

ALIEN PARTY BUS



STARFINDER
COMPATIBLE


Little Red
Goblin Games

ALIEN PARTY BUS

CREDITS

-PRODUCER-
Scott Gladstein

-DESIGNERS-
Scott Gladstein and Ian Sisson

-EDITORS-
Ian Sisson

-ART-
Surt, Cberman, David Revoy, and Corey "Thalzon" Hallberg

-GRAPHIC DESIGN/LAYOUT-
Scott Gladstein



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Questions? Comments? Contact us at:
ScottGladstein@littleredgoblingames.com
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Starfinder Core Rulebook © 2017, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Logan Bonner, Jason Bulmahn, Amanda Hamon Kunz, Jason Keeley, Robert G. McCreary, Stephen Radney-MacFarland, Mark Seifter, Owen K.C. Stephens, and James L. Sutter, with Alexander Augunas, Judy Bauer, John Compton, Adam Daigle, Crystal Frasier, Lissa Guillet, Thurston Hillman, Erik Mona, Mark Moreland, Jessica Price, F. Wesley Schneider, Amber E. Scott, and Josh Vogt.

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Hey there, Zippy here!

The pact races are not the only sentient and space-going folks out there! Far beyond the reach of the well-known and absurdly photogenic Pact, there are sentient races that defy imagination (at least mine; you might be more creative than me.)

Ever since I was just a little goblin-spawn I've always been infatuated with other species. I used to lay awake at night asking myself things like; "How tall would two Yoski in a trenchcoat be?", "Do android dream of electric sheep?", "What would it like to ride a Vesk?", "Why haven't we made cyborg goblin-dogs yet?", and "Is corn alive?". So when I was old enough I set out across the stars to meet all the species in existence. I've meet hundreds and in this, my latest field report (printed in my trusty old dot matrix printer!) I'd like to introduce you all to my new friends!

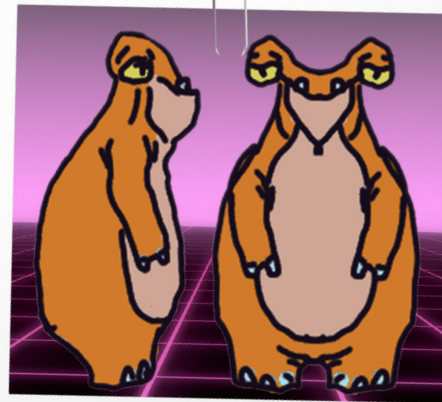
Thus, I now present to you Zippy's expanded guide to the sentient races of the universe. Contained within, dear reader, you will find:

- Friendly misshapen lumps that smell like candy
- Surly turtle-men with a chip on their shoulder
- The tiniest angry bundle of Napoleon-complex rage you've even seen
- Burly camel-men that eat lightning
- The smartest lazy 'expletive's in the whole of the universe

Zippy "Red" Baygorth
--Goblin Xenobiologist

BAA ' HUNDU

+2 CON, +2 CHA, -2 WIS
4 HP



Baa ' Hundu

Squat, relaxed, and generally slow-witted, the Baa'hundu have survived by largely being too charming to hate. Achieving technology like interstellar travel on the handouts of other races, the Baa'hundu now meander a universe they barely understand in search of a paradise.

SIZE AND TYPE

Baa'hundu are Medium humanoids with the Baa'hundu subtype.

FRIENDLY PHEROMONES

Baa'hundu naturally secrete a complex cocktail of pheromones that, when exposed to the air, creates a sickly-sweet smell that most races find pleasant and soothing.

Baa'hundu receive a +2 racial bonus on Diplomacy checks made against humanoids. The Baa'hundu do not get this bonus when targeting constructs and creatures noted to not possess a sense of smell.

ROBUST

The layers of fat and blubber that cover the Baa'hundu means it takes a little extra effort to seriously hurt them. They receive 2 additional Stamina.

ADVANCED PHEROMONES

When stressed, or if they put their mind to it, a Baa'hundu can produce more powerful pheromones that can place a creature in a euphoric and friendly state. Once per day, the Baa'hundu can create a mundane charm person effect. Constructs and creatures noted as having no sense of smell are immune to this ability.

PLAYING A BAA ' HUNDU

You likely...

- Try to be everybody's friend, whether they want you around or not.
- Prefer doing things the easy, uncomplicated way.
- See the good in others, even when there isn't any
- Place a high value on being entertained and making sure everyone is having a good time.

OTHER RACES PROBABLY...

- Enjoy having you around as a party-starter and general icebreaker.
- Would rather distract you with a shiny object than try to explain something complex to you.
- Think of you as a loveable idiot.
- Don't trust you with advanced technology.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

With squat bodies and stubby limbs, Baa'hundu are some of the most non-threatening creatures out there. This image is helped by the fact that they smell like candy, a result of their pheromones. Interestingly, no two races can agree exactly what the smell is, leading some to theorize that the pheromones are slightly psychoreactive, causing different effects based on the person smelling it. The Baa'hundu themselves lack noses, and 'smell' by breathing in and out through their mouths.

Interestingly, the Baa'hundu have a unique reaction to the pheromones of other Baa'hundu; it acts as a mildly relaxing intoxicant. This means that gatherings of Baa'hundu usually descend into drunken meanderings, stoned philosophizing, or similar non-productive activities.

HOMEWORLD

The Baa'hundu homeworld (called Baba-baba by the Baa'hundu but everyone else calls Baba2) is an idyllic wind-swept world of massive plains, verdant plant life, and deep lakes. Baba2 was visited in ages past by an advanced spacefaring race looking for a unclaimed planet to colonize. The first settlers proclaimed the planet a paradise, free of large predators and with no sentient population to deal with. The second claim proved premature when Baa'hundu started wandering into settlements after a few decades. It turns out the Baa'hundu were living nearby in simple gatherer societies, and simply hadn't bothered to investigate the invasion of their planet. The confusion was only made worse when it became clear the Baa'hundu language consisted of two words spoken over and over with varying inflections and lengths; 'ba' and 'hundu'. Rather than try and displace the inquisitive locals, who were perfectly content with their neighbors, the spacefarers gave simple training to the Baa'hundu in return for being able to dock planetside as needed.

Now Baba2 is a popular tourist destination, with several major spaceports placed around the globe. Visitors are welcomed by Baa'hundu travel guides, who are happy to show people around in return for monetary donations or bits of technology (though most just show people around because they enjoy the company). When not entertaining visitors, the Baa'hundu prefer to entertain themselves with whatever craze has swept through recently. A desire for progress and advancement are rare traits among the baa'hundu.

SOCIETY AND ALIGNMENT

The Baa'hundu are best described as sedate, wide-eyed children suddenly thrust into out into the big world. Having been given the technology required for space travel, interstellar communication and more, they never really grasped the ramifications and underlying details that other races who took the time to develop the technology normally. Unfortunately, this also means that the Baa'hundu are largely backwards when it comes to technological development; research priority is given to whatever looks interesting or fun rather than anything meaningful.

The Baa'hundu are almost universally good-aligned. They have a strong desire to make everyone happy, and generally assume that everyone else has the same goal. This has led some races to make a point to watchdog the Baa'hundu, keeping less principled groups from taking advantage of the Baa'hundus generous nature.

RELATIONS

To the Baa'hundu, everyone is a friend, unless clearly and unequivocally shown to be otherwise. This leads to some misunderstandings when they encounter more insular or xenophobic races, but normally most races are happy to deal with the benign happy lumps. Due to their pheromones bringing out the best in others, Baa'hundu are extremely trusting and assume that everyone is wonderful and friendly, and like to go around hugging people in a show of assumed mutual affection.

ADVENTURERS

Most Baa'hundu end up on adventures inadvertently, joining a group without realizing what is really going on. Still, some Baa'hundu enjoy the life of exploring the galaxy, and their friendly disposition means they rarely have a hard time making new friends. Their natural amicable nature makes them excellent envoys, and they can make surprising operatives since nobody ever expects a dangerous Baa'hundu.

NAMES

Given that their language only has 2 words ('Ba' and 'Hundu'), all Baa'hundu names are made up of combinations and repetitions of 'Ba' and 'Hundu' with various inflections and stretching of vowels. Examples include; Baabaa-Baba, Bahunduba, and Hunduba. Baa'hundu are understanding about the fact that not everyone understands the nuances of their language, and will generally answer to "Hey Baa'hundu", since apparently "Baa'hundu" means "Hey friend".

DEVRON

+2 INT, +2 CON, -2 CHA
4 HP

Snarky, secretive, and far too intelligent for their own good,

Devrons are a race of hyper-intelligent turtle people from the planet of Devros IV. Their homeworld was so inhospitable that they evolved shells to combat the vicious predators and frequent meteor storms. They are cliquish, look out primarily for themselves, but once you get through their hard exterior they have a soft heart.

SIZE AND TYPE

Devron are Medium humanoids with the devron subtype.

SPACE-TURTLE SHELL

Devron has a shell that always hides and protects them. This natural armor has evolved over millennia to resist everything from the flames of their native fire-lizards to the deadly projectiles of their planet's frequent meteor storms. They gain a racial +2 bonus to their AC. In addition, when they fight defensively they receive a +3 bonus to AC (rather than a +2).

DEADPAN SNARKERS

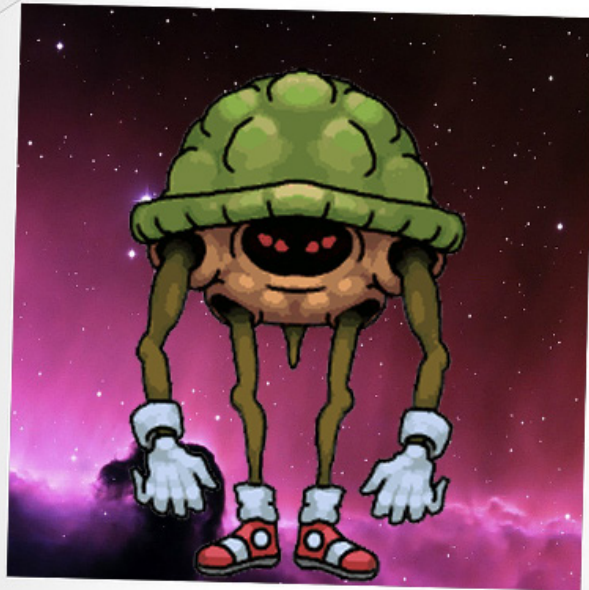
It's impossible to read the face of a Devron due to their artful application of hyper-sarcasm and... also the fact that they hide their faces in their shells. Devrons gain a racial +2 bonus on Bluff checks.

AMPHIBIOUS

Devron live in mucky mires and bogs and are at home in the water or mud. They gain a racial +4 bonus on Athletics checks made to swim and treat muddy or boggy terrain that causes altered movement as if it were normal terrain.

LOW-LIGHT VISION

Devron can see in dim light as if it were normal light.



Devron

PLAYING THE DEVRON

You likely...

- Think everyone is stupid and you are the smartest one in the room.
- Like to make sarcastic comments.
- Think AC is important.
- Would rather belittle a goblin than shoot it.

Other races probably...

- Are turned off by your abrasive personality.
- Wonder at your marvelous intelligence.
- Have a problem calling you "Cool Dave".
- Value your resourcefulness and ability to cut through formality to hard truths.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Lanky of limb and standing about 5 feet tall Devron spend their entire lives in their shells. While their ancestors resembles long-limbed turtle-dogs a cataclysmic shift in their environment caused them to literally retract into their shells. Their vital organs are all stored within the impregnable dome of armor and they do have a head in there.

It resembles a long-mussled turtle's face or perhaps a scaly dog's. Their limbs are rather weak but are quite articulate and can retract into their shell with the rest of their bodies. Devron sleep entirely encased in their shells out of a paranoid habit that once protected them from predators.

They are an amphibious species who used to live in muddy bogs and swamps. Their shells can be filled with air, causing them to float, and their feet are heavily webbed. They grew up on an inhospitable world and they have redundant organs to help them combat the vicious predators there.

HOMEWORLD

Devros IV is a cold, predator-filled, moist planet filled with an abundance of hearty life. It was once a paradise world, if not a little hot, where life flourished but a large meteor (actually a rogue dwarf planet) impacted it 2 million years ago. This destroyed it's moon, caused an ice age, and moved Devros IV into a slightly closer orbit-shifting the temperature. It's moon had been protecting Devros IV from meteor swarms and the planet began to be regularly pelted by sprays of rocks. Only the hardiest creatures flourished but, as they said, "life finds a way". Eventually the lowly bog-turtles climbs from their ponds and conquered the many beasts through their ingenuity.

The planet is now a cold (socially and physically) industrial planet and the seat of power for the "Impressive Devron Confederation Corporation". There are three things Devros IV is known for these days: smog, an abundance of dens of vice, and an immensely sarcastic and unhelpful local population backed by an even more ill-spirited bureaucratic government.

SOCIETY AND ALIGNMENT

"Everyone is horrible and you are worse." That's the answer you'd get from a Devron to the question "What do you think of the people at your birthday party?". These turtley tyrants are masters of the dreary, the sarcastic, the condescending, and the game of one-upmanship. They have literally made an artform out of it and the most popular televised sport is a form of insult-fighting called "Complementary Combat" where all the compliments you give are subversive and back-handed. You are docked points for being too obvious or not polite enough and awarded points for the bite and cynicism involved.

This sarcasm is, like their shell, a defensive mechanic. They keep people at arm's reach and thicken their skin against insults because they are really very emotionally vulnerable. They are actually always longing for friendships but are an emotionally underdeveloped species, incapable of showing real affection for each other (Devron courtships are... complex). No doubt some of this is because of their prodigious intelligence that alienates them from races that aren't their intellectual equals (or, as they put it, "blithering idiots").

Because of this most Devron shy away from their evil alignments. Most are neutral on one axis or another and few are chaotic.

RELATIONS

Devrons hate everybody and nobody get along with them unless one of the parties has something to gain. While they are part of the Pact Worlds the Impressive Devron Confederation Corporation is a small player and their loss would not be noticed on a galactic scale. However, the Devrons are an industrious and highly intelligent species and the goods they produce are known for their quality and meticulous attention to detail. They deal mostly through intermediaries who can stomach their distasteful personalities and are happen not to have to deal with others.

The Devron are ruled by the hyper-bureaucratic Impressive Devron Confederation Corporation. It's a nepotistic authoritarian government that controls all aspect of their lives but no one really listens to. Infractions are often settled with bribes, people are hired/fired from jobs entirely by who they know, and laws seem to be more a suggestion than a right. Basically it's a 12 billion person clique- if you are popular or a bully you can get away with anything and if you are meek then people will take advantage of you.

ADVENTURERS

There are many reasons for a Devron to go adventuring. Foremost among this is that they generally hate their own species and want to go somewhere where they are undisputedly the smartest person in the room (for the sake of their frail ego). Some go on trade missions, to settle new worlds or markets, or if they have developed an actual connection to another person (though they'd never actually admit that they liked their friend).

NAMES

Devron typically have a chosen name that they pick for themselves. Before they convince everyone to call themselves something they generally get a derisive name from their parent/friends like "runt", "shell-head", "shrimp", "mud-brains", etc. You can generally tell a Devron's status in society by what they can get away with calling themselves. A lowly one might only be able to get people to call them "Gassy" rather than something worse while a leader might be known as "Cool Dave, the Champion of the Tax Department". Advancement in society often come with a change of one's name.

*Remember- not related to
Earth turtles.*

*See also: Adolescent
Mutanicus Ninjacus
Testudines*

FROKE

+2 DEX, +2 CHA, -2 WIS
2 HP

The mighty Froke-Kaloon Empire spans star systems and many are the foes that have fallen to their wrath! Their... tiny... small... but still really really impressive wrath. Froke are only about a foot tall but mean as a pissed off scorpion. They work harder than anyone, are militantly loyal to a fault, and seem not to recognize that they are midgets- they just see everyone else as really big targets.

SIZE AND TYPE

Froke are Tiny humanoids with the Froke subtype.

FROKE CAMOUFLAGE

Froke have a natural camouflage that changes their skin color vaguely to that of their surroundings. Froke have a racial +2 bonus on Stealth checks.

LITTLE WARRIORS

Froke are vicious little buggers and tenacious to boot. They receive a racial +4 bonus to their AC to avoid attacks of opportunity caused by them trying to enter an opponent's square.

DARKVISION

Froke can see up to 60 feet in the dark.

SPRING-LOADED LEGS

Froke receive a +2 racial bonus on Athletics checks made to jump.

SIDEBAR: WHAT IMPLICATIONS DOES BEING TINY HAVE?

Creatures in Starfinder do not have an ability score adjustment due to their size category. The implications of a size category have to do with reach, threatened squares, speed, armor cost, weapon size, and carrying capacity. Tiny creatures have a natural reach of 0 feet (they have to move into their enemy's square to attack them, which provokes). A Froke uses a 30 foot movement speed. Tiny creatures that try to use standard weapons (which are sized for small and medium creatures) take a -4 penalty to attack rolls. A weapon can be made for them but it costs twice as much.



Froke

PLAYING THE FROKE

You likely...

- Are an insecure ball of rage and inadequacies.
- Love the idea of a good fight.
- Have a strong sense of personal loyalty.
- See yourself as bigger than your own skin.

Other races probably...

- Dismiss you because you are small.
- Dislike your anger and war-like tendencies.
- Value your combat experience.
- Laugh at you behind your back.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Despite it's size a Froke is easily as strong as any human due to their ultra-dense and efficient musculature. They have a craggy appearance, their hide is bumpy and rough to the touch. While not "wet" they have a soft moisture to their skin like a frog's. Their two bulbous eyes have three sets of lids; their thick and protective outer vertical ones, a second transparent horizontal one they use to swim, and a third irising translucent one that filters out UV radiation. This last one is closed most of the time due to their extremely sensitive eyes but opens in the dark to let in any small amount of light. They have dexterous, four-fingered, hands with wide finger tips that have scent glands on them; allowing them to smell with their fingers.

Their legs have an odd second set of muscles in their legs that allow them to leap great distances. This second set is permanently "cocked" and ready to jump, even while the main set of muscles is moving freely. This second set only unclenches while they are sleeping.

HOMEWORLD

Frokes grew up on the planet that no longer exists: Tribdar. In a war with a neighboring species, the giant snake-people known as the Kaldoon, they destroyed each other's planets with nuclear weapons. The Frokes and Kaldoon lived in space colonies for many years and eventually developed a working alliance. They conquered and colonized many worlds together before the Frokes killed the Kaldoon for some treachery (known as the "Great Kaldoon Betrayal"). The Frokes never recovered socially from this betrayal and, though they have joined the Pact Worlds they are always suspicious of every little sign of foul play on their part. It is worth noting that the systems under their command is still called the "Froke-Kaldoon Empire" and there is a single line of Kaldoons imprisoned somewhere lead by a similarly incarcerated puppet-emperor. This is because the Frokes always honor their word and their agreement with the Kaldoon stated that they could never harm the Kaldoon Emperor or his family.

SOCIETY AND ALIGNMENT

A Froke's word is it's bond and they will die before breaking a vow of honor. Still, they are not idiots and will always find ways around their agreements on technicalities if they find that it was made in bad faith (see the fate of the Kaldoon Emperor if you have any doubts...). However, they are generally loyal to a fault and will often draw up contracts or record their vows (if only for their own benefit). The entire Froke population is part of the military and the concept of not being part of a highly-structured military society is quite alien to them. Everything is done on behalf of the Froke-Kaldoon Empire and even adventurers or merchants are part of their military organization. They are highly socialistic with everything being owned by the state. They don't have offices, just officers and their highest level of government is a series of egalitarian joint-commanders panels on specific topic areas.

The Froke language has no positives. When expressing happiness they might say, "I am unsad" and when they speak other languages this odd linguistic tick tends to come up. They also lack a word for "military" because they never had an concept that the state could be separate from the military. They tend to use the phrase "un-war" or "un-stately" to describe civilian things.

Few Frokes are of good alignment but just as few are outright evil. They are overwhelmingly lawful in their disposition and a chaotic Froke is probably just one step away from being flogged for disobedience.

RELATIONS

The Froke-Kaldoon Empire is part of the Pact Worlds but they are a reluctant member who keeps the rest of the Pact Worlds at arm's length. They basically agree to not attack any Pact Worlds and to trade with them but they do froggy lip service to the rest of their obligations. They have a few systems under their control but they are far from the center of power and it can be months between official correspondences from their empire.

ADVENTURERS

Any adventuring Froke is doing so on behalf of the Froke-Kaldoon Empire. They don't really have any sort of conception of "freelancing" or "not working for the government" because that concept is just totally alien to them. They associate with non-Froke out of convenience, obligation, or if they think it could advance their society.

NAMES

Frokes have two part names that rhyme with "Froke". This is often preceded by a rank (galactic translation generally uses Earth naval ranks for comparison).

- Ensign Crindor-Croak
- Lt. Moak-Billywig
- Petty Officer First Class Thoke-Muldoon
- Chief Petty Officer Trig-Choke
- Captain Yoke Blitzer

GRON

+2 STR, +2 WIS, -2 DEX
6 HP

Hunchbacked desert dwellers, the Gron have lived most of their lives on planets deemed too harsh for survival. Strong and stubborn, they make a point of finding the most inhospitable places and trying to colonize them, just they can say everyone else is too soft.

SIZE AND TYPE

Gron are Medium humanoids with the Gron subtype.

DROMPHA SURVIVOR

The harsh environment of the Gron homeworld Drompha has toughened the Gron. Gron have electricity resistance 5 and fire resistance 5. Additionally, Gron are comfortable at temperatures up to 115 degrees (severe heat).

STORM-EATER

The Gron possess a natural ability to store small amounts of energy, and feed on electrical energy. Whenever a Gron takes electrical damage, it is fed as though it had just eaten a trail ration. Additionally, once per day a Gron may restore 1 charge to a held battery as a move action.

PLAYING THE GRON

You likely...

- Enjoy challenging yourself against harsh environments and tough opponents.
- Worry about others not being able to handle themselves when in danger.
- Are perfectly at home around sparking faulty equipment.
- See everyone else as small, timid, and unwilling to risk harsh environments.

Other races probably...

- Find it weird that you eat raw electricity.
- Are grateful for your contributions and aid, but less so your constant unrequested advice.
- Eventually get tired of your constant grumpy attitude.
- See you as reliable and hard-working.



Gron

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

The Gron are hulking black-skinned humanoids who stand nearly 7 feet tall on average. Their camel-like heads extend nearly a foot out in front of their body, supported by a shaggy muscular neck. Their thick hair, resembling fur on some individuals, ranges from deep violets to an almost neon hue. With their head jutting out in front, a large bulbous hump resides where a human's head would be. This red hump serves as a natural capacitor organ, allowing the Gron to absorb and store small amounts of electrical energy. The organ has naturally evolved to attract electricity away from the rest of the body, to instead strike the hump, where it may be absorbed more safely.

An interesting (or startling) side-effect of the capacitor organ is that the Gron are able to feed of electrical discharges, be it a natural lightning bolt or the spark of a faulty wire. While they can absorb the discharge at any point, recently the Gron have developed a taste for batteries they like stick a battery in their mouth to suck on the charge like hard candy. A common 'game' that has sprung up among traveling Gron is to do this in the presence of non-Gron, who are often bewildered at the behavior.

HOMEWORLD

The Gron are from Drompha; a large desert planet, with constant powerful lightning storms that cover miles. The Gron live in mining communities carved into the sides of sheltering cliffs and mountainsides, collecting water from the storms and farming the few robust plants that can grow in the inhospitable wastes. While not excessively skilled in technical terms, the sheer determination to not let the planet kill them eventually drove the Gron to develop interplanetary travel. On joining the galactic community, the Gron were surprised to discover that Drompha had been passed over as incapable of being colonized by several other races. The reaction to the news was mixed; some Gron took offense to being overlooked, while most took the view that it meant the rest of the galaxy is too soft and needs the Gron to handle the tough stuff.

SOCIETY AND ALIGNMENT

In the eyes of the Gron, a community stands or falls on the base of its weakest member. This means it is the responsibility of the strong and tough to look after the weak. To this end, the Gron have made a culture out of trying to survive the worst places imaginable. They see this as a way of 'shielding' someone weaker from dying there, and many Gron enjoy bragging about the inhospitable places they've lived or visited. Their central government still resides of Drompha, collecting mining reports from various colonies and making sure vital supplies reach colonists before it's too late.

Otherwise, the government tends to be very hands-off about the affairs of the Gron, only stepping in when a colony suffers a major disaster.

Gron do have a bit of an attitude problem; their constant self-inflicted battle with the environment has left them with a gruff no-nonsense worldview and a tendency to complain about luxury. This isn't so much a dislike of luxury as it is a way of bragging; the Gron will always punctuate how worthless a luxury is by comparing it to their own hardship. Still, generations of survival has led to plenty of insight into how to handle bad environments, and the Gron are happy to expound survival tactics with anyone who will listen (and anyone who won't, they aren't picky). Despite the gruff demeanor, very few Gron are outright evil. Their belief in strength through community means that most Gron are good aligned, or at worst neutral.

RELATIONS

Gron are generally seen as permanently grumpy old men and women full of unwanted advice and opinions. This is largely true, but ignores the underlying compassion the Gron feel for most of the galaxy. Seeing themselves as one of the toughest races of The Pact, they have taken it upon themselves to deal with the worst planets nobody else could survive on. Anyone who looks past the gruff exterior of the Gron soon finds a race full of community spirit.

ADVENTURERS

Gron go on adventures to prove themselves; the chance to test themselves against harsh new worlds and strange new enemies is often a powerful lure for a Gron. Other times Gron go on adventures to look after another creature they worry about. Gron, with their strength and toughness, make natural soldiers, while their experience with manipulating energy makes Gron mystics a sight to behold.

NAMES

Gron prefer shorter names, often using names with only one syllable. Male names tend toward a 'consonant-vowel-consonant' pattern, while female names normally use a 'consonant-h-vowel' pattern. Common male names include "Tah", "Ruk", "Ahud", and "Jak", while some common female names are "Jha", "Fhe", "Xhi", and "Ghii".

KATZBALDER

+2 INT, +2 CHA, -2 CON
4 HP

Their brilliance knows no bounds! Each of them is a master tactician!

Their plans light fires in the hearts of men! And yet... they are powerfully lazy. Katzbalder are masters of delegation, cohesion, and getting people things for them. They never pay for a bill, never do their own laundry, but with them around-things get done twice as fast for half the cost so no one seems to mind.

SIZE AND TYPE

Katzbalder are Medium humanoids with the Katzbalder subtype.

DELEGATION

A katzbalder is great at motivating people... to do something they don't want to do themselves (which is everything, if they can help it). And, to be fair, they've made an art out of helping as supervisors. All allies who can see and hear a katzbalder gain a +2 bonus on all Aid Another checks. Katzbalder never benefit from this and always takes a -2 penalty on Aid Another checks.

MANAGER

The genius of the katzbalder is that, while they are brilliant, they are brilliant managers. They gain a racial +2 bonus on Culture, Bluff, Diplomacy, and Intimidate checks if the check would directly result in them getting someone else to do something for them.

LOW-LIGHT VISION

Katzbalder can see in dim light as if it were normal light.

TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE

Despite their unwillingness to do manual labor, Katzbalder are actually natural geniuses at technical skills. They gain a racial +2 bonus on Computer and Engineering checks made to repair things.



PLAYING THE KATZBALDER

You likely...

- Would rather delegate things that don't interest you.
- Love technology and puzzles.
- Find ways around problems rather than confronting them head on.
- Have great social skills.

Other races probably...

- Value your managerial skills.
- Dislike your laziness.
- Think you are a little greedy.
- Like your social skills.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

A Katzbalder stands about a head shorter than a human and have corpulent features. These shaggy, feline, humanoids often have a pronounced gut or at least a little extra weight on them due to their relaxed lifestyle. A long tail drags behind them; at one point in their history they could move it by now it just kind of twitches, unable to move it's great weight. They have ears that can turn almost 360 degrees and intelligent eyes that seem to penetrate one to their core. They speak with a reasonable, metropolitan, cadence, and are never seen without their finest on.

HOMEWORLD

Katzbalder Prime is a urban pleasure-world of temperate climate where academia and opalescence go hand-in-hand. Their many prestigious academies are right next to casinos, famous entertainment venues, and restaurants. They are as modern as modern can be and have a booming space-port in orbit. The Katzbalders own several other metropolis-planets and have envoys on almost every world in the Pact.

SOCIETY AND ALIGNMENT

A modern Katzbalder will delegate or outsource anything they aren't interested in. They are exceptionally good at this and have made a name for themselves based on their ability to act as the "connective tissue" among many organizations. You can always trust a Katzbalder to get a job done up to the highest level of technical perfection but you have to go in accepting the fact that they will assign much of it away (and may not even touch it themselves). They prefer to spend most of their days lounging about and thinking- not on anything in particular but just cogitating on matters that interest them while indulging in luxuries.

Their government is a hyper-efficient, capitalistic, representative democracy that uses a unique currency. The main currency on Katzbalder Prime is time. Governmental AIs evaluate a project's value in time and assigns a currency value to it. So one's time is literally their money.

Time can be bought and sold through transitional mediums like credits or trade goods. When dealing with outsiders, Katzbalder often simply translate time to credits. As the value of one's time fluctuates with one's skill and the availability of one's time (demand) the value of your time can increase and decrease. Many time-saving methods and services (such as instant food delivery) were pioneered on Katzbalder Prime as a result.

RELATIONS

Katzbalder are the go-betweens for many Pact Worlds. In an odd way their lethargy compels them to efficiency and other races recognize their as a valuable asset when it comes to a good technician. Katzbalder can be a bit of a social loaf if not properly motivated and some more energetic species dislike them for this. While their genius and technical prowess is ever present, they take the path of least resistance. For example, despite having the technology level required to get off planet they didn't develop space travel until they bought the technology off a passing race. Katzbalder also have a tendency to lie or try to wriggle out of debts if they aren't interested in a project to some races have a hard time trusting them.

ADVENTURERS

Many Katzbalder find themselves employed by off world groups as managers. Many are officers in the military, ship captains, merchant company owners, or diplomats. They fall very easily into the life of an adventurer where riches can be one quickly and things like "rules" seem to be mere suggestions. Katzbalder excel at developing unexpected plans.

NAMES

A Katzbalder name is a point of pride. They have long names that consist of four parts: their "formal name" (picked by their parent), their "personal name" (chosen by them), their "namesake" (the formal name of an ancestor or person of prestige, chosen by their parents), and their "family name". In informal conversation a Katzbalder only uses their personal name.

Some examples are:

- Damian Ruddgar Belicoff Kryukov ("Ruddgar")
- Nikita Kuddo Wikmire Alexandrov ("Kuddo")
- Antje Mariker Duffo Pfeffer ("Mariker")
- Claudia Jenkin Resplendia Abend ("Jenkin")

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