

Amelle

by Neil Taylor

Characteristics: Int +1, Per +1, Pre +2(*), Com 0(*), Str -1, Sta 0, Dex 0, Qik +2

(*+1 Pre and Com with sexually compatible characters)

Size: -1

Age: 20 (14)

Decrepitude: 0

Warping Score: 0 (0)

Virtues and Flaws: Covenfolk, Faerie Blood (Satyr), Second Sight, Unaging; Small Frame, Disfigured (cat's eyes and ears), Cursed (can't bear the touch of iron)

Personality Traits: Fastidious +3, Flirtatious +2, Fae +1

Reputations: None.

Combat: *Brawling (fist):* Init +2, Attack +2, Defense +4, Damage -1

Soak: 0

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

Wound Penalties: -1 (1-4), -3 (5-8), -5 (9-12), Incapacitated (13-16)

Abilities: Latin 3 (Hermetic usage), Animal Handling 1 (chickens), Athletics 0+1 (run), Awareness 2 (search), Bargain 2 (domestic produce), Brawl 1 (fist), Carouse 3 (wild fun), Charm 3 (flirting), Chirurgy 0 (1) (first aid), Craft: keep house 2 (cook), Faerie Lore 3 (forest), Folk Ken 3 (young men), Guile 3 (fast talk), Home Village Lore 2 (people), Intrigue 2 (gossip), Latin 3 (Hermetic usage), Living Language 5 (peasants), Music 3 (sing), Second Sight 4 (faeries), Survival 0 (1) (woods), Teaching 0 (2) (babies)

Equipment: None

Encumbrance: 0 (0)

Oldest (but youngest looking) daughter of a local village wise woman (or witch, depending on your view), she has the strong ties to faerie in her blood. Her appearance is most exotic – beautiful but alien. If she did not show her ancestry she'd be beautiful, but she has long, mobile and pointed cat-like ears, which she adorns with rings; her eyes are wide and slanted with eyebrows long and dark above them. The irises of her eyes are bright green, and have a slit pupil; they reflect bright at night.

As a child she often ran wild in the woods, chasing and playing with the minor forest faeries; as a teenager she chased the boys and flirted – the lads think she and her sisters are exotic, wild and beautiful (true), their mothers and the young women think them harlots, or worse. She joined the covenant as wife to one of the turb, relieving her mother of her increasingly irksome presence (no village lad would actually marry her!).

She thinks herself special (she must have special tools so as not to touch iron – hurts her as if burning hot) and very beautiful (she is vain, and proud of her ears), and above the other grogs. She is fastidious about staying clean and neat, often preening and checking her appearance; she cannot abide getting dirty, let alone sleeping rough. Magi may force her to accompany field missions, where her Sight is useful, but she complains endlessly about the hardships of field travel, and her desire to be back in decent living conditions again. (She might be bribed with rings for her ears.)

She ages slowly, as the years slip past her: it seems she will never grow up, or if she does, will never grow old. Although she is now 20 years old, she appears only 14 (she has hardly aged since 12).