

QUINAULT, THE COVENANT'S AUTOCRAT

Characteristics: Intelligence (Pragmatic) +2, Perception (Finicky) +1, Presence (Severe look) -1, Communication (Strong voice) +2, Strength 0, Stamina (Tireless) +2, Dexterity (Rusty) -1, Quickness (Phlegmatic) -2

Size: 0

Age: 37

Confidence Score: 1 (3)

Virtues and Flaws: Covenfolk, Educated, Common Sense, Piercing Gaze, Visions, Compulsion (Drinking), Obsessed (Serving magi well)

Personality Traits: Severe +3, Melancholy +2, Faithful +3

Reputation: Severe (Local, Bentalone Covenant) 2

Combat:

Short Sword: Init +5, Atk +8, Def +6, Dam +1

Soak: +4 (Partial Heavy Leather)

Fatigue Levels: OK, 0, -1, -3, -5, Unconscious

Would Penalties: -1 (1-5), -3 (6-10), -5 (11-15), Incapacitated (16-20)

Core Abilities: Langue d'Oc 5, Latin 3, Artes Liberales (Arithmetic) 4, Philosophiae 3, Folk Ken (Grog) 2, Single Weapon (Defense) 6, Carouse (Drinking) 3, Leadership (Grog) 4, Etiquette (Magi) 2, Bargain (Lab supplies) 5, Ride (Harnessing) 1, Common Law (Local laws) 1

Encumbrance: 3 (4)

Description: You are rather tall, slim but not meager. Your austere face and your piercing gaze make people uneasy, which you do not dislike. Your temples start turning gray, as does your beard, which is always neatly trimmed.

Background: You come from a family of traders. Your father accidentally died when you were very young. The family business was then held by your uncle Victor, who sheltered you and your mother, and raised you as his own son. Your destiny was straightforward: you would work for your uncle, and then for your cousin Gaspard when time came. But one day, as you were traveling along a Pyrenean road (the very same road where your father died, you discovered later), you had your first vision... It was your father! Leading a cart convoy, he was descending toward the valley. Suddenly, your father nodded and fell on the cart's bench. A man had subdued him from inside the cart! As the man whipped the mules to panic them, you recognized him immediately... Victor! He had always told the mules had been scared by falling rocks. He had always claimed to have jumped off the cart right in time, while your father wanted to save the shipment at all price. Deeply disturbed,

you talked to your mother, but she would not listen, and then to your uncle, who got mad and drove you out. But you knew. His gaze betrayed him. Then you got to drink. You were nothing but a bloodless wreck when a magus from the Grand Council of the Bentalone Covenant approached you and asked you to become the autocrat. It is a position you are now proud of, and you are forever grateful to the magi. You still sometimes drink, usually hiding, but you always take care that it does not jeopardize your position.

Motivation: Your duty is to supply the Covenant with various furnishings, as well as food. It is natural for you to go to Tarascon's fair. However, you wonder why the Grand Council sent the two youngest magi in the Covenant with you. You would have managed everything fine without them. Their elders presumably wish to train them at leading grogs. Anyway, this fair will allow you drinking without anybody being upset, once your job is done. Some kind of tradition...

Relationships with the Other Characters:

- **Carélia:** She is Évrard d'Ange's shield grog. She interposed more than once between he and you, whereas this young whippersnapper distracted grogs from their tasks with his futile poetry.
- **Éthaine:** She is Martin's young apprentice, a naughty kid who spends her free time playing stupid jokes to grogs and stealing food from the kitchens. Martin should better watch over her.
- **Évrard:** He is the youngest of the magi. He seems to spend most of his time writing poems and sing them. The problem is that he believes everybody should enjoy his poetry, and he keeps on distracting grogs from working with such frivolities.
- **Gailhard:** He is a Turb (Covenant guards) sergeant, a skillful and serious veteran.
- **Martin:** Unlike Évrard d'Ange, Martin is a young but serious magus. He only appeals to you when it is strictly necessary, and for reasons that are always approved by the Grand Council. You know for sure that he is about to become a member of this noble assembly.