

SUZERAIN

CALADON FALLS

The Milltown Irregulars



The Milltown Irregulars

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We'd also like to explain that Suzerain is our take on reality with mythological and magical elements. It depicts religions and mythologies with a twist – that is to say, differently than a true believer might see them. We mean no disrespect if you are such a believer but ask you to respect our right to our own interpretation.

Thank You

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SUZERAIN RELIC CALADON FALLS

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ALOIC

ALOIC

"I pray that you will never see what I have seen."

Aloic, like justice, never sleeps. He doesn't dare.

The nightmares began before Aloic was old enough to speak. His childhood was one long scream. Terrors invaded his infant mind like an unceasing current from deep wells of fear and horror beneath the roots of the world. His parents, simple townspeople, did not know why their only son cried and shook incessantly—and gurgled what might have been distorted words in an unknown tongue as his eyes rolled back in his head.

Healers could find no physical cause for the babe's discomfort. The draughts for restful sleep prepared by the apothecary were useless, and the rituals of the local priest not much better.

Someone suggested that inducing a more... permanent... sleep might be mercy for the poor tormented child. Aloic's parents, unwilling to commit such an unspeakable crime, yet unable to cope with this dilemma, instead gave their child over to the Church of Trinity.

The Meliorate priests who cared for him did their best to see that Aloic thrived. They devised a ritual whereby one of their number could sacrifice his or her own sleep and bestow the benefits of a night's rest on the child who could not sleep through the night himself. When he was older, Aloic learned meditation techniques which allow him to slow his heart and breath and achieve most of the restorative effects of true sleep while keeping a small portion of his mind wakeful. This prevents the nightmares—and also makes it very difficult to surprise Aloic in his 'sleep.'

But these solutions came later. As a child, his case was discussed and debated in the highest councils of the Church. Vindicators examined him thoroughly. Possession of an infant was not unheard of, but was exceedingly rare. Yet every effort to cast out the vile spirits which must bedevil the poor boy failed. The College of Vindicators ultimately concluded (though not all were convinced) that this was no case of possession at all. But what it was, none could say.

Matters grew more disturbing once Aloic could share his nightmares. Given a pen or brush as a toddler, he began to draw. But what he drew was terrible in the extreme. Fire and slaughter and corruption. Distorted masses of writhing, wriggling flesh, pustulent and bursting. Once he had his words, Aloic described visions of destruction and acts of unspeakable violence and depravity. Defilement of the dead and the ravages of unclean creatures that

defied all the natural laws of existence. Things, in short, that no child his age should be able to imagine—and that no grown man could contemplate without blanching.

While Aloic learned to cope with his unceasing nightmares, a great debate over their meaning—if any—took place within the Church. Meliorates, Mystics, Vindicators, the Prophetic Order of Contemplates, the Phalanxers, and the higher Church authorities, discussed Aloic's strange case at length. Possession, insanity, bewitchment, hoax—all possible explanations were voiced.

The official consensus was that postulated by the venerable Proctor Galiard—as all authorities agree, there is a Gate of Dreams which opens and closes during sleep to regulate the flow of dreams. In Aloic's mind, unfortunately, the gate is stuck open. Moreover, he possesses an unusual receptivity to negative energy flows. His night terrors, however alarming, are little more than excess phantoms absorbed from other men's minds—an expression of collective fears leaking into the tormented lad's sleep. A curiosity and a troubling affliction, but of no greater consequence. Case closed.

There is, however, a minority view. A few dissidents muttered the dreadful word Prophecy. What if the boy is a Prophet, and his visions a witness of dreadful judgments to come? If so, his drawings, writings, and descriptions of his visions must be examined in depth, not suppressed and locked away in a Church vault. (An even more minority view holds that Aloic is, and has always been, possessed by a demonic power and should be put to death, having eluded all attempts at exorcism.)

As for Aloic, he prays daily to be mad. Because if he isn't, and if there is any truth behind the sick visions that befoul his mind, untold suffering lies ahead for countless thousands of innocent people. This prospect saddens him to the point of despair.

Yet, it is written that the Lady Trinity, in her mercy, provides her children with the instruments of their own salvation or destruction and it is by the uses to which we put them that we choose our fates. Aloic, as a son of the Church, has an unshakeable conviction that victory is always possible. He believes that, even if the worst comes, that one man of unbreakable faith can make the difference.

His visions may be meaningless mind noise, as Proctor Galiard asserts. He hopes that is so. But if not, his calling is clear. He must fortify his mind, body, and soul for a great confrontation. The Church must stoke the righteousness of the people. The faithful must set their faces against evil, enlarge goodness, and hate wickedness. Sin is weakness, faith is strength, and the spark of courage can light any heart.



EIOHNA

Raised by the Protective Meliorate Order, Aloic knows some of their rituals. But he took his clerical oaths as a Sword of Trinity in the Militant Phalanx—the Crusaders. He is skilled at arms and in combative rituals. His superiors find him eager to take on the most difficult assignments. Aloic seeks constantly to improve his skills and strengthen his readiness. Since he barely sleeps, he has plenty of extra time for study and practice. He also has a talent for identifying the strengths of others. Aloic believes that if he can overcome a lifetime of nightmares, anyone can do whatever they set their minds to.

Aloic rides to Milltown to investigate a supposed relic—a chalice with markings indicating it may have belonged to the monster-smiting Prophet Methias, who helped tame the near reaches of The Open more than a century ago. Aloic's mission is to retrieve the cup, determine its authenticity, and perhaps recover the remains of Methias, who famously vanished into the wilderness. If the cup is a true relic, it will be a valuable find—and a disturbing omen.

Aloic (Crusader)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 6(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** 0

Skills: Faith d10, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidate d6, Notice d4, Taunt d6

Hindrances: Doomed, Quirk: Doesn't Sleep, Vow: Serve Trinity (Minor)

Edges: Empowered, Crusader

Empowered Prayers: Smite, Stun

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1, torso, arms and legs), Mace (**Damage:** Str+d6, AP 1 against Plate Armor), Bedroll; 145 Silver

Encumbrance: 30 (0)

Aloic (Crusader)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 60

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Pace 6 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 7(1) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** 0

Skills: Faith d10, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidate d8, Notice d6, Taunt d8

Hindrances: Doomed, Quirk: Doesn't Sleep, Vow: Serve Trinity (Minor)

Edges: Common Bond, Crusader, Empowered, Improved Nerves of Steel, Iron Inside, Strong Willed, Two-Fisted

Empowered Prayers: Smite, Stun

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1, Torso, Arms and Legs), Mace (**Damage:** Str+d6, AP 1 against Plate Armor), Wrapped Longsword (**Damage:** Str+d8), Bedroll; 845 Crowns

Encumbrance: 38 (0)

EIOHNA

"A trough who gives drinks to thirsty horses! How splendid! May I lie down in you?"

Sometimes a seed has to fly where the wind takes it. Among her sister dryads, Eiohna is considered quite odd. Not odd in a bad way. Odd like a rare flower all the more precious for its uniqueness.

To Eiohna, town is a crunchy, sparkly place! The wheat is happy and loved and soon to be bread. And muffins! The mills are clanky, smelly, loud and that takes getting used to. Yet the planks and beams of which they are made say—in that slow, ponderous way that wood long fallen has—that they are pleased to have purpose. Eiohna has to ask each strange piece what it does. *"I am a sluice! I bring water to the wheel!"* says the sluice. The wheel is exciting indeed! *"I turn round and round all day!"* it tells her. *"The water moves me! It is good!"* Wheelshaft, gears, paddles, and fittings each explain their role to her. And they all get on well with the millstone, which is pleasant to know.

It is so interesting the many cunning purposes people find for wood—and what fascinating tales well-worked wood can tell! If it will only wake up and tell them. Sleepy, busy wood!

The wagons too are good conversation. Eiohna has seen wagons before, but never so many together! There are at least seven! They are so proud of how much they can carry. Some have been leagues and leagues to places far away—and some were made from faraway trees in faraway lands. Such whirly lopey-go stories they have!

Eiohna likes town. It is a novel experience for her, so different from the forest groves and meadows and the slithery-slurpy swamp she loves. In a day or two, after she has made the acquaintance of all the fields and flowers, stumps, fence rails, floorboards, wooden spoons, dandelions—and buzzed awhile with that ever so busy beehive near the millpond—she might start noticing the people too.

They have certainly noticed her.

Dryads tend, over time, to favor their plant nature over their sometimes tenuous kinship with the rest of humanity. It is a natural progression, for with each season comes a deeper understanding of the patterns of life, the mutual interdependence of all plant life, great and small—tall trees shading delicate ferns—and the sacred necessity of plants for the survival of all other things (with a few disturbing exceptions). Growing ever more finely attuned to the Nature's rhythms, the typical dryad finds less and less reason to interact with humans who



GRIS

are, for the most part, oblivious to the great Pattern of Life and their place in it. Hence their shy reputation.

Eiohna is anything but shy. For a dryad, she is downright adventuresome. She roams farther than the other Dryads do, and takes less care not to be seen. In fact, most of the dryad sightings in this region might better be called Eiohna sightings.

She is the definition of a free spirit—carefree, kind-hearted, trusting, and always ready to make a new friend. Trees are always fond of Eiohna. They take to her right away. (Except for that grumpy old oak setward of the marsh. Grumpy, grumpy oak!)

Unusual among dryads is her affinity for plants no longer growing—yet so-called dead wood still has Spirit. Sometimes fading, sometimes dormant, but almost always perceptible to Eiohna and usually quite well-disposed toward her. After all, few other beings bother to ask a log rotting in a bog how it is feeling today. Fewer still actually care enough to listen to its reply, thus winning its trust and learning its great secret—the ancient silver cup hidden inside it (and eagerly offered by the log as a gift to its new friend. The cup had been itching it for decades...)

Though there are far more plants to meet and greet, Eiohna also befriends people from time to time. The wandering druid whose name she can never quite recall is one such friend. Eiohna has spent many long hours answering his questions and asking her own. He has taught her several druidic rituals and even inducted her formally into the druidic cabal. It is very important, druiding.

The hunter Gris is another frequent companion. He is so glowy and bold and serious and has such purposeful energy! Eiohna likes to follow him whenever he is in the range of her perceptions, just to see what interesting thing he is up to. This is one of the few times she takes care to go leaf-cloaked and quiet. Sometimes she likes to surprise Gris by appearing suddenly at his side. Sometimes she imagines he is only pretending to be surprised—which is silly! No one can see a dryad in the forest unless she wishes it.

When she showed Gris the silver cup the log gave her, he studied it gravely and determined that it was old and special and must belong to the Church of Trinity. Poor sad Church, missing such a shiny, glowy cup! Because the log gave it to her, Eiohna felt that she must be the one to return it to its proper owner. Metal things don't speak to her so readily, but surely the cup has important Churchy work to do!

Soon the Church man will come and the cup will be happy—she hopes so! But for now, Eiohna is glad to be in Town, and that her friend Gris is here, and that she is meeting so many new friends too!

Eiohna (Druid)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 6(1) **Toughness** 5(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** -2

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d4, Perform Ritual d6, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d4, Wyrding d6

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Clueless, Poverty

Edges: Sighted, Druid, Dryad

Sighted Rituals: Beast Friend, Entangle

Druid Rituals: Spirit Dance, Wrathberry

Gear: Normal Clothes, Faux Lizard Skin (Armor +1/0, torso, arms and legs), Staff (Damage: Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 Hands); 70 Crowns

Encumbrance: 18 (0)

Eiohna (Druid)

Rank: Heroic **XP:** 60

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d8

Pace 6 **Parry** 7(1) **Toughness** 7(1) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** -2

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Perform Ritual d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d6, Wyrding d8

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Clueless, Poverty

Edges: Danger Sense, Druid, Dryad, New Power (x4), Rapid Recharge, Sighted

Sighted Rituals: Beast Friend, Entangle, The Sight

Druid Rituals: Earth Bond, Nature's Bounty, Plant Control, Spirit Dance, Wrathberry

Gear: Normal Clothes, Faux Lizard Skin (Armor +1/0, torso, arms and legs), Staff (Damage: Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 Hands); 570 Crowns

Encumbrance: 18 (0)

GRIS

"People I like, it is crowds I can't stand."

Gris was born to wander. Out in The Open, with no roof but the sky, he feels at home. Cities are cages to him. Even a small settlement like Milltown makes him edgy. Towns have their uses: as a place to resupply and to replace worn out equipment. Maybe to pick up a bit of news. But the sooner he completes his errand here and leaves walls, fences, and clattering mills behind, the happier Gris will be.

Gris's love of the outdoors comes naturally. As master woodsman for House Killian, Gris's father Haric leads a company of rangers who patrol their lord's forests and organize frequent hunts for the earl and his noble friends. From the time they were toddlers, Haric taught his sons how to read the signs of game and weather, to hunt and forage, to track and move silently, to find shelter and to survive alone in any terrain. Gris was an apt pupil. He was especially adept with the bow, showing a keen eye and a steady hand. He made shots that amazed even the best archers among his father's men.



ISOLDE

A place among the rangers was assured by his parentage alone, and sealed by his skills. Gris might in due time expect to succeed Haric as leader of the troop. But for Gris offices, honors, and steady pay means little. He had perhaps learned Haric's lessons of self-reliance and survival better than his father intended, for Gris's only ambition was to explore the wild places of the world, unencumbered by obligations to lords or by possessions beyond the necessities of the road. Haric was a wise enough man to let Gris go—not that he could have stopped him.

Over several years, Gris's aimless path took him stepward into the wilderness, across the Jorna Peaks—where he spent time among the pagan wildmen—and roundabout through the The Open. Though content to spend days at a time in solitude, Gris does not actively shun the company of others. For the last couple of years he has hovered around the fringes of the The Open. Typically, he hunts and explores and keeps his own counsel. There are a few isolated homesteads he looks in on from time to time, just to see that all is well. He also aids travelers in need—an alarming number of adventurers and others go blundering into The Open with inadequate preparation and poor sense of direction. Gris feels obliged to set the lost on the right path or share fresh game with unfortunates whose supplies have run out. Though still sworn to no lord's service, Gris will readily aid the lawful authorities when his skills are needed—and he has on occasion meted out frontier justice of his own.

Recently, Gris was contacted by his friend Eiohna—the Dryad had found a silver chalice sunk in the muck of the Kittlemarsh and wasn't sure what to do with it. Never mind what a skinny waif like Eiohna was doing poking around the treacherous Kittlemarsh, heedless of Krox, venomous serpents, and worse. Even Gris was reluctant to enter that swamp without very good reason—but Eiohna's call was reason enough.

Gris was no expert in these matters, but he had met enough treasure hunters to know the cup was old, valuable, and out of the ordinary. Eiohna said there was power in it. Even Gris could sense that. Judging from its markings, his best guess was that it must have belonged to some long-dead priest of Trinity.

At the next opportunity, Gris informed Sir Balrin of the find—that was the proper way of things. Balrin sent word to the ecclesiastical authorities and the Church dispatched a trusted priest to Milltown to take custody of the object.

Knowing Eiohna would be even less comfortable in town than he, Gris offered to bear the cup. But Eiohna—to his great surprise—insisted on delivering it into the

priest's hands herself. Concerned about the reaction she would get, Gris tried to talk her out of it. Small chance of that. Once the seed of a decision took root in Eiohna's mind, sprouted, and flowered—well, at that point you might as well be arguing with a tree! She had her reasons, and that was that. Tracker he might be, but Gris could rarely follow the turns and tangles of the Dryad's thoughts. Still, he insisted on escorting her. To that, she readily assented.

It was well that she did. As Gris expected, the Milltown locals gawk at Eiohna like she is a two-headed calf. It doesn't help matters that she stares at the mills as if in a trance and wanders about like a child, splashing in horse troughs and crawling under wagons. No one has yet accosted her or offered untoward words—and so long as Gris is at her side, they had best not—but her odd behavior is already the buzz of the town. To make matters worse, the priest is overdue—delayed on the road apparently—and expected on the morrow. Gris does his best to endure the delay with something like good humor. What is one more day...

Gris (Hunter)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0
Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d6
Pace 6 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 6(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** 0
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Tracking d8
Hindrances: Heroic, Quirk (Hates Settlements), Stubborn
Edges: Alertness, Woodsman
Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1, Torso, Arms and Legs), 2 Daggers (Damage: Str+d4), Bow (Range: 12/24/48, Damage: 2d6), Quiver, 20 Arrows, Bedroll; 68 Crowns
Encumbrance: 29 (0)

Gris (Hunter)

Rank: Heroic **XP:** 60
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d8
Pace 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 6(1) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** 0
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d10, Tracking d10
Hindrances: Heroic, Quirk (Hates Settlements), Stubborn
Edges: Alertness, Cat's Descent, Jack-Of-All-Trades, Marksman, Nerves of Steel, No Mercy, Penetrating Strike, Woodsman
Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Lizard Skin (true) (Armor +1/+0, Torso, Arms and Legs), Wrapped Short Sword (Damage: Str+d6), Wrapped Daggers (x2) (Damage: Str+d4), Bow (Range: 12/24/48, Damage: 2d6), Quiver, 20 Arrows, Bedroll; 318 Crowns
Encumbrance: 27 (0)

ISOLDE

"Another lucky shot! Aren't they all?"

In Isolde's hands a bow and arrow are like a harp in the hands of a master player. She plucks the string and makes deadly accurate music. Some say she is the best shot in The Open. Certainly she has won the archery prizes at all the regional fairs the last few years. But, as Sir Balrin likes to remind the 'Pride of Milltown,' real targets shoot back



KAYTH

"Not if I shoot first, milord," is Isolde's invariable reply. Balrin likes her confidence—and likes even more that she spends her every spare moment practicing. Good as the girl is, she'll keep getting better.

Isolde was born right here in Milltown, the daughter of a local miller. She was a sunny child, nimble and inquisitive, until the tragic fire. Isolde was three at the time, playing with her dolly on the floor while her parents worked. To this day, no one is quite sure how the fire started. It was a hot, bright day. Maybe the fire was spontaneous. In any event, it started. The fine flour dust that always filled the air combusted. With a rush of heat, the walls of the mill exploded outward.

Just like that, Isolde was an orphan.

Neighbors rushed to the scene and pulled the little girl from the flaming remains of the mill. Isolde's recovery from her burns was painful, but complete—today her scars are barely noticeable thanks to the expert ministrations of the healer that Sir Balrin sent for at his own expense.

Mercifully, Isolde has no clear memory of this ordeal. She does have an abiding—if understandable—fear of fire.

After the tragedy, Isolde was raised by her grandparents—her mother's people, another local milling family—who love her dearly. But despite their care, Isolde's disposition changed. She became timid, painfully shy, and was thought to have been struck mute, so rarely did she speak. To most of the town her name might well have remained That Poor Isolde (accompanied by a rueful shake of the head), had it not been for the rats.

Always a helpful and dutiful child, Isolde decided to do something about the rats who would chew their way into the storage bins and eat the grain. Milltown rats are crafty and quick and clever at evading traps. Isolde, without telling anyone what she was about, first observed that the rats made their nests in the soft grassy river banks and next decided that, rather than try to catch them when they invaded the mill to steal a meal, she would hunt them where they lived. She got her hands on a small bow and taught herself archery by trial and error—watching the militia at target practice and sneaking out to the range at odd hours to hone her skills.

Within a few months, twelve-year-old Isolde was stalking the river banks each night at dusk, picking off surprised rats with startling accuracy. Since no one had ever told her hitting rats in the tall river grass in semi-darkness was all but impossible, Isolde simply did it.

As a strategy for controlling vermin, her plan had limited success. It was good for a chuckle as the story got about—Did you hear? Sweet little Isolde, hunting rats!—until Isolde was persuaded to make a public demonstration of her rat-hunting technique—This should be adorable!—at which point all of Milltown realized: By the Holy Hand of Trinity, that girl can shoot!

Sir Balrin in particular was impressed enough by Isolde's abilities—and moreso by the focus and discipline with which she developed them—to stake her entrance to the archery competition at the following year's Dunhoun Faire. Our Isolde, as she was then known in Milltown (with a proud nod), placed an astounding second place. The next year she won. She hasn't lost a competition since.

Milltowners love Isolde. A pretty local girl who overcame family tragedy, trained herself to become a champion archer, and gives every crown of her winnings to help support the aging grandparents who raised her—who can resist such a tale? That she volunteered to serve in the local militia and is now part of Sir Balrin's personal detail only enhances the pride the locals feel for their favorite daughter.

For Isolde, the sudden rush of praise was overwhelming at first. She only meant to help her grandparents by keeping the rats away from the grain—she had no idea of calling such attention to herself! Yet she loves Milltown and the neighbors who have always been so kind her. She does not want to let them down, so she keeps training with the bow, keeps improving, and keeps entering the contests. She joined the militia and trained as a scout to put her skills to better use. These experiences have given her confidence, and helped her overcome her former shyness.

Recognizing her loyalty and determination, Sir Balrin often entrusts Isolde with assignments of special importance—such as her present mission of riding out to meet a tardy priest come to fetch a Relic and escorting him safely to Milltown...

Isolde (Archer)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d8 Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 6(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d4, Streetwise d4, Survival d4, Throwing d6

Hindrances: Loyal: Balrin, Phobia: Fire (Major), Quirk: Timid

Edges: Attractive, Child of the Arrow

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +2, torso, +1 arms and legs), Throwing Dagger (**Ranges:** 3/6/12, **Damage:** Str+d4), Bow (**Ranges:** 12/24/48, **Damage:** 2d6), Quiver, 20 Arrows, Bedroll; 93 Crowns

Encumbrance: 28 (0)



GREGARD/LARIN

Isolde (Archer)

Rank: Heroic

XP: 60

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 8 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 6(1) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d12, Stealth d12, Streetwise d4, Survival d4, Throwing d6

Hindrances: Loyal: Balrin, Phobia: Fire (Major), Quirk: Timid

Edges: Attractive, Child of the Arrow, Fleet-footed, Giant Killer, Improved Dodge, Marksman, Trademark Weapon

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +2, torso, +1 arms and legs), Throwing Dagger (**Ranges:** 3/6/12, **Damage:** Str+d4), Bow True Shot (**Ranges:** 12/24/48, **Damage:** 2d6+1), Quiver, 20 Arrows, Bedroll; 1093 Crowns

Encumbrance: 28 (0)

KAYTH

"Trinity protects us in dark times."

Though descended from a knightly line whose service can be traced to the very founding of Caladon, Kayth has always known that he would not grow up to be a warrior. He received the same early training as his brother, Nym, and did service as a page and squire. He can handle a weapon fair enough and, truthfully, can outride his elder brother at need. But where Nym took to the profession of arms with eagerness and won his spurs as a knight, the Lady Trinity's gentle voice urged Kayth to a different vocation: some must break, and some must mend. Kayth has always been a mender. (As often as not, mending Nym.)

As a Minister-Imitate of the Protective Meliorate Order, Kayth's charge is to ease the pain and fortify the spirits of the Lady Trinity's people. He is knowledgeable in the curative properties of herbs and stones, the rebalancing of humours, and the manipulation of life energies. He is well-versed in anatomy and can recite the Rituals of Restoration and Repose—Old Form and New Form—from memory. He goes nowhere without his well-thumbed and annotated edition of Marick's Universal Guide to Maladies & Afflictions of the Body. He is also a Probationary Vindicator—a junior exorcist, qualified to cast out unclean spirits of the Second Tetra and below though he has never done so without the supervision of a superior.

Kayth has always lived in his big brother's shadow—and he is happy there. Nym relies on Kayth to tend his all-too-frequent wounds, yes, but also to guide him through the more complicated aspects of life that sometimes elude the earnest knight. Where Nym sees only bright and dark, honor and dishonor, Kayth is attuned to all the hidden currents of human emotion and motivation, as a healer must be.

Their father Garan sent Nym and Kayth here to serve under Sir Balrin. More accurately, he sent Nym here hoping Balrin could knock some sense into him, and Kayth followed. Volunteers to tend the flock in The Open are always needed, so convincing his Meliorate superiors was not difficult. Kayth has a way with people and is already much beloved by the people of Milltown and the surrounding area for his skill at curing fevers, mending bones, resolving arguments, and even treating livestock. He is devoted to his priestly vocation—but his first priority is keeping an eye on Nym. Nym can be a knight as great as any legend. Kayth is sure of this, and he is determined to stand by his brother as his destiny unfolds.

What their father has never understood is that Nym and Kayth as a unit, as brothers bonded by blood and loyalty, are far stronger than either alone. Whatever Nym may lack in what their father calls horse sense (*"My horse has more sense than that boy!"*), Kayth provides. And whenever Kayth feels daunted by any challenge, Nym inspires him to face it head-on. Woe to the enemy who would strike at Kayth while Nym draws breath. And greater woe to any foe who seeks to take advantage of Nym's honorable and trusting nature. Kayth may be soft-spoken and unassuming, but the Meliorates are more than healers—they are protectors. Bring harm to his own, and you will learn which brother is the more dangerous.

Kayth (Protector)

Rank: Novice

XP: 0

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 6(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** 0

Skills: Faith d8, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Healing d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Riding d6, Warding d6

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal: Nym, Vow: Serve Trinity (Minor)

Edges: Empowered, Protector

Empowered Prayers: Healing, Deflection

Protector Prayers: Honoring Sir Ewan the Shield, Honoring Willow Open-Handed

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1), Staff (**Damage:** Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 Hands), Bedroll; 385 Silver

Encumbrance: 30 (0)

Kayth (Protector)

Rank: Heroic

XP: 60

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6 Vigor d8

Pace 6 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 7(1) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** 0

Skills: Faith d10, Fighting d6, Guts d10, Healing d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Riding d6, Warding d10

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal: Nym, Vow: Serve Trinity (Minor)

Edges: Empowered, Healer, New Power (x3), Protector, Rapid Recharge

Empowered Prayers: Healing, Deflection

Protector Prayers: Honoring Sir Ewan the Shield, Honoring Sera the Healer, Honoring Willow Open-Handed, Trinity's Blessing, Trinity's Light

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1), Staff (**Damage:** Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 Hands), Quality Healer's Kit (+2 Healing rolls), Bedroll; 985 Crowns



NYM

GREGARD/LARIN

"I'm sure we can work something out."

Gregard is a grain buyer for the Jorna Brewers of Erynbank, which has received letters patent from High King Hulson himself (this is all on the hush-hush, mind you) commissioning the JB brewmasters to develop a new ale of the absolute highest quality to be called the King's Own Ale (but don't let that get out) and served exclusively at the royal palace. No expense is to be spared in this endeavor. To this end, the brewery has quietly dispatched its agents across Caladon to source the finest ingredients in all the land. Even now, Gregard's counterparts are tracing every highland rill and rivulet from the Bohdan Rift to the Jorna Peaks, seeking the purest mountain spring for water. Others are sampling hops farm by farm across the Vendol valley—only the best of the best will do.

And Gregard? His job—but keep it under your hat—is to secure a supply of barley. The Royal Agronomist, in consultation with learned druids, opines that soil and weather conditions near Milltown are ideal for producing superior barley. Gregard has been (quietly, of course) procuring samples from the area farms to send back to Erynbank for testing. Once the brewmasters have identified the right source, they will send word and Gregard will lock up the supply with a ten-year exclusive contract for the fortunate farmer. The terms of the deal are...well, confidential. But beyond generous! Farmer and family will be set for life, no question. Word should come any day...

Gregard is friendly, talkative, free-spending—and a complete lie.

His real name is Larin and his true mission is to scout conditions in the riseward House Marron lands and report to his employers in the court of House Sumner. The temper of the people, the readiness of the troops, the health of the harvest—all fodder for his coded reports. As Gregard he is conspicuous and oafish—people more readily drop their guard around fools—but Larin has worn other guises in recent months: a wandering tinker, a caravan guard, and a relic-hunting religious student.

A natural gift for mimicry and storytelling, combined with extensive training by the Sumner spymasters, make Larin ideal for such an extended mission. He excels at forming fast friendships, gaining trust, and ferreting out secrets. It is not honest work, to be sure, but honest work never held much appeal for Larin anyway.

As the son of a riverman, Larin spent more of his childhood on water than on land. That may have something to do with the fluid ease with which he shifts identities and loyalties.

His father captained a ferry out of Portaugusta. Larin served as a crew member on his father's boat. It was hard, honest work—emphasis on the work. Larin was a fair sailor, especially when it came to tying (and untying) knots. He became a fair hand with a throwing knife too—rats on Larin's boat learned to step lively. But earning his pay was always less appealing than blowing it in the nearest bar, gambling hall, or vice den.

That was Larin's road to ruin—or, if not quite ruin, to his present circumstances. To pay off a gambling debt, Larin looked the other way while a gang of thieves stole several bolts of fine silk from the hold. Having crossed the line from indifferent, but honest citizen to criminal—in for a penny, in for a crown—Larin dealt himself into business with thieves, smugglers, bandits, counterfeiters, and others willing to pay good coin to have a ready man on the river up for nefarious deeds.

His larcenous new outlook fattened Larin's purse—though it never stayed so for long—and led to more than a few interesting scrapes with both the law and the lawless. But Larin found no trouble he couldn't beg, buy, or wheedle his way out of.

Until the night he woke up in a jail-cell in Erynbank, reeking of beer, hungover, and covered in blood. Larin quickly determined the blood was not his. But whose blood was it?

The answer came in the form of a visit from Queen Sumner's spy service. The agent informed Larin he had killed a man in a drunken brawl last night and would hang for it—unless he agreed to work for Sumner. Then the whole matter would go away.

What choice did Larin have? Months of intense training followed. Larin learned about codes and ciphers, disguises, the picking of locks, basic horsemanship, and other tradecraft Sumner expected their men to master. Larin resumed his previous activities, but he was compelled to report all he observed on the river and in the port towns that might be of interest. Then came this assignment, his first inland mission.

Larin actually enjoys the spy game. But he can't help resenting the nature of his recruitment and living under the threat of being declared a murderer and an outlaw should House Sumner wish it.

Despite this, his position gives him freedom to explore well beyond her majesty's domain. And that might be the best benefit of all. But even Larin gets tired of roaming sometimes. Having stomped back and forth across The Open for a whole ascendancy, Larin is eager to return a more familiar environment. Milltown is a deadly dull place—a bit too wholesome and uptight to provide the



RAELYN

kind of diversions Larin enjoys. He's heard rumors of possible relic find. That is the sort of thing House Sumner would want to know about. He really should look into it... but which face would be best to wear for the task?

Gregard/Larin (House Spy)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 5 **Toughness** 6(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d4

Hindrances: Bad Luck, Quirk: Lady's Man, Vow : Serve House Sumner (Minor)

Edges: Ambidextrous, House Spy

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1, torso, arms and legs), Wrapped Short Sword (**Damage:** Str+d6), Throwing Dagger (**Ranges:** 3/6/12, **Damage:** Str+d4), Lockpicks; 15 Crowns

Encumbrance: 24 (0)

Gregard/Larin (House Spy)

Rank: Heroic **XP:** 60

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6 Vigor d8

Pace 6 **Parry** 7 **Toughness** 8(2) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Lockpicking d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Stealth d10, Streetwise d6, Throwing d10

Hindrances: Bad Luck, Quirk: Lady's Man, Vow : Serve House Sumner (Minor)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Dead Shot, House Spy, Quick Draw, Two-Fisted

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Quality Plated Leather Armor (Armor +2/+1, Torso, Arms and Legs), Wrapped Short Sword (**Damage:** Str+d6), Quality Throwing Daggers (x2) (**Ranges:** 3/6/12, **Damage:** Str+d4), Quality Lockpicks (+2 Lockpicking rolls); 340 Crowns

NYM

"Glory for the High King and House Laneer!"

Sir Nym, Knight of House Laneer, is determined to be the best knight in all Caladon. A true knight is brave, faithful, courteous, honorable, obedient to his liege, a defender of the weak, and ever ready to lay down his life in defense of the right. Or so the minstrels sing it. That the true demands of knighthood are often a bit more... complicated...than the tales would have it has not yet dawned on young Sir Nym.

This is a matter of some concern to his father, Sir Garan. Nym's skill at arms is undeniable. His courage is unquestionable. His devotion to duty is a credit to his ancient lineage. But Nym too often acts as if he is lives in an epic poem, not the real world.

Tales of glory serve to inspire men to great deeds, but such tales necessarily leave out many of the messy and practical details of knightly service. Considerations of politics, tact, discretion, subtlety—these go over Nym's head. Nym would rather cut off his right arm than tell a lie or break an oath—and is routinely flabbergasted when others treat truth and obligation as malleable objects. He needs to learn that the line between hero and villain may not be brightly drawn, and that fair maidens are not always fair.

Or even necessarily maidens.

It is not that Nym is simple—though he is certainly less contemplative than his priestly brother, Kayth. He simply lacks seasoning. He needs to learn those hard lessons that can only come from navigating situations that can't be solved by his mighty right arm alone.

Nym is a sturdy, well-wrought blade that has not yet received its edge. But Sir Garan knows just the smith to forge his son into a knight—a true knight, not some fanciful fairy tale character. A few years in the far marches of The Open under the tutelage of Garan's old friend Sir Balrin will mold Nym in ways that just aren't possible in the more peaceful domains of House Laneer. It proved so for Garan himself when he as a young knight rode with Balrin's father. Trinity willing, Nym will return home a well-rounded man.

For Nym, being dispatched to Sir Balrin's keep on the borderlands is a grand adventure. He is eager to smite evil-doers and dispatch monsters. He enjoys patrolling the area and protecting the good people of this fair district. Above all he wants to prove himself to Sir Balrin—and, by extension, his father. He has a vague awareness that his father is somehow disappointed in him, though he is not sure exactly why. All Nym knows to do is redouble his efforts and be unflinching and unfailing in his duty.

In battle—well, in the skirmishes that have passed for battles in his experience thus far—Nym defaults to the direct approach. Charge the foe and trade blows. With the help of a local ranger, Balrin is trying to teach Nym something of tactics, misdirection, camouflage, and even how to set an ambush. These methods seem vaguely wrong to Nym, but he would not dare speak a word against the honor of so valiant a knight as Sir Balrin.

Balrin has also deputized Nym to hear minor disputes on court day—cases about barking dogs, missing goats, unpaid debts, shoddy goods, and the like. Dispensing justice is an important duty, but these are real puzzlers! One party states his case and the answer seems obvious. Then the other party speaks and his story sounds equally plausible. Determining the truth of the matter is much harder than it seems it ought to be. Especially with everyone staring at him, waiting for a verdict. That enchanter clerk who records the proceedings isn't much help with her constant loud sighs and eye-rolling. Thank Trinity for Kayth! His brother is always there for him, giving good counsel and asking just the right questions to help Nym reach a decision. What would he do without him?

But court is done for this month—thank Blessed Trinity!—and there is word of a holy relic to be recovered. Just the sort of quest Sir Nym dreams of..



TYRNÁN

Sir Nym (Knight)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 7(1) **Toughness** 9(3) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Riding d8, Swimming d6

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Standing Orders: House Laneer (Minor), Loyal: Brothers in Arms

Edges: Brawny, House Knight

Gear: Normal Clothes, Tabard (House Laneer), Cloak, Breastplate (Armor +3, torso only), Medium Shield (Parry +1, Armor +2 vs Ranged attacks), Longsword (**Damage:** Str+d8), Bedroll; 430 Crowns

Encumbrance: 53 (0)

Sir Nym (Knight)

Rank: Heroic **XP:** 20

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 7(1) **Toughness** 9(3) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d8, Swimming d6

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Standing Orders: House Laneer (Minor), Loyal: Brothers in Arms, Vow: Oath of Fealty

Edges: Brawny, Command, Fervor, Hold the Line!, House Knight, Inspire, Master Leader, Natural Leader, Noble, Rich

Gear: Normal Clothes, Tabard (House Laneer), Cloak, Breastplate (Armor +3, torso only), Medium Shield (Parry +1, Armor +2 vs Ranged attacks), Longsword (**Damage:** Str+d8), Bedroll; 1430 Crowns

Encumbrance: 53 (0)

RAELYN

"You'll just have to trust me. I don't have time to explain myself to the likes of you!"

She's better than you—and you know it. If you don't know it, she doesn't mind telling you. Raelyn sees Milltown as a bucolic, banal, bumpkin-filled prison. The bitter enchanter has made her feelings known to just about everyone who has had the misfortune to have dealings with her since she arrived in town. As First Graduate, with honors, from the Royal College of Arts Magical and Extraordinary, with advanced studies in the Guild Hall in Montismare, she should, by all rights, have received a guild fellowship to continue her research in redefining the principles of transformational enchantment or have been appointed to a post in the Wizard's Chamber at the court of the High King in Caladon Falls, (where she was born.) Preferably both.

Instead she, Raelyn, the most gifted enchanter of her generation was commanded—forced really—to accept the humiliating assignment of serving as 'wizard guild liaison and correspondent observer'—what does that mean?—on the staff of a nobody Marron knight named Sir Balrin in a nothing town in the middle of nowhere. While her inferiors, classmates who could barely comprehend the merest idle scribble in her spell book on a good day, received plum guild assignments, lucrative royal commissions, and postings with the leading nobles of the realm. No doubt they laugh and sneer everyday at

the thought of Raelyn stuck in a place that reeks of cow dung and sawdust.

But the day will come when Raelyn wipes those sneers right off their pathetic, pasty little faces. What have those jealous mites ever accomplished? Those fleas! Those pimples! Those lackwit no-nothing toadies obediently jotting down their masters' every utterance and vomiting it back up at exam time? What have they ever added to the lore of magic? Memorizers! Note jobbers! Gutless geldings waiting for their next bag of feed!

Raelyn solved Talbot's Third Conjecture in her first year of studies! She demonstrated a practical solution to maintaining personality cohesion during long-term non-anthropomorphic transformative states that had eluded the best minds in wizardry for generations! She formulated an entirely new demi-taxonomy of sigilistics that the guild masters are still trying to understand! And she used it to transform a classmate, unaided, into a banshee!

The guild masters told her it was too dangerous. They said she was too young to know what she was doing. They said self-induced sigilistic autorespeciation was impossible. And that, in any event, as a novitiate guild member it would be many years before she could even consider requesting permission for such a transformation. There were protocols, safeguards, blah blah blah.

Raelyn proved them wrong. But instead of praising her feat, instead of showering her with accolades, the guild masters condemned her! They seized her notes, put her on trial, voted to expel her from the guild and forbid her to practice magical arts on pain of extreme sanction.

Raelyn always knew her fellow students were jealous of her brilliance. But she had not realized that the guild masters were equally jealous of her accomplishments, if not more so. It was a failing—perhaps her only failing—not to have recognized that ugly fact sooner.

By expelling her from the guild—and thus depriving her of the guild's license to practice magic—the fools hoped to prevent her from further advancing her studies and further exposing what backward-looking, obsolete, self-congratulating, dull-witted drone bees they were.

If not for the intercession of Master Priamus—the one guild master who understood her work—Raelyn would have had no choice but to go renegade, with all the risks that entailed. Instead, he persuaded the tribunal to suspend her sentence on condition that she conduct no further unauthorized researches, and that she successfully complete a term of service in Milltown.

This Sir Balrin has no idea how to employ an enchanter of Raelyn's quality. He sometimes uses her as an extra clerk, taking inventories and updating records.

He has given her small magical tasks, like helping steady a damaged castle wall while the stone masons repaired it. But he has also set her to shoveling manure in the stables, scrubbing pots, and mending garments—without magic! These can only be intentional humiliations.

Yet though she seethes inwardly, Raelyn is unfailingly polite to the knight, for the only way to escape this degrading predicament is to complete her assigned duties to Balrin's satisfaction. So she will. No amount of abuse is going to break Raelyn's spirit. And when she does get out of this mess—well, those fossils in the guild had best watch their backs!

Raelyn (Enchanter)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 6(1) **Toughness** 7(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Enchanting d6, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Healing d4, Knowledge (Arcana) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d4, Riding d4, Scribe d6, Streetwise d4

Hindrances: Arrogant, Phobia: Spiders (Minor), Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Attractive, Enabled, Enchanter

Enabled Sigils: Boost/Lower Trait, Deflection

Enchanter Sigils: Gradior Conflare, Signum Accendo

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1, torso, arms and legs), Staff (**Damage:** Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 Hands), Enchanter's Pouch, Bedroll; 144 Crowns

Encumbrance: 29 (0)

Raelyn (Enchanter)

Rank: Heroic **XP:** 60

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 6(1) **Toughness** 7(1) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** +2

Skills: Enchanting d10, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Healing d4, Knowledge (Arcana) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d4, Riding d4, Scribe d10, Streetwise d4

Hindrances: Arrogant, Phobia: Spiders (Minor), Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Attractive, Enabled, Enchanter, Improved Rapid Recharge, New Power (x2), No Mercy, Quickdraw

Enabled Sigils: Boost/Lower Trait, Deflection

Enchanter Sigils: Gradior Conflare, Particeps Fabula, Procul Aspectus, Signum Accendo

Gear: Normal Clothes, Cloak, Leather Armor (Armor +1, torso, arms and legs), Staff (**Damage:** Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 Hands), Enchanter's Pouch, Bedroll; 1144 Crowns

Encumbrance: 29 (0)

TYRMAN

"What is best in life? Damned if I know—but refilling my cup would be a step in the right direction."

Tyrnan loves to fight and hates to lose. He has no particular ambition except to live each day as if it were his last—and when his last day comes, to take as many foes as possible down to hell with him. He's always had to fight to survive—what is life, but a fight for survival?—and he's good at it. Good enough to win each day the only prize that matters, which is not wealth or glory, but the right to see tomorrow.

But recent days have only seen Tyrnan restless and bored, stuck in Milltown. For the last couple of months he's been guarding the premises and person of a local merchant named Darvias, a dealer in relics found in The Open. This mainly consists of standing around the merchant's shop, looking menacing and dangerous to intimidate would-be thieves. Tyrnan does this well enough, but he only took the job to tide him over while his leg healed. The soreness is almost gone and he is ready to find work that promises real action.

You'd never know it to look at him, but Tyrnan was the runt of the litter, the youngest of five sons born to a peasant family in the Thrace lands. His was not a caring family. Tyrnan took many a beating from father and brothers alike. When a bad harvest came, Tyrnan was one mouth to feed too many, so his father sold him—'apprenticed' was the polite word for it—to a lumberman who put the boy to work on a logging crew, caring for tools and fetching water for the men. It was a hard life. The logging camp was a rough place, with few diversions beyond drinking, fighting, and tormenting the weakest of the lot—which was Tyrnan.

At least until he hit his growth spurt.

The lumbermen who used to laugh off his puny punches now found that Tyrnan's fists broke bones. Tormenting was no longer fun, and potentially fatal. When his apprenticeship ended, Tyrnan left the logging camp for good. For a time, he earned his bread as a traveling prize fighter. Though still a youth, Tyrnan could knock a grown man senseless with a single blow. He eventually learned to hold back a little—just to make the fights last longer.

Then he was 'recruited' into the Thrace militia. The veterans quickly taught their new recruit that size and strength weren't everything in a fight. Tyrnan was good with his fists and an impressive wrestler, but he was undisciplined, untutored with weapons, and had no sense of strategy whatsoever. The sergeants regularly 'volunteered' him to be their punching dummy for illustrating the many ways in which a smaller man could take down a bigger foe with the right technique.

This didn't last long. Tyrnan worked hard to become proficient with sword, battle ax, and other weapons. He learned hand-to-hand fighting techniques more sophisticated than those he picked up in the logging camp. He even mastered the Trader crossbow, though ranged weapons are never his first choice.

By the time he left the militia he was the best fighter in the unit—but the Thrace militia saw little real action. Tyrnan moved on, seeking better opportunities to use, improve, and test his fighting skills. As a mercenary, he

has seen battle in various small wars between nobles; in expeditions against bandits, pirates, and monsters; and, most recently, as a hired guard for traders and relic hunters in The Open.

It was on such a job that he took an arrow through the thigh in a skirmish against claim jumpers a couple of months back. The arrow alone wouldn't have been a problem, but he also lost his footing and tumbled into a ravine, twisting his ankle. Mistrustful of priestly healers, Tyrnan took the job with Darvias. But he's had enough of this. There is word of a significant relic find in the Kittlemarsh—a nasty place, full of things to kill. Just what Tyrnan needs. Maybe Darvias will pay him to go look for this latest piece of junk. If not, someone else surely will.

Tyrnan (Mercenary)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6 Vigor d6

Pace 6 **Parry** 6 **Toughness** 7(1) **Pulse** 10 **Charisma** 0

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Hindrances: Heroic, Quirk: Loves to Fight, Stubborn

Edges: Brawny, Guild Mercenary

Gear: Normal Clothes, Guild Leather Armor (Armor +1, torso, arms and legs), Wrapped Short Sword (**Damage:** Str+d6), Hand Cross Bow (**Range:** 8/16/32, **Damage:** 2d6), Quiver, 20 Quarrels, Bedroll; 80 Crowns

Encumbrance: 34 (0)

Tyrnan (Mercenary)

Rank: Heroic **XP:** 60

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10 Vigor d8

Pace 6 **Parry** 9(1) **Toughness** 9(2) **Pulse** 25 **Charisma** 0

Skills: Fighting d10, Gambling d4, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Hindrances: Heroic, Quirk: Loves to Fight, Stubborn

Edges: Brawny, Guild Mercenary, Improved Block, Improved Frenzy, Improved Monkey Grip, No Mercy, Quick Draw

Gear: Normal Clothes, Guild Plated Leather Armor (Armor +2/+1, torso, arms and legs), Medium Shield (Parry +1, Armor +2 against Ranged Attack), Wrapped Great Sword (**Damage:** Str+d10, Parry -1, 2 Hands), Cross Bow (**Ranges:** 15/30/60, **Damage:** 2d6, AP 2, 1 action to reload), Quiver, 20 Quarrels, Bedroll; 480 Crowns

Encumbrance: 60 (0)

Irregular Military Note

Irregulars are soldiers or warriors that are not part of a regular army organization. They often excel at many other duties besides front-line combat, such as scouting, skirmishing, rear-guard actions, cutting supply chains, sabotage, raids, ambushes, and underground resistance.

Name: _____ Gender: _____

Race: _____ Age: _____ Player: _____

Agility: Strength: Parry:

2 + ½ Fighting

Smarts: Vigor: Toughness:

2 + ½ Vigor

Spirit: Pace: Charisma:



Boating

(Agi)

Climbing

(Str)

Driving

(Agi)

Fighting

(Agi)

Gambling

(Sma)

Guts

(Spi)

Healing

(Sma)

Intimidation

(Spi)

Investigation

(Sma)

Knowledge

(Sma)

Wounds **incl!** Fatigue

-1 to trait checks for each wound & fatigue level, -1 pace per wound

Pulse

X.P.

Hindrances

Armor Bonus Notes

Head

Torso

Arms

Legs

Weapons Range Dam Notes

Possessions

Wt

Lockpicking

(Agi)

Notice

(Sma)

Persuasion

(Spi)

Piloting

(Agi)

Repair

(Sma)

Riding

(Agi)

Shooting

(Agi)

Stealth

(Agi)

Streetwise

(Sma)

Survival

(Sma)

Swimming

(Agi)

Taunt

(Sma)

Throwing

(Agi)

Tracking

(Sma)

Encumbrance Penalty

Total Wt:

Power Cost Range Duration Effect

Telesma

S20

V40

H60

L80

D120

Like the story? Want more Caladon? You're in luck!
Check out our new plot point campaign for the Savage Suzerain roleplaying game!

CALADON FALLS



CALADON FALLS

They came out of nowhere and started ripping the world apart, one city at a time. Using power on a scale never before seen, Warlocks, god-like leaders of the Wild army, are rampaging across Austeria with one goal: raise armies and annihilate the entire continent. Set in the fantasy realm of Relic, this book looks at warfare through the eyes of everyday people turned soldiers – soldiers whose side is losing the war.

Take the challenge and roleplay in a fantasy world where enchanters and druids rub shoulders with nobles, knights, mercenaries, and holy crusaders. Focus on a daily life and death struggle where the enemy is cruel, powerful, and around every corner. Take the challenge, and let your adventurers become...

...Caladon's only hope.



savage
mojo