

The Blizzard's Teeth

player characters

This document is presented as an additional aid for the adventure, if you prefer to give the PC details out this way rather than print double pages from the book. They're much roomier like this.

Jalmain the Unhanged

First impressions

A spry, cheerful man with a neatly oiled beard and a mass of dreadlocks. He wears leather armour with colourful bandanas tied around it.

Qualities

People: Citizen of Sartain

Roguish thief – Expert [+4]

Kind-hearted – Good [+2]

Anything can be used as a weapon – Expert [+4]

Silver-tongued liar – Good [+2]

Fast as lightning – Good [+2]

Small group of followers – Good [+2]

Easily blinded by greed – Poor [-2]

Background

This wasn't the plan. You were supposed to loot Count Rochelle's gold and jewels, not kidnap his daughter. The information you had was bad, though, and not only did you not find the Count's strongroom, but the Count's young daughter, Lucie, interrupted you. The girl convinced you to take her 'hostage', saying that this would be easy money. She will take a third of any ransom and use it to build a life for herself outside the clutches of her controlling father. While the girl is scarcely more than a child, you are certain that there is more to her than meets the eye. She might even make a better travelling companion than Finn.

You can think of no one you would rather have at your back in a fight than Finn, but his rashness, temper and lust for violence are going to get you killed one day. You're a thief, not a murderer. You steal to survive, and you are honourable enough only to steal from those who can afford it. Robbing nobles makes you happy as well as rich.

You've sent word to the count via one of your men that you have his daughter and will return her unharmed if he pays a generous ransom. It appealed to your sense of humour that you should hide out in the count's own keep in the hills, used for hunting in the summer and left almost abandoned in the winter (although, thinking about it, this was Lucie's idea). It was simplicity itself to overpower the skeleton crew of guards. Finn has locked them up in the cellar.

Now the most frightful blizzard has started, and one of your men swears he saw hideous shapes moving in the snow. Finn has sent some men to investigate. Better be on your guard.

Finn Redtooth

First impressions

A large, muscular man with long flaming red hair and a beard to match. His eyes are green and fierce. He is dressed in wolf furs draped over iron mail.

Qualities

People: Earth Tribes of Kalet

Mercenary fighter – Expert [+4]

Opportunist – Good [+2]

Sneaky and stealthy – Good [+2]

Tough and resilient – Good [+2]

Singer of epic verse – Good [+2]

Dangerous allure – Good [+2]

Fearless – Good [+2]

Unable to trust others – Poor [-2]

Background

Only the strong survive. This is the first lesson you learn growing up in the frozen wastes of Kalet. The strong take what they want and make no apologies. Mercy is a luxury that will get you killed. When the ground is littered with the bodies of the weak, Finn Redtooth will still be standing.

You have been working with Jalmain since you travelled to Sartain, and while he would be too weak-stomached to last more than a week in your world, his skills as a thief have kept you both in wine and women for little risk. And when things do go wrong, you are strong enough to do what must be done.

This last job went wrong in an unexpected way. Your plan to steal the jewels of Count Rochelle was interrupted by his slip of a daughter. Jalmain was set to flee, but the girl made Jalmain an offer to take her hostage and help her escape her cruel and controlling father. Now you are lying low while one of Jalmain's men negotiates a ransom.

The place Jalmain found for you to hide is a draughty old keep in the hills. There were guards, but you and Jalmain's other men overpowered them. Jalmain asked you to lock them in the cellar, but you decided to play it safe and kill them as soon as they were out of Jalmain's sight. Their bodies are hidden in the larder, the first lockable room you could find.

Some of Jalmain's other men have reported shapes out in the blizzard that started a few hours ago. You have sent a small group of men to investigate. They should be back at any moment...

Absalom Grey

First impressions

A dour-looking man, whose sunken eyes and grey beard belie his physical strength and stamina. He wears a plain grey habit and layers of heavy cloth to block out the cold.

Qualities

People: Freemen of the River Towns

Witch finder – Expert [+4]

Skilled swordsman – Good [+2]

Unshakeable faith – Good [+2]

Small group of fighting men – Good [+2]

Relentless tracker – Good [+2]

Well-versed in the black arts – Good [+2]

Passionate orator – Good [+2]

Unlikable and rude – Poor [-2]

Background

Sorcery is the black pestilence that is rotting the body of Sartain. Since you travelled north to this land, you have been shocked at their decadence, ignorance and blindness to the dangers within. Happily not everyone here is blind, and you have managed to gather a group of men and women to your cause. Some are true believers, while others are mercenaries; you will convert them all in time.

Rumours have abounded that Count Rochelle is involved in the practice of sorcery. His wealth and power have certainly grown in a short period of time, and his enemies have a way of dying strange and violent deaths. It is dangerous to take on such an enemy directly, so you have set out to gather irrefutable evidence first. You believe the count's summer keep in the hills is home to his abhorrent rituals, and there must be sorcerous trappings there. You have set forth with a small group of fighters, making your way through the winter snows.

When you came within a few miles of your destination, a vicious blizzard started up. You saw strange shapes in the snow, and then one of your men was dragged away by unseen forces. All you found was blood and meat. You drove your men as hard as you could, trying to make it to the safety of the keep, but there are only a handful of you left now. Erin, the warrior woman from Kalet, is at your side, as at home in the blizzard as any human can be. Maybe she will get the last of you to safety.

Erin the Many-Fingered

First impressions

A tall, lithe woman with short-cropped red hair and the tattoos of her tribe adorning her face. She is dressed lightly for the cold weather, in colourful tights and a leather jerkin, but wears the skin of a polar bear for warmth when she is outdoors. She killed the bear herself.

Qualities

People: Earth People of Kalet

Unarmed fighting techniques – Expert [+4]

Acrobat and juggler – Good [+2]

Sleight of hand – Good [+2]

Quick on her feet – Good [+2]

Good-humoured and likable – Good [+2]

Well-travelled – Good [+2]

Quietly perceptive – Good [+2]

No respect for authority – Poor [-2]

Background

You are a long way from home, and all the happier for it. Kalet is a miserable, bleak land, full of dour men and women who see life as an imposition. You have a hunger for travel, experience and excitement that they could never understand.

You have worked as a juggler, acrobat, thief and dancing girl in many, many lands. Now you have found work as a mercenary and bodyguard for a strange and humourless man named Absalom Grey. While you find Grey himself to be grating and joyless, his profession of hunting sorcerers and witches strikes you as the very essence of adventure.

Grey has been trying to find evidence that one of the minor nobles of Sartain, Count Rochelle, has gained power through sorcery. This is going to be dangerous work, as Grey has no real authority and is making a powerful enemy. It could be time to consider another change of career.

You and Grey are currently headed toward the Count's summer retreat, which should be empty in the current depths of winter. As you have drawn near, a fearsome blizzard has blown up around you, and there are strange, misshapen things moving within it. A number of your party have been snatched away into the white maelstrom, only to be ripped to shreds. Unless you can get the survivors to shelter quickly, you are all doomed.

Lucie Rochelle

First impressions

A delicate young woman of maybe fifteen years of age. Her hair is long and golden, and her clothing expensive if somewhat soiled. There is a constant look of curiosity about her face, as if everything is new and exciting to her.

Qualities

People: Citizen of Sartain

Noble lady – Expert [+4]

Sorcery* – Good [+2]

Sweet and innocent appearance – Good [+2]

Knowledge of drugs and poisons – Good [+2]

Graceful dancer – Good [+2]

Small knives and daggers – Good [+2]

Maddened by demonic voices – Poor [-2]

Background

You were barely more than an infant when you first heard the voices whispering to you. You understand their words, even if you don't know what language they are in. They speak of death and cold and secrets to freeze the blood. Sometimes their words still horrify you, even if they seem as much a part of you as your own thoughts now.

It has been hard to hide your invisible tormentors from your family and servants. Your father, Count Rochelle, believes you to be mad. He has kept you a virtual prisoner, and has brought in wise women, alchemists, herbalists and priests to try to make you into a normal girl. You have learned much from them, but the voices still whisper to you. They teach you things as well. You can channel their power, but the cost always has to be paid in blood. In between the bouts of madness and terror, you have learned the basics of being a lady. You can pass yourself off as a good girl for a while, but sooner or later the whispers start and someone always ends up dead. Are you becoming a monster too? Is there any hope for you?

A couple of bumbling thieves tried robbing your father's home, but ended up finding you instead. Thinking quickly, you convinced one of them, named Jalmain, to take you as a hostage in exchange for freeing you from the prison your father has made for you. He will even give you a third of the ransom, which you can use to start a new life for yourself. You are out in the world for the first time, away from your father and his hirelings. The possibilities are endless.

You convinced the thieves to hide out in your father's summer keep, currently empty for the winter except for some servants. There is the smell of blood in the air, and you can feel the power of dying souls running through you. The whispers have grown loud in your ears, and you know that the Whisperers are close now. Maybe they want their freedom too.

A note on sorcery. It's freeform magic that can be powerful and dangerous. You can try to do pretty much anything with it: big effects are harder and riskier. For this adventure any sorcerous ritual, no matter how minor, will require a human sacrifice. Lucie's sorcery is a function of her link to the Whisperers, and they can only be appeased by blood and death. If a character is killed in Lucie's presence, she can gather their blood and life energy to perform an act of sorcery right then. This will be obvious to any observers.