





The statistics for Kroll present him as the veteran of two Crusades, a no-nonsense warrior disturbed by the spirit which haunts him, but too callous to consider it more than the wages of a life spent at war. Kroll (pronounced with the umlauts) is quicker, faster, not as bright but almost as deadly as Kukenschabe. A bright pink brand is impossible to miss on Kroll's cheek, the unmistakable mark of a terrible criminal juxtaposed by his ready smile. He does not talk much, and when he does, it is always to the point and uncomplicated. His hands are thick and scar-riddled, and he has a bite out of his right ear. He seems most comfortable on watch, and anxious when not armored. He has a very deadpan sense of humor and an unsettling habit of playing with knives.