

Lords of Gossamer & Shadow

Gossamer Heroes



by Jason Durall





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Gossamer Heroes

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Sample Player Characters

Following are nine sample player characters, based on suggestions from the original Gold Patrons of *Lords of Gossamer & Shadow*. These characters are used as examples throughout the core rulebook, and are all based on an initial 100 point budget. A variety of powers are reflected amongst the characters, specifically to give first-time players a sense of what is available in the game. Player contributions have already been assigned and are figured into point totals, but players and gamemasters are encouraged to change these as desired. Gamemasters may put them to use as ready-made player characters or may use them as non-player characters, fleshing out the existing roster of the Gossamer lords and ladies.

-Jason Durall

Author *Lords of Gossamer & Shadow*

Gossamer Heroes draws upon the characters mentioned in the core rules, supplemented by information graciously provided by our original gold patrons, and presents them as Pre-Generated Characters or NPCs suitable for every GM's individual campaign. Each is crafted for balance in respect to build points and powers.

Most powers are represented, and no one character possesses more than two powers. This was an intentional design choice. These characters are fully capable but specifically tailored for new players who need only familiarize themselves with a few major game concepts in order to start their exciting adventures on the Grand Stair.

We are very happy with how they turned out and hope that you are too!

-Lords of Gossamer & Shadow Design Team.



Cordelia (Sarah)

You see a lovely young woman leaning against some dark wood wall, her arms crossed. She has a crooked half-smile, her green eyes bright and full of amusement. Her hair is brown, and scarcely brighter than the wood; it flows to her shoulders in waves that manage to look artfully disarrayed rather than disheveled. A tiara of steel and emeralds, clearly designed with a peacock feather in mind, rests on top of her head, and it matches the hilt of the sword at her hip. Her armor is simple and functional, but covering; beneath it she wears clothes in shades of rich, dark purple, and a deep green cloak hangs from her shoulders, clasped with a pin that echoes the peacock feather of her crown.

Cordelia is quicksilver and lightning: the kind of woman who is quick-tempered and quick to laugh, and might just switch between the two in the middle of a conversation. It can seem shallow, but every now and then the facade cracks and it's clear that there's an intelligent, steady presence behind it all. She's proud and fiercely loyal to those she considers friends, and generally agreeable (as much as her nature lets her be) to the rest; she may make enemies, but there are very few she actually considers such, despite her bursts of temper. There are Gossamer worlds that know her as just a warrior, and worlds that know her as the Pirate Queen (maybe that's where she got the crown), and worlds that know her as a noble lady of a certain reputation.

Her colors are purple and green, and her personal symbol is of a peacock.

Attributes

Psyche: Paragon

Strength: 3rd Rank [20 Points]

Endurance: 3rd Rank [16 Points]

Warfare: 3rd Rank [32 Points]

Powers

☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]

☐ **Cantrips** [5 Points] – Fracture, Grasp, Invigorate, Pain, Sureness

Artifacts & Creatures

Sword [5 Points] – Famed throughout Cordelia's Gossamer home world, this blade is covered in cryptic runes and is fearsome in combat. Additionally, it can warp dross matter, and Cordelia uses it to start fires, open locks, shift currency from one type to another, among other minor tasks.

☐ **Deadly Damage** [4 Points]

☐ **Mold Gossamer Matter** [1 Point]



Cordelia's Plate Armor [2 Points] – Forged in the highest anvils of the sky-folk of An'dra'hleen, Cordelia's armor is surprisingly light and durable for its toughness.

☐ **Resistant to Firearms** [2 Points]

Cordelia's Leather Gauntlets [10 Points] – A gift to her from her uncle, a sorcerer of some repute on her home world.

☐ **Hardened** [1 Point]

☐ **Resistant to Firearms** [2 Points]

☐ **Danger Sensitivity** [2 Points]

☐ **Named & Numbered** [x2 Points]

The Amitabha Crown [9 Points] – Legends say that each gem adorning Cordelia's crown is a revenant's soul-stone, the polished and compressed essence of their benighted souls. Cordelia has no reason to believe these tales, having wrested the crown from the very head of Carylenthe, the Iron Witch of the Southern Sea, shortly before she removed Carylenthe's head from her shoulders. The crown does, however, shield Cordelia's thoughts from psychic detection. If it has other powers, they are as-of-yet unknown.

☐ **Psychic Barrier** [4 Points]

☐ **Confers Quality on Wearer** [5 Points]

Allies

☐ **Mentor** [2 Points] – Cordelia encountered Bastiano early in her travels, and he has proven an invaluable teacher in the ways of the Grand Stair, though she does not trust him overmuch.

Stuff

☐ **Good Stuff** [9 Points]

Player Contribution

☐ **Fiction** [+10 Points]

☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]

Grendel (David)

Tall and lanky in this incarnation, this young person was dressed in a silver jumpsuit, with hair of bluish black, worn long with silver bands holding it against the skull. The skin was coffee-colored and the eyes surprisingly light, almost gold. The young person carried a sniper-style energy rifle and a strap of explosives was slung over one shoulder. This individual looked to be in a spaceship interior, the walls scarred with burn marks and rent panels.

Grendel changes over time and place, adapting to the needs of his or her purpose and drive, in order to apply the Umbra to calculated applications. Often appearing as a lanky individual with long hair, light eyes, and a smirk of a smile playing on a friendly face, Grendel is a people-watcher and an explorer of experiences. Grendel's clothing and form, changes with the trends. Sensory and memory experiences are cherished and when possible, Grendel will trade them with others in payment for services rendered as a Troubleshooter.

Born lifetimes ago, or perhaps in lifetimes to come, Grendel does not remember the early years and believes that he or she may have actually died, to be reborn into this. Grendel refers to that moment in life as the Singularity, when all purpose and drive through the power of the Umbra focused into this being. For Grendel, a sense of family comes through association rather than bloodline and targets are perceived through a strange artistic lens of inevitability.

Grendel's colors are silver and blue and his personal symbol is an ornate multi-starred design.

Attributes

Psyche: 2nd Rank [52 Points]

Strength: Superior [+10 Points]

Endurance: Paragon

Warfare: Paragon

Powers

☐ **Umbra Mastery** [50 Points]

☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]

Artifacts & Creatures

'Mother' [13 Points] – Grendel's nondescript ring acts as the personal assistant for assignments as a world-traveling Troubleshooter. The intelligence within the ring is self-aware, encrypted to protect itself from being hacked. Mother keeps Grendel's schedules, directions, advice, and diary entries at the ready during the often chaotic assignments throughout the worlds with various clients and their often-complicated contracts.



- ☐ Hardened [1 Point]
- ☐ Extraordinary Psychic Sense [4 Points]
- ☐ Able to Speak in Tongues and Voices [4 Points]
- ☐ Psychic Barrier [4 Points]

Domains

None

Allies

None

Stuff

- ☐ **Good** [5 Points]

Player Contributions

- ☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]
- ☐ **Game Website** [+10 Points]



Harrison (Marv)

A big man, red-haired and stern. He was in that category of "middle-aged" that could be early 30s to late 40s, and he wore a military coat covered with silver braid, with two pistols protruding over his shoulders, depending from a crossed red leather baldric. One eye was covered with a large monocle in which blue-light tracers of data moved. Looming over his shoulder was a huge black metal warwalker, adorned with orange detailing.

Born to a world that has always known war, Harrison's life was regimented by conflict. Though he was not from one of the warrior clans, his battlefield acumen soon put him into positions of command, and eventually, into the pilot seat of a warwalker, one of the great tession-powered mekanika dominating the battlefield.

During what should have been the last battle, the enemy deployed strange beings against Harrison's squad of warwalkers, freakish and terrible abominations of sorcery. These creatures behaved like nothing he had ever seen, and their origins were clearly supernatural in a world where magic was barely dreamt of.

At great cost, the creatures were defeated, and their point of origin tracked and located to a remote island base in an archipelago chain. When Harrison's meks rose from the shallow waters and devastated the enemy base there, they were astonished to see a single, unblemished edifice, with a door that merited several legions of soldiers to defend it. Harrison reloaded and stepped through the door, and emerged onto the Grand Stair, broadening his world beyond all prior imagination.

His colors are blue and scarlet, and his personal symbol is a black hawk.

Attributes

Psyche: 3rd Rank [50 Points]

Strength: 2nd Rank [28 Points]

Endurance: 2.5 Rank [19 Points]

Warfare: Paragon

Powers

☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]

Artifacts & Creatures

Campaign Coat [2 Points] – A thick, military-style campaign coat, Harrison's signature garment is woven of many layers of damage-resilient materials.

☐ Resistant to Firearms [2 Points]

Mortlocke Pistols [4 Points] – Harrison wields a matching pair of high-powered pistols; they discharge a fiery explosive with armor-piercing potential. Standard



issue for a warwalker captain, this kind of firepower is invariably useful anywhere upon the Grand Stair.

☐ Double Damage [2 Points]

☐ Named & Numbered [2 Points]

Monakle [2 Points] – A unisynaptic neurolink to Harrison's mekanika, the monakle also serves as a continual datafeed, infrared viewer, telescope, and telemetry and targeting device. Since his introduction to the Grand Stair, Harrison seeks to make additional modifications to broaden its applications as well as improve its ability to function on other worlds.

☐ Able to Speak and Reason [2 Points]

Sirocco Angel [5 Points] – Harrison's warwalker, a tession-powered mekanika, is a state-of-the-art mechanized combat vehicle. Nearly ten meters high and possessing immense firepower and durability, the warwalker's operative intelligence (O.I.) boasts a personality of its own.

☐ Hardened [1 Point]

☐ Mobility [1 Point]

☐ Combat Training [1 Point]

☐ Resistant to Normal Weapons [1 Point]

☐ Able to Speak [1 Point]

Domains

None

Allies

None

Stuff

☐ **Zero Stuff**

Player Contributions

☐ **Campaign Log** [+10 Points]

☐ **Art** [+10 Points]

Jessamyn (Kit)

Jessamyn stood at a crossroads, pondering which road might lead to the most interesting discovery. She was a lovely young woman with hair and eyes as dark as her skin was fair. Her long hair was pulled up under a wide-brimmed hat that matched the stylish coat she wore unfastened. Her blouse was simple and white. Her pants were black and her boots knee-high and leather. She wore a gold ankh about her neck. Her smile was bright, and perhaps mischievous and a bit quirky.

Precocious as a child and recognized for her magic potential, Jessamyn spent her days in the company of the Wordcrofters of Alshamance, in the Archives of Trae Valth, studying moldering tomes and sight-worn grimoires of the archimago of old. She learned the fundamental principles of sorcery and its basic workings, as well as advanced knowledge such as the Six Rules, the Seven Forms, and the Eight Consequences. And yet she sought to learn more, a vessel thirsty for fullness.

Thus, Jessamyn explored the Archives in greater depth, delving into halls and chambers unvisited for aeons. On one of these expeditions she encountered a man, tall and thin and raven-haired, clad in a fine yet severe suit, his arm all encompassed by a curious armored sleeve. He introduced himself as Lucien, and said she had entered his Lyceum, part of the Labyrinth within the heart of the Grand Stair. Lucien offered Jessamyn a deal: further magic tutelage in return for a favor to be redeemed at a future time. It has been years since that initial meeting, and Jessamyn has come into her own as a Gossamer liege. That favor, however, has yet to be redeemed.

Her colors are white and black, and her personal symbol is a gold ankh.

Attributes

Psyche: 1st Rank [60 Points]

Strength: Paragon

Endurance: Paragon

Warfare: 4th Rank [15 Points]

Powers

☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]

☐ **Sorcery** [15 Points]

☐ **Cantrips** [5 Points] – Charm, Focus, Mana, Nullify, Reveal

Artifacts & Creatures

Jessamyn's Gold Ankh [10 Points] – Seemingly a simple storage device for her spells, Jessamyn's ankh came to her through an unlikely set of circumstances. Catch her in the right mood and she might bother to tell you a lie about it.



- ☐ Capable of Hanging Named & Numbered Spells [2 Points]
- ☐ Mold Gossamer Matter [1 Point]
- ☐ Psychic Neutral [2 Points]
- ☐ Confers Psychic Neutral Quality on Owner [5 Points]

Jessamyn's Coat [1 Point] – Strands of protective enchantments have been woven into the fibers of Jessamyn's long white coat, making it surprisingly durable, as well as fashionable.

- ☐ Resistant to Normal Weapons [1 Point]

Silver Athame [2 Points] – Jessamyn keeps a slender ritual dagger up her sleeve, just in case.

- ☐ Double Damage [2 Points]

Domains

None

Allies

☐ **Mentor** [2 Points] – Jessamyn's mentor is Lucien, Lord of the Labyrinth.

Stuff

- ☐ **Zero Stuff**

Player Contributions

☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]

☐ **Campaign Log** [+10 Points]

Lowen (Christopher)

An assassin, Lowen wore a one-piece chameleon jumpsuit that had taken on much of the pattern of the grey stony brick wall and the stained glass he stood near, with the colored light playing crazily across him. His skin was slightly olive in tone, with sharp features and a fringe beard, his hair cropped to a near-fuzz shortness. In his left hand was a long, high-tech repeating crossbow of gunmetal and dull black, and slung over his hip was a pannier of bolts. His right arm hung at his side, the sleeve of the jumpsuit shortened, the arm beneath revealed to be made entirely of pale purple crystal, cracked across its surface and glowing from within.

Born in the teeming metropolis of Vn-Esh, where the division between one city and the next was as nonexistent as was the line of the horizon. An ancient world where applied metaphysical theory developed alongside its technological achievements, Vn-Esh was a techno-magical society throughout, millennia-old traditional spellcasting worked into manufacturing techniques and social mores.

When the Scarcity Riots struck Vn-Esh, Lowen took part in the revolution, not as a leader, but as an enforcer, striking deeply at the Arcanarchs, through acts of technological para-terrorism. One of these expeditionary acts cost him his left arm, which was replaced with a more versatile and less destructible biocrystal one. In a few scant years, Lowen was one of the most feared operatives working for the revolutionaries. Unfortunately, the Arcanarchy's attempts at capturing Lowen brought such heat upon his allies that they struck a desperate bargain: betraying him and sending him into exile ... through a mysterious Door, where they would be rid of him forever.

Now acclimated to the Grand Stair, and attuned to the Eidolon, Lowen ponders his eventual return to his homeworld, but the time has not yet come.

Lowen's colors are sable and gold, and his personal symbol is a tree with an eye in its branches.

Attributes

Psyche: Paragon

Strength: Paragon

Endurance: 2nd Rank [19 Points]

Warfare: 4.5th Rank [16 Points]

Powers

☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]

☐ **Eidolon Mastery** [50 Points]

☐ **Cantrips** [5 Points] – Dampen, Focus, Glitch, Jam, Surge



Artifacts & Creatures

Ultraprene Bodysuit [11 Points] – Lowen's bodysuit is the ultimate in protective body armor, made of countless layers of adaptive spellwoven mesh, each a molecule thick and redundantly protective against a variety of threats. The suit's artificial intelligence responds to his subvocal command—Lowen refers to it as Md-Ree—and can enact safety protocols allowing it to move Lowen's body in the event he is incapacitated.

☐ Mobility [1 Point]

☐ Combat Reflexes [2 Points]

☐ Invulnerable to Conventional Weapons [4 Points]

☐ Able to Speak and Reason [2 Points]

☐ Danger Sensitivity [2 Points]

Crystal Arm [7 Points] – A biocrystal replacement for the arm lost in action.

☐ Double Damage [2 Points]

☐ Invulnerable to Conventional Weapons [4 Points]

☐ Mold Gossamer Matter [1 Point]

Autobolt Thrower [2 Points] – Lowen's most reliable weapon resembles a repeating crossbow.

☐ Double Damage [2 Points]

Domains

None

Allies

☐ **Gossamer World Devotee** [3 Points]

☐ **Gossamer World Ally** [1 Point]

Stuff

☐ **Bad Stuff** [4 Points]

Player Contributions

☐ **Snack/Drink Coordination** [+10 Points]

☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]

Moreltheus (Morgan)

He stood before a blasted, wizened tree that was as lacking in color as was the landscape and the sky behind it. The deep hues of his voluminous cloak seemed to leach all pigment from his environment. No part of Moreltheus' flesh was clear, leaving his identity a mystery, shrouded and concealed.

Perhaps he was one man, or it may have been that the name was a title many had borne.

Anything written about Moreltheus is as likely a lie as it is misinformation, so utterly has he sought to destroy all traces of the life he lived prior to mastering the Umbra. From that point on, Moreltheus' life has flowed in the direction of entropy, his own nature becoming closer and closer to its nature. His flesh and mind are disturbingly open to the ever-decaying elements of the Umbra, focusing on the dynamic rather than entropic aspects of the power.

None from his past would recognize his present form—should it be revealed—and Moreltheus never dwells upon his own identity, so strongly is he committed to a singularity with the Umbra. The past, future, and even the present are but abstract qualities to Moreltheus, all sliding away into utter obfuscation. As such, Moreltheus wanders, traveling the Grand Stair, seemingly at the whim and need of the infinity of worlds it accesses, plunging himself through Doors as they open to him.

Moreltheus favors any and all colors, and his personal symbol is a wheel with curving spokes.

Attributes

Psyche: 5th Rank [45 Points]

Strength: Superior [+10 Points]

Endurance: Paragon

Warfare: Paragon

Powers

☐ **Umbra Mastery** [50 Points]

☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]

☐ **Cantrips** [10 Points] – Dampen, Dim, Eidolon Negation, Foul, Fracture, Glitch, Jam, Nullify, Numb, Reveal

Artifacts & Creatures

Moreltheus' Cloak [8 Points] – A polymorphic cloak, Moreltheus' signature garment is a voluminous cloak that conceals his appearance utterly. It changes color, seemingly at whim, though Moreltheus can command it to take on a specific shade or color.



☐ **Mold Gossamer Matter** [1 Point] – Allows Moreltheus to change the color of his cloak.

☐ **Mobility** [1 Point] – Helps to shroud his identity.

☐ **Resistant to Firearms** [2 Points]

☐ **Extraordinary Psychic Sense** [4 Points]

Domains

Agartha [7 Points] – A hollow Earth-style Gossamer world, with dinosaurs, cave people, ancient civilizations, weird science, a central sun called Prosperine, and every so often explorers from the surface world who stumble down. Moreltheus is a god-king here. The primary entrance is a huge gate in the center of Moreltheus' palace, and is guarded by a fanatical race of lizard-men loyal to him.

☐ **Personal Domain** [1 Point]

☐ **Guarded** [4 Points]

☐ **Control of Time Flow** [2 Points]

Allies

None

Stuff

☐ **Zero Stuff**

Player Contributions

☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]

☐ **Art** [+10 Points]

Natasha (Margaret)

Natasha stood in the snow, tall, slender, and poised. Her expression was aloof, almost serene, and her night-black hair hung loose down her shoulders. Clad in plate armor of silvered metal and red leather, the arming sword she bore looked as sharp as her gaze. An ornate design was traced upon the length of the blade, and with it she looked ready to hew through anything opposing her.

The daughter of the great warrior-queen Zennaryna of the Khenisstratha Margravate, Natasha came of age in a household that was always at war, her mother on campaign and absent. Natasha had the best education available: tutelage in swordplay, the secret calligraphy of the Kamura, riding, custom, and the quadrivium. There had been siblings prior to her, she knew, but they had strangely disappeared... perhaps kidnapped or slain, or fled their mother to find their own destinies. And so, Natasha had a sprawling palace essentially to herself for many of her formative years, with a small cadre of dutiful servants to indulge her whims.

One day, a strange attack came from within the palace grounds itself, an onslaught of strange beings seemingly from another world! Quickly, Natasha went into the palace armory and found armor, and took from the family vault her great-grandmother's sword. So equipped, Natasha searched for the source of the invasion. She met them in combat in a side wing of the palace, and found the source of their breach... a nondescript door that should have led to a sitting room but instead seemed to open onto a mysterious staircase.

Once the invaders were repulsed and put down, Natasha left a note for her mother, put the palace major domo in charge, and set forth through the unusual Door and thus entered the Grand Stair and a universe grander than anything she had imagined. Perhaps one day she will return home.

Natasha's colors are argent and crimson, and her personal symbol is a snowflake.

Attributes

Psyche: 4th Rank [48 Points]

Strength: Paragon

Endurance: 4th Rank [12 Points]

Warfare: 4.5th Rank [16 Points]

Powers

☐ **Wrighting** [30 Points]

Artifacts & Creatures

Galatine [6 Points] – Forged in the *Nimbulvast*—otherwise known as the Cold Waste. The hilt feels icy to the touch for all but Natasha.



- ☐ **Double Damage** [2 Points]
- ☐ **Danger Sensitivity** [2 Points]
- ☐ **Hang Named & Numbered Spells** [2 Points]

Plate Armor [2 Points] – Natasha's signature plate armor is proof against firearms and other low-velocity weapons.

☐ **Resistant to Firearms** [2 Points]

Set of Icons [2 Points] – Natasha has created a selection of icons of the people and beings she has met. Most are inscribed upon small pieces of parchment, others carved into small pieces of soapstone.

Domains

None

Allies

☐ **Gossamer World Ally** [1 Point] – Natasha's older sister, the Countess Aldrette, disappeared upon the Grand Stair some time ago and prone to cryptic messages.

Stuff

☐ **Good Stuff** [3 Points]

Player Contributions

☐ **Art** [+10 Points]

☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]

Reevard (Stratton)

He stepped forward: a man all in green and brown, with metallic bracers on his wrists. He was in his mid-30s, thick auburn hair trimmed short, save for a long, tight braid draped over his left ear. His eyebrows and sideburns were full and thick, and his emerald eyes sparkled with mischief. He seemed amused with something, a slight smile crossing his features, pulled tight at a scar on his upper lip.

Reevard does not discuss his past overmuch, and he occasionally drops hints that he may be one of those unique individuals born on the Stair itself, with travel through Doors and upon its flights second nature to him. Though he is not especially secretive, he is not forthcoming unless he has to be. His mannerisms, body language, even his attitudes seem shaped by exposure to many truths, many cultures

Reevard's journey upon the Grand Stair is a grand adventure, one to be savored with a light heart. Where others see complex moral or philosophical issues, Reevard sees a grand farce, and acts accordingly. Rather than hew to an existing principle or goal, his behavior is consistent only in its unpredictability. Although he has gained a number of useful skills, abilities, and allies in his travels, he spends little energy sharpening those assets; though to his credit, this lack of a method or guiding ethos has worked well for him thus far.

His colors are green and brown, and his symbol is a series of concentric rings.

Attributes

Psyche: 6th Rank [5 Points]

Strength: Paragon

Endurance: Paragon

Warfare: 1st Rank [53 Points]

Powers

- ☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]
- ☐ **Cantrips** [8 Points] – Focus, Grasp, Invigorate, Loosen, Open, Quicken, Shut, Sureness

Artifacts & Creatures

Shape-changing Bracer [10 Points] – Reevard's metal bracer doubles as an all-purpose weapon. Sometimes it's a big knife, a pistol, small crossbow, chain, crossbow, a light rapier, or even a spiked gauntlet. It uses the Mold Gossamer Matter power for minor tricks, including making ammo.

- ☐ Double Damage [2 Points]
- ☐ Resistant to Firearms [2 Points]
- ☐ Mold Gossamer Matter [1 Point]
- ☐ Alternate Named & Numbered Forms [x2 Points]



Wityk, Demonic Servitor [26 Points] – Reevard's most reliable companion is a huge, powerful demonic creature. Though it is vastly different from him in temperament, he finds its observations useful and its ability for mayhem as invaluable. It is roughly eight feet tall, with wings, claws, horns... the whole "demon" shtick. Wityk has a cynical sense of humor and takes a cat-like pleasure in toying with its prey.

- ☐ Immense Vitality [4 Points]
- ☐ Double Speed [2 Points]
- ☐ Paragon Stamina [2 Points]
- ☐ Combat Reflexes [2 Points]
- ☐ Double Damage [2 Points]
- ☐ Resistant to Firearms [2 Points]
- ☐ Extraordinary Psychic Sense [4 Points]
- ☐ Follow Path [2 Points]
- ☐ Rapid Healing [2 Points]
- ☐ True Name is Warded [2 Points]
- ☐ Contains Named & Numbered Cantrips [2 Points]

Domains

None

Allies

None

Stuff

- ☐ **Good Stuff** [8 Points]

Player Contributions

- ☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]
- ☐ **Poetry** [+10 Points]

Taltos (Scott)

Taltos was lean, almost austere in his manner and custom. His dark hair was swept back, and though the desert wind was full of grit, his eyes were wide open. He wore a dull cassock of a color somewhere between plum and grey, sleeves tucked into thick leather gloves. His weapon was half-drawn, a long-bladed broadsword, and though he seemed preoccupied, he gave off a deadly vibe that indicated he was one of those folks that were just not to be screwed with.

Taltos was there when Iakovos' forces stood against ten times their number at the Dreaming Tower. It is true even that he was among the last to continue fighting after his sword-brothers' courage broke, and noble Iakovos surrendered, leaping to his death from the tower-top to land, broken and dying. Taltos led the final desperate charge against the oncoming hordes of the Ghoule-King Sczemiyak, and fought until he was borne under the onslaught of ghoulish forces.

Taltos woke days later in what he surmised was Tunala, the labyrinthine dungeon that sat over the hell of the ghouls. He managed to escape and destroy the torturers sent to break his spirit and rend from him the secret rites known to Iakovos' knights. Stepping over their corpses, Taltos confronted Sczemiyak himself, and seized the blade Ximandir from the Ghoule-King's own clawed hand before tossing him over a precipice. On his way out, Taltos discovered a strange door behind the Ghoule-King's throne, warded and barred. Opening it, Taltos discovered that it opened onto the Grand Stair, and from there he began his odyssey throughout the Gossamer worlds.

Now Taltos fights primarily for himself, and does quite well at it, a wandering mercenary with a growing reputation for efficiency.

Taltos' colors are grey and gold, and his personal symbol is a pyramid crested with flaming wings.

Attributes

Psyche: 7th Rank [1 Point]
Strength: 2nd Rank [24 Points]
Endurance: 1st Rank [20 Points]
Warfare: 2nd Rank [35 Points]

Powers

☐ **Warden of the Grand Stair** [10 Points]
☐ **Invoker** [20 Points] - Taltos knows a handful of True Names; the Ghoule-king Sczemiyak (who may still be alive), a mercenary from a Gossamer world, a merchant in the Agora, his sometimes friend Lowen, and for Grendel, the slippery Umbra Master.



Artifacts & Creatures

Ximandir, Taltos' Sword [6 Points] – Rumored to have been forged in Hell (or a Hell-like Gossamer world) Taltos' sword is of poisoned iron, giving off a dark supernatural radioactivity. Wounds inflicted by Ximandir refuse to heal and fester, often proving lethal. The baleful nature of the blade is masked by its psychic neutral quality, making it especially useful to Taltos.

☐ **Deadly Damage** [4 Points]
☐ **Psychic Neutral** [2 Points]

Set of Icons [2 Points] – These were taken from the Ghoule-King Sczemiyak, and though they are mostly depictions of ghoul folk, there are nonetheless several Icons useful and pertinent to Taltos' interests. Some depict beings he has never encountered, and he would like to keep it that way.

Domains

None

Allies

☐ **Dwimmerlaik Ally** [4 Points] – One of the Icons Taltos found amongst his confiscated collection depicts Ayasha, the Dwimmerlaik Empress. The two have spoken, and reached an understanding.

Stuff

☐ **Bad Stuff** [2 Points]

Player Contributions

☐ **Soundtrack Management** [+10 Points]
☐ **Diary** [+10 Points]