

*Qwilion of Questhaven,*

*You have done my people a great service, establishing an Outreach in your grand city of Questhaven. You have requested a summary of the history of immickers in return, and while we tend to be secretive regarding such delicate information, my enclave has given their blessing regarding my penning this.*

*As an aside, thank you for spending so much time with me. Your shape shall prove useful, if you have access to as many resources as you claim. Think of it as an additional wage for this knowledge.*

*Gratefully Yours,  
Limb of Underdwelling*

### Introduction

Some are afraid of goblins; others fear the Sbogeyman that lurks in the closet. People are so frightened of the outside world that they feel themselves forced to trust one another. After all, family and friends can be trusted. This sentiment is naive and sentimental in the extreme. We thrive on that notion, that only one person has that certain appearance you trust. While we mean you no harm (in some cases, depending on your definition), all we desire to do is be faceless. We are who we are, and who we are is everyone else. We are the immickers, and we are among you.

The origin of our people is disputed by many who are on the outside of our culture. Some believe that we are a bizarre arcane experiment gone wrong (or perhaps right). Others are of the theory that we were shaped by the chaotically attuned planes, to be able to morph ourselves into infinite forms. The truth is honestly nowhere between the two, nor is it anywhere else by your kind's reckoning. We do not know of our own origin. Our lives are so short and we acquire so much of other races' cultures; as a result, we have little of our own. There are particular social guidelines, of course, as well as certain customs that are respected among ourselves; however, when we immerse ourselves in our identities of choice, we lose a bit of ourselves. Most, if not all, of us exult in this challenge. It's only natural, after all, for a race of duplicates to want to find something in others that they do not possess themselves. I, however, disagree with this premise of wallowing in idle and self-serving capriciousness. I have done some private research of my own regarding these affairs, and while I cannot piece together much of our "creation story," I have been able to cobble a vague outline.

Before this universe, or even its planar matter, was fully formed there was Limbo. A whirling cacophony of unbridled chaos, gleefully encompassing nearly all of reality—if not its entirety. Some claim Limbo is older than even the gods, though the divinities I have consulted remain frustratingly silent on the matter. Regardless, when the almighty powers that be decided to make creation, they carved aside their own small niches of the multiverse; each took a space that was carved out in accordance to their morality and ethos. However, even the most wildly capricious of divinity tended to stay away from Limbo. This was due in part to its inherently unpredictable nature, and partly because there were some divine powers already in residence. I speak, of course, of the proteans and their protean lords.

Serpentine creatures that embody chaos itself, these inscrutable beings demanded a hand in creation alongside the rest of the gods. After all, it is awfully rude to place a sign on someone else's property, claim it as your own, and alter its fundamental nature without some recompense—an act in which I note you humans tend to engage more than is necessary; though of course, individuals not always being representative of their entire species is a lesson all young immickers must learn. Whether it was out of fear of these ancient beings or respect that they were here first, the gods relented, and allowed the beings of whimsy to shape their own mortals to be scattered throughout the Material Plane.

Admittedly, my story meanders more into unsubstantiated myth at this, so do forgive my metaphorical dot-connection and assumptions based on what I know. If you find a source that proves my story incorrect, I am happy to hear it. At any rate, the divine powers that were supposedly believed the proteans would never agree on what to create, as they were servants of unbridled chaos; how could they agree on something if all of them keep changing their mind? The unified response by all of protean-kind was startlingly quick to come, however. They wanted a being like them: one that could change its shape, and one that could be everything else that mortal creation had to offer.

As you can imagine, the gods did not take kindly to the proteans wanting to essentially mimic the creations of every other member of their ranks. The proteans insisted, however, that this was what they wanted, and that all the Outer Planes would face the ancient wrath of Limbo itself if the request was refused. Not wanting to take any chances, all of creation acquiesced...mostly. You see, they wanted to inhibit the proteans' choice. They made



the transformation of these creatures physically and spiritually draining, which resulted in shorter lifespans (meaning less opportunity to propagate). They made them able to perfectly duplicate other members of mortality, but only humanoids - most of the gods treasured these creatures more than other life, so it seemed only fair that the proteans' beings should have the best (but nothing more). Finally, they made their natural forms alien and featureless, all the better to drive them to take the shape of others, and find no sense of individual self.

All of divinity expected the proteans to not mind that their chosen people had been inhibited in this way; after all, they'd gotten what they wanted, and their concern with mortals would most likely end there. Once again, they failed to understand the divine purpose of proteans: to undo all things that stand before them, to make way for unbridled chaos. There was one protean lord known as Rakkizibar, the Thoughtless Sage; it was they who designed a ruse to erode the deities' creations

from within. While the proteans' creation could turn into any other humanoid it wished, it was unable to effectively mimic them; with the form does not come the knowledge and personality of the original. And so Rakkizibar gave the proteans' creation the power to read minds. This would grant them the ability to slip into all of creation's people unnoticed, and eventually rule them from within. All the children made would be the same as their shapeshifting parent, and despite their short lifespan, they would spread far—right under the gods' noses. The ruse was revealed in short order, for proteans tend to gloat. As such, the gods searched far and wide for the protean-made monsters, so as to wipe them from existence. While they found a good number, they could not discern them all, so clever were the tools the proteans had given them. Eventually, they gave up on their genocide, and moved on to more 'important' objectives. The proteans never gave their creation a name; after all, they wanted their mortal progeny to be as changing as themselves. The rest of mortalkind gave us the title of doppelganger; it was never something for which we asked.

### Physical Description

It is already widely known that we can appear as any humanoid that we desire, so in the interest of space, I will save the grandiose lectures regarding that for later in this missive. For now, I shall describe our 'native' body, the one to which we are born. All children that a doppelganger conceives with humanoid parents is always a doppelganger; barring magic, there are no exceptions to this rule.

Upon birth, the creature appears to be a normal child of the humanoid parent's race, bearing an uncanny resemblance to the humanoid parent. The truth is that even in the womb, our instinct to change form is apparent; the child takes on an immature form of its parent. As the child grows (the growth rate until adulthood is the equivalent of the humanoid parent's race), it sometimes experiences uncontrolled spasms where it undergoes unwilling changes to its natural, adult form. Without the proper treatment and guidance, childhood can be very difficult for a doppelganger. Ostracization for patches of bizarre skin is not uncommon, as well as sometimes having such little control over one's abilities, that they can go to school in one body and



return in another. Focus and mastery over one's form comes naturally with time, however.

As the child grows, they learn to retain a specific form, as well as explore that of their true identity. Outside of Immicker Enclaves, upon which I will elaborate later, there are usually two probable results for a doppelganger pubescent: they are mistaken for a sorcerer of some sort (which, admittedly, has its own metaphorical baggage), or they are burned at the stake for being a monster and an abomination. Of course, not all such younglings are actually set on fire; this is merely a term which I use as an all-encompassing generalization of a grisly, community-driven death. But I digress; a doppelganger's natural adult form, should they survive to such a time, is that of a tall, lean creature. It is vaguely humanoid in shape and features, but its skin is a pale gray. This can be unnerving to most humanoids, and understandably so. It is clearly not a natural thing to them. Our bones in our natural form tend to be thinner than that of most, and as such we tend to not be as resilient as others, even when our shape has changed. Of course, there are variations on the tall, pale creature that humanoids know so well. I would list them, but they are as varied as the shapes we can take; suffice to say, the majority fit the description given above. Our lifespan, as dictated by the gods, is a woefully short one; while we take the route to maturity that is akin to our original race—I, was the daughter of an elf, myself—once adulthood is reached, the countdown begins. Though there is some variation, the oldest doppelganger I have ever recorded in years past adulthood was just twenty years past adulthood. It is not an ideal situation, but as gamblers like to say, we must play the hand we are dealt.

### Society and Relations

I have read your other volumes which you have received from other monstrous races, Qwilion; while I am aware you prefer to separate these two sections into their own areas, ours is a people of other people; as such, the two belong together. You understand, I am sure.

I have addressed those doppelgangers that spend their formative years outside of our 'modern' society; now I shall turn to those that grow up amongst their own. We call ourselves the Immickers; we have broken from the old ways of doppelgangers trying to find their own unique way in the dark, instead preferring to steer each other

towards a brighter path. This is not to say that we are a universally benevolent group; while this can vary from one Enclave (the title we use for such a gathering) to another, generally speaking, we do not always have the outside community's best interests at heart.

At first, our Enclave is a small area, hidden from prying eyes and established near a vestige of civilization that is at the very least a thriving town with strategic positioning that allows for our network of information and wealth to expand ever further. Yes, we cooperate for the good of our people and the sustainment of our race. Is that so different from your kind? For a few short generations, we work secretly to increase our power, slowly moving our agents ever higher in social standing. While it takes a decent while, and most likely involves one generation taking up where their parent left off, it very rarely fails to my knowledge. It's easy to be lost in a crowd and start again if an attempt fails, and although it takes lifetimes to become a fixture in a community, the end result is well worth it, and is an opportunity for our children for which many of us will gladly die.

While our intentions tend to err on the side of capriciousness, it is honestly a win-win situation for the community once we are firmly entrenched. The next step for us is to establish an Outreach in said community. While this requires more than a bit of finesse (after all, we are convincing humanoids to let a race of 'monsters' set up shop in their area), a combination of coin and blackmail usually does the trick. Essentially, the Outreach is a way for us to ensure that we have easy and steady access to mates for our offspring, as well as a variety of disguises. We offer the members of the area a chance to live an easy life, away from strife and the hardship of working week-to-week. These stories we tell are not lies, despite the inevitable early skeptics' claims. Rather, the truth is even better than the tales we tell, all the better to keep our clients satisfied.

There are some who come to the door; it varies depending on the situation of the area, but it usually begins as a trickle that slowly develops into a steady stream. Any who wish to take advantage of our services are required to bare all their secrets before they can even be considered. A combination of mindreading and checking any identification the individual possesses does the trick rather neatly. However, I must stress this important universal policy of our Outreaches; we are *never* to take on the identities of any who have not been brought under our care. It makes for bad business, you see.

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Any who break this policy are publicly expelled from the Enclave, and all of their plots and aliases revealed for the world to see. Now, this does not forbid us from using any information gained from prospective applicants to our advantage; we always begin the process with that disclosure.

Should we deem them a worthy identity to inhabit, we return to them in secret. As a general rule, we abduct them in the dark of night so as to not give them a chance to make 'final farewells' once they have been confirmed. Personally, if they feel they must say goodbye, they should do so in the days immediately following application. Not that it matters, anyway; the original is quickly replaced by a doppelganger. That is the thing which they have we desire, you see: an identity. This identity can easily be used to our advantage, for we know all there is to know regarding the subject; this goes a long way towards keeping up the facade. In exchange, the Progenitor (as they are now entitled) lives out the rest of their days in peace and plenty. All their needs are met by the Enclave, and all they must do in return is provide us their lives. It sounds grim when it is put in that manner, but it is not a bad trade. Most of those who come to us are down on their luck, and they feel they have not much left for which to strive. Others seek to avoid reprisal by those whom they have crossed, and we provide a way out. Progenitors are never wanting for food, entertainment, pleasure, or even companionship. Indeed, we prefer to serve in a courtesan-esque manner as often as possible, so as to generate more offspring. These offspring eventually gravitate to a larger community, and the process begins anew. This is how it has been for ages, and it shall remain this way for as far as I can see.

Now, it must be noted that it is much easier for doppelgangers who grow up in an Enclave to discover their innate abilities and master them; they have altogether much happier periods of pubescence and adulthood, in my experience. We are knit together by a tight sense of community; even though we all have our own objectives and a good deal of leniency on how they are completed, we cooperate for the good of our people.

I am proud of the heritage to which I belong; however, I must make a personal admission. We are stuck in a bit of a rut. I myself would much prefer a way extend our collective lifespan, be it artificially or naturally. All we do is the same thing, over and over again, and while it keeps us going, that is all we seem to do; just go. But I catch myself digressing once more.

## Alignment and Religion

We are creatures born out of Limbo; while we are not bound indelibly to the Planes in the same manner as, say, an aasimar or tiefling, we are still beings of that place. As such, we are almost inevitably drawn to a more free and chaotic outlook on life. Though we do take some amount of pride in manipulation of humanoids, on most occasions it is done for the good of our race. There are not many who are evil in our ranks, and yet there are even less of a saintly bent. Our form gives little time to malevolence or benevolence; life is always changing, and so must we.

As for faith, there are some who wander from god to god, choosing those whomever suits their life of the moment. There are also those who entrench themselves so firmly in an identity of a divine petitioner that they start to believe that they themselves are part of the flock. The gods of today are different (if not in actuality, then in temperament) than those of creation; they are more willing to accept us into their churches. Some deities of deception and trickery seek to court us, and some of us even join them. However, while our people are scattered, our faith lies in one major area for the most part.

I speak, of course, of the protean lords. We have them to thank for our creation and propagation, so it only seems natural that we recompense them in this way. Some of our sages (short-lived though they may be) think of us as beneficiaries of a Progenitor-style agreement with the protean castes; they gave us our lives in exchange for our lives. It goes a bit over my head, honestly, but I see what they mean in a way. Rakkizibar in particular is given special reverence, as they were the one who succeeded in giving us the tools we needed to hide away (or so the legends say). Rakkizibar, for their part, has done nothing to deny this; as such, most Enclaves have at least one priest dedicated to them. In more densely populated areas, you would be hard-pressed to not find at least one quiet shrine to the Thoughtless Sage in a local Outreach.

## Adventurers

Though many of our Immicker people contribute towards the propagation of our own, it is understandable that some (such as myself) desire to take the opportunity given in this short life of ours to see all that existence has to offer. Most Enclaves are generally willing to let singular doppelgangers leave on amicable terms, provided the community



is not struggling and in need of every individual they can acquire. For example, I keep in near-constant communication with my enclave at Underdwelling, relaying useful information I can find to them; likewise, they assist me in turn. While the unnecessarily large supply of *scrolls of sending* can take its toll on my purse, I find it is well worth it to still contribute from afar.

There are also those Immickers that have broken one of our taboos, and are outcast from an Enclave. Given the amount of value we place on personal freedoms, these are few and far between, as there are very few mores to break. These despicable creatures shun other doppelgangers, and work to do...whatever it is they do, I suppose. Being a shapeshifter on the run from other shapeshifters gives one a myriad of motivations. I would not know what those motivations are, however, nor would I care to know in all frankness.

## Names

As beings that can change our shape, we take on many names throughout our lives. Those of us who throw themselves deep enough into a disguise may take on the name of the original as our own (especially if the original met a timely demise unbeknownst to the world at large). Others, such as myself, prefer to use personal names when in an Enclave. Our names tend towards simplicity; short words with few syllables, preferably ones that succinctly explain our role in the community, are not uncommon. I myself am known as Limb, as I reach out beyond this city of Questhaven and its surrounding demesnes to give us a longer reach, and to grab more information.

## Racial Features

**Immicker:** Immickers are humanoids with the immicker and shapechanger subtypes.

**+2 Strength, -2 Constitution, +2 Charisma:** Immickers are strong and forceful, but suffer from frailty due to constantly shifting form.

**Medium:** Immickers in their base form are Medium creatures, and receive no bonuses or penalties due to their size.

**Normal Speed:** Immickers have a base speed of 30 feet.

**Darkvision (Ex):** In their base form, immickers can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

**Duplicitous Resistances (Ex):** Immickers gain a +4 racial bonus against charm effects and magical sleep effects.

**Tough Body (Ex):** In their base form, immickers have a +1 natural armor bonus to their armor class.

**Greater Change Shape (Su):** Immickers have the ability to assume the form of a Small or Medium humanoid, at will, as per the spell *alter self*, except that it does not adjust their ability scores. They cannot transform into specific humanoids without using mental intrusion (see below).

**Mental Intrusion (Sp and Su):** Immickers with a Charisma score of 12 or higher can cast the following spell (as per the psychic magic universal monster rule, using their Charisma modifier to determine the DCs): *detect thoughts* (2 PE). The caster level is equal to the immicker's level, and the immicker has a reservoir of 4 PE per day. Furthermore, an immicker with this racial trait gains the ability to assume the appearance of one specific humanoid that has failed their saving throw against a spell used with this ability within the past 24 hours. They may retain the specific shape of only one humanoid at a time, and the immicker must spend 10 minutes alone adjusting themselves to the new shape before he can use it at will. Once the humanoid form is selected, it remains usable by the immicker until it is changed. If an immicker does not possess at least 12 Charisma, they cannot take on a specific form with greater change shape.

**Languages:** Immickers begin play speaking Common and one other language of their choice, preferably reflecting their preferred culture. Immickers with high Intelligence scores can choose any language they want (except secret languages, such as Druidic).

## Age, Height, and Weight

Immickers have an unusual lifespan; they grow to adulthood in the normal way for their parent race, but once the age for adulthood is reached, they begin the countdown to expiration. If they are allowed to perish of old age, they typically last no more than 25 years after adulthood. As a result, they tend to learn skillsets at a faster pace, so as to make the most of them. As such, the random starting ages for them are rather simplified; intuitive classes (such as rogues and sorcerers) are learned 1d2 years after adulthood, self-taught classes (such as bards and rangers) are learned 1d4 years after adulthood, and trained

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classes (such as clerics and wizards) are learned 2d3 years after adulthood. Immickers reach middle age at 10 years after adulthood, old age at 15, venerable at 20, and their maximum age is  $20 + 1d6 - 1$ . Immicker starting height and weight can vary widely, as their natural form can run the gamut of physical builds (depending on the racial trait selected). The table for humans is generally a good benchmark, as are elves for a taller, leaner type.

### Alternate Racial Traits

**Brutekin (Alternate ability score array): +2 Con, +2 Wis, -2 Cha:** The rarest of immickers, these brutes have little personality, but imbue their chosen forms with uncanny girth and intuition.

**Guilekin (Alternate ability score array): +2 Dex, +2 Int, -2 Wis:** Some immickers instead tax their insight rather than their bodies, choosing to be more cunning and agile.

**Controlled Shape (Ex):** Some immickers, rather than being resistant to incapacitating mental subversions, have greater control over changes in their body and mind. They gain a +4 racial bonus on saving throws against all transmutation effects. This racial trait replaces duplicitous resistances.

**Desirous Intrusion (Sp and Su):** While the overwhelming majority of immickers have the ability to read minds in a straightforward way, some would much rather learn of what they want most, so as to better imitate them and deflect the suspicion of others. Immickers with this racial trait exchange their ability to use *detect thoughts* with their psychic magic racial trait for the ability to use *detect desires* (2 PE) instead. This interacts with greater change shape, mental intrusion and other relevant abilities in all the same ways (such as its DC, the need to use it on a target before mimicking them, etcetera). This racial trait alters mental intrusion.

**Dual Intrusion (Sp and Su):** Though most immickers are content to be able to get in a target's head in but one way, some recklessly forego their natural mental defenses, instead valuing versatility. An immicker with this racial trait is able to possess two 'Intrusion' racial traits, giving them two options for their psychic magic. These spells chosen use the same pool of psychic energy. This racial trait replaces duplicitous resistances.

**Favored Target (Ex):** While immickers have the capability to change into any humanoid, some nonetheless specialize in a specific race that they prefer to target and copy. These immickers choose one specific humanoid race (not a general subtype). Against that race, they gain a +2 racial bonus on Bluff, Knowledge, Perception, Sense Motive and Survival checks against that race. Likewise, they gain a +2 racial bonus on Disguise checks to disguise themselves as that race (this bonus stacks with that provided by greater change shape), as well as a +2 racial bonus on attack and damage rolls against that race. Finally, they can only take the form of the chosen race with their greater change shape ability. This racial trait does not stack with the favored enemy class feature, but if an immicker with this racial trait selects the subtype to which their chosen race belongs with favored enemy, this racial trait expands to include all humanoids with that subtype. Furthermore, this racial trait scales with the corresponding favored enemy. This racial trait alters greater change shape, and replaces duplicitous resistances and tough body.

**Fearful Intrusion (Sp and Su):** Similar to those who read others' desires, some immickers prefer to hone their sense of others' fears, so as to better terrify them. Immickers with this racial trait exchange their ability to use *detect thoughts* with their psychic magic racial trait for the ability to use *detect anxieties* (2 PE) instead. This interacts with greater change shape, mental intrusion and other relevant abilities in all the same ways (such as its DC, the need to use it on a target before mimicking them, etcetera). This racial trait alters mental intrusion.

**Integrated (Ex):** Instead of honing their body, some immickers prefer to hone their mind towards blending with their chosen society. They gain a +1 racial bonus to Bluff, Disguise and Knowledge (local) checks. This bonus stacks with the racial bonus to Disguise from greater change shape. This racial trait replaces tough body.

**Jagged Claws (Ex):** While most immickers simply try to blend in, some take their victims of shapechanging by force. These immickers gain two claw attacks as primary natural attacks that deal 1d4 points of slashing damage while in their base form. This racial trait replaces duplicitous resistances.

**Low-light Vision (Ex):** Some immickers are more accustomed to working in the light, rather than the dark; this grants them low-light vision in their base form. This racial trait replaces darkvision.