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Barreltum Burrfoot

by Justin Curtis & Martin Oliver

Barreltum Burrfoot, rogue extraordinaire, dashing young halfling about town, and a blight on the fat purses of the rich. Well, that's the theory, at least. Usually, Barreltum's efforts fall short of the mark, sending him off into the sunset, searching for adventure wherever the Watch isn't quite so interested in him...

Back when he was a mere strip of a lad, his fondness for fine foods and good drink left him with a well-rounded physique, from which he earned his moniker. The hard life of an adventurer has long since trimmed him into a leaner shape, but he still uses the name. The interesting life he has led have left him with several scars, and he will gladly recount brave tales of how he earned them to anyone willing to listen. His eyes are deep brown, his grin, wide, and his height of 4' 1" means that he occasionally gets mistaken for a child. (This is fine as far as he's concerned, since it usually makes people less careful with their possessions) In fact, he's 49, with ambitious plans already laid for his half-century celebrations.

Barreltum is a care-free individual, a joker, always ready to fill someone's boots with berries, or paint their faces while they lay sleeping, even in the most dangerous of situations. For reasons he cannot quite understand, such japes are not always appreciated, especially when he was supposed to be on watch duty at the time. He is fond of mimicking irritating people behind their backs. (WP tests to those who see him, to avoid laughing) Although he manages to acquire quite a bit of loose change on his travels, he never seems to get rich. Celebrating new-found affluence can prove ever so costly but easy come, easy go, as they say.

The politics (and laws) of the Empire hold little interest for this knavish rogue. He'd risk life and limb for fun, friends, or money, but he wouldn't know a noble cause if it fell on him. He's also a little dismissive of all this paranoia about Chaos. As he points out, he had great fun for several months with a pair of Skaven assassin's blades (until they got confiscated by some well-meaning meddler who thought he knew best), and shows no ill-effects whatsoever from carrying them around. His friends believe that his innocent outlook on life may be what prevented his corruption.

His diminutive stature and small strength led Barreltum to develop a deep insecurity about himself. To compensate, he has been acquiring magical items whenever and wherever he can, and now owns a fistful of magical rings, which help to reassure him of his security. His preferred strategy is to try to keep out of trouble, working subtly behind the scenes rather than foolishly risking his neck like so many of his companions. When he arrives in cities, for example, he will often wander off on his own for a day. By the time he returns, he will have set up links with street urchins, possibly thieves or crime syndicates, and anyone else he thinks might be useful to get to know. In this way, he often becomes an invaluable source of information (and restricted goods) for whomsoever he happens to be travelling with. Whilst others are busy prevaricating about how to most fairly and efficiently deal with a situation, he'll be sidling off to have words with his contacts and getting the whole thing back under control single-handed. Or ending up in a complete mess right in the middle of it all. One of the two.

"Middenheim? Are you kidding? I'm a dead man if I go to Middenheim!"

Barreltum once apprenticed himself to an assassin's guild in the city of the White Wolf, but lost interest when he realised they were just another crime syndicate with delusions of grandeur. By this time, he'd also mastered the tasks they'd set him as training (cooking and washing up they'd never intended to train him properly), and felt that it was time to move on. There was no way the Guild would let him go (he knew who they all were), so he eventually faked his own death. He ended up having to spend four days wandering through the tunnels and sewers of Middenheim before he finally found a route out of the city *four days* without proper meals! *Not* an experience he is fond of remembering...

It often seems odd to people who see Jake Ulricsson (see also Issue 2) travelling with Barreltum. Even though they've saved each other's lives time and again, it's hard to image two people with less in common. To some extent, though, this is why they work so well together their strengths and weaknesses complement each other perfectly. Jake is seen as a "big brother" by Barreltum, which is not always a good thing Barreltum's wide experiences and finely honed skills have nearly overcome his low self-esteem, and he can get frustrated by Jake's over-protectiveness. Similarly, he's annoyed by people who won't take him seriously. He won't challenge them about this, though; he will just strive ever harder to prove his competence.

For some reason, Barreltum is certain that all medicines are painful, bad tasting, or potentially lethal, and will have nothing to do with them, just in case he gets one that kills instead of cures.

Although he'd be wary about admitting this, his ultimate ambition is to buy his own inn somewhere outside a city, there to retire to a life of fine meals, good stories, and freshly imported Curly's Finest Moot-grown pipeweed.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	56	60	2	4	9	85	4	75	34	50	42	68	59

Skills: Cook, Concealment Rural & Urban, Disguise, DB, Drive Cart, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Herb Lore, Marksmanship, Mimic, Pick Lock, Prepare Poison, SSS, Secret Language: Thieves' Tongue, SS: Thieves, Sense Magical Alarm, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural & Urban, Spot Trap, SW Repeating Crossbow, Lasso, Net, Blowpipe, Fist, Parrying Weapons, and Throwing knives, Street Fighting, SMB, STS.

Equipment: Short sword (causes fear), dagger, knuckle dusters, repeating crossbow and two clips, 5 throwing coins, lasso, helm (with big, white wings on the sides), chain sleeved vest, Dwarven breastplate (+1), shield, a selection of interesting poisons and deleriants (at GMs discretion), cash (at GMs discretion), camping gear, spikes & hammer, manacles, lantern & oil, wire, rope, grappling hook, a lock picking kit, and a pouch crammed with pipeweed.

Magic rings: Cure Light Injury (1 charge left), Protection from Chaos, Immunity to Steal Mind, Immunity to Fireballs, Amulet of Iron (WP +20).

Psychology and Health: Fear of medicines, general insecurity.