME... BY MORNING YOU'LL HAVE KILLED EACH OTHER JUST TO KEEP ME SAFE.



**SHUT UP!**



WHY SET UP A PATROL IF YOU INTEND TO ADVERTISE OUR LOCATION FOR MILES AROUND BY YELLING?

YOU GUYS KNOW BETTER... WHAT'S EVERYONE'S PROBLEM?




KYRA'S RIGHT.

WE NEED TO CALM DOWN AND RETHINK THIS.

WE'RE LETTING OUR FRUSTRATIONS GET THE BETTER OF US.






ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, WE'VE DONE WELL. WE KNOW A GROUP IS CONTROLLING THE GOBLINS, FEEDING THEM SOME KIND OF MYSTIC LIQUID AND HARVESTING THEIR ENERGY. WE HAVE ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS CAPTURED.\*

LET'S HEAD BACK TO SANDPOINT, CLAIM A REWARD AND LET THE MILITIA SORT THIS OUT.

\*IT ALL HAPPENED LAST ISSUE!



RUN AWAY? YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING! WHEN MORNING COMES, HARSK CAN PICK UP THEIR TRAIL. WE'LL FIND THE SOURCE AND GUT 'EM!



I AGREE WITH VALEROS. WE CANNOT SHIRK OUR DUTY TO PURGE THIS EVIL FROM VARISIA!




SO WE RUN AFTER THEM INSTEAD? THEY'LL BE READY!



WE LUCKED OUT WITH THOSE DOCILE GOBLINS ON THE BEACH. A CONCENTRATED FORCE READY TO FIGHT WILL SLAUGHTER US.



I DON'T REALLY CARE WHERE WE GO, AS LONG AS WE GO TOGETHER.



FOLLOWING 'EM COULD BE A TRAP, BUT LOSING TH' TRAIL MAY MEAN WE NEVER FIND 'EM... IT'S A TOUGH CALL, TO BE SURE.



EZREN, PLEASE, TELL ME YOU SEE THE WISDOM IN WHAT I SUGGEST...





A PATHFINDER DOESN'T BACK DOWN FROM ADVENTURE. SEON! I WANT TO SEE THIS THROUGH TO THE END, RECORD OUR DEEDS, AND EARN MY WAY INTO THE PATHFINDER CHRONICLES.



'ADVENTURE!'

MORE LIKE 'INSANITY!'

I'M SORRY...

DON'T BE MY FRIEND, SHE JUST NEEDS A BIT OF TIME TO COME AROUND TO IT.



GLAD TO KNOW YOU COULD ALL COME TO SUCH A FINE COMPROMISE...



YER DEFENDER AIN'T AROUND RIGHT NOW, SO I SUGGEST YOU SHUT YER EATING HOLE FOR A SPELL, LEST I TEST YER METTLE ANYWAYS...

...



LATER THAT NIGHT--



GOT ANY FOOD THERE, WHITE HAIR?



MY NAME IS 'MERISIEL'. YOU WERE FED EARLIER. IT'S TIME TO SLEEP, AND YOU SHOULD DO SO.



OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. I HEARD ELVES LIKE YOU DON'T SLEEP AT ALL...

THAT'S JUST PETTY GOSSIP, PEOPLE TRYING TO MAKE US SOUND SCARY AND STRANGE. I SLEEP WHEN I'M TIRED.

BUT YOU'RE NOT TIRED NOW?

NO.

WHAT'S A BEAUTIFUL ELF LIKE YOU DOING WITH HUMANS AND A DWARF, ANYWAYS?

I AM FORLORN.



AN ELF RAISED AMONGST HUMANS WHO HAS WATCHED EVERYONE SHE HAS EVER LOVED GROW OLD AND DIE. THESE PEOPLE ARE MY FAMILY NOW.

...I APOLOGIZE.

NO NEED. I TOLD YOU FREELY, WITHOUT MALICE.



...DO YOU REALLY BELONG HERE?