

Friedrich Luther



RACE	GENDER	AGE	BUILD	CAREER CLASS	RELIGION	ALIGNMENT
Human	Male	23	Medium	Warrior	Ulric	N
HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HAIR	EYES	TRAITS	SOCIAL LEVEL	INSANITY PTS
182 cm	75 kg	brown	Green		D10	2

DESCRIPTION

CURRENT CAREER	CAREER PATH	CAREER EXITS
Outlaw	Mercenary	Gamekeeper, Highwayman, Outlaw Chief, Rustler, Targeteer

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
STARTER PROFILE	4	39	29	3	4	7	34*	1	36	30	25	33	34	34
ADVANCE SCHEME		+10	+10		+1	+2	+10	+1				+10		
CURRENT PROFILE	4	49	29	4	4	9	34	2	36	30	25	33	34	34

MELEE WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY	SKILLS	SKILLS
Hunter's knife	+10	-	-2	-20	Disarm	Silent Move Rural
Longsword	-	-	-	-	Dodge Blow	Spot Trap
					Secret Lang. - Battle Tongue	Hunting
					Strike mighty Blow	
					Strike to Stun	
					Drive Cart	
					Ride	
					Scale Sheer Surface	

MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD	SKILLS
Longbow	32	64	300	3	-	Lightning Reflexes *
						Luck
						Read & Write
						Concealment Rural

ARMOUR	LOCATION	ENC	ARMOUR POINTS
Sleeved mail shirt	Body, arms	80	<p>01-15 Head: 0</p> <p>16-35 Right Arm: 1</p> <p>36-55 Left Arm: 1</p> <p>56-80 Body: 1</p> <p>81-90 Right Leg: 0</p> <p>91-100 Left Leg: 0</p>

Spells		SL	MP	R	D	Ingredients		Effect		Fate Points	
										2	
										Magic Points	
										Power Level	
										Experience	
Equipment and Trappings		Loc	Enc	Movement		10 Secs	Min	MPH			
Broad bladed hunter's knife		-	10	Cautious		8	48	1 3/4			
Purse		-	1	Standard		16	96	3 1/2			
Sleeved mail shirt		-	80	Running		64	384	14 1/4			
Bandages		BP	1	Psychology and Health							
Sturdy Clothing,		-	-								
Boots		-	-								
Backpack (BP)		B	20								
Pewter Tankard		BP	5								
Cutlery (Metal)		BP	4								
Tinderbox		BP	5	Notes							
Blanket		BP	10								
Longsword		sheath	60								
Cloak of the Mouse		-	-								
A grey woven cloak of wool with a lining of fine, grey and very soft mouse pelt. 'protection from Rain' at will, + 50 to hide tests											
Total				Background							
				Place of Birth:		Nuln					
				Siblings:		None					
				Parents:		Mother dead, father					
Wealth	#	Loc	Enc								
1/1 Gold Crowns		P									
1/12 Silver Schillings											
1/240 Brass Pennies											
Total											

Three years ago it was, but it feels so much longer.

Then I was just twenty summers old. We were moving away from the Grey mountains, approaching Parra-von. On the orders of the Guard Captain the caravan had come to a stop for the night, the perimeter was set and I lay down to sleep after supper. I tried to sleep anyway but I was so nervous, just waiting for someone to denounce me.

On the border of The Empire the caravan had been joined by two wagons, painted black, driven by a group of dour looking men. They sat apart from us and stayed near their cargo. As we snaked over the mountains, all I could think of was the debts I owed at home and how long it would take to repay them. However, that night the gold burned a hole in my pocket. At the border keep, I had been approached by two men in the livery of Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company, rivals to the people I worked for. Their offer had been too good to resist ...

Two nights later, and may the gods curse me, I found myself pouring the sleeping draft into the stew. Soon I felt the kick in my back waking me for my turn on watch. Nodding to the guard I replaced I could hear the snoring of my comrades.

"Leave the way open for us we will steal the wagons and cargo," the two men had said.

Climbing the hill overlooking the campsite I looked forward to returning to The Empire with my new-found wealth. Then in the light of the campfires below were figures approaching from my sentry position. Into the camp they crept until they were upon the first tent Suddenly there was a scream and the bloodbath began. Armed men were everywhere, their faces hidden with red hoods. the few men awake were cut down, their bodies mutilated where they fell. The unconscious men in the tents were dragged out and placed in the centre of the camp. The guards on the stranger's wagons put up a fight though, taking down many of the attackers. At one point one of them cast a spell, an attacker consumed by flame. But in time they were silenced, and the attackers screamed as eerie victory cry.

Into the camp strode a tall man, robed in red, and the men bowed to him. On his head sat a huge warhelm, the faceplate completely smooth, even without eye-holes. On his orders a casket was dragged from the back of one of the black wagons. It seemed of silver marked with the sign of a raven. I didn't see the signal, but all the men, bar two, knelt to the ground, their faces near the mud. The man, and I guessed him a priest, began to chant as the casket lid was lifted.

Without warning he slit the throat of one of his men, blood gushing into the casket before the poor fool collapsed. From within the casket seemed to come a howling, a sound I hope never to hear again. Then something seemed to form, a man seemingly of red mist; but his face was something else, something I will not describe. Shaking in fear the second man's throat was slit and the blood seemed to disappear into the shadow.

"My Master", the helmed man said, falling to his knees.

"You are reborn, the crimes of the raven are forgotten. You will lead us anew and the moon will seem as red with blood".

The red mist started to thicken as it absorbed the blood and speaking as if from under water, a voice of fear.

"My son ... I will repay the crimes wrought upon me tenfold. The people who sought my destruction will die. One thousand of their descendants will lay unburied for each day I have lain in death. My shadow will pass across these lands ... "

"- What! What is this?". The spirit's form seemed to swirl and dissipate. Terror ran through my body as it seemed to stare straight at me.

"We have been seen!" It's scream was anger and pain itself.

Then the priest cried out "The Spell is broken!"

"There!" I'm not afraid to say I soiled my myself when that thing turned and pointed to me "I will have his eyes as my first feast."

Then he was gone, the armed men swarming up the hill after me. I ran as I'd never run before, not resting until the morning.

In truth, I don't think I have rested since.