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Jake Ulricson Warrior/Cleric of Ulric by Martin Oliver

Jake Ulricson did not choose his name. When he was born to a blacksmith in Miragliano he was known as Smithson; the other title is the fault of minstrels.

Working in the forge as a lad meant that he was already as strong as most grown men when he left home at thirteen. He put this to good use, travelling to Middenheim to take up a career as a pit fighter. After twelve years fighting before audiences he grew weary of his lot and set out in search of adventure. He banded together with a raggle-taggle band of misfits, where he met the impudent rogue Barreltum Burrfoot (see also Issue 3). The two soon became unlikely but staunch friends. Barreltum has featured in many of Jake's exploits since; although they travel separately, their friendship has reunited them on several occasions.

The group were soon pitted against a small Chaos Warband, where Jake had his left hand bitten off by a fledgling dragon. The band was beaten back, but Jake's life was saved only by amputation at the wrist.

This injury shook Jake's confidence. Later, though, services to an elven community earned Jake a simple prosthetic limb that revolutionised his life. Several attachments can be bolted into the wooden and iron sheath grafted onto his arm. Typically, Jake wears a wooden fist, but on occasion, he fits a flail attachment instead. The arm and fist are elaborately worked with scenes recounting key incidents from Jake's life.

Eventually, a wizard's machinations turned the party against itself, and Jake left, sickened. In the years that followed, he travelled widely and saw much. He performed as a strongman in a circus troupe, fought horrors as a hired sword in Praag, and battled Skaven in Brettonia. But Jake felt empty; he lacked direction. Listless, he returned home. During this visit he sired a son; also, his father made a fine sword for him, which he carries to this day. But he could not find contentment there, either, and so left for Brettonia where he hoped to meet with Barreltum. Whilst travelling, something happened that would change his life for good.

A remote Temple of Ulric was under siege from one of Jake's previous companions, since enthralled by Chaos. Coming to its defence nearly cost Jake his life, but he managed to hurl his blade into his foe's chest before he collapsed from blood loss. In the weeks whilst he recovered, the peace and honesty of the Brothers moved him. He rested the winter there, studying and learning, and took vows as an Initiate of the cult of Ulric. From there, he embarked on a pilgrimage to Middenheim, the heart of his faith, where he became a cleric. He then set out to work Ulric's will in the world, and earned the right to wear a wolfskin by slaying a Dire Wolf with his bear hands. For a while, depression led him to work as a Witch Hunter, but revulsion at this brutal job drove him back to the priesthood. Now, he strives to discern Ulric's will, and inspire those he meets.

"The Ballad of Jake Ulricson" was originally commissioned to bait a trap for a foe. Jake had no idea it would become popular, which it was for almost a year. It was named by minstrels for the image of the devout wolf-clad hero, who has grown somewhat with the telling. As a result, it is not unusual for people to be sceptical when Jake is introduced. Although cult authorities generally respect Jake, some consider him an embarrassment.

He is outspoken (even on politically sensitive issues), and has a son, something the Ulrican rule of celibacy was supposed to prevent. Consequently, interactions with his superiors can be interesting...

Jake can be played as a patron, a guide, or a thorn in the side of most parties. It is not always easy to work with someone who refuses to compromise his principles under any circumstances, even if lives are at risk "Better to die with honour than live with shame." Although skilled, he still considers himself uneducated, prefers direct action to procrastination, and uses magic only grudgingly. He wears no armour, preferring to trust in Ulric's protection. Jake considers all wolves (except Dire Wolves) to be emissaries of his god, and will not see them harmed.

Jake always develops a paternal concern for those he travels with, and encourages self-dependency and moral excellence, providing advice and leading by example rather than taking command.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	64	44	6*	6*	11	56*	3	44	51	40	57	74	37

Age: 36

Height: 6'3"

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Hazel

Skills: Ambidextrous, Cast Spells (to Battle lv12), Charm, Charm Animals (wolves), Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Lightning Reflexes*, Luck, Meditate, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Specialist Weapons -Fist, Flail, Two-Handed, Scroll Lore, Street Fighting, Strike to Injure, Strike Mighty Blow, Theology, Very Resilient*, Very Strong*, Wrestling.

Possessions: Prosthetics, bastard sword (I -10, D+1, and WS +5 as so well balanced for him; blessed in Ulric's holy flame when he became a cleric, and now burns with a tongue of fire when drawn, causing an additional 1d4 damage), Robe of toughness (+2, included in profile), wolf's head pendant, Wolfskin cloak (black), with the head as a hood, and two energy jewels (rubies; 9 and 6 points) set into the eye sockets.

Spells: (37 +15 Magic Points)

Petty Magic: Gift of tongues, Magic flame, Remove curse, Sleep.

Level One: Flight, Hammerhand.

Level Two: Lightning bolt, Rally.

Psychology and health: Frenzy, Hatred of Skaven. Treat prosthetic fist as a solid hand (improvised weapon; no penalty with skills), and the flail as a version on the Sword arm (see Prosthetics article Issue 1).