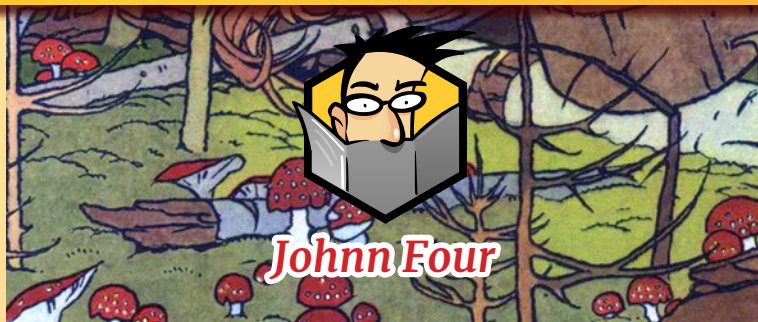


3 LINE NPC

• COMPENDIUM •



*A collection of 76 scoundrels, minions, and muses,
each with their own plot hooks,
ready to instantly drop into your fantasy game*



Johnn Four



Credits

Awesome NPC Designers

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*Thank you to these fine Roleplaying Tips Readers who tested out the **3 Line NPC Generator** and conjured up the great NPCs you have in this book.*

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Johnn Four, Roleplaying Tips Publishing



A Brief Word From Johnn

Why do I love NPCs so much and keep building methods, models, and tools for creating them? It all started with “Breeyark!”

I was GMing a friend through **B2: Keep on the Borderlands** in elementary school. This was still during my first year of being a GM and figuring out what the heck these RPG games were all about.

My friend had a party of 6 characters. These would be the famous six (famous in our circles, at least), some of whom would go on to be Monty Haul manifestations of pure gaming glory who would one day start challenging the immortals themselves from the Deities & Demigods tome. (Challenged in best-treasure type order, of course.)

So here we are in the formative days of these PCs and of my own GMing. And there’s a cave complex teeming with kobolds. Module author Gary Gygax instructs you to make one of the kobolds say “Breeyark!” when the PCs approach. To the PCs, they will think this means, “We surrender.” But it actually means, “Hey Rube!” and is a signal to trigger an ambush.

So the player, Eric, falls prey to the trick. And it’s glorious. His PCs wipe the floor with the creatures. We rolled lots of dice, swung weapons galore, and kicked major kobold butt. And while Eric was annotating the loot on his character sheets (we had not stumbled upon the idea of a party loot sheet yet, so Eric always tracked who got what sheet by sheet), I was grinning ear to ear.



Because this was the first time I roleplayed a monster. A monster! Man, that was a pivotal moment. It opened up a whole new part of the game and being a GM for me.

Back at school after the weekend, as we told friends what happened, the story was all about breeyark. And we were serious about it, like it was reality. We issued warnings. We were wise now.

So that's part of why NPCs are core to every game I GM, some 35 years later. I try to stuff my games with NPCs around every corner. Many die fast. Which is why I like to have tools to help me create them fast. Thus, the 3 Line NPC method and the new generator I created to conjure them up in under two seconds.

And that's where these fine 3 Line NPCs came from in this book. Roleplaying Tips Readers gave my new generator a spin, tweaked results as desired, and added a brief backstory to help flesh this book out for me.

The generator comes free with my [Campaign Logger app](#). Generate unlimited 3 Line NPCs brimming with roleplaying-ness and plot hooks for your campaigns.

Meantime, a word of advice for you my brave game master. If you ever meet a kobold and he greets you with, "Breeyark"...run!

Cheers,
Johnn Four

Have more fun at every game!



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3 Line NPCs

Thorley

Appearance: I am a harmless manservant. I sneeze when in sunlight. I'm wearing fur-lined black leather garb with gown, a girdle, a knee-length waistcoat, calf-length pants, long sleeves, high leather boots, a cloth skull cap, and feathered fingerless gloves.

Portrayal: I espouse the medicinal virtues of garlic and offer cloves to people. I want to unlock the secrets of death to overcome it and live forever. I've finally found my way around here - I have a steady income. I need to keep what I have achieved.

Hook: Right now, I want to help my employer, but I can be lazy and sleepy, sneaking off to take naps when work can wait. Thorley is a human in his forties. He is slim and his graying hair is thin, especially around the crown of his head. He is a manservant in the employ of the eccentric Sapine Zibs, a gnomish apothecary with singularly peculiar tastes, attested by the 'uniforms' she makes Thorley and anyone else she employs from time to time.

When he was a young man, he caught what he still describes as a deadly disease (which was, in fact, a common cold) that was cured by a homemade cureall involving garlic paste. Ever since, he is convinced garlic's medicinal properties hold the secret to eternal life. Thus, he sought to attach himself to all kinds of alchemists and apothecaries to learn to unlock the secrets of the wondrous clove. The fact that he spends the hours not associated with garlicky



research napping instead of doing chores made him change quite a few masters. In Sapine he probably found the perfect employer, as the weird gnome puts up with Thorley interfering with her work, and only makes the disfigurations she inflicts on him for napping off his chores semi-permanent.

Dorfen

Appearance: I am a cunning poet. I nod often but I'm not listening. I'm wearing hemp dark green clergy style garb with undergarments, a cloth belt, a calf-length jacket, long stockings, elbow-length sleeves, long pointed shoes, a hat, and a small pouch.

Portrayal: I believe when I die I'll be judged, something I came to terms with a long time ago, so I better be judged as a hero. A man's word is his bond, thus be careful when you make promises.

Hook: Right now, I want to be a hero to impress someone but I'm cowardly and often find myself running from battles, screaming for my sibling's help. I spend most of my time lost in my own world, dreaming of the day when I become famous for my deeds and actions, forever remembered in poetry and tales. I must first overcome my fears of the world beyond the small part of it I'm most familiar with, but that means venturing out into the unknown, a frightful prospect!

I both respect and am envious of my younger brother. How is it he became a respected member of a notable group of mercenaries whilst I labor as a mere scribe in the temple, ignored or admonished for my poetic efforts? On more than one occasion he has confronted those who would do me harm and seems to always come out on top,



for which I am ever thankful. But I do so wish at times the tables were turned.

My time will come. And when that day comes, I shall be deemed a hero. If a worthy group comes along, I shall offer my services unto them and show them my worth. And when I return home, all shall see the true me that they ignored and overlooked for so long. Or perhaps I shall not return at all. Perhaps I shall die a hero's death in some faraway land and those I'm with will recount the heroic efforts I put forth on their behalf.

Sister Marga

Anchorite of Vengeance

Appearance: I am a wise nun of the Laughing Goddess. I spit huge wads with gusto. I'm wearing a threadbare, dark yellow habit, a metal ring belt, a waist-length cloak, puffy sleeves, sandals, and a coif.

Portrayal: I'm frustrated that my family doesn't realize their child is a fake duplicate of me. And I believe gold pales to the brilliance of the life draining from their eyes. My home town is my least favorite place in the world.

Hook: Right now, I want to get healing for my parent, but I hide with shame the extensive burn scars on my arms. Sister Marga is an Anchorite of the Laughing Goddess, a cleric mystically bound never to leave the temple of her Lady. She is the life of the temple, greeting worshippers and revelers with a hearty laugh and a slap on the back, as is befitting a cleric of her station, and an excellent source of information on divine matters and street gossip.

Inside, however, Marga is cold and calculating. She was bound as an anchorite against her will, by a Trickster of the Laughing Goddess,



who then used its illusory powers to replace Marga in her own home. Not the religious sorts, her family would never set foot in the temple, and so would never discover the ruse. Rather than despair, Marga has used the opportunity to learn what she can of divine magic to exact her revenge, hoping the Trickster's death will break her own bond and let her leave this miserable town.

A month ago, drawing on the power of the temple she serves, Marga enacted a ritual to kill the Trickster. It backfired, and although the Trickster was deeply wounded, it also plunged Marga's father into a coma, and left her with hideous burns on both her arms. She is now rushing to fix her errors and complete the ritual before the Trickster figures out who cursed it and comes for her or her helpless father.

Rupert of Norringdale

Hermon's Brother

Appearance: I am a hard-hearted blacksmith. I have uncanny luck. I'm wearing beaded green-red middle class dinner clothes with low-necked tunic, heavy leather belt, long stockings, long sleeves, elegant boots, a leather skull cap, and a medicine bag necklace.

Portrayal: If I had a coin, I'd put it in my mouth and pray for lockjaw. And I believe, deep down, all people are animals. I am tasked with the resurrection of a dead entity.

Hook: I want to be at the top of the pecking order, but right now I follow my sibling around the world ruining things they have fixed. Rupert has lived his whole life in the shadow of his famous younger brother — Hermon, Slayer of Yazzaldgak and Hero of Norringdale. Despite being the best blacksmith for many miles, the whole world only knows Rupert as 'Hermon's Brother', a fact that makes him



crazy. Even though his borrowed fame makes him money hand over fist - and Rupert loves money as much as he hates his brother - he has always wanted to see his brother fail and be exposed as the fraud he is.

For Yazzaldgak is not dead. Rupert knows, since the great demon told him herself. And he has been charged to bring her out of her slumber. All he needs to do is undo six of the good deeds for which his brother is known, and the bonds holding Yazzaldgak will be broken. On the one hand, he will certainly embarrass and probably kill Hermon the 'Perfect.' On the other hand, Yazzaldgak has promised him power and riches beyond his imagining when she conquers Noringdale. Hey, a win-win in his books!

Mallag

Appearance: I am a scared negotiator. I have a very hairy neck. I'm wearing loose white beggar's garb with high-collared shirt, a girdle, a waist-length jacket, pants, bracers, monsterskin boots, a coif, and leather gauntlets.

Portrayal: I am cautious, always investigating an area before entering it. And I would never violate the trust of someone who just needed a friendly ear. I idolize a hero of the old tales and measure my deeds against that person's.

Hook: Right now, I want a place to hide but I can't resist a pretty face. Mallag is a half-troll who dreamt of being as skilled a diplomat as Loran Silvertongue and went to great lengths to overcome the troll slowness, tongue-tied-ness and stereotypes. On his second contract he was framed, accused of eavesdropping and knowing too much (when, in fact, he knows nothing and can barely believe such



traitorous persons exist). He's fallen in love with a petite wizardess and became her bodyguard instead of lying low like he should.

Jared Stromasson

Appearance: I am a chummy stone mason. I seem very greasy. I'm wearing tight dark yellow rural clothing, a beaded belt, an ankle-length jacket with puffy sleeves, knee-length trousers, high-heeled boots, a small hat with a feather, and a codpiece.

Portrayal: I espouse the medicinal virtues of garlic and offer cloves to people. And I don't believe in conforming to expectations. I've always been a little odd.

Hook: Right now, I want my old job back but everything is always my fault! Jared Stromasson was a friendly, albeit eccentric, construction worker who built every house in town. Unfortunately, everything seemed to be blamed on him a few years back when a new boss took over the company he worked for. He loves garlic, and knows every way to prepare it (but not how to preserve a partial clove because he's never had to). It was actually his love of garlic that got him fired - his new boss was secretly a vampire. Now he just wants his job back. He knows most of the secret passages through town, since he built a number of them and had to build around others, but won't talk about them without a good reason.

Lornin Fell

Appearance: I am a wandering storyteller and jongleur. I wear travel-stained jester's motley and garish makeup that serves to disguise my true features.



Portrayal: I believe people who have violated the law deserve punishment, a moral I work into all my public performances.

Hook: By day a fool, by night a force for justice, where his skill at juggling transforms into a deadly skill with knives as the vigilante known as the Judge of Blades. The PC's might be allies in going after a target too well protected to reach alone or might be the target themselves for past indiscretions. Lornin Fell was six when a thief cut down both of his parents in a robbery gone wrong. Taken in by a traveling circus troupe called The Bladed Ring, young Lornin learned how to read people, how to fool people, and after an intense period of knife training, how to kill people. His circus days behind him, Lornin dedicates his days to teaching the lesson that lawlessness never pays and his nights to a more direct application of that same lesson.

The Numerologist

Appearance: I am a worried numerologist. I am stooped and move slowly due to a bad back. I'm wearing torn and bloody white noble's garb with high-collared tunic, a coin and beaded belt with fringes, an ankle-length jacket, knee-length trousers, short sleeves, monsterskin shoes, a hat, and a cane.

Portrayal: What I do is art. I take care in my craft and love to share it with others. And I need to get as much enjoyment out of mortal life as I can. It is my duty to protect the city and its citizens.

Hook: Right now, I want a safe place to be but I look down on anyone who was not properly trained in the magic they wield. Stolen from birth and raised a slave, the Numerologist has risen quite high in the court as one of the King's personal advisers. While at a local



bordello, the Numerologist divined that disaster is about to strike in the royal court and that the King's life is in danger. Although he tried to get to the court as fast as he possibly could, he stumbled upon a gathering of rebels plotting to overthrow the King. His guards dead, it took all of the power at his disposal to barely escape with his life. Hopefully he can manage to get to the King's ear in time to save the realm.

Felicity Petrichor

Appearance: I am a sassy scrivener. I smell really good - vetiver and cinnamon. I'm wearing a velvet red corset with a black tulle train, a high-waisted bolero jacket, knee-high monsterskin boots, a cocked hat, and filigree tattoos in a long-dead language that flow along the delicate curves of my slender limbs.

Portrayal: I'm pretty sure my last client - the now-dead head of a powerful merchant guild - knows I've stole some of the guild secrets and his servants are after me. I believe when the past and present collide then I'll deal with it. I will seal these secrets away to protect myself and to secure my escape from town.

Hook: Right now, I want enough money to buy food and enough money to get out of town, but my last written pamphlet satirized the guild leader and now the whole guild wants my head. It was a mistake I will likely repeat as I have a hard-time keeping my mouth shut and love a witty, vicious rejoinder. Felicity Petrichor was apprenticed to the Perfumer's Guild when she was young. Trained to hand-label ingredient bottles and keep track of the guild's vast stores of scents, oils and essences she grew into a lovely young woman. She learned the secrets of the guild's most exclusive scents and those favoured by the town elite. She has an ear for gossip and the witty banter



exchanged by the highly literate courtiers who frequent the shop. She's become a fashionable young woman known for her excellent (and expensive) tastes in clothing. She now illustrates the guild's catalogue of ingredients with exotic descriptions and beautiful illustrations. Her tattoos came from her lover - a calligrapher's apprentice who was covering her body with an ancient love poem in a dead language. The guild lord had fallen in love with her and when she spurned him, he had the calligrapher killed. She had her revenge upon him by adding poison to his favourite cologne. She then stole the secret blends and ingredient lists of the guild's top members. The highly competitive world of perfumers would pay handsomely to get this list. Some of the ingredients used are highly unethical and would cause a scandal if discovered. She now wants to leave the city but needs money to escape. Despite her sharp tongue and brazen style, she's heartbroken by the loss of her lover.

Mez

Appearance: I am a plain-thinking wood seller. I am always rumpled and untucked. I'm wearing threadbare black-green woolen shirt, heavy leather belt, brown doeskin breeches, rolled-up sleeves, heavy steel toe capped boots, and a pipe.

Portrayal: I show strong feelings of empathy. And I shall protect us all, or die sealing it away. A powerful person killed someone I love. Some day soon, I'll have my revenge.

Hook: Right now, I want to beat an enemy but I hold onto my trinket, the only thing that I remember in my past. Three years ago a wealthy noble's son was riding through the village where Mez lived and worked. Upon seeing Mez's intended bride he was overcome with lust and ordered his guards to spirit her to his camp. During



the night the young lass set upon the young noble and attacked him, he killed her in a rage and left her naked body in the clearing after they left. Mez has sworn blood vengeance upon him and his family. He wears the engagement ring on a leather thong around his neck.

Musber the Blue

Appearance: I am a sarcastic cattle rustler. I keep a small girls doll (for personal reasons). I'm wearing well fitted lower class clothes with a tunic, a leather belt, an ankle-length jacket, leather pants and boots.

Portrayal: I have the uneasy feeling my future is to die horribly or heroically, and I accept that as reality. Relationships matter to me more than ideals or material goods. I believe that social conventions are meant to be broken and work hard to not fit in any ones mold.

Hook: Right now, I need money for food and shelter but I can't find honest work so I am conflicted about cattle rustling. Once Vaxti was a sheriff working for a noble. He was happily married with a child, but a sickness took first his wife and then his baby girl. The loss hit him hard and he turned to all the old vices to drown his sorrows. This led to him losing his job. With violence being his only real marketable skill, Vaxti found himself working on the wrong side of the law - and successfully while drunk - but when he sobers up he is unable to commit even small crimes to pay for meager meals.

Though 5 years has passed the pain is still deep for him and he carries a small doll that was once his daughter's as a reminder of his lost family. Because of his educated past and his criminal life he is a bit of a walking conflation of themes. He is big and strong and works as a criminal, but cares about honor and his word. He is a



thinker, loves to read and learn about places, and philosophizes, but is surrounded by people that care only about easy money.

Nobo

Appearance: I am a foolhardy beggar. I use profanity. I'm wearing richly embroidered dark yellow craftsman's garb that has been torn in many places, an intricate leather belt that holds many tools, long robes, knee-length trousers, and sandals.

Portrayal: My Master taught me the value of secrets, I keep them very well and have a few of my own. And I believe there is always an answer! My master, who taught me everything I know - I must kill him and take his place.

Hook: Right now, I want to be a hero to save someone but instinct takes over at the moment of a kill, and I cannot help but rip the flesh from human and monsters alike to sate my hunger. I was tossed into the streets by an impoverished nobleman. My master found me and soon I will be free. One day an adventurer gave me a gold coin, I will save others. But I need to be master first. Then the taste of blood will not be so sweet. I was poor, he gave me a home, now he will sleep in the ground. The food I receive - the first time I killed the food was so wonderful. Every kill reminds me of a full stomach. Perhaps if I am full I can save someone? Then I must kill. Training was hard, the streets were hard, but now I am hard enough to live.

Caleb Woolgard

Appearance: I am a dirt-covered shepherd who constantly reeks of garlic. I wear plain garb, much mended and stitched together



with an unskilled hand. Despite my unkempt appearance, I sport a gleaming wedding ring.

Portrayal: I like dead things better than living things, keeping to myself whenever possible and am distrustful of outsiders. I trust only my wife, Miranda, long dead in a vampire attack and whose skull I rescued from the flames of her pyre after I ended her torment. Sometimes she whispers to me in the darkness, hints on how to bring her back to me. Love is the only thing worth living for, after all.

Hook: Right now, I want to find a way to bringing my wife back from beyond the grave, and soon, her skull will tell me the final clue on just how to do it.

Caleb Woolgard married Miranda Stillwater and lived a life of happiness, tending their herd of sheep on the outskirts of the village. They found even greater joy when Miranda found herself with child. That all ended when Miranda fell ill under a strange bleeding sickness and died suddenly, leaving Caleb alone. When Miranda returned, three nights after Caleb had buried her in the back forty, he knew a vampire had claimed his bride as a victim and cut his wife down with the silver candlestick holder that had been a wedding present. Caleb burned her body and that of his unborn son, but couldn't bring himself to see her gone completely, plucking her skull from the flames and hiding it in their former home. He spread the tale of his wife's passing in childbirth and the stillborn child, shaped two graves, and retreated from the world.

Shargin

Appearance: I am a tall red-haired stable boy, rangy and thin. A scar cuts across my right eye, a reminder to never stand behind a startled



horse. I wear simple peasant garb with the mark of the Stable upon its front.

Portrayal: I play the dutiful servant, quick to respond to any request and full of awe and wonder at the strange ways of newcomers, all to find out as much as I can about them. You never know when such information might be useful.

Hook: A spy for the thieves guild, I am perfectly placed to report all of the travellers coming and going through the West Gate. People's mouths wag when around simple servants and I pick up more than you'd expect. When Shargin's father returned from war after three years he found his wife with a two-year old child. Casting both her and the child from his home, the pair were forced to make a living any way they could after the child's true father spurned them as well. Desperate and with nowhere else to turn, Shargin's mother made a deal with the local lord of thieves for a place for her and her boy, becoming spies in exchange for room and board.

Kysee

Appearance: I am a blissful broom maker. I am never without my pet rat. I'm wearing dirty and smelly white rural clothing with shirt, a metal ring belt, a waist-length cloak, calf-length pants, elbow-length sleeves, bloody bandages wrapped around my feet, brimmed hat, and a wedding ring.

Portrayal: I avoid making eye contact. And I know anything that isn't mine soon will be. Two forces are telling me to go to a direction opposite of each other.

Hook: Right now, I want a place to hide but I have trouble keeping my true feelings hidden. My sharp tongue lands me in trouble. My



wife and I found a strange book. She thought we would copy some of the glyphs out of it and see if someone could tell us if the book had any worth. But something went wrong. There was fire, smoke, a stomach turning smell. We passed out. When I came to, a rat was sitting on my chest and my wife was gone. I need magic for some reason but I don't know why. I am also afraid and want to hide, but I don't know why. Paranoid.

Mrojar

Appearance: I am a threatened philosopher. I always dress in one-color outfits. I'm wearing ripped black clergy style garb with garnache, a leather belt, a knee-length jacket, knee-length trousers, cuffed sleeves, bare feet, brimmed hat, and an earring.

Portrayal: You don't like killing. And I believe some people are better off dead. A man's word is his bond, thus be careful when you make promises.

Hook: Right now, I want to be healthy again but an innocent person is in prison. I am Mrojar, disgraced cleric. I was with a party that found a great prize. We took it to the Crown. But one of the King's clerks took the item and said he would check with the Royal wizard. He never returned. We complained and our fighter raged that he would kill the clerk. The clerk was found dead. Our treasure missing and our fighter was arrested. I have promised to clear his name but now I have come down with some strange and unidentified illness that weakens me more every day.



Milly

Appearance: I am a quiet seller. I talk slowly and deliberately. I'm wearing cambric tan and grey lower class clothes with collared shirt, a leather belt with buckle, a waist-length cloak, calf-length pants, elbow-length sleeves, curly toe shoes, a mask, and a jewelled brooch of a town I once lived in.

Portrayal: Despite my birth, I do not place myself above other folk. We all have the same blood. When people follow orders blindly they embrace a kind of tyranny. I have an iron device meant to slay my hated monsters.

Hook: Right now, I want my revenge, but I'm a firm believer in being a simple, helping in these dangerous times. The elderly Milly used to be the doyenne healer for her growing town. But she reached too far in her small ambitions, and in the course of establishing trade with a local goblin tribe she inadvertently attracted the attention of larger, marauding monsters. Her village was destroyed, and the remnants fled to the walled City of First Watch to the south. But Milly is not done with those monsters yet. She disguised herself as an itinerant merchant, and she's tracking them. She will have her revenge, and at her age it'll probably be the last thing she does.

Rasheeq Azad

Appearance: I am a compassionate pawn merchant. I have a visible birthmark. I'm wearing loose white rural clothing with shirt, a metal ring belt, a calf-length waistcoat, pants, puffy sleeves, high-heeled shoes, turban, and a beaded chain.



Portrayal: I look into the lives of others, like secretly looking through a window. I tend to imagine myself as my target, and copy their characteristics. And I always try to help those in need, no matter what the personal cost. I saved the life of an important, but loathed, noble.

Hook: Right now, I want to find my missing friend but I have trouble trusting in my allies. Rasheeq Azad is a pawn broker in a major city. He goes by the nickname Sir Tankard due to the tankard-shaped birthmark prominently visible on his right cheek. He is known to have a compassionate nature and is always ready to lend a hand to someone who is down on their luck. That compassion extends to animals as well and his shop is always ready to welcome another stray cat or a lost dog. About a month ago he overheard a couple of customers discussing ways to ‘remove’ a certain senator while browsing in his shop. Even though this particular senator is incompetent and generally despised throughout the city he felt compelled to warn him. Shortly thereafter he lost contact with one of his good friends and is worried that he was kidnapped, or worse, in retaliation for warning the senator. He does not have the resources to search for his friend himself and is wary now of everybody as he does not know who he can trust. If someone is able to gain his trust he would be willing to pay to have the disappearance investigated and his friend found.

Ventreb

Appearance: I’m a fuming leather armorer with notoriously bad luck. I’m wearing dark yellow military dress heavily stained by tanning dye and consisting of a high-collared tunic, sash, waistcoat,



pants, arm bands, high-heeled boots, turban, and a sash of braided leather rope with filigreed silver endcaps.

Portrayal: I have an allergy to silver and copper and thus require all transactions be done in gold. I believe respect is due to me because of my position as an armorer for an important noble's army. But all people, regardless of station, deserve to be treated with dignity. Even though I have not found my fortune yet, it's just a matter of time.

Hook: Right now, I want to get healing for my parent but I remember every insult I've received and nurse a silent resentment toward anyone who's ever wronged me. I spend my time working for a noble's troops, providing the highest quality leather armor that is also suitable for ceremonial occasions due to intricate pyrographic decoration. My abilities have been requisitioned by nobles far and wide on numerous occasions. Although I have been paid well for my work, most of my gold has gone to the care and treatment of my mother, who has been suffering from a reputedly incurable affliction for years.

I long for the freedom afforded to a free merchant, able to provide my services at whatever price I deem worthy and to whomever I so choose. Perhaps then I will find the success and good fortune that will bring the recognition I deserve.

Recently, I was the victim of an elaborate ruse by a man claiming to be a healer. He supposedly heard of my mother's ailment and came to help. This charlatan drained my gold and before I discovered the truth he was long gone. I am thirsting for vengeance, how dare he take advantage of my situation! I will pay well those seeking to lend aid to my cause, but not before I fully understand their motivations and who they are. I will not be fooled again.



If those I pay succeed in returning that which was stolen from me, there are others who have disrespected my family. Perhaps they warrant attention as well. Everyone deserves to be treated with fairness, even if that means teaching them a lesson.

Jerenden Icosta

Appearance: I am a cartographer who longs to explore the exotic locales I describe in my skillfully crafted maps. My wardrobe is a chaotic mix of styles gleaned from the cultures whose homelands I'm mapping at the moment.

Portrayal: A natural mimic, I adopt regional dialects and styles of dress whenever I come across them, unmindful of any offense I might cause in so doing or how odd I might look.

Hook: A hidden treasure map has come into my possession and I wish to charter an expedition to follow its clues to untold riches and enough wealth to finally fulfill my dreams of worldwide travel. Jerenden Icosta has always loved maps and forgotten lore. Too sickly to take up the family trade as a merchant captain, Jerenden turned instead to books about the far off places his relatives visited, becoming a skilled cartographer and geographical sage along the way. A bulk purchase of books and writings abandoned in a local inn yielded a hidden surprise — a faded parchment that seemed to show the resting site of the fabled Cavern of Golden Dreams. Now Jerenden faces a dilemma — reveal the site to his family and share the trove many ways or seek out a small band of outsiders and grab half a fortune.



Trevorr of Scant

Appearance: I am a vehement bailiff. I have no teeth and constantly lick my gums while talking. I'm wearing striped black-blue clergy style garb with collared shirt, a leather belt, a waist-length jacket, long stockings, puffy sleeves, sandals, a leather skull cap, and a leaky waterskin.

Portrayal: I am always correcting others as they speak. And I believe with wealth comes power and happiness. Two forces are telling me to go to a direction opposite of each other.

Hook: Right now, I want a place to hide but some people want to kill me to make sure I never tell a secret they'd rather have untold. Trevorr of Scant lost his wife and his teeth many years ago in a brawl with a brawny blacksmith. Behind his back, people called him Treffer after that. But as a bailiff and tax collector no one said it to his face. But he knew and although he looks a kindly monk, when he opens his mouth he cannot help upsetting everyone. Most Scantish folk don't read or write or even count, so Trevorr can often show off his superiority.

Bitter and alone, the bailiff has clung tenaciously to his job for the last decade and gradually grown to be a man of substance. But unbeknownst to many, Trevorr's boss, Sheriff Hoggard, uses him as a go-between to feed information to thieves. Wealdok's Gang has bought the information on certain wealthy homes and protections for the last five years.

It was a profitable relationship until last weekend. Then the wealthy merchant, Ghenta Valt, suddenly returned with his family after an embarrassing hunting accident. The gang were interrupted and only



two managed to escape with their lives, the rest were captured or killed.

Trevorr was one of the first to hear about it, his horror at the misfortune and knowledge that Wealdok was due for interrogation shot him straight out of town. Now the ex-bailiff is riding towards the Anvilsen dwarven mine, weighed down by stolen gold. However he knows that the authorities and two thieves are after him for that wealth and his boss's name.

Pusram the Cloaked

Appearance: I am a grumpy firewood seller. I have a very hairy neck. I'm wearing a dark red tunic, a cloth belt, a calf-length cloak, pants, long sleeves, buckled boots, and a small hat.

Portrayal: I do all kinds of basic chores and errands for those around me out of habit. And I believe people who have violated the law deserve punishment, no matter the reason for the crime. I know that those people want their money, but they just don't understand the difficulties with getting things done on time.

Hook: Right now, I want to pay back a money lender but I remember every insult I've received and nurse a silent resentment toward anyone who's ever wronged me. Pusram went to war at a young age. He was young, headstrong, and rude. He fell in love with a woman abroad, and she softened his edges. But, in the end, she did not survive the raids. He has been bitter and alone ever since. He retains the strong sense of justice he cultivated during the war, where every decision was life or death. The loss of his love has left his heart shielded, but frail underneath his tough exterior. He does his best to survive, but his resentment against the ones who killed his lover



burns in a slow fire and rises in frustration and anger to anyone who wrongs him.

Mallaiah Blackbane

Appearance: I am a moody noble's guard. I have no teeth and constantly lick my gums while talking. I'm wearing bloody red-blue middle class dinner clothes with high-collared shirt, a sash, a waist-length jacket, calf-length pants, cuffed sleeves, high ankle boots, a mask, and a thumb ring.

Portrayal: I take great care over my presentation — metal apparel polished until it gleams, clothes washed and pressed daily, body well-groomed. And I think everyone has their place. Those higher in the hierarchy must be obeyed. Contracts must be honoured. I believe everything has its rightful place, and I want to chart it. I owe my life to the priest who took me in when my parents died.

Hook: Right now, I want to hide but I made a terrible mistake in battle that cost many lives and I would do anything to keep that mistake secret. Mallaiah Blackbane had succumbed to the bribery offered by a general of a rival nation. He let some obviously bad intentioned individuals into his master's mansion. They kidnapped the noble's daughter and used that to force the city's defenses to fail. The noble provided no help during the siege and the city was lost to the rival nation. Now everyone lives under martial law with few liberties. He chose not to collect his reward for fear for his life. His care for presentation and looks were his downfall for he had been offered clothes and armor of the finest quality.



Mul Surme

Appearance: I am an impotent pilgrim. I use the same hand gestures in conversation as they do when casting spells. I'm wearing hemp green-red party dress with high-collared tunic, an intricate leather belt, a waist-length cloak, knee-length trousers, cuffed sleeves, sandals, a mask, and a beaded chain.

Portrayal: I believe the world is in need of new ideas and bold action. If an artifact has been entrusted to me, I will protect it at all costs, even my life.

Hook: Right now, I want a safe place to be but I cannot manage money to save my life. Mul has a gambling problem. He thinks his spells and magic assure him victory in all his games, but his over-zealousness and inability to hold a poker face mean he loses more often than not. He tends to bet high - too high. One unfortunate night, this NPC bet several pieces of his manhood in a game of knucklebones, and lost. Since then, he has tried to clean himself up, have goals in life, and spread his philosophical ideals of inner strength in pamphlets he passes out on the streets of the towns he visits. However, relapses keep his life rocky at best, and he is unable to settle down for long before falling into bad habits.

Bru

Appearance: I am an obsessive doctor. I have trouble hearing. I'm wearing satin red-blue military dress with low-necked tunic, a leather girdle, a knee-length jacket, long stockings, short sleeves, elegant equestrian boots, a hood, and a leather apron.



Portrayal: I consider magical healers and healing to be cheating and unaccountable. I see my idol has become wealthy and powerful and I aspire to be so as well.

Hook: Right now, I want to make my family healthy again but I use unproven treatments on my patients without their knowledge. While making my rounds in the dungeons, I have run into a man in an iron mask who doesn't appear on any records. I will find out his secret, and bust him out if he is innocent.

Born into an influential family, Bru serves as the personal physician to the local lord. Though an accomplished healer in his own right he distrusts magical healers and sees all magic as unnatural and dangerous. Ever curious he does however seek to push the limits of modern medical practice and has been known to use unproven methods on his patients, often without their prior knowledge or consent. The fact that he trained under one of the most well-known and influential physicians of the realm further motivates his experimental practice as he is personally motivated by a desire to attain equal or greater wealth and fame for himself and his family. To that end he has taken to walking the halls of the Lord's dungeon and experimenting on its occupants. During these exploratory sessions he has discovered a strange prisoner in an iron mask who does not appear on any of the dungeon's records. His curiosity piqued, he has become almost obsessed with uncovering this person's past.

Fal Ganorharg

Appearance: I am a tinsmith. I wear a ring on every toe. I'm wearing wool tan and grey rural clothing with collared shirt, a cloth belt, a knee-length cloak, long stockings, bracers, sandals, a shaved head, and a cloth apron.



Portrayal: A life of isolation was not something I wanted, I must stay close to others. And I must do as the city rulers command to keep order. I am in love with a hated enemy.

Hook: Right now, I'm so tired and I just want to get some sleep. I guess people's feelings, character, or birth date and am usually wrong. This bald-headed, tattooed tinsmith specializes in designer tin cups. He has overcome his past life of crime to dedicate himself to his craft. He remains pining over an old love — the woman who led the crime ring that consumed his early years and led him down a dark road. He spends much of his time lying awake, thinking. His lack of sleep results in his weak memory and lackluster efforts to socialize. When he tries to be friendly with customers, his weak smile and sagging eyes cut conversations short. However, his beautiful cups are proudly used by local taverns as a testament to his skill.

Gaha

Appearance: I am an anarchist priest. I spit huge wads with gusto. I'm wearing crude dark yellow military dress with gown, a leather girdle, a waist-length jacket, calf-length pants, short sleeves, high-heeled boots, turban, and a flavored chewing stick.

Portrayal: I am fascinated by birth and childhood, having never experienced it myself. And I think a labor of love is a purpose and meaning. Someone I cherished was left in the fey realms, and I want to get them back.

Hook: Right now, I want to get healing for my child but I have deep anger and hold long grudges towards those who harm animals or animals from the species that raised me. Gaha was raised in a religious household. When her parents and brother were pulled into the fey realm by a mysterious spirit, she dedicated her life to the



priesthood to find a way to bring them back. She keeps her long, curly hair wrapped up in a paradoxically tall turban and is always seen chewing a long piece of incense lit at the end. Her methods are unorthodox and lead toward anarchy. She offers help and healing for women and children in her shelters, letting them live free from harm. She is suspicious of men who threaten the wellbeing of vulnerable women.

Babtolio Brandagamba

Appearance: I am a comfortable pack and pouch maker. I have trouble hearing - an earful of thick hair will do that to a halfling. I'm wearing a flamboyant cloak of my own design, with a neat waistcoat of dark golden thread. A bandoleer crosses my chest, holding my needles and threads. A simple cap (concealing a hidden pocket) sits atop my head.

Portrayal: I am constantly changing accents to throw pursuers off my trail. A group of unreasonable individuals are hunting me all over the land, which makes me distrustful of almost everybody.

Hook: Right now, I want a safe place to be forgotten and unseen, but my love of gold through commerce keeps me from anonymity. I just can't help myself! 'Good morrow friend! Babtolio Brandagamba, at your service! You look like a fellow with a need for deep pockets in that cloak of yours! Me? As a lad, I had a...contented living in a wealthy halfling family - one of the famous Brandagamba brothers don't you know! I have always had a love of trinkets and oddments, which grew into my business - Babtolio's Brilliant Bagorium! - so that I always had a place to keep my treasures. As well as crafting fine bags and items of clothing, my truly unique service caters to those of more...discreet methods. Hidden pockets, magically sealed belt



pouches, concealed weapon holsters – that sort of thing. Business on both fronts was good, great in fact. But then, some time ago now, a group of most unsavory fellows came calling for my skills with needle and thread. *Sighs* There may have been a mix-up with their bag and a certain item of great value hidden inside. Needless to say, the item wasn't in there when I returned the bag to them, and they weren't pleased. A quick departure from my home town, and a few others since besides, and here I am, setting up shop again. So...what can I do for you?'

Dr. Selgur Sibbles

Appearance: I am a cowardly rope maker. I sneeze when in bright sunlight. I am clothed mostly in tangled ropes of all lengths and thicknesses, some around my arms, some around my legs. A thick hangman's noose hangs around my neck. A thin, artfully twined rope acts as a headband for my long white hair. I wear odd boots (one black, one brown).

Portrayal: I believe magical healing is an unfair advantage over those who study the art of medicine their whole lives, like myself. I have flashes of memories that don't belong to me, complete with a ghostly voice of guidance. I use them to inform my actions, wherever that takes me. And I believe what comes over the next hill is worth seeing, no matter how terrifying.

Hook: I aspire to have a medical term named after me so my name will live on in perpetuity. I believe the ropes will guide me there. A man of high knowledge and education, Dr. Selgur Sibbles gradually reached the top of the medical profession, becoming an esteemed doctor. However, in his dream to have a new technique named after himself, he performed a questionable surgery on a rich noble, lauding



him only with a long walk to the gallows. However, standing there on the trapdoor with the noose about his neck, midday sun bearing down on him, his life changed forever. He was spared. By whom and for what purpose, is not clear to him. All Selgur remembers is a sharp tugging sensation on his neck, a bright flash of purple light, and the taste of cinnamon jelly on his teeth. Next thing he knew he was a mile out of town, naked but for his noose, in the pitch black of night.

He made his way back to the town, meaning to get home. But as he entered the city, Selgur began to hear dark and queer whispers talking of the events at the midday hanging. Knowing his presence would lead to trouble when discovered, he grabbed what he could from his home and took off. The first vision he received showed him how to avoid the guards and snooping townsfolk. After the vision, he found he had a new rope tied around his left ankle. So he followed... and he has been ever since. ‘Follow them...follow the ropes...’

Saleem Halabi

Appearance: I am a sadistic importer. I have sapphire blue eyes. I’m wearing impeccable dark green noble’s garb with gown, a cloth belt, an ankle-length jacket, pants, short sleeves, high ankle shoes, a cloth skull cap, and a horn flask.

Portrayal: I connect everything that happens to me to a grand cosmic plan. And I believe we are all in this together, for better or for worse. I will get revenge on the evil forces that destroyed my place of business and ruined my livelihood.

Hook: Right now, I want to beat an enemy. Sometimes I go too far in my search for knowledge. When someone first enters the shoreside ‘Eastern Wares’, what grabs the attention is not the few objects in



display, but rather the appearance of its owner, Saleem Halabi, with his eyes from another land. Though he will elude the question if asked, he is from one of the many tribes of desert nomads. The ‘Eyes of the Sapphire’ are considered as an omen of magic for these people and thus, under the tutelage of the tribe’s shaman, the young Saleem was sent to study with the fire mystics even deeper in the desert where few dare venture.

The harsh conditions, coupled with strict upbringing by the mystics, molded the aspirant’s personality, who quickly became ruthless. It was a strange place, where you must sting or be stung. Saleem even came to enjoy this cruelty, as it meant getting even more of the mystic knowledge he craved. Once his apprenticeship came to an end, Saleem was sworn as a member of the Order of the Lorekeepers, a branch of the mystics tasked with the preservation of artifacts. But one day, all his efforts went to waste as the mystics’ haven was obliterated by a dissenting faction of fire mystics. He barely escaped and went as far as he could go, settled, and used his artifact expertise to set up a mildly successful fine imports business. But this import shop is only a stepping stone on the road to vengeance and rebuilding the Lorekeepers’ Order.

Enkhmet of the Blacktalons

Peddler of Coarse Rugs

Appearance: I am a jeering rugs and tapestry merchant. One eye is green, and one is blue. I’m wearing a torn white laborer’s gown, a rope belt, a maroon, calf-length jacket, knee-length leggings, bronze arm bands, low ankle shoes, a flat round cap, and glasses.



Portrayal: I bluntly say what other people are hinting or hiding. And I am a free spirit - no one tells me what to do. I fell in love with one of the hobgoblins who discovered me and I want to impress them.

Hook: Right now, I want a safe place to be but I am suspicious of everyone, seeing people in the worst light when given the chance.

Enkhmet was lost as a child when his mother's caravan was attacked by a goblin raiding party. He was captured and would have been eaten had his sarcastic and shrewd sense of humor not endeared him to the raiding captain. Raised among the goblinoids, Enkhmet has recently returned to human civilization to establish trade between his tribe and the rich city. His adoptive family consists of many expert tanners and weavers, and he hopes he can make some coin by selling exotic hobgoblin tapestries to the humans.

His sarcastic nature and hobgoblin upbringing make Enkhmet seem blunt and rough to the city-dwellers. He is easily identified, being the loudest and the rudest merchant in the marketplace. His common sales-pitch — 'Rugs tough enough to contend with your foot-stench!' can be heard ringing through the stalls over the jingling sound of his brass arm bands that identify him as a hobgoblin merchant. Rather than hurt his sales, this has made him somewhat of a spectacle to the passing shoppers, and his business is booming.

Enkhmet hopes the money made by his peddling will impress his whole tribe, and especially Ahmkranna, the shaman's daughter, with whom he has recently had some dalliances. He hopes marrying her will finally put to rest the nagging question that faces him in city and tribe alike — 'Where, Enkhmet, do you really belong?'



Esesha Goldenbough

Fugitive Lute-Maker

Appearance: I am a distant musical instrument maker. I use profanity. I'm wearing wool purple clergy style garb with low-necked shirt, a rope belt, a waist-length cloak, calf-length pants, bracers, monsterskin shoes, a cloth skull cap, and a sash of braided leather rope.

Portrayal: I consider magical healers and healing either to be cheating and unaccountable, or an integral future counterpart of a greater medical art. Get me away from this boring life! Those I wronged in my former life are still in pain from my sins.

Hook: Right now, I want a new job. I know of a famous inventor out there I'll find someday.

Esesha Goldenbough seems a quiet, if somewhat vulgar, young lute-maker in the service of the Bards of the God of Harmony. She became an initiate when she came to the Harmonic Cloister, but has never seriously pursued advancing to Bard. She spends her days building lutes, and her nights drinking at the local tavern, willing - if not content - to pass her life in obscurity.

Before coming to the Cloister, however, Esesha was a prodigy in the healing arts. Her abilities and youthful cockiness made her look down on the other healers in town, and when the area was stricken by Bonewrack Plague, she delved deep into hidden magics to find a cure rather than treat the symptoms like everyone else was doing. Unfortunately, her experimentation and her neglect of the curative work going on around her led to much suffering and death, until she was driven out of town by a mob. She has been on the run ever since, determined to put the people of Kalendon out of her mind.



Recent gossip among the arcane students, coupled with a few harmonic lessons from her superiors, have whispered to her of a great master in a far-off land who has developed a new form of magic using secrets she had tasted at the pinnacle of her curative research. She is now seeking an out from the cloister, to find and learn from this great master - if only she knew where to begin to look.

Limmy Gladeskipper

Sorrowful Healer

Appearance: I am a chummy mushroom seller. I speak slowly and deliberately. I'm wearing hemp gold-red leather garb with shirt, a cloth belt, a knee-length cloak, pants, elbow-length sleeves, fishskin shoes, a coif, and a healing kit.

Portrayal: I change my attitude and personality to blend in with the people around me. And I need to find myself a place to belong. I'm still holding on to a memory of my immortal parent, longing for just a feeling of seeing them once.

Hook: Right now, I want to get healing for my parent. The monstrous enemy we faced in battle still leaves me quivering with fear.

Limmy (short for Limanella) is a diminutive but attractive middle-aged woman often found in the market square selling her curative potions and the mushrooms to make them yourself. She is popular around town, and values her friendships so much she often loses sight of her own personality in an attempt to please everyone around her. She greets everyone with a wide smile, although the observant passerby would notice a tinge of sadness in her amicable grin.

Limmy's gifts with the healing arts come from her father, an ailing man who was once the best physician in the land. Her good looks



and jovial nature, however, come from her mother, an angel by the name of Trysaade. Six years ago, Trysaade gave up her mortal presence to bind the Lord of Thirteen Tongues, a demon that was wreaking havoc on their homeland. Limmy and her father know that Trysaade is still watching over them, but her absence left a hole in both their hearts that will never be filled.

Limmy is working hard to advance her craft, hoping to extend her father's waning years, or at least to make them more comfortable. Her dreams are still filled with the faces of the Lord of Thirteen Tongues, and she can't bear the thought of facing such a dangerous world with both her parents gone from it.

Gilslyer

Appearance: I am an aggressive gravedigger. I'm wearing torn and bloody tan and grey noble's garb with collared shirt, a leather girdle, a calf-length waistcoat, knee-length trousers, short sleeves, laceless shoes, and a brimmed hat.

Portrayal: I know nothing of what is happening to me, but I know it is not natural. It is my duty to provide bodies to my master.

Hook: Right now, I want to find my missing family members as was promised by my master. Gilslyer came to the town looking for his lost brother and sister. It was here he met his master, the necromancer, Abodeen. Abodeen promised to help Gilslyer track down and find his lost siblings if he would work for Abodeen for a period of time digging up bodies from the local cemetery for Abodeen's experiments (it has been two years now). Gilslyer has become restless as he has not seen his master fulfill any of his promises yet. Unbeknownst to Gilslyer, Abodeen has no intention of helping him and has been quick to



notice Gilslyer's restlessness. One night, Abodeen cast a spell on the sleeping Gilslyer to slowly turn him into an undead monstrosity that would follow Abodeen's instructions without question. Gilslyer has noticed something different about himself but is not sure exactly what is different.

Bafmus

Appearance: I am a timid toy maker and have uncanny luck. I'm wearing muddy green-brown leather garb with shirt, a leather belt, a knee-length waistcoat, knee-length trousers, elbow-length sleeves, long pointed shoes and tattoos.

Portrayal: I automatically assume everyone is better at everything than me, even though it is not true. I'm the most talented toy maker in my village, but I rather keep to myself. You find me playing with my toys.

Hook: Right now, I want to find my missing friend Abeth, but despite my best efforts, I am frightened of the forest and its eldritch secrets. I was born in the little village of Kemoor in the high forest region Tewood, which has a long toy-maker tradition. Many little toy-maker hamlets lie in the forest of Tewood, but Kemoor is the center of the toy-manufacturing. Here the people hold a fair twice a year and sell their craftwork to the traders. My uncle Grancis raised me as a toy maker after my mother was accused and taken by the witch-hunters. My father I do not know. Uncle Grancis told my to keep my uncanny luck secret, to not raise the suspicion of the other villagers. Only my dear friend Abeth knows about it — I win every dice game, lightning spares me, I find gold nuggets in the river, and effortlessly trace scarce and precious plants. I even once escaped a forest fire.



At my 13th birthday little tattoos appeared all over my body. They look like the toys I'm carving out of wood, but in reality they're blueprints for really artful miniatures. I need the brass mirror of my mother to make the underlying designs shine through the flippant tattoos. If I use the mysterious schemes to craft the toys in the light of the three full moons, they come to life as my companions. Abeth has vanished three days ago, while collecting herbs in the forest. I need to go after her, but I'm afraid. Will my luck save me this time?

Merse Montpé

Appearance: I am a foolhardy librarian. I have sapphire blue eyes. I'm wearing a beaded red dress with gown, a leather girdle, a waist-length cloak, long stockings, elbow-length sleeves, fishskin shoes, a red feathered hood and a brooch.

Portrayal: I can't stay still for too long. And I believe chains are meant to be broken, as are those who would forge them. It is my duty to protect my family and its members.

Hook: Right now, I want to make my sister healthy again. She is seriously lovelorn. I don't throw caution to the wind, I fire it out of a cannon! I was raised in the metropolis of Ancoux, the most beautiful and interesting city in the whole kingdom of Montou. I'm the second daughter to the rich trader Jaufray Montpé and his wife Lene. My family belongs to the most influential and rich lineages of Ancoux. This is why my mother spends a lot of effort and money to get me married. But it's all useless. I do have far more wits and esprit than any aspirant I have seen so far. And I will never get married to a moron.



To feed my hunger for books and knowledge my father gave the most interesting occupation I can think of. I administer the Montpé library, a collection of tomes and handwritings my grandfather Tibert originated. Many scholars come here to seek wisdom and knowledge, even from the famous library of the capital city of Herblau.

There is this strange man called Bertion Castow who visits regularly. Something about him gives me the creeps. He inquires about old handwritings. In one of these manuscripts I found a trace of a forgotten abbey in the hills near to Ancoux. Spending some weeks pretending to visit relatives who live there, I secretly explored the old monastery and saved precious writings from the ruins. This was exciting and I'd love to do it again. But at the moment I need to take care of my big sister Sibill, who is ill because her fiance pretends to not love her anymore.

Mileena

Appearance: I am a dullard alchemist. I have a breathy voice. I'm wearing wool black craftsman's garb with collared shirt, a coin and beaded belt with fringes, an ankle-length jacket, calf-length pants, puffy sleeves, high ankle boots, a hat, and a chain and locket.

Portrayal: I don't get most jokes and need to have them explained. I'm committed to my comrades, not to ideals. I have an ancient text that holds terrible secrets that must not fall into the wrong hands.

Hook: Right now, I want to be with my best friend but the tyrant who rules my land will stop at nothing to see me killed. Mileena is from a region on the border of a human kingdom and an orc infested badland. Currently, an orc leader is attempting to unite several clans. Mileena is in possession of a tome from an evil orcish god believed



to contain an incantation to bestow the immense powers upon the recipient. The leader desperately wants this tome delivered along with Mileena's head. Her chain and locket are from her 'best friend' who is using the locket to lead the orcish leader to her.

Lucia

Appearance: I am a sharp-tongued poet. I use profanity. I'm wearing richly embroidered green-red noble's garb with high-collared shirt, a rope belt, a knee-length waistcoat, knee-length leggings, rolled-up sleeves, laceless shoes, a flat round cap, and a thumb ring.

Portrayal: I am just as capable as my sibling! I just have to believe in myself. I serve my own purposes first. I seek to protect something of great importance to me by keeping it a secret, so you better forget what you just heard.

Hook: Right now, I want to make my family healthy again but I'm convinced of the significance of my destiny, and blind to my shortcomings and the risk of failure. Beauty is as only deep as the sin. For Lucia, the sin has never ended and thus, the beauty around her is endless. Ever since she was a small child, her parents lied to her over and over making her believe anything was possible. Of course, it was done in the name of love. Lucia was The First, the first child to be born without some inkling of magic in the Shadow Woods, and she has been despised and avoided since. In the strict hierarchy based on ability, her inability has been and forever will be a dead end. On the other hand, her older brother was born with twice the normal amount of power and celebrated likewise. Depressed and ever jealous, Lucia ran from one job to another trying to find the perfect start to her inevitable destiny. In reality, she lived off the money sent home by an indifferent brother. A year and a day ago,



a dirty, ragged kobold who claimed to be a shaman promised her a trinket that would give her an amount of magic four-fold larger than any she had ever seen before in return for three-fourths of her life savings. Blinded by her want, she agreed. Now, Lucia is running around with a small pouch and dressed as a noble. Other than not having any money for food, Lucia is positive her journey has begun. Hopefully, she will figure out how to use her magic soon.

Adwen Gorstin

Appearance: I am an aggressive basket maker. I keep shifting my knife from hand to hand. I'm wearing tight green-brown clergy style garb with low-necked tunic, a cloth belt, long robes, calf-length pants, cuffed sleeves, goblinskin boots, a leather cap, and a religious symbol.

Portrayal: Particular stimuli, such as a specific color or loud noises, make me go crazy. I need to get as much enjoyment out of mortal life as I can. My master taught me everything I know, but now I must kill him and take his place.

Hook: Right now, I want to find my missing family member. I will go out of my way to get recognized if I haven't been recognized in a while. Adwen Gorstin was trained in illusion by an individual who is seemingly immortal, but that's really because her master was the latest in a long line of illusionists who take their masters' places. She tried to do the same and lost, leading to PTSD-like symptoms associated with bright colors and loud noises. She is currently keeping low by choosing the most mundane profession she could imagine, a homeless basket-weaver. She is deliberately a good one so she doesn't look 'suspiciously unsuspecting' either, since her master knows to look for that. She occasionally does something noteworthy



to prevent herself from looking too un-noteworthy. She is currently looking for her estranged brother, an adventurer. Her plan is to trick her brother into fighting her master, leading to her master having few spells left (but her brother losing), at which point she can overwhelm her former master. She is also a devout worshipper of the god of illusions and keeps his symbol on her - but few know what it is, because the illusionist god's symbol is necessarily disguised as some other god's symbol.

Sonya Shiela

Appearance: I am a tender locksmith. I have trouble hearing. I'm wearing velvet green rural clothing with a doublet, a leather belt with a buckle, long robes, calf-length pants, arm bands, high ankle shoes, a flat round cap, and a brooch.

Portrayal: I am fascinated by birth and childhood, having never experienced it myself. I believe the strongest are meant to rule. I am in love with a lord but courtly rules prevent us from eloping.

Hook: Right now, I'm so tired and I just want to get some sleep. I never fail at my tasks, even if I have to resort to less honorable means to complete them. Sonya Shiela is a locksmith whose family has worked for the royal family for generations fixing their locks and trying to design better locks for their doors. In her work, she has fallen in love with the local royalty, but of course, being a humble locksmith the romance is forbidden. That said, she made the keys to most of the doors, so she can get in where she wants. However, doing this during non-work hours is quite draining. She's been debating 'kidnapping' the royal family member so they can run off together, since she refuses to let her love go.



Yeremi of Korm

‘The Watcher’, Unassuming Guardsman

Appearance: I am a nervous guard. I have a breathy voice. I’m wearing dark yellow leather armour, an intricate leather belt, a knee-length jacket, pants, puffy sleeves, curly toe boots, a hood, and a belt.

Portrayal: I am actively involved in the medical society and engage in theoretical discourse and debate. I think gold is worth more than lives. I had a rival all throughout my training and we still compete.

Hook: Right now, I want a safe place to be but I can’t trust anyone, even those who think they are close to me. Yeremi is a Kormish man with slightly weathered skin and suspicious eyes in the service of the city watch. His love of gold makes him amicable to turning a blind eye to petty offenses - for a price, of course - but overall he upholds the law, and will work to ensure order is maintained in his city. He is well-acquainted with the poor folk in town, although if pressed, no one really knows any details of his life.

To Yeremi, his personal life is his closest-guarded secret. When not in guard clothing, Yeremi is The Watcher, an infamous healer known to attempt any procedure or experiment, no matter how dangerous, for enough gold. No one has ever seen the face of The Watcher—he wears a black mask painted with a single, unblinking eye—but he corresponds with the medical community regularly, publishing the details of his latest daring experiment for all to see.

Yeremi became The Watcher after being cast out from the Kormish Houses of Healing for a gruesomely botched experiment. He has thus far avoided suspicion by being the guard responsible for the warrant on The Watcher’s arrest, but fears his identity might soon become compromised. Kanara, his greatest rival during their training, has



recently been spotted in town. Whether by accident or by malice, he fears her presence will expose him unless he can frame her as The Watcher and leave town before she does.

Alacose ‘Al’ Newsman

Appearance: I am an uncertain constable. I sniff incessantly as if having a running nose. I’m wearing wool black-green merchant’s garb with garnache, a leather belt with buckle, a cape, knee-length trousers, puffy sleeves, high-heeled boots, a leather cap, and a leather collar. I carry a bronze wrapped club and a lantern, with an issued short sword for emergencies.

Portrayal: Life of the party. Hail fellow well met! Come pour yourself a glass and join the company. And I believe we are all in this together, for better or for worse. I created a great work for someone, and then found them unworthy to receive it. I’m still looking for someone worthy.

Hook: Right now, I want to take care of my friends and advance in the ranks, but I cannot tolerate the presence of non-local investigators, spending more time trying to hinder them than working on my own cases. Alacose ‘Al’ Newsman comes from a family of petty merchants but has a bit too casual attitude toward hard work to really fit in. So it was arranged he would take a post in the town constabulary. He fit in well with his glad handing ways and ready smile, but lately he has become dissatisfied with his place in life and wishes to prove himself to his family by ascending in the ranks, to which ends he has started working his web of contacts to solve minor crimes and bring himself to the attention of his superiors (and the public). Showing up some out of towners or even proving them guilty of a crime is just the sort of thing that could be his big break.



Skorri Wayfinder

Appearance: I am a muscular guide with unkempt beard and hair and fur-lined, weather-stained clothing meant for rugged outdoor travel.

Portrayal: Cock-sure and overly fond of drink, I can rub those I meet the wrong way but they eventually hire me anyway because it's widely known I'm the best ranger for a hundred miles in any direction.

Hook: My skill at being a guide is a lie. My success is the result of a magic sword I found that always points the way to any destination I name. Skorri Wayfinder was merely one scout and hunter out of dozens until an accident sent him plummeting over a rocky escarpment and into a hidden cave. There he discovered a skeletal warrior holding a majestic blade the likes of which Skorri had never seen. Claiming the blade, Skorri wandered the caverns for days seeking an escape. At his wits end and with his supplies running low, he prayed to find a way out. The sword tingled and he knew the direction in which to travel, eventually following the twists and turns to freedom, discovering along the way that the path leads out but not always by the most direct route. Since then, Skorri has known great success as a guide, almost too much...and his competitors are beginning to suspect something.

Sasha Redreaver

Vigilante Information Broker

Appearance: I am a mocking ships supplier. I talk too quietly. I'm wearing striped tan and grey lower class clothes with high-collared



shirt, a leather belt, knee-length leggings, puffy sleeves, fishskin boots, a cloth skull cap, and a chain.

Portrayal: I live to shine the light on the dark underbelly of society. Scavengers, thieves, and con-men are never tolerated, and I expose them at every opportunity. And I believe the cause of my affliction can be traced to a specific source - and it shall feel my vengeance!

Hook: Right now, I want to protect my home and my family, but I'm worried my enemy is too powerful. Sasha's upbringing on the streets of the docks district shows in her dress and in her jeering mannerisms. They also imparted a streetwise cunning, a cast of shady connections, and a strong sense of honour and pride in her family and comrades. When her father was killed in the crossfire between two rival gangs operating out of the dockyards, she vowed to be a champion for all the honest and hard-working folk that call the city's underbelly home.

Sasha uses her position as a dock worker to overhear all manner of potentially dangerous information, which she passes on to anyone she perceives as honourable and capable in the hopes it can be used to hurt the powerful criminal element that pervades her home. She also knows every passage through the labyrinthine alleyways, every smuggler, and every hidden watering hole in the way only someone who has spent her whole life on the docks can. She is a tremendous source of information and guidance, and will offer both to anyone she trusts free of charge.

Recently, however, Sasha has been hearing about how one of the crime lords has figured out who keeps informing on their operations. She is waffling between finding a protector or convincing her family



to flee town with her. Both choices have dire consequences, and with time running out, she finds herself paralyzed by indecision.

Pres

Appearance: I am a suspicious auctioneer. I never comb or trim my hair. I'm wearing threadbare tan and grey rural clothing with low-necked tunic, a leather girdle, a knee-length cloak, pants, bracers, low ankle shoes, a small hat, and a worry stone.

Portrayal: I do not say anything unless someone says something to me. And though I have some power, I know I can gain more. Similar to how one loves their home, I love the world.

Hook: Right now, I want to find my missing family member and unlocking an ancient mystery to do so is worth the price of a civilization. Having lost the one most dear to them, Pres will stop at nothing get back the one they love. This obsession has overridden their deep-seated love of the world around them and their concern for others and has caused them to commit to a path they fear will come with a heavy cost in innocent lives and might even undermine civilization as we know it. This might not be true but they believe it, therefore it weighs dark and heavy upon their soul, though not enough to change their course of action. To that end they quietly gather the wealth and influence needed to pull off their dark and desperate vision. Due to their dark course of action they are overly suspicious of those around them fearing someone might try to stop them.



Carael the Quick

Appearance: I am a complacent auctioneer. I seem very greasy. I'm wearing muddy dark green lower class clothes with high-collared tunic, a leather belt, a waist-length jacket, calf-length pants, arm bands, long pointed boots, a mask, and an umbrella.

Portrayal: I have a lesson for every situation, drawn from observing nature. And I was put in this world to protect and save life. I'll never forget the family farm I grew up on.

Hook: Right now, I'm so hungry and I just want some food but I'm overly suspicious of strangers - for all I know I might not a be stranger to them, and why would they keep quiet about that?. Hogar was born on a cattle farm. He grew up on the hard work of the family farm, herding them and milking daily. He was a simple man until the day the collectors came. He didn't know it at the time, but his farm was failing and his father had taken a loan and it couldn't be paid. His father lost his life. Since then, Hogar was to wander with his mother, looking for some place to work. They eventually found their way to the bigger settlements area and heard an auctioneer doing his work, Hogar was intrigued by the way the man talked. How could he talk so fast? Eventually after sneaking off from his mother a few times he was able to pick up on it, and not long after he started his own auctions though he is still leery of the people he is around. Could the collectors still be out there and watching him?

Pendo

Appearance: I am a chatty auctioneer. I tend to spray spittle while speaking. I'm wearing richly embroidered black beggar's garb with



garnache, a cloth belt, a knee-length waistcoat, long stockings, rolled-up sleeves, curly toe shoes, a small hat, and armlets.

Portrayal: I take advantage of others' pity to justify charging them exorbitant prices. And I believe the world revolves around me. I make outrageous claims about where I'm from and who my birth parents are.

Hook: Right now, I want to steal something that I have been searching for my whole life. Pendo's past is cloaked in mystery. You could ask where he's from, but you'll get a different answer every time. He's not unfriendly, but he has a tendency to lay on guilt thickly when attempting to make a large sale that many find off-putting. He claims the item he seeks once belonged to his grandfather, and is his birthright, however he has no evidence to back up his claims.

Lefmich

Appearance: I am a tired assassin. I nod often but I'm not listening. I'm wearing crude blue clergy style garb with a black shirt, an intricate leather belt, a waistcoat, calf-length pants, bracers, fishskin shoes, a small hat, and shiny bracers.

Portrayal: I sometimes adopt a persona of child-like innocence, which comes through stronger when I try to remember my past. And I believe some races need to be exterminated. I killed a distant relative of the noble family, and even though the victim was of the hated race, the nobles took it personally. Now they are searching for me.



Hook: Right now, I want my old job back but a scandal prevents me from ever going home again. That kind of trouble seems to follow me around.

Quedre

Appearance: I am a wavering professional gambler. I wear a ring on every finger. I'm wearing velvet green-red noble's garb with a low-necked shirt, a leather girdle, a knee-length waistcoat, calf-length pants, knee-high riding boots, and a broad-rimmed hat with a long green feather stuck into the band on the right side.

Portrayal: I'm oblivious to etiquette and social expectations. And I believe you need to make peace with those who stole your life, and start anew. I treat my valued comrades like brothers, and I will let no insult or injury fall upon them.

Hook: Right now, I want to be a hero to prove myself but I care more for the money I'm paid by the museums than for the artifacts I deliver to them. I have been ostracized by my own family! How dare they, as if I were not worthy of partaking of the family's wealth. I am the oldest and am entitled to my due inheritance, more than any of my younger siblings to be sure. I may have gambled away much of what I was given, but life itself is the ultimate gamble. In order to win, you have to take chances and the bigger the risk, the bigger the payoff.

I will show them the error of their ways. Already I have procured a number of items for a reputable organization and have been rewarded handsomely for my efforts. And those that aided me in these endeavors, they are my true friends and I wholeheartedly



embrace them as members of the family. They look to me to lead them to glory and fortune and we shall have it!

The family name will rise to new heights, but it is my name and those of my comrades that will be remembered. There shall come a day when I present myself once again before my family and reveal to them how my gambles have paid off, how I have acquired more wealth and fame than all of them combined. I shall be appointed head of the family, welcome in my companions, and we shall build an empire.

Kamo

Appearance: I am a secretive museum curator. I have a nasty rash. I'm wearing loose purple commoner's garb, a cloth belt, a waist-length jacket, long stockings, arm bands, curly toe shoes, a hat, and leather bracers.

Portrayal: Being around children brings me joy. And I believe the thing that keeps a ship together is mutual respect between captain and crew. I am more than just a fan of my idol. I have become them!

Hook: Right now, I want to be high but I know of a famous inventor out there that I'll find someday. On the surface, Kamo is a jolly man who wears fanciful shoes and hats. He wears bright colors and offers treats to children who visit his museum, which displays mysterious artifacts and items of wonder. When he was younger, he wanted to be a famous inventor to create the objects he was so fascinated with. His rash of failures led to a drug problem that he does his best to keep hidden from his employees, who view him with respect. His lingering stress and anxiety exacerbate his skin problems, leaving him unconsciously scratching an itchy red patch just beneath his



collar. Still, he hopes to one day regain his passion for inventing and find success.

Marlef

Appearance: I am a shy entertainer. I sweat profusely. I'm wearing loose tan and grey lower class clothes with low-necked shirt, a rope belt, a calf-length waistcoat, knee-length leggings, bracers, laced shoes, a cloth skull cap, and a nose ring.

Portrayal: I interrupt myself. Even if you could fathom the freedom I've found, you'd never grasp what gives me my strength. I fell in love with someone I was spying on.

Hook: Right now, I want money to buy something nice for my sweetie but I am by my fear of the unknown. Born to a poor family, in a place where only the strong survive, Marlef developed a quick wit and nimble fingers to overcome their short stature and less than athletic build. Though his mind is sharp, it is often quicker than his mouth and it leads him to frequently interrupt himself. This coupled with his shy and anxious nature and profuse sweating makes him socially awkward and makes it difficult for him to establish deep meaningful relationships with those around him. Having lived a difficult life, Marlef finds strength in his past and the terrible costs that were paid to escape it. Though rarely staying in any one place for long, he has maintained his present location for some time due to a deep but secret affection for one of the locals. However, being frozen between fear and desire has weighed heavily upon his mental state, and despite having led to many an inspired song and sonnet, may soon cause a rash action or mental breakdown if something does not change.



Ikray

Appearance: I am a prisoner in the dungeon though I was once a small importer of foreign goods. I am never without my pet mouse. I'm wearing simple light green lower class clothes with undergarments, a leather girdle, long robes, calf-length pants, puffy sleeves, laced shoes, an iron mask, and holding a weather beaten compass.

Portrayal: I chew my fingernails and toenails. I believe that all life is precious. Somewhere, I can't remember where, I have my own patch of land that I call home.

Hook: Right now, I want to be a hero to prove my worth to myself and others, but I am imprisoned physically in this dungeon and mentally by the guilt and shame of actions that I believe myself to have committed. Hailing from a distant land and possessed by a strange curse, Ikray knows a dark secret he can no longer remember. To this end, he has been imprisoned in a local lord's dungeon for a crime he did not commit though he is convinced of his own guilt in the matter, due in part to the strange effects of the curse. Locked in an iron mask and shunned by the dungeon guards, his only friend is a pet mouse he shares his meager daily rations with. His only possession save the clothes on their back is a weather-beaten old compass that appears to be broken.

Eg

Appearance: I am a skeptical snake oil salesman. I use the same vocal pause repeatedly (ummmm, er, like, and so, uh). I'm wearing hemp gold-red leather garb with gown, a metal ring belt, an ankle-



length cloak, knee-length trousers, short sleeves, long pointed boots, a small hat, and lip rings.

Portrayal: I blow up when someone badmouths my old home. And I do not knuckle under authority - that would only slow me down. I know I've done my best work when nobody knows I've done anything at all.

Hook: Right now, I want to read and study but I am always in a foul mood. This unconfident salesman sells Rejuvenating Miracle Cures in small corked bottles, but even he is unsure about the reliability of his product. His halting and awkward delivery confuses his customers and is not good for sales. Despite his lackluster performance, he does his best, and he is always upset when officers come by to close him down or when other people question the validity of his cures. He is loyal to his mother, who wanted him to become a monk and a scholar, and has vowed to not return home until he achieves at least a meager education. However, his poor reading skills frustrate him and drive him away from efforts to study.

Risfar

Appearance: I am a mischievous professor. I have violet eyes. I'm wearing fur-lined red-blue noble's garb with collared shirt, a cloth belt, a waist-length jacket, pants, puffy sleeves, sandals, a cloth skull cap, and a ring.

Portrayal: Is it really my fault that all who come to me suffering also come bearing compensation? I often think of the family I left behind when I became an apprentice, I would like to find them some day.

Hook: Right now, I want to be a hero to prove myself but I don't throw caution to the wind, I fire it out of a cannon! Gorgeous Risfar



uses her looks and enchanting eyes to her advantage. Her rich upbringing taught her how to manipulate others with her womanly wiles. She became an apprentice to learn the art of courtship and how to entertain men. She now teaches other women to do the same — a respected position in high society. Her appearance, shimmering eyes and hair, and spitfire mouth make her a favorite among her customers.

Silus

Appearance: I am a former military sergeant, usually employed as undercover agent in the docks of the city. I speak slowly and deliberately. I'm wearing hemp black-green laborer's garb with low-necked tunic, a sash, a calf-length waistcoat, pants, cuffed sleeves, high leather boots, a cloth skull cap, and a thumb ring.

Portrayal: I fell in love with someone I was spying on, but that was a long time ago. Now I only do things for the money.

Hook: Right now, I want to find my missing family member. I hide, with shame, the extensive burn scars on my arms. This shy middle-aged man, Silus, may seem harmless at first sight, a common worker of the dockside. In reality he is an undercover agent for the Crown Army, after an uncertain career as sergeant. He joined the army at young age, when he and his brother Tobiar were rescued from orcs that raided their village and killed all other family members. After training together, they went different ways. Tobiar was chosen as first mate on a military ship that never come back from an expedition to an undiscovered land across the ocean. During the last 10 years Silus worked as a spy for the Crown trying to snatch the secrets of an enigmatic thieves guild. Unfortunately, he fell in love with a young drug-dealer, Dana, he was spying on, and foolishly tried to save



her from that kind of life. The attempt ended with several deaths, included Dana, and he almost lost his arms in the burning of a drug laboratory. Now he is doing his job with apathy, and begins to think he could change his life again by going in search for his lost brother.

Tadeus Zek

Appearance: I am a slimy tax collector. I have violet eyes. I'm wearing muddy black official's garb with collared shirt, a metal ring belt, an ankle-length jacket, pants, elbow-length sleeves, high ankle boots, and a small pointy hat.

Portrayal: There's a spot behind my ear I need to scratch and it's driving me crazy. I was cheated of my fair share of the profits, and I want to get my due.

Hook: Right now, I want to be respected but I have an insatiable desire for carnal pleasures. Tadeus Zek, often called 'Tick', is a despicable man who works as tax collector for the Sheriff. When Tadeus was younger, he was one of the thugs (the coward one) of the Sheriff before the Sheriff managed to take power over the county. The Sheriff awarded Tick with the hated job of tax collector. Tick stinks, walk fast down the streets protected by two bodyguards, and levees the unfair tax enforced by the Sheriff. His colleagues often trick him and steal some of the money collected by tempting him with women.

Hezdin

Appearance: I am a common thief with a fair complexion, brown hair, and brown eyes. I tend to wring my hands, brush aside my hair with my hands, and shift feet when I speak with people. I'm wearing



muddy, plush red clergy style garb, a leather belt with buckle, an mid-length cloak with a hood, high boots, and cheap, leather gloves.

Portrayal: I introduce myself to well to-do travellers and welcome them to the town while passing myself off as a cleric of a temple within the town. I begin telling them about the best inns, taverns, and landmarks. While doing this, I immediately go into my act of playing with my hair, shifting my weight from foot to foot, wringing my hands, and speaking softly to catch them off-guard so I can check them for anything of value. When I feel that they are not paying much attention to what I am doing, I make my move and try to ‘lighten their load’ and put the item in one of the many pockets of my plush garb. If discovered, I immediately retreat and, if followed, use my intimate knowledge of the town’s alleyways to lose my pursuers.

Hook: Right now, I am looking for my next victim.

Hezdin’s parents died when he was five years old and he has been living in the streets alone ever since. He learned his trade from local thieves and now pilfers food and money from townsfolk. He quickly gained notoriety and found it harder to steal from the more alert people. One day, he found a discarded cleric’s robe and came up with the idea to impersonate a cleric. He found newly-arriving travellers easy targets. Business has been slow lately, and he is looking for his next victims (preferably a rather wealthy group of adventures). His angle is to steal from them outright or join their group and pilfer items a little at a time from them while adventuring.



Weslin

Appearance: I am a fearful artist. I pace back and forth. I'm wearing feathered black-green laborer's garb with low-necked shirt, a leather belt, a knee-length waistcoat, calf-length pants, arm bands, high-heeled shoes, a leather cap, and a tie.

Portrayal: I have discovered my own future is to die horribly or heroically, and I accept that. And I was born to do this, so I will. I almost had a lover once but they fled when they found out. It was probably my lowest point.

Hook: Right now, I'm so tired and I just want to get some sleep. I desperately pursue every member of the opposite sex I encounter. A mediocre artist from a highly accredited family of artists. Weslin travels from town to town, steals from other artists, claims the works as his own, then sells them in the next town. He is fearful he will be discovered and is willing to do whatever it takes to maintain his secret.

Zellal

Appearance: I am a wise barkeep. I have violet eyes. I'm wearing wool bright middle class dinner clothes with shirt, a rope belt, a cape, knee-length leggings, arm bands, curly toe slippers, a leather skull cap, and toe rings.

Portrayal: I change my mood or my mind as quickly as I change key in a song. And I don't steal from others in the trade. I desperately want to meet the person I am a copy of.

Hook: Right now, I want to read and study but I hold myself to a strict code of ideals. In a place where reading is outlawed because it's



taken to be synonymous with black magic, this martial-arts-wielding lady has been lucky enough to learn to read and get access to a modest library of books. She found wonderful stories and textbooks on good things - but no dark deeds - and is on a quest to whiten reading's reputation. Her honour doesn't let her abandon a whole country to superstition! Being wise, she concedes to danger by using care in her plans, not just rushing into the Shah's palace like a hero from the books she's read.

Emil

Appearance: I am a pleased toy maker. I have extremely wide eyes. I'm wearing fur-lined red clergy style garb with shirt, a sash, a calf-length jacket, knee-length leggings, puffy sleeves, low ankle boots, a leather cap, and a turtle shell hair clip.

Portrayal: I am full of stories from my old life, and am eager to share them. And I believe I have the gods' favour and nothing can go wrong. I come from a noble family, and one day I'll reclaim my lands and title from those who stole them from me.

Hook: Right now, I have a place to hide, but I keep helping people because I like the recognition and the feeling I could help them when they needed it. Being a reading man in a country where reading is synonymous with black magic, he is secretly teaching people to read and think for themselves. Maybe someday he'll get his lands back, but it's more likely to be through abandonment, not war. The usurper just doesn't have the specific knowledge or will to learn required to make those lands profitable.



Svebri Bardison

Appearance: I am a charismatic gigolo. I stink of garlic. I'm wearing beaded black-red party dress with garnache, a girdle, long robes, knee-length leggings, bracers, long antelope leather shoes, a small hat, and a fur collar.

Portrayal: The best way to get me to do something is to tell me I can't do it. I commit a lot of crimes but I'm so lovable you can't help liking me.

Hook: Right now, I want to pay back a money lender and I will accept any challenge. I was born in the northlands in a family of explorers and raiders. Since my childhood I did like the wealth my father and brothers were collecting and the comfort it meant, but detested their bloody calling. I tend to avoid direct confrontation and battle even though I know how swing that axe.

One day during a journey to the warmer and more civilized regions of the world, I left my brethren and started a new life in the empire of Erales. I found a benefactor – Estel Matiago, a wealthy widow – who took me in as her young lover and taught me everything I needed to know about the customs of Erales. And that helped a lot in finding my way in that corrupt and rotten empire. I stole many of jewels, cheated at games of chance, ruined Estel's coach in a chase, bribed several empire officials and led a burglary on the estate Estels cousin. But I never did kill anyone. After the robbery I decided to change places and went to the wealthy harbour city of Meseva. Here I bewitched a new sweetheart and got into a profitable smuggling business with some shady characters. Unfortunately, my last shipment got captured and now I owe money to Guame the money lender. So I'm looking for a opportunity to earn the money



and pay back Guame. If you need some contacts to the underworld or papers bearing the right seals and signs, I'm your man.

Sealo Recryam

Appearance: I am a misanthropic doctor. I have a whiny voice. I'm wearing impeccable purple rural clothing with a nice shirt, a cloth belt, long robes, knee-length leggings, arm bands, curly toe boots, and a rather flat cap.

Portrayal: I collect things, but nobody can see any of my collections until they are completed. I like to say, only by remembering the dead do we honor their accomplishments. A kindly old man took me in when he found me, and I owe him a favor ever since.

Hook: Right now, I want to relax with my best friend but I always expect people's hatred well before it comes. Sealo Recryam is a highly intelligent doctor who has become disillusioned by encountering a variety of easily-avoidable maladies and patients who return with the same problems multiple times when they should have been avoidable. He was a medic in a war and lost many friends as army patients. This makes anyone he loses now because of patient stupidity all the more depressing. Accordingly, he is taking a break with an old man who took him in as a kid, but is always angry at people who approach, which annoys the kinder old man.

Fara Wea

Appearance: I am an uncertain potion maker. I have some missing fingers. I'm wearing fur-lined light green commoner's garb with a tunic, a sash, a waistcoat, knee-length leggings, bracers, high ankle boots, a hood, and tattoos.



Portrayal: I look up at the sky, expecting a sign of portent. I can't remember my past, but that's OK; it gives me more time to focus on my future. Should my past come to light, it could bring ruin to the world.

Hook: Right now, I want money to buy new clothes but I will put myself in harm's way to help people, even total strangers. Fara Wea is a superstitious wandering sorceress. She can't remember her past, although she suspects she did some adventuring, given her missing fingers. She did go to an oracle and decided to take the oracle's warning that she shouldn't investigate farther for the sake of the world. She's currently trying to get back on her feet, but is too generous and gives everything she has to aid others.

Auliana Tesfaye

Appearance: I am a gentle rugs and tapestry merchant. I never comb or trim my hair. I got dark skin and wearing feathered red-blue commoner's garb with garnache, a leather belt with buckle, a calf-length jacket, knee-length leggings, bracers, lots of golden armlets and no shoes at all.

Portrayal: I have a habit of tracing my eyebrows when I am thinking. I see more than normal people do and know things before they happen. I share my discoveries with everyone seeking my help.

Hook: Right now I feel frightened because someone is pressing me for my knowledge on future things. Unknown to my neighbours, I have always lived in this city, even before it got walls and the desert moved so close to the outer districts. In fact, I lived here already, when Karuu was nothing more than an caravanserai on a trade route. I passed my tapestry shop (if you look closely, you can see



me levitate above the rugs) from generation to generation always to myself in another incarnation or disguise. Some neighbours became suspicious over the centuries I've lived here, but no one complains. That's because I've helped people with my gift of clairvoyance. And I'm not as shady as the people sitting in the alleys of the cacti district, stealing money from the credulous. No, my predictions have never failed, even though they're not always as clear as the waters of the fountain in my garden. And that's where I spend my nights, because after dawn my feet and legs turn into a parsley root. This way I stay close to nature and its ways and it offers me deep insights.

Lately, a woman named Setashu, who is from beyond the desert, came to me and betrayed me with her dark magic. Now she pressures me to reveal the future. She uses her knowledge to her own advantage and there is nothing I can do, she is too powerful.

Iribes Sallene

Appearance: I am an angry oracle. I wear a ring on every finger. I'm wearing richly embroidered white leather garb with garnache, a coin and beaded belt with fringes, a calf-length waistcoat, calf-length pants, puffy sleeves, elegant equestrian boots, a flat round cap, and a handkerchief.

Portrayal: I constantly hum or whistle religious hymns. And I believe everyone deserves a chance to improve their station in life with hard work and some luck.

Hook: Right now, I want to beat an enemy but I can get so distracted by the mystery and wonder of the divine that I forget I'm supposed to be fighting that other wizard. Iribes Sallene was always able to see the divine plan, the path towards divinity. Even with her playmates



she tried to direct them towards the wonders of the higher world. Needless to say, she has often had a difficult life, but she pressed on trying to help everyone reach the best life they can. A recent vision showed her a wizard delving into the darkest of arts, whose foolish machinations risk the lives of many, and he must be stopped. However, she is often distracted from this task by the wonders of the world and the need to help the person in front of her right now.

Hym Yu

Appearance: I am a wizened martial arts trainer. Each of my eyes is of a different color. I'm wearing impeccable gold-red rural clothing with gown, heavy leather belt, a waist-length cloak, knee-length leggings, rolled-up sleeves, monsterskin shoes, a hood, and a pocket watch.

Portrayal: It is not everyone that deserves to learn what I teach, and I limit my offerings only to a select few. And I believe what is difficult points us beyond itself toward what is true. Those I have left behind will always be in my thoughts and prayers.

Hook: Right now, I'm so tired and I just want to get some sleep. I intermittently suffer short-term memory loss, and often forget why I went to a place or what I was talking about. The Yu family has a long history of training the arrogant youthful adventurers that history presents. Hym Yu was no exception. Hid away in the scorched wasteland where he could contemplate in peace, only the bravest ever reached him. That was the first test. Hym remembered his ancient ancestor Fong Yu and the way it is said he would test his apprentices. He was always more harsh in his teaching than their cousin Fong Shui. The world was not the same as it was, but the long years of training exacted upon him by his mother, after his father



was killed by a Razorclaw, have served him well. And so he survives and passes on what he has learned to those strong enough to endure his lessons. His thoughts often turn to the friends he lost during the last Raider uprising. Could he have done more? The memories haunt him. Now, he is tired, so very tired. Has he not earned his rest? And here before him are yet more hopefuls. Now what was it they wanted...ah yes — a map to the object of their quest. If only he could remember where he had put it. He would make them earn it, of course. They were not strong enough yet to take on this quest. Training in the ancient ways would soon make them ready.

Engthorn Grenorin

Appearance: I am a skilled Bowman. I smoke a foul smelling herb. I'm wearing torn purple leather garb with garnache, a rope belt, a knee-length jacket, pants, cuffed sleeves, long pointed boots, brimmed hat, and a tin of chewing tobacco.

Portrayal: When the bodies hit the floor, my hands go into automatic. I believe we must protect the relics of the past, else their creators will fade from memory. My friends are all I have now, I would gladly die for them than be alone again.

Hook: Right now, I want to beat an enemy but I made a terrible mistake in battle that cost many lives - and I would do anything to keep that mistake secret. Engthorn Grenorin had long enjoyed smoking spark weed, much to the chagrin of those around him. He hadn't enjoyed it the first few times, but it was something he did with his father when he was younger, despite the protests of his mother. They were gone now, like so many during the famine. As an orphan living on the edge of a small town, he'd had to live mostly off the land and thus became the skilled Bowman he was today. The foul



and acrid odour of the smoke reminded him of the better days and he found solace in it. It was also the secret of his speed in combat. In a rush of adrenaline when combat started, time seemed to slow down for him. Sure, the racking coughing fits every morning were unpleasant, but a small price to pay.

He has a new family of sorts now - his fellow adventurers. It started as a paying mercenary job, but has long since become so much more. He hopes he has earned enough of their trust and respect that they might help him with his own troubles. During the uprising against the Brotherhood, he arrogantly left his post atop the tower to pursue a fleeing cultist. In his absence, the tower was taken and the citizens sheltering within were all slain by a Brotherhood Adept and his minions. He hopes his friends never learn of his folly and help him track down the Adept to find justice.

Dahl Nicdor

Appearance: I am an imperious magician. I stare and seldom blink. I'm wearing richly embroidered black-green noble's garb with high-collared shirt, a sash, an ankle-length cloak, pants, cuffed sleeves, long pointed boots, a neatly trimmed beard, and a chain and locket.

Portrayal: I have no patience for ridiculous superstitions about magic. And I believe no one deserves my respect. I sometimes have dreams of strange things that hold no relevance to anything. They call to me to finish what I've begun.

Hook: Right now, I want to steal something but I egregiously underestimate or overestimate the risks a job represents. How Dahl Nicdor came to be in possession of his locket even he cannot tell for certain. Maybe it is a souvenir from his travels, an heirloom, a gift, a



curiosity. But even as his thoughts slide off the truth like water off an oiled surface, he dreams of lands he has never seen and people he has never met. Never one to leave a magical puzzle unsolved, his dogged research has finally unearthed legends claiming the locket is one half of a key. Now the dreams are more persistent than ever, urging him to reunite the two pieces. Confident in his own magical prowess and driven by burning curiosity, he intends to comply.

However, as it happens, the locket's mate is owned by a powerful lord who has little patience for magical matters and is not willing to part with it. Never fond of the magician to begin with, he has now banned Dahl from his lands after one too many attempts to persuade him. Vexed by his failure and incensed by the lord's disrespect, Dahl now plans to enlist help in procuring the item he seeks by less savoury means. Unfortunately, in his ire, he grossly underestimates his adversary, who has become suspicious by now and is quite ready for him.

Lusa

Appearance: I am an unsettled portrait artist. I have a breathy voice. I'm wearing dirty and smelly black-green commoner's garb with shirt, a leather belt, long robes, long stockings, cuffed sleeves, elegant equestrian boots, a cloth skull cap, and toe rings.

Portrayal: My expertise with horses does not carry over to social interactions. If you know something, then I need to know it too. No one is above the law - no one but this smug rascal who could get off free with that letter of the Cardinal. I will find her and make sure there is no loophole this time.



Hook: Right now, I want to find my missing friend but my affliction has left me cowardly and over cautious.

My breathy voice is due to consumption, the illness that also keeps me from the horse trade. I haven't always been able to make a living at portraiture. Times were once so hard I turned to forgery. My partner in crime, who is now on the run from the law (and my revenge), is shielding herself with a forged letter from the Cardinal, and has framed me for her crime.

I was brought up poor but proud, sticking to proper behavior as a way to earn respect and maybe advance my station. I learned hostelry as my father's trade, but I have never been able to stop drawing and painting. Now finally it pays the bills, although that is threatened right now as I had to lam it because of my 'friend.'

Rag Rinlap

Appearance: I am a complacent coin collector. I'm young-looking. I'm wearing tight dark green clergy style garb with gown, a metal ring belt, a waist-length jacket, pants, puffy sleeves, curly toe shoes, brimmed hat, and glasses.

Portrayal: You have acquired a taste for the finer things in life and have been exposed to the cuisines of a wider world. And you want more. And I want to prevent the bad things happening to innocent people.

The castle I grew up in is ruined and forgotten, but I sometimes return to reflect on my past.

Hook: Right now, I want to get healing for my parent. I am boastful and try to one-up others during conversations.



I traveled a great deal as a child and young adult, accompanying my father as he petitioned every baron, lord, or landed knight that would hear him to help him win back his lands and station. My lord father is a ruin like our ancestral home. I need a stack of gold for the potion to cure him, but none of the buyers I know are smart or cultured enough to appreciate the coins I'm trying to unload.

Rostam Tagg

Appearance: I am a whiny astronomer. I am always rumped and untucked. I'm wearing fur-lined black-green noble's garb with shirt, a coin and beaded belt with fringes, an ankle-length jacket, pants, rolled-up sleeves, low ankle boots, a leather cap, and a sash of braided leather rope. I always carry a battered leather bound brass spyglass.

Portrayal: I'm always thirsty. I think everybody needs something, and it's only fair for me profit by providing for those needs.

Hook: Right now, I want to pay back a money lender but I cannot refuse a game or a gamble. 'We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.' Rostam Tagg has been looking to the skies for as long as he can remember. Born in the slums, his drive and natural talent with mathematics and astronomy brought him to the attention of the Stargazer Guild, which took him in and trained him. Rostam has a good reputation as an astronomer but a poor one as an employee. He tends to try and figure out ways to apply astronomy to gambling with decidedly mixed results. He is still looking for that big score, partly to pay off his debts, and is willing to turn his skills to a variety of uses for an adventuring party as long as he gets a cut.



Sherrick Wiggins

Appearance: I am a thrifty pawn merchant. I constantly shift my gaze, making eye contact with everyone around me again and again, in rapid succession. I dress extremely well, as though I ran a higher class establishment instead of a pawn shop.

Portrayal: A hoarder, I call my heaps of assorted junk my treasures. I invent colorful histories for even the most mundane of items. Surely you've heard of the Spoon of Sorrows and the Fork of Forgiveness? No? Perhaps a sweater woven from the tri-color Yarn of Yearning will be more to your liking? My eye for the deal knows no mercy.

Hook: A surprising number of the items in my shop are, indeed, magical, the unfortunate enchantment failures of an arcane academy located not far from the settlement proper. Their effects are anyone's guess. Buyer beware. Sherrick Wiggins has always collected things, obsessed with patterns and the wonder in the world all around him. Though his friends felt he was wasting his time gathering junk, he has turned his obsession into a successful business selling semi-magical curios to travelers.

Edgar Thatcher

Appearance: I am a helpless card maker. I have fleas. I'm wearing loose grey laborer's garb with shirt, a metal ring belt, a cape, long stockings, arm bands, elegant equestrian boots, a mask, and a nose ring.

Portrayal: I grew up lonely and isolated, so people skills aren't really my thing. And I believe all people, rich or poor, deserve respect. I



have put a man to the sword only to learn later that he was innocent. I will make it up to his family the best that I can.

Hook: Right now, I want to run away but I hate it when people smile more than they should. Edgar Thatcher was once a nobleman living in the northern district of the city. His fall from grace has left him free of the rigors of aristocratic life, but there remains an emptiness and longing for his lost library.

For Edgar's entire life he preferred the company of books to people. He began collecting at an early age. His modest offering included titles like *Wily the Whooping Wendigo* and epic tales like *The Sword-Saint and the Green Drake*. His proudest volume was 'The Natural History of Beasts and Flora,' complete with the rare 'Appendix A — Beastly Flora.'

Edgar's family built a fortune upon textiles. It surprised the city's affluent when old money was suddenly spent opening a bookbindery. 'Knowledge will be affordable for once,' Edgar said. He even opened his private library to the public, provided visitors were vetted as honest and upstanding. After six years a wolfish man named Fervald came smiling to Thatcher Hall, ingratiating himself to Sir Edgar. 'Ancient Tomes belong in charitable homes, and I know good places to forage,' he coerced. Edgar was plagued by wild and fancy imaginings for a fortnight. The temptation for a rare read became too much. He commissioned an adventuring party at the behest of Fervald and sent his new-found friend to fetch a fancy folio. Fervald returned with a bloody tome and a grin. 'Here you are, my friend.' Edgar's avarice had seen to it an old man rested in eternal bliss. Ashamed, Edgar abdicated.



Anelisa

Appearance: I am a young midwife's assistant in her late twenties. Slim, pretty but overly serious, and with long blonde hair carefully styled in a bun, I stay in my mistress's shadow, my bright blue eyes missing nothing, however, eager to learn all I can of the healing craft.

Portrayal: Shy, socially awkward and unassuming, I defer to the wisdom of my mistress at every turn.

Hook: I am a secret servant of a long forgotten cult, eagerly awaiting the revival of our unholy leader. A birthmark is the sign of his second coming, a mark I just found while helping my mistress deliver our latest baby. Anelisa is an orphan, as far as she knows, her parents put to the sword after a raid on their hidden temple by the forces of good. Forced to flee with only the clothes on her back and wary of being hunted by the victors, she impressed a local midwife with her knowledge of herbalism (having long ago learned the poisonous arts in service to her dark lord) and became her assistant, ironically bringing new life into the world instead of dealing death.

Hidden in plain sight for years, Anelisa has slowly reached out to try to find other survivors of the cult, as discreetly as possible. Her craft also lets her keep watch for the cult's leader to be reborn as he had prophesied, a prophecy now come true when she spied the birthmark on the newborn child at her latest assisted birth.



Morrik

Appearance: I am a vengeful bounty hunter who wears an iron mask that covers much of my horridly burned face. One of my hands is a jagged hook of blackened steel.

Portrayal: A dark and dangerous man with a darker reputation, a contract means the target is not wanted alive or at least not alive for long. The more pain he can inflict the better, petty revenge for the harms done to him in the past.

Hook: The bounty hunter could be sent after a player character or be seeking the same target as the party, resulting in a deadly rivalry. Horribly burnt when the forces of good attacked the hidden temple of the death cult he grew up in, and a falling beam pinned his hand, Morrik escaped only by sawing his own hand off. Filled with rage, he now takes his anger out on his targets.

Ralt Alful

Appearance: I am a shady buckle and scabbard maker. I'm nervous, my eyes dart, I wring my hands, and my voice quavers. I'm wearing crude bright merchant's garb with doublet, a leather girdle, a calf-length cloak, knee-length trousers, puffy sleeves, low ankle boots, a leather cap, and a chain and locket.

Portrayal: I'm obsessive about being perfectly clean and neat. And although I have few qualms about taking advantage of my friends and neighbors, my town or city is my home, and I'll fight to defend it.

Hook: Right now, I want a stiff drink but when I drink I display my gallows humor to the point where it makes others uncomfortable. Through great tragedy I once lost those I held most dear. Now I fear



they are fading from my memory as well. Formerly a loving family man, the tragic deaths of his wife and only child have robbed him of his once kind and gentle hearted soul. Now unscrupulous and hard hearted, he busies himself with the pursuit of wealth and strong drink. The latter of which has begun to show some effect on his abilities as a buckle and scabbard maker. Despite the growing effects of alcohol, he has managed to maintain his obsession with keeping himself and his workshop perfectly clean and neat. He also possesses a magical locket that almost always hangs around his neck. The locket enables him to view memories of his wife and child. However, once the locket is closed any viewed memories are lost to the locket and can only be reviewed when the locket is reopened. Due to this fact, he can now remember little of the time he spent with his wife and daughter, which troubles him greatly though he is unaware the locket is to blame.