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## A NOTE ON VIEWING

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[View > Page Display > Two Page View](#)

[View > Page Display > Show Cover Page in Two Page View](#)

While you can turn on Two Page View in most **web browsers**, we don't recommend doing so because the browsers may not display the layout correctly by failing to recognize the cover as a separate page.

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# EDITOR'S LETTER

By Nevah Surindi

Two hands clasp in a rainbow beam of light. Photo by cottonbro from Pexels

When I first conceived of the Queerfinder Society, I must confess I wasn't in a great place. I had just discovered I was a changeling, a child born of hags. After years indulging my wanderlust, seeing the most amazing places and meeting the most incredible people, that one fact threw my entire reality into doubt. Who was I, really, and how much of my personality was me?

This existential crisis extended to parts of me that you wouldn't think merited questioning. Was my love of drag a manifestation of my heritage? Did I choose to stop eating meat solely as a form of rebellion against who I subconsciously feared I was becoming? Was my extroversion and inherent trust of strangers actually just a mechanism to fulfill my mother's plan?

It took years of soul-searching and feeling painfully isolated to come to the same conclusion that I suspect many of you, dear readers, have also realized: it doesn't matter. Whether we were born this way or shaped by society, we are who we are; our feelings are real and our existence is valid. While we each have to learn to accept ourselves in our own way, I desperately wished I had someone who had walked the same path before me so I could follow their footsteps and know I wasn't entirely lost.

That is what the Queerfinder Society is about. I believe that as important as it is to embrace our identities—who we are and who we love—queerness is about more than that; it's about embracing the outcasts and the lost, the minorities who feel they have nowhere to go, the isolated reaching out for any helping hand. It's about community, finding families that transcend blood or creed or nationality. It's about taking any suffering or fear we've felt and channeling it in a positive way to do everything in our power to ensure others don't have to feel the same way.

It's about love.

In case you haven't heard of the Queerfinder Society before, our mission is to explore Golarion and reach out to

any who identify as queer or need help because of who they are. I founded the Society with the goal anyone who feels alone or helpless has a safe place to go. While we're based in Absalom, our mission and members extend across the world and even into other worlds.

Launching a periodical has always been one of our goals to better spread the knowledge we've acquired. In these pages you'll learn about queer-friendly locations, mentors, and events. As you might suspect, I am all about safety first when traveling. We'll highlight welcoming places that meet our criteria for inclusivity as well as people you can turn to for aid if needed. We hope that you'll also give back whenever possible, offering assistance to those you meet on your travels. If a problem is too great for you alone, there should be a Queerfinder lodge nearby you can contact for support!

I'm so proud of the work our team has produced for this inaugural issue, which ended up being so much content we'll be releasing more issues to complete our coverage in the coming months! In these initial issues, we'll focus on queer spaces in Absalom, winter traditions that take place during the winter solstice and subsequent months, and introductions to the core Queerfinder team and how you can join our Society.

So I hope you enjoy the articles we've produced and have fun experiencing all the colorful places and people we cover. We're always open to feedback on how *Queerfinder* can better serve you and have partnered with the folks at The Gallant Goblin Tavern & Inn to aggregate your comments. You can direct your letters to the address: [thegallantgoblin@gmail.com](mailto:thegallantgoblin@gmail.com)

In the meantime, celebrate yourself as much as the new year! Be proud of who you are and know that you are loved.

Queerly yours,

*Nevah Surindi*

Nevah Surindi  
Society Leader &  
Editor in Chief



# Vanderripped PICKLED FISH





# Making Waves

UP AND COMING HERO GRISTLE VANDERRIPPED JR.  
KICKS OFF A NEW YEAR BY LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

Profile By **Elham Pashra** | Interview By **Year Round Light**



**G**ristle Vanderripped Jr. may be new to the big city, but she likely isn't new to our readers. Known as one of the heroes of Otari, she's been making waves on the Isle of Kortos and beyond. Rest assured though that no trouble is afoot this winter in Absalom—it's commerce that brings her to The Coins! The Vanderripped Pickled Fish stand is part of this year's solstice and Foundation Day festivities. The delicacy may sound niche to goblins, but the flavor profile is surprisingly rich with a blend of sweetness and different spices depending on the variety. Put it on toast, add some Vanderripped homemade sauces, and you have a recipe for lines down the block!

Queerfinder's gossip columnist, Year Round Light, is such a big fan of Gristle that they were willing to transform from sunflower to moonflower and stay up late to catch her after closing time. Lightly edited for length, our leshy correspondent's exclusive interview with the Merch in Shining Armor dishes on both her business and adventuring plans!

**Above:** Pickled anchovies served with olive dip. Photo by Storyblocks

**Opposite page:** Gristle welcomes visitors to the Vanderripped Pickled Fish Stand. Photo by and of Michelle Nguyen Bradley, illustration by Enrique De Vera at penji.co

**Below:** A drizzle of mustard vinaigrette can really make the pickled fish's flavor pop! Photo by Gonzalo Mendiola from Pexels



**YEAR ROUND LIGHT:** Mon dew, Gristle, you shine as bright as the sun in that armor! You better be careful or Shelyn's paladins will be swarming you for polishing tips. But enough about my fascinations! You are clearly destined for glory, so what stellar plan brings you to Absalom? Why pickled fish and why now?

**GRISTLE:** Fish are essential to any adventurer's daily regime for a PUNCH of protein to build bulging muscles, and the fishiest oils of the sea to keep your hair and armor glossy as can be. And in pickled form, fish are as easy as can be to transport and store for years and years! Pickled fish travels a lot better than regular fish, you'd be surprised to find!

It occurred to me that other adventurers may not know the bountiful merits of pickled fish, so I decided to make my way to this Absalom celebration to spread the word on the merits of the Vanderipped secret ingredient to being the best adventurer you can be.

**YEAR ROUND LIGHT:** Ah, what a beacon you are! Now everything I've heard about your parents makes them sound absolutely precious. We love happy families in the Queerfinder Society. What are they like? How did they guide your growth into the person you are today?

**GRISTLE:** Well, my fathers Gristle Senior and Brick have always wanted me to be in the pickling business, but as I grew to the impressive portions you see before you, I decided to use my muscles for the good of the people of Otari. Surely someone of my strength and tactical know-how is destined for great things, right?

Anyway, my fathers reluctantly let me train, and of course, I went on to become the LEADER of the great band of adventurers in Otari. My fathers are not too far away from our headquarters, so we are able to visit frequently. We give away samples of pickled fish on our adventures to promote their business as well! It's a great conversation starter, what can I say?

**YEAR ROUND LIGHT:** So pretend I am a new customer who has never had pickled fish before. Oh, what am I saying? I haven't had pickled fish before. What do you



recommend? Are there any secret recipes we should know about?

**GRISTLE:** You are in luck, as I just happen to have a sampler pack of our new products right here! Our latest creation is the pickled CRAB. I know, I know, we are a FISH family first and foremost (try saying that three times fast), but the benefits of eating a whole tiny pickled crab are also not to be missed! CALCIUM is the powerhouse of the... skeleton? The... brain? Something like that. It's GREAT for warriors and thinkers alike!

My second favorite would have to be the quick pickled anchovies. They're small enough to pop in your mouth whole while you ride off to battle!

**YEAR ROUND LIGHT:** Quick, lightning round question! If you could go anywhere in the world as an adventurer, where would you go first?

**GRISTLE:** The world is vast, and although I have managed to visit the bustling center of Absalom this week, it has but started a fire in me to travel to more places far and wide. I believe the seas are calling to me next. To the Inner Sea and beyond to the High Seas, one day! Though it may be difficult to bring Porkchop (my faithful steed), I fear.

**YEAR ROUND LIGHT:** Now let us look to the future. The era of Gristle Vanderripped Jr. is dawning! What do you hope to accomplish next?

**GRISTLE:** I do love Otari and our booming business there, but I think my destiny lies in adventuring across the great expanse of this world, fighting evil wherever it may arise. Also, it surprises me to no end that not everyone is aware of how DELICIOUS and ESSENTIAL pickled fish are! I must spread the word!

**YEAR ROUND LIGHT:** I know it's late, so just one final question: are we best friends yet? We must be besties. Where you lead, I will follow. When you are toe-to-toe with Valeros as Golarion's iconic fighter, I will have all the dirt on him.

**GRISTLE:** Haha, I will allow you to become my new number one fan. My intern, Waverly, will send you a fanclub card in the post. Now can I interest you in a variety pack of pickled smelts to bring home to the family?



**Above:** Fresh caught fish at a market in Otari near where Gristle grew up, photo by Mumtahina Tanni from Pexels

**Far left:** A house on stilts in a fishing camp overlooking the sea near Gristle's home, photo by Erik Mclean from Pexels

**Left:** Gristle trains her swordfighting skills on a beach near her home. Photo by and of Michelle Nguyen Bradley, background from Storyblocks

**Below:** An Otari man retrieves a fishing net. Photo by Quang Nguyen Vinh from Pexels



## PICKLED PICKS: TRY THESE VANDERRIPPED ITEMS

### FISHING GUIDE BOOK

ITEM 3

**Price** 30 gp

**Hands** 2; **Bulk** 1

Bound in leather and printed on waterproof sheets, this book contains illustrations and detailed descriptions of all the fish found along the shores of the Isle of Kortos along with instructions on catching them. It also describes the construction of fishing equipment, from the weaving of nets and traps to the best wood to use for fishing rods to how different lures work to attract different types of fish. Colorful language unique to Otari fishers and Vanderripped family anecdotes help keep the text interesting and give it a unique flavor. This book grants a +1 item bonus to Fishing Lore checks. Consulting this book before fishing on the same day grants a +1 item bonus to checks to fish.

### FISH OIL

ITEM 1

**CONSUMABLE** **MAGICAL** **OIL** **TRANSMUTATION**

**Price** 10 gp

**Usage** held in 1 hand; **Bulk** L

**Activate** ➔ Interact

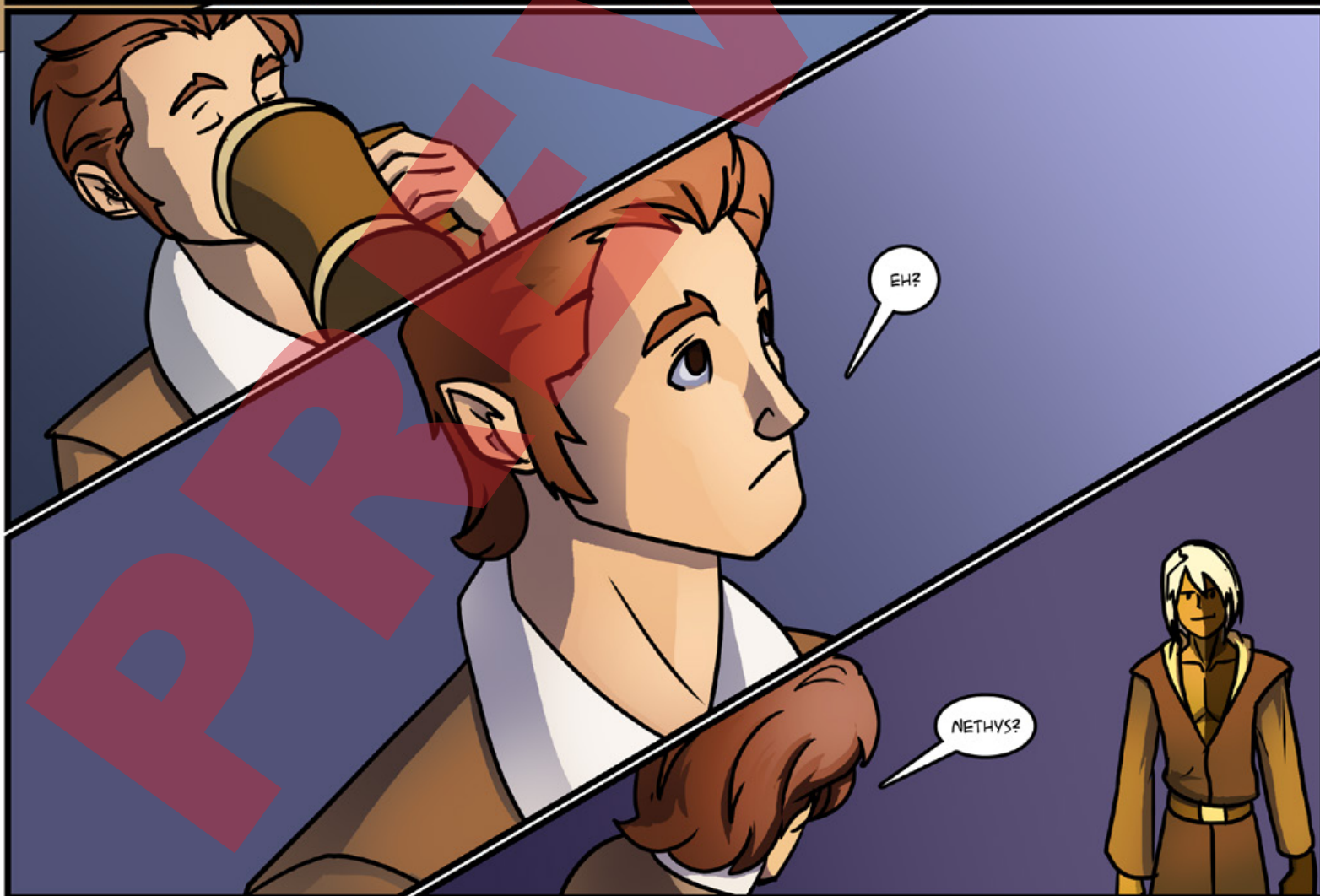
It's a hair tonic, it's an armor buffer! A little goes a long way with this pure fish oil. It has a golden hue that seems to glow and is distilled from whole fresh-caught fish. Each small vial doesn't look like much but is enough to coat any hairdo or an entire piece of armor. When you apply this oil to your hair, it temporarily heals split ends and provides a humidity-proof shield to each and every strand, granting you a particularly disarming look that gives a +1 item bonus to attempts to Make an Impression and Lie. When applied to metal armor, it temporarily transforms the armor into +1 resilient armor. Both these effects last for 2 minutes.



# How Cayden Met Nethys

A magical romance  
story written  
and drawn by  
MicahDraws

ABSALOM CITY,  
THE IVY DISTRICT  
4721 AR



# 541 Lodevico Street

By Alison Cybe a lodging house in Absalom

Constructed over 350 years ago, the lodge house which now occupies 541 Lodevico Street has a multifaceted history equal to the diversity of its occupants. Originally commissioned by Waylon Maelwyn, an elvish immigrant to Absalom who had made a small fortune working as a merchant, the property was constructed initially as a tavern (a function which is still evident from the architectural structure of the building's ground floor), an investment into which Maelwyn plied his wealth in the hopes of reaping ongoing profit.

Eventually more businesses established themselves into the region and, before long, Maelwyn's family found the tavern no longer returned their investment. By the time the property passed down to Waylon's granddaughter, it had gained the reputation of being perpetually unprofitable. The Maelwyn family ultimately auctioned the property, whereupon the Pathfinder Society purchased it with the intent of establishing an additional lodge. The organization undertook extensive work to the building's upper story, restructuring many of the rooms; however as the Society's power waxed and waned over time, they were eventually forced to abandon the property as they consolidated their forces.

The property remained unoccupied for several decades, eventually gaining the reputation of being haunted. People told stories of strange sounds echoing in the night, peculiar lights shimmering behind boarded-up windows, and ghastly noises. This rumour was eventually dispelled by an enterprising gnome, Elma Fenwhistle, who hired a group of aspiring adventurers to investigate the tales. After gaining ingress into the decaying structure, the adventurers discovered the basement of the building had been occupied by a group of kobold squatters who regularly hosted elaborate parties in the building's disused cellar, a tradition which still lasts to this day.

Elma Fenwhistle was able to purchase the property at a discounted rate due to the rumours of its haunted nature, thanks to the kobolds. She soon entered into discussion with them and eventually reached an agreement whereby, in return for their aid in redeveloping the building, their rambunctious parties would continue to this day. Fenwhistle's aim with the former tavern was simple: to turn it into a lodging house catering for her growing found family and their fellow members of the queer community in Absalom.

Partiers crowd into 541 Lodevico Street's cellar to dance the night away amidst Gib-bra Kaba's unique light show, photo by Kajetan Sumila from Unsplash







## LAYOUT

### A1. BAR AND EATERY AREA

As the lodge house runs at a largely discounted rate for the residents, those who stay here are requested to help out in the running of the eatery. The dining area was the idea of Nipsy, who takes great pride in arranging the best menu options. This area includes three tables for quieter dining away from the stage and five large tables near the stage. The bar area hosts a fine array of beverages, many of which have been brewed by Nipsy himself; although customers tend to balk at the goblin's attempts at home brewing!

### A2. KITCHEN

This is the domain of Kinga, and she rules over it with an iron gauntlet (or at least, an iron rolling pin). She is exceptionally proud of the delicacies that are prepared for sale in the eatery, which boasts a large wood-burning stove. In recent years, Kinga's efforts to modernise the kitchen have expanded, pushing several of the older and more outdated cookery appliances into the storeroom behind the bar, much to Nipsy's dismay and irritation.

Two unisex bathrooms are upstairs as well as additional bathrooms outside.

### A3. STAGE

A recent addition to the lodge, the stage was constructed under the supervision of Silvandra when they felt the eatery needed to provide more than simple space for bards to entertain their customers. The oak-wood stage dominates the southern wall of the ground floor, with a large blue glittery curtain. A single pair of wooden steps mount the stage, and the performers can leave the stage via a back-door which leads to three dressing rooms. These rooms were constructed as offices when the Pathfinder Society refurbished the property many decades prior, and since the property has been redeveloped as a lodging house they have been the site of many romantic (and non-romantic) trysts.

### A4. STABLES

Having since collapsed since the days when the building functioned as a tavern, Elma was convinced to rebuild the stables for the convenience of her residents. The stables has three pens and two water troughs.





Illustration by Enrique De Vera at penji.co

A Queer Bars Feature By **Fabulus**

**O**pen a storybook and be transported to another world, or at least forget your troubles for a time. That's the promise of this popup pub, owned by its eponymous two princes, Prince Calavan and Prince Sir Stuffingtoes. They take turns each morning preparing to open: one carries the magical book containing this literal popup to its home for the day while the other works inside, preparing ingredients for meals and drinks.

At the top of the hour, as clocktower bells ring and the sun's morning rays illuminate the day's chosen plaza, it feels as though the whole world is announcing the pub's opening. A crowd gathers to watch as though it's a holy ceremony. One of the princes sets the book on the ground and speaks the command phrase:

“ONCE UPON A TIME...”





The bar's regular patrons enjoy light evening drinks and meals at The Pair of Princes Poppel Popup Pub, illustration by Ben Joah

in their travels, the leather cover of the book felt soft. It seemed to breathe between his fingers, as though it had been holding its breath and could now relax.

The other prince took his hands, supporting them in the same way they held up the book. The pair of princes opened their book together, and from its pages sprang a home. They would settle here, and though the decision concluded one chapter of their lives, it was the beginning of another.

When someone closes the book, it shrinks back to handheld size and traps anyone inside the pub. The pub remains an intact

structure, sharing the environmental conditions of the book's surroundings, but the book's pages become walls and the area is in darkness. Anyone inside who succeeds at a DC 30 Athletics check to push against the pages, or who speaks the command phrase, "Once upon a time," can reopen the book provided it isn't being held shut by an object or creature and is in a space large enough to accommodate its 70-foot-by-50-foot area and 15-foot height.

To prevent thieves from absconding with the pub, it is tied down to the street with four ropes, one at each corner of the pub. These ropes must be broken or destroyed before the book





# Harpy Holidays

## Spirits, Songs, and Skeletons

By Dr. Whiskers the Sure-Pawed

**G**reetings and salutations, my loyal literati! I hope that the wintry chill winding its way down from Irrisen has found you wrapped tightly in your wollipped blankets, drinking flame-drenched applejack in front of a roaring fire or otherwise gallivanting in the snow, icicles crunching underfoot, playing Tip the Emperor Stag! For my part, I ventured high into the Kortos Mountains accompanied only — as usual — by my wife Sandriel and our trusty elk Baxtholomew. Our purpose? To discern what the elusive and deadly harpies do for their wintry festivities. What we found, dear reader, will shock, amaze, and delight you!

### NO BONES ABOUT IT

High atop the snowy Kortos peaks, songs of harpy flocks soar as if carried by the boreal lights. Winter is absolutely the best time to visit the harpy flocks of Kortos, for their typically pungent piles of carrion freeze over, trapping in the scent. Harpy chicks decorate these frigid flesh piles in rotten clothing and hats, then sing songs about their creations and make a game of attacking them from increasingly high peaks. A common song sung by harpy chicks is:




---

*Frigid man, frigid man  
Come get eat!  
Frigid man, frigid man  
Smells like meat!  
Frigid man, frigid man  
Got no nose!  
Frigid man, frigid man  
Eat his toes!*

---

Adolescent —and immature adult— harpies have a much more fascinating method of utilizing their carrion piles. In an event called Chilly Bones, they dress up one harpy in the humanoid bones and go in a group to the neighboring villages singing songs, drinking bloodberry gin and whiskey, and destroying the homes of anyone who fails to respond to their musical salutations.

A note, dear readers, that I attempted repeatedly to ascertain if our fine feathered friends truly clad themselves in the bones of humans or elves to no avail. Regardless, Sandriel and I were invited to attend a night of Chilly Bones, in which we remained strict observers. Not participants. In fact, do not think for a moment, dear readers, that I, Dr. Whiskers the Sure-Pawed would ever dream of engaging in the types of raucous chicanery these juvenile birdfolk engaged in. Not on your nine



**Above:** A homeowner living outside Absalom's walls greets a quartet of harpy youth playing Chilly Bones while confused neighbors across the street wake from being stunned by their harpy song to assess what's been stolen from their residence, illustration by Jen Fowler  
**Title illustration:** Harpy art by David Shaw from Pixabay, musical notes by OpenClipart-Vectors from Pixabay, and beer bottle by Clier-Free-Vector-Images from Pixabay

lives! We stayed in the back, as good reporters do, and observed our subjects with diligence and discretion.

### CHILLY BONES AND WARM SPIRITS

Foreigner that I am, I assumed the Wearer of the Bones (sometimes called the Bone Maiden) would be determined by musical prowess or perhaps vote. Instead, the young harpies hovered in a circle at shoulder height, imbibing





# Somewhere over the Rainbow

By Sandriel

Everyone has heard of the Test of the Starstone. It's the ultimate undertaking, literally for most who attempt it, one that requires a level of confidence that can only be considered foolish... unless, of course, you come out of it a god. Then it certainly looks like it was a good bet, but that's why elves have the saying, "Hindsight is for those who aren't dead."

What has been very unheard of lately is a different type of trip through the Starstone Cathedral, one significantly less holy but also less hole-making for your constitution. It's never been a secret, really, but those in the know try not to broadcast it for fear of encouraging the fools. If you really need to know, well, the gods find a way for you to learn.

But today we're busting this secret wide open because you, my dear queer, are not a fool, right? You know better than to risk sitting through the fundraising song of someone who can shatter glass with her voice.

For those who aren't seeking to become a god, there's an alternate way of entering the Starstone Cathedral which triggers a different experience. If you wish to become a god, the cathedral becomes hostile to you, turning into a shifting maze of rooms filled with all sorts of deadly traps designed to keep most from even reaching the starstone.

But if you enter the cathedral with no intention of touching the starstone and taking its test, Aroden left a gift for humble supplicants. The building

instead greets you with a series of relatively harmless rooms that guide you through visions of your future. It was his parting gift to humanity and a promise of his return.

Now of course, we all know Aroden broke his promise—typical human, had to go and die instead. But that actually worked out well in this case because the visions you see are no longer a prophecy. In the era of Lost Omens, your future is wide open. What you experience is a *possible future*, one that could still come true if you work for it but also one you can change if you don't like what you see. It's a guide post, an indication of a likelihood based on the state of the world in the present. It's knowledge, the greatest and most dangerous gift of all.





The skeletal troupe dances through the street, illustration by Clier-Free-Vector-Images from W

### PRECIPICE SKELETAL TROUBADOUR (2)

CREATURE 1

**CE** **MEDIUM** **MINDLESS** **SKELETON** **UNDEAD**

**Perception** +7; darkvision

**Skills** Acrobatics +6, Athletics +6

**Str** +3, **Dex** +3, **Con** +1, **Int** -5, **Wis** +3, **Cha** +1

**Sitebound** The skeletal troubadour is bound to its parade route through the Precipice Quarter and can move no farther than 120 feet from it.

**Rejuvenation** When the skeletal troubadour is destroyed, it re-forms after 2d4 days within the location it's bound to, fully healed, at the same time as its ghostly acrobat Grand Marshal. The skeletal troubadour can be permanently destroyed only if its ghostly acrobat Grand Marshal is put to rest.

**Items** crossbow (10 bolts), leather armor, broken lute, poetry book, rapier

**AC** 15; **Fort** +4, **Ref** +10, **Will** +7

**HP** 19 (negative healing, rejuvenation); **Immunities** death effects, disease, mental, paralyzed, poison, unconscious; **Resistances** cold 5, electricity 5, fire 5, piercing 5, slashing 5

**Speed** 25 feet

**Melee** ♦ rapier +7 (deadly 1d8, disarm, finesse), **Damage** 1d6+2 piercing

**Melee** ♦ claw +7 (agile), **Damage** 1d6+2 piercing

**Melee** ♦ jaws +7, **Damage** 1d6+3 piercing

**Ranged** ♦ crossbow +7 (range increment 120 feet, reload 1), **Damage** 1d8+4 piercing

**Occult Innate Spells** DC 14, attack +6; **1st** *color spray*, *haunting hymn*; **cantrips (1st)** *ghost sound*, *mage hand*

**Screaming Skull** ♦♦ (auditory, emotion, fear, mental) The skeletal troubadour removes its skull and throws it, making a jaws attack with a range of 20 feet. It then attempts to Demoralize each foe within 10 feet of the target. The head rolls back, returning to the skeleton at the start of its next turn. The skeleton is blind until then.

### PRECIPICE SKELETAL DANCER (6)

CREATURE 1

**CE** **MEDIUM** **MINDLESS** **SKELETON** **UNDEAD**

**Perception** +7; darkvision

**Skills** Acrobatics +7, Athletics +7

**Str** +3, **Dex** +4, **Con** +1, **Int** -5, **Wis** +1, **Cha** +1

**Sitebound** The skeletal dancer is bound to its parade route through the Precipice Quarter and can move no farther than 120 feet from it.

**Rejuvenation** When the skeletal dancer is destroyed, it re-forms after 2d4 days within the location it's bound to, fully healed, at the same time as its ghostly acrobat Grand Marshal. The skeletal dancer can be permanently destroyed only if its ghostly acrobat Grand Marshal is put to rest.

**Items** dagger (3), jewelry (worth 10 gp)

**AC** 16; **Fort** +4, **Ref** +10, **Will** +4

**HP** 19 (negative healing, rejuvenation); **Immunities** death effects, disease, mental, paralyzed, poison, unconscious; **Resistances** cold 5, electricity 5, fire 5, piercing 5, slashing 5

**Speed** 25 feet

**Melee** ♦ clawed foot +7 (agile, finesse), **Damage** 1d6+2 slashing

**Melee** ♦ dagger +7 (agile, finesse, versatile S), **Damage** 1d6+2 piercing

**Ranged** ♦ dagger +7 (agile, thrown 10 feet, versatile S), **Damage** 1d6+2 piercing

**Horriying Dance** ♦ (Frequency once per round) The skeletal dancer Strides up to its Speed. Once during this movement, when the dancer is adjacent to a creature, it can make that creature attempt a DC 17 Will save. On a failure, a creature becomes frightened 1 (or frightened 2 on a critical failure). On a success, a creature is temporarily immune to this skeletal dancer's Horriying Dance for 1 minute.