

# Kvarek / Kvara

Barbarian Mercenary



You have walked the path of steel from early childhood, as a member of the proud clan Jezora. But ever since your clan was annihilated by Ambrian forces a dozen years ago you have wandered alone – most likely as the only surviving Jezite. You have leased your weapon to the highest bidder, Ambrian or barbarian, but the constant warring has begun to eat at your soul. And you are plagued by a nagging conscience due to the fact that you survived when your brothers and sisters followed Chieftain Haloban into death. It is time to retire.

## KVAREK

**Race** Human (barbarian)

**Traits** *Contacts* (sellswords)

**Accurate** 15, **Cunning** 9, **Discreet** 7, **Persuasive** 5, **Quick** 13, **Resolute** 10, **Strong** 11, **Vigilant** 10

**Abilities** *Bodyguard* (novice),  
*Man-at-arms* (novice),  
*Shield Fighter* (adept)

**Weapons** Dagger 1D6 (short), Bow 1D8,  
Sword 1D8, Shield bash 1D4  
(+chance to knock-down)

**Armor** Crow armor 1D6 (Impeding)

**Defense** 11 (shield)

**Toughness** 11 **Pain Threshold** 6

**Equipment** Pipe and tobacco, dice set, camp  
equipment, weapon maintenance  
kit, 9 shillings

**Shadow** Blooming green (corruption: 0)

“What’s in it for me?”

# Orlan / Oria

Ex-Knight of the Queen’s Pansars



You are the youngest son of a – besides you – extinct house of nobility. The estates and your relatives perished in the Great War; you were accepted into the ranks of the Queen’s Pansars, thanks to your skills and your family name. After a time of service you have had enough of patrols and drills, and have resigned from the knights’ guard in order to find a purpose in life, perhaps even the strength to rebuild your house from its ruined state.

## ORLAN OF THE HOUSE DAAR

**Race** Human (Ambrian)

**Traits** *Privileged*

**Accurate** 11, **Cunning** 7, **Discreet** 5, **Persuasive** 13, **Quick** 10, **Resolute** 10, **Strong** 15, **Vigilant** 9

**Abilities** *Dominate* (novice),  
*Leader* (adept),  
*Two-handed force* (novice)

**Weapons** Dagger 1D6 (short), Sword 1D8,  
Two-handed sword 1D12

**Armor** Fortified chainmail 1D8  
(Impeding)

**Defense** 6 (dodge) or 7 (shield)

**Toughness** 15 **Pain Threshold** 8

**Equipment** Pouch with soil from the family  
residence in the south, camp  
equipment, weapon maintenance  
kit, 1 thaler and 5 shillings

**Shadow** Gleaming silver (corruption: 0)

“You have my word!”



# Niha / Niho

Changeling Con Artist



You were exchanged for your parents' firstborn in a barbarian settlement, and from there it only got worse. "Mother" and "Father" had you work as an apprentice of the village tanner and sent you away as soon as your heritage became apparent. Since then you have learned to manage on your own, but you have always wondered why your elven kin gave you up.

You have traveled the countryside of Ambria hoping to find answers, or at least some other outcasts to form some sort of communion with. If all else fails you have heard of a human named Vernam, who lives in Thistle Hold and is said to know much about elves.

NIHA			
<b>Race</b>	Changeling		
<b>Traits</b>	Long-lived, Shapeshifter (novice)		
<b>Accurate 10, Cunning 7, Discreet 15, Persuasive 13, Quick 11, Resolute 9, Strong 5, Vigilant 10</b>			
<b>Abilities</b>	Backstab (novice), Feint (adept)		
<b>Weapons</b>	Dagger 1D6 (short), Walking staff 1D6 (long)		
<b>Armor</b>	Studded leather 1D4 (Impeding)		
<b>Defense</b>	9		
<b>Toughness</b>	10	<b>Pain Threshold</b>	3
<b>Equipment</b>	Straw doll found by your crib (presumably left by the elves), camp equipment, 11 shilling and 3 ortegs		
<b>Shadow</b>	Polished brass (corruption: 0)		

"You won't regret it!"

# Fenya

Goblin Treasure-hunter



You were born and raised in the goblin village of Karabbadokk, where your family settled down when the rest of the tribe joined a band of robbers held up in the forests of Mervidun. When you could not find work in Thistle Hold, the alluring city in which you never got to set foot, you left Karabbadokk in search of a better life. You have to make haste – you have already reached the age of five and life is short!

FENYA			
<b>Race</b>	Goblin		
<b>Traits</b>	Pariah, Short-lived, Survival instinct (novice)		
<b>Accurate 10, Cunning 5, Discreet 13, Persuasive 7, Quick 15, Resolute 9, Strong 11, Vigilant 10</b>			
<b>Abilities</b>	Polearm mastery (adept), Ritualist (novice, Familiar)		
<b>Weapons</b>	Dagger 1D6 (short), Spear 1D10 (long)		
<b>Armor</b>	Leather gown 1D4 (Impeding)		
<b>Defense</b>	13		
<b>Toughness</b>	11	<b>Pain Threshold</b>	6
<b>Equipment</b>	Camp equipment, 3 ortegs		
<b>Shadow</b>	Red as oxygenated blood (corruption: 0)		

KVERULA, THE WILD SOW			
<b>Race</b>	Beast (sow)		
<b>Traits</b>	Armored (I), Natural weapon (I)		
<b>Accurate 11, Cunning 7, Discreet 9, Persuasive 5, Quick 13, Resolute 10, Strong 15, Vigilant 10</b>			
<b>Weapons</b>	Tusks 1D6 (short)		
<b>Armor</b>	Skin 1D4 (flexible)		
<b>Defense</b>	13		
<b>Toughness</b>	15	<b>Pain Threshold</b>	8



# Bartalom / Bartala

Wizard of Ordo Magica



You are a novice in Ordo Magica, Ambria's biggest and most influential order of wizardry. When all others journeyed north you and your master stayed in Alberetor to study the dying earth, although you wanted nothing more than to tag along in search for the truth behind rumors about Davokar's herbs and the magic of barbarian witches. Now that your master is dead it is time to put that plan into action. The first step is to locate your old colleague, Master Vernam who is said to live in Thistle Hold.

## BARTOLOM

**Race** Human (Ambrian)

**Traits** *Privileged*

**Accurate 10, Cunning 13, Discreet 5, Persuasive 10, Quick 11, Resolute 15, Strong 9, Vigilant 7**

**Abilities** *Alchemy (novice), Beast Lore (novice), Brimstone Cascade (novice), Medicus (novice), Wizardry (novice)*

**Weapons** Dagger 1D6 (short), Walking staff 1D6 (long)

**Armor** Blessed robe 1D4 (flexible)

**Defense** 11

**Toughness** 10 **Pain Threshold** 5

**Equipment** Camp equipment, dusty bottle of aged sherry, 3 herbal cures, 3 thaler and 9 shillings

**Shadow** Fiery copper (corruption: 0)

*"Interesting, this must be scrutinized"*

# Ansel / Anselma

Theurg of the Church of Prios



You are a servant of the faith schooled in the Church of Prios, also a priest mage, one of few selected by Prios to be the light in the world. Your conviction may be unwavering, but your relationship to the Church is not: intrigues fester behind closed doors, sharp elbows and pure defamations are not uncommon in the struggle for positions in the Church hierarchy. You constantly struggle to determine what is the actual will of Prios and what is part of your superiors' schemes.

You are determined to stay a champion of the former and refuse to get dragged into the latter.

## ANSEL

**Race** Human (Ambrian)

**Traits** *Contacts (the Sun Church)*

**Accurate 13, Cunning 10, Discreet 5, Persuasive 15, Quick 7, Resolute 11, Strong 9, Vigilant 10**

**Abilities** *Leader (adept), Theurgy (novice), Witch Hammer (novice)*

**Weapons** Dagger 1D6 (short), Warhammer 1D8

**Armor** Priest robes (flexible)

**Defense** 9 (shield)

**Toughness** 10 **Pain Threshold** 5

**Equipment** Worn copy of the Lightbringer (the holy book of Prios), camp equipment, 1 thaler and 3 shillings

**Shadow** Shimmering gold, like the sun reflecting off a silver mirror (corruption: 0)

*"Begone, skeptic!"*