

Holtbar the Stout (Dwarf Barbarian)

Hair: Red

Eyes: Brown

Height: 5' 2"

Weight: 185 lbs

Age: 47

Profession: Mercenary

Favorite Color: Black

Favorite Food: Beer

Interests: Fighting, drinking, brawling, adventuring, wrestling, and wenches

Holtbar the Stalwart

Male dwarf barbarian 6

CN Medium humanoid (dwarf)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +1

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+7 armor, +1 Dex, +1 natural)

hp 69 (6d12+30)

Fort +8, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3; +2 against poisons, spells, or spell-like abilities

Defensive Abilities defensive training, hardy, improved uncanny dodge, stability, trap sense +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee *Knee-Buster* +11/+6 (1d12+6 plus 2d6 plus 1d6 to self /x3)

Ranged throwing axe +7 (1d6+3)

Special Attacks rage (23 rounds), rage power (guarded stance), rage power (surprise accuracy)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 12, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 20 (+4 vs bull rush or trip)

Feats Extra Rage, Toughness, Weapon Focus (sledge)

Skills Climb +12, Intimidate +8, Perception +10, Survival +10

Languages Common, Dwarven

SQ fast movement, greed, hatred, slow and steady, stonemasonry, weapon familiarity

Gear +2 *breastplate*, *amulet of natural armor* +1, backpack, bedroll, *cloak of resistance* +1, *Knee-Buster* (+1 *vicious sledge* ^{ITA}), *potion of cure light wounds* (2), rations (10), throwing axe (6), waterskin (3), 220 gold

Background:

Holtbar was born into the Blackiron clan of dwarves, the son of a prominent blacksmith. A reckless child with fire in his heart, Holtbar had difficulty conforming to the rigid, orderly mindset of a Blackiron dwarf. His youth was spent picking fights with other young dwarves and shirking his duties to explore the various caverns and tunnels which connected to the Blackiron holds.

The bulk of Holtbar's anger was reserved for his father, who found his reckless son to be somewhat of a disappointment. The two quarreled often, and things only worsened as Holtbar grew older, until one day he simply left his clan behind, never looking back.

It didn't take long for the thrill-seeking dwarf to earn himself a reputation as a fearsome warrior, and he has enjoyed a relatively successful career somewhere between a mercenary and a brigand for several years.

Roleplaying Holtbar:

Put simply, Holtbar has anger issues. He's willing to fight at the drop of a hat, and can find an insult in the most innocuous of comments. Such things rarely come to actual blows, and even Holtbar has some idea of when to walk away, but he rarely passes up a good opportunity to vent his frustration on a monster or other outlaw, and he never misses a good bar-room brawl.

Though he may be a reckless hot-head, he's not an idiot, and his fighting reflects this. He enjoys discussing technique with other seasoned fighters, and generally has some measure of respect for anyone who knows their way around a weapon.

Holtbar's not all about fighting, though. When he does happen to be in a good mood he enjoys living large, often splurging all his wages on ale, women, and food (in that order).

Blacktalon (Half-Orc Bard)

Hair: Black

Eyes: Grey

Height: 6'

Weight: 225 lbs

Age: 16

Profession: Skald

Favorite Color: Blue

Favorite Food: Roast Boar

Interests: Tales of glory, honor, hunting.

Background:

Blacktalon is unusual in that he is a half-orc who was raised with orcs, rather than humans. He grew up a member of the Mountain-Waters tribe, and has always taken a great interest in his tribe's culture, in part because of his unique heritage.

In accordance with tribal custom, Blacktalon left the tribe on his 14th birthday to embark on a vision quest. Blacktalon, curious about his human nature, set out for civilized lands to learn about the ways of his human father.

He has spent the last three years as a wandering storyteller and warrior, sharing his clan's proud history and stories with those he meets, in exchange for their own tales and legends.

Roleplaying Blacktalon:

Blacktalon is very young and has led a fairly sheltered childhood, and this is evident in the way he acts. He is fiercely proud of his people, and holds a different set of views than most "civilized" people: for example, to Blacktalon, death outside of battle is a disgrace, and warrior is one of the most honored professions. He sees the glory and honor of a warrior as the perfect ideal, and has little patience for the weak, opulent, or lazy.

At the same time, he is very curious about human (and to a less extent elven and dwarven) culture. The discovery of books and written language are by far his favorite part of "civilized" life, but he has also developed a fondness for some of the spices, seasonings

Blacktalon

Male half-orc bard 6

CG Medium humanoid (orc)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception -1

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 17 (+6 armor, +2 Dex, +1 deflection, +1 dodge)

hp 33 (6d8+6)

Fort +6, **Ref** +8, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities orc ferocity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee *Groenig* +6 (2d4+2/19-20)

Ranged *Raven's beak* +7 (1d6+2/19-20)

Special Attacks bardic performance (17 rounds)

Spells Known (CL 6th)

2nd (3/day)—*heroism*, *rage*, *scare* (DC 15), *sound burst* (DC 15)

1st (4/day)—*feather fall*, *silent image* (DC 14), *unseen servant*, *ventriloquism*

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *flare* (DC 13), *ghost sound* (DC 13), *light*, *prestidigitation*, *summon instrument*

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 17

Feats Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative

Skills Bluff +12, Disguise +12, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (history) +13, Perform (horn) +12, Perform (oratory) +12, Sleight of Hand +10;

Racial Modifiers +2 Intimidate

Languages Common, Orc

SQ bardic knowledge, cantrips, lore master, orc blood, versatile performance, weapon familiarity, well-versed

Gear +2 *chain shirt*, backpack, bedroll, *cloak of resistance* +1, *Groenig* (+1 *falchion*), *horn of fog*, rations (10), *Raven's beak* (+1 *composite shortbow* [mighty +1]) with 50 arrows and 10 +1 *frost arrows*, *ring of protection* +1, waterskin (3), 400 gp

and recipes not available in his tribe, and has become somewhat taken with the human notion of chivalry, something he feels mirrors his own peoples' beliefs.

Andrew Silvershield (Human Cleric)

Hair: *Blonde*

Eyes: *Blue*

Height: *5'9"*

Weight: *165 lbs*

Age: *26*

Profession: *Warrior priest*

Favorite Color: *Red*

Favorite Food: *Roast duck with red wine*

Interests: *Religion, military tactics, horses, opera*

Andrew Silvershield

Male human cleric 6

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; Senses Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 12, flat-footed 24 (+10 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex, +3 shield)

hp 33 (6d8+6)

Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +11

Defensive Abilities protection domain
resistance bonus

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. (20 ft. with armor)

Melee *Deliverance* +5 (1d8+1/19-20)

Special Attacks channel energy 3d6

Spells Prepared (CL 6th)

3rd—*prayer*, *protection from energy*^D, *searing light*

2nd—*aid*, *bull's strength*^D, *hold person* (DC 16),
spiritual weapon

1st—*bless*, *divine favor*, *protection from evil*,
sanctuary^D

0—*detect magic*, *light*, *resistance*, *stabilize*

D Domain; Domains protection, strength

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 18, Cha 14

Base Atk +4; CMB +4; CMD 15

Feats Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Combat
Casting, Extra Channel, Toughness

Skills Heal +13, Knowledge (religion) +9, Sense
Motive +13

Languages Common

SQ aura, domains, orisons, resistant touch,
strength surge

Gear +1 full plate, armor of faith +1^{ITA},
backpack, bedroll, *Deliverance* (+1 longsword),
rations (10), *shield of the saint*^{ITA}, waterskin
(3), 75 gp

Background:

The Silvershield family has a long and proud history of service both to the military and to the church of Andaron, the god of justice and warriors. One of Andrew's ancestors fought in the last Goblin War, and his father was a commander in the King's Army before "retiring" to instruct military history at a local church of Andaron.

Andrew has taken up his family heritage with zeal, and recently finished a tour of duty in the Sons of Justice, a military organization closely affiliated with the church of Andaron, holding the rank of lieutenant-captain before he left.

Though Andrew enjoyed the time he spent with the Sons of Justice, and feels he did good work there, two years ago he felt a strong calling from Andaron that he was needed elsewhere. Once his affairs were in order, he set out on his own to discover the destiny his god had set in place for him.

Roleplaying Andrew:

Andrew is used to keeping up to high expectations: his family and his god both expect him to be exemplary, and he does his best to comply. Because he holds himself to such high standards, he is often disappointed when those around him fail to live up to similar standards.

Andrew is unwavering in his sense of justice: some things are right, and other things are wrong, and any debating about it is best left to sages, because anyone else is usually trying to justify a misdeed.

As a man of somewhat noble descent, he has a taste for some of the finer things in life, including wine, opera, and horses. Though his time in the military has left him able to rough it when need be, he still prefers the high life.

Andrew's shield is especially important to him, as it is a family heirloom that has been passed on since time immemorial.

Sillabelle (Gnome Druid)

Sillabelle

Female gnome druid 6

CN Small humanoid (gnome)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 39 (6d8+12)

Fort +6, **Ref** +4, **Will** +9; +2 against illusions, +4 against fey or abilities utilizing plants

Defensive Abilities bramble armor, defensive training

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft. (15 with armor)

Melee seedclub +6 (1d6 plus seeding)

Ranged seedclub +7 (1d6 plus seeding)

Special Attacks wild shape (2/day), wooden fist

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th)

1/day—*dancing lights*, *ghost sound* (DC 11), *prestidigitation*, *speak with animals*

Spells Prepared (CL 6th)

3rd—*plant growth*^D, *poison* (DC 17), *speak with plants*

2nd—*barkskin*^D, *bull's strength*, *gust of wind* (DC 16), *tree shape*

1st—*entangle*^D (DC 15), *goodberry* (2), *shillelagh*

0—*create water*, *detect poison*, *purify food and drink*, *stabilize*

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 8, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 15

Feats Natural Spell, Toughness, Weapon Focus (club)

Skills Knowledge (geography) +9, Knowledge (nature) +11, Perception +13, Survival +15;

Racial Modifiers +2 Craft (trapmaking), +2 Perception, +4 Stealth

Languages Common, Druidic, Gnome, Sylvan

SQ gnome magic, hatred, nature bond (plant domain), resist nature's lure, trackless step, weapon familiarity, wild empathy, woodland stride

Gear +1 *hide armor*, *armor of faith* +1^{ITA}, backpack, bedroll, *cloak of resistance* +1, *druid's vestment*, *pearl of power* (1st), *seed club*^{ITA} (10)

Hair: Green

Eyes: Brown

Height: 3' 1"

Weight: 35 lbs

Age: 73

Profession: Hunter/Trapper; Guide

Favorite Color: Emerald

Favorite Food: Honeycomb

Interests: Nature, Hunting and Gathering

Background:

Sillabelle was born in a troupe of wandering, gypsy-like gnomes who travelled from town to town as performers and tinkers. When she was still very young, the caravan was attacked by bandits, and the troupe was scattered.

In the confusion, Sillabelle escaped into the woods. She wandered, lost and alone, for several days before finally being found by Agnemon, a druid hermit who took her in and cared for her for a number of years, teaching her the ways of nature and druidism.

Agnemon was a human, and so aged much faster than Sillabelle. When he eventually passed on from old age, she set out to explore the world around her. For some time she was content to simply wander the wilderness, but three years ago she encountered Jobias, one of the performers from her old troupe. From him, she learned that her family had survived the attack, and may still be out there, somewhere. Now she travels with a purpose: to track down her remaining family.

Roleplaying Sillabelle:

After years of living alone, with only a reclusive druid to talk to, Sillabelle seems to be making up for lost time, talking almost continuously. She even talks to animals, plants, and inanimate objects, a habit she picked up during her time alone. She is very upbeat, and always looks at things through the most positive light.

Horatio (Half-Elf Fighter)

Hair: *Blonde*

Eyes: *Green*

Height: *6' 1"*

Weight: *155 lbs*

Age: *27*

Profession: *Gentleman*

Favorite Color: *Blue*

Favorite Food: *Suckling pig with white wine sauce*

Interests: *Chivalry, fencing, ballroom dancing, philosophy, gambling*

Horatio

Male Half-Elf Fighter 6

LN medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+7 armor, +4 Dex, +1 shield)

hp 55 (6d10+18)

Fort +7, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2; +2 against fear effects

Defensive Abilities bravery +2, elven immunities; **Immune** sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee Truthseeker +11/+6 (1d6+6/18-20) and Keenedge +11 (1d4+6/19-20)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 22

Feats Skill Focus (acrobatics), Two Weapon Defense, Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (dagger, rapier), Weapon Specialization (dagger, rapier)

Skills Acrobatics +10, Climb +8, Diplomacy +7

Languages Common, Dwarven, Elven

SQ keen senses, multitailented (fighter, rogue)

Gear +1 breastplate, backpack, bedroll,

Keenedge (+1 dagger), rations (10),

Truthseeker (+1 rapier), 25gp

Background:

Unlike many half-elves, Horatio comes from a loving family, and inherited a sense of the cultures of both his parents. His father, a human noble of moderate stature, married his mother, the fourth daughter of an influential elven council member, out of political expediency, but the two quickly found that they made a fine couple.

Raised in nobility, Horatio was brought up on traditional values of chivalry and honor, both from his father's side and his mother's. He developed a strong taste for the finer things in life, including both elven and human efficacies.

Horatio trained extensively in a style of fencing which uses both a dagger and a rapier. This style has recently become widespread and popularized by common swashbucklers, a fact which Horatio finds extremely irritating.

Horatio is the second son in his family, and stands to inherit little more than enough to keep him comfortable. In order to make an estate for himself, he set out into the world as an adventurer.

Roleplaying Horatio:

Horatio is very concerned with honor, chivalry, and law. To the best of his ability, he does everything "by the book," reasoning that as long as he always acts within his code of honor, he will never have anything to regret.

He has little patience for chaotic types, and though he can occasionally tolerate lawbreakers, there is no one he despises more than those who cannot keep their word, viewing them as little better than ogres or animals.

Though he can be very judgmental when his sense of chivalry is slighted, he is generally a very outgoing and sociable type, occasionally even bordering on a playboy of sorts.

Yamyra (Halfling Monk)

Hair: *Brown*

Eyes: *Green*

Height: *2' 11"*

Weight: *28 lbs*

Age: *31*

Profession: *Itinerant Monk*

Favorite Color: *None*

Interests: *Meditation, Training, Disproving people's expectations.*

Yamyra

Female halfling monk 6

LG Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 21, flat-footed 18 (+2 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 monk, +1 size, +3 Wis)

hp 42 (6d8+12)

Fort +8, **Ref** +11, **Will** +10; +2 vs. fear effects, +2 vs. enchantment spells and effects

Defensive Abilities evasion, fearless, halfling luck, purity of body, stillmind

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee +9 unarmed strike (1d6+2)

Ranged +9 sling (1d3+2)

Special Attacks flurry of blows, stunning fist (6/day DC 16)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 9
grapple); **CMD** 25 (27 vs. bull rush and grapple)

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Dodge, Extra Ki, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike, Stunning Fist, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +15 (+19 for jump), Climb +13, Knowledge (religion) +9, Perception +14

Languages Common, Halfling

SQ high jump, keen senses, ki pool (8 ki points, magic), slowfall (30ft.), sure footed, weapon familiarity

Gear backpack, bedroll, belt of incredible dexterity +2, bracers of armor +2, cloak of resistance +1, head band of inspired wisdom +2, potion of cure moderate wounds (3), rations (10), ring of protection +1, sling with 20 bullets, 100gp

Background:

Yamyra was always a quiet child, especially for a halfling, and very mature for her age. She spent much of her time alone, preferring her own company to that of the other children, who she looked down on as "too childish."

As she grew older, her sense of contempt extended from her peers to her elders as well. When she came of age, she left her family behind and set out on her own.

Much to her dismay, she quickly found that she wasn't equipped to make her way in the world. Before long she found herself enrolled in a local monastery simply for the room and board it offered.

Slowly but surely, Yamyra absorbed the teachings of the monks, adopting their disciplines and meditative practices. Though she still has a long way to go before truly achieving inner peace, she has mellowed greatly since arriving at the monastery.

Eventually, however, a wanderlust came over her, and she decided to leave the monastery and set out to see the world.

Roleplaying Yamyra:

Yamyra despises what she sees as the "stereotypical perceptions" other races have of halflings, and goes to great lengths to be the *opposite* of what most expect a halfling to be. She is often dour and taciturn, and tends to have a pessimistic outlook on life, as well as a very short temper.

She has great trouble dealing with chaotic individuals, and often has trouble even with those who talk or fidget too much. She very rarely indulges herself, to the point where those who know her often joke that she "doesn't believe in fun."

Sir Timothy the Kind (Human Paladin)

Hair: *Red*

Eyes: *Green*

Height: *6' 2"*

Weight: *147 lbs*

Age: *19*

Profession: *Defender of the Peace*

Favorite Color: *Purple*

Interests: *Birdwatching, charity, reading*

Sir Timothy the Kind

Male human paladin 6

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; **Senses** Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 12, flat-footed 24 (+10 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex, +3 shield)

hp 55 (6d10+18)

Fort +9, **Ref** +6, **Will** +9

Defensive Abilities aura of courage, divine grace, divine health; **Immune** disease, fear

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. (20 ft. with armor)

Melee *Hand of the Righteous* +9/+4 (1d8+2 plus 1d6 nonlethal)

Special Attacks channel positive energy (3d6, DC 16), smite evil (2/day)

Spell-like Abilities (CL 6th)

At will—*detect evil*

Spells Prepared (CL 3rd)

1st—*cure light wounds*, *lesser restoration*

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 12, **Con** 12, **Int** 12, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 19

Feats Extra Lay On Hands, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Diplomacy +12, Heal +10, Knowledge Religion +10, Sense Motive +10

Languages Common, Elven

SQ aura of good, divine weapon, lay on hands (8/day), mercy (fatigue, disease)

Gear +1 full plate, +1 heavy steel shield, backpack, bedroll, cloak of resistance +1, *Hand of the Righteous* (+1 merciful longsword), phylactery of faithfulness, rations (10), ring of protection +1, 57 sp

Background:

Timothy was one of many orphans left on the doorstep of a church of Valenya. Raised among the monks and clerics, he was brought up on the tenets of the Valenyan faith: charity, kindness, and peace.

Eager to please his adopted family of monks and priests, but not exceptionally skilled with divine magic, Timothy quickly found a different path for his skills, focusing on martial practices designed to allow him to defend the weak and innocent.

When Timothy came of age he decided to set out into the world, to put his skills to good use protecting the “children of Valenya,” which is what he considers all mortals, regardless of their faith. He has taken a vow—one he takes very seriously—never to slay another living thing.

Now Timothy travels aimlessly from place to place, doing his best to keep the peace, protect the innocent, and generally leave each place he visits a little better than it was when he arrived.

Roleplaying Timothy:

Timothy is very gentle and soft-spoken, and prefers to avoid a confrontation whenever possible. This doesn't make him a pushover, however, and certainly doesn't mean that he is easily persuaded to act against his moral compass.

In fact, the main reason Timothy is so quiet and gentle is that his greatest fear is of accidentally hurting someone, especially someone he cares about. Still, he will never pause or think twice to help someone in need.

Timothy does not believe in killing, and refuses to kill his enemies. Though he strongly encourages his allies to follow his example, he won't make it a condition of his continued aid (though he still refuses to allow them to murder any foes he subdues).

Amrunelara (Elf Ranger)

Hair: *Brown*

Eyes: *Green*

Height: *6'*

Weight: *114 lbs*

Age: *136*

Profession: *Big Game Hunter*

Favorite Color: *Green*

Interests: *Sport hunting, Elven culture.*

Amrunelara

Female elf ranger 6

N Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +6; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 16, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +6 Dex)

hp 37 (6d10)

Fort +5, **Ref** +11, **Will** +3; +2 vs. enchantment spells and effects

Defensive Abilities elven immunities; **Immune** sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dagger +6/+1 (1d4)

Ranged *Aglir'faroth* +15/10* (1d8 +1*)

Special Attacks favored enemy (+4 vs. animals, +2 vs. vermin)

Spells Prepared (CL 3)

1st—*delay poison* (2)

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 22, **Con** 10, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 22

Feats Deadly Aim, Endurance, Improved Precise Shot, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Weapon Focus (longbow)

Skills Climb +9, Intimidate +9, Perception +12, Ride +15 Stealth +15, Survival +10 (+13 when tracking), Swim +9

Languages Common, Elven

SQ elven magic, favored terrain (plains), hunter's bond (companions), keen senses, track, weapon familiarity, wild empathy

Gear +1 *flaming arrows* (10), +1 *leather armor*, *Aglir'faroth* (+1 longbow), arrows (50), *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, dagger, *efficient quiver*, *lesser bracers of archery*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, 127 gp

*+1 if the target is within 30 ft.

Background:

Amrunelara was born and raised in the magnificent elven stronghold of Ilsammafel, located in the heart of the Golden Wood. Like most elves, she was trained in a variety of skills in her youth, and like most elves she had a natural affinity for the bow and arrow.

Amrunelara was closer to her bow than most elves, however. Archery became almost a way of life for her, and she would take every excuse to leave the stronghold for hunting expeditions, regularly volunteering to take turns finding food for the community in the wood beyond the stronghold's walls.

While Amrunelara was still young, Ilsammafel was attacked by an army of kobolds, led by a green dragon intent on driving the elves from the wood and claiming it as his own. All the elves in the community were called on to aid in its defense, and Amrunelara's skill with bow and arrow quickly made her a war hero.

As she came into proper adulthood, Amrunelara grew bored with the mundane hunts of the Golden Wood, and began setting out on expeditions for more exotic and entertaining game. This has left her exceptionally well travelled, as she has travelled practically to the four corners of the map in search of her prey.

When even safari failed to provide an exciting hunt, Amrunelara decided to join an adventuring party in the hopes of finding still better hunts. It is her goal to one day fell a dragon.

Roleplaying Amrunelara:

Amrunelara is the very image of a proud and haughty elf. She honestly believes that elves are a superior race, and can talk for hours about elven accomplishments. Her primary goal is to hunt and kill exciting and exotic game, and she enjoys taking trophies from her enemies. She has little moral qualm with hunting sentient prey, though never elves.

Griffith (Culled One Rogue)

Hair: *Black*

Eyes: *Grey*

Height: *5' 10"*

Weight: *128 lbs*

Age: *24*

Profession: *"Odd-Jobs" man*

Favorite Color: *Black*

Interests: *Cards, dice, women, alcohol, "exotic drinks," gold, and any other kind of good time.*

Griffith

Male culled one^{LV} rogue 6

N Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +4; **Senses** ; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +4 Dex)

hp 27 (6d6+6)

Fort +4, **Ref** +9, **Will** +1

Defensive Abilities culled one minor trait (+2 to Fortitude saves), evasion, trapsense +2, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee *Ripper* +9 (1d4+1)

Special Attacks bleeding attack, sneak attack +3d6

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 18, **Con** 10, **Int** 14, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 18

Feats Combat Expertise, Improved Feint, Skill Focus (Bluff)

Skills Acrobatics +13, Appraise +11, Bluff +19, Disable Device +13, Escape Artist +13, Intimidate +16, Perception +8, Sense Motive +8, Slight of Hand +13, Stealth +22

SQ culled one minor trait (+4 racial bonus to Stealth), culled one major trait (+2 Dex), trapfinding

Languages Common, Elven, Gnomish

Gear +1 mithral shirt, backpack, bedroll, belt of incredible dexterity +2, Circlet of Persuasion, cloak of elven kind, rations (10), *Ripper* (+1 dagger), 43pp

Background:

Griffith wasn't always a culled one, but has always been a bit of a scoundrel. Ever since he was a young man, he made his way in the world as a petty thief and pickpocket, using the money to fund his drinking and gambling habits.

As he grew older and more experienced, he began to pursue a different type of crime, using his charm and good looks to seduce rich women and con them out of their gold, or at least get them to pay for his expenses.

Eventually, however, Griffith tangled with the wrong woman, and found himself in bed with a vampire. She attempted to "embrace" him, making him into a vampire himself, but he resisted, and broke away before the process could be completed.

Now, trapped between human and vampire, Griffith blames his condition on anyone and everyone but himself. He has taken to more and more dangerous crimes, seeking greater danger and thrills in order to feel alive. When even that failed to get him the thrill he was seeking, he turned to adventuring.

Roleplaying Griffith:

Griffith is a rogue's rogue, always looking for the next big score, and not above any kind of graft, sleaze, or scam. He pretends to be carefree, and is quick to fall back on his sharp wit and poignant sarcasm.

Underneath it all, however, he seethes with a strong sense of self-loathing. He is still angry and bitter over his transformation, giving him a strong sense of entitlement. He has developed quite a fondness for luxuries, and these are among the few joys he truly has in life.

One of the things he certainly doesn't enjoy is feeding: because of his condition, he must drink at least a small amount of blood every two weeks or so, an act which he finds repulsive to this day.

Sarkana (Half-Elf Sorceress)

Sarkana

Female half-elf sorcerer 6

CG Medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +0; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 11 (+1 deflection, +1 natural)

hp 35 (6d6+12)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities draconic resistance, elven immunities; **Immune** sleep; **Resist** fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee Quarterstaff +2 (1d6-2)

Ranged Sling +3 (1d4-1)

Special Attacks claws

Spells Known (CL 6)

3rd (4/day)—*fireball* (DC 19)

2nd (7/day)—*resist energy*, *scare* (DC 18),

1st (8/day)—*burning hands* (DC 17), *mage*

armor, *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement*,

silent image (DC 17)

0—*acid splash*, *dancing light* (DC 16), *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 16), *light*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*

Bloodline draconic

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 10, **Con** 10, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 13

Feats Empower Spell, Eschew Materials, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Use Magic Device), Toughness

Skills Spellcraft +9, Use magic device +18

Languages Common, Elven

SQ bloodline arcana, cantrips, keen senses, multitalented (bard, sorcerer)

Gear backpack, bedroll, *cloak of resistance* +1, *headband of alluring charisma* +2, *necklace of fire ball beads type V*, quarterstaff, *randomized wand* (*confusion*, *mass reduce person*, *phantasmal killer*, *solid fog*; DC 16, 10 charges), sling with 20 bullets

Hair: Red

Eyes: Green

Height: 5' 4"

Weight: 150 lbs

Age: 21

Profession: Sorceress for Hire

Favorite Color: Red

Favorite Food: Steak (preferably rare)

Interests: Dragons, fire, magic, jugglers and other street performers

Background:

Sarkana was born as Emily, and raised with her elven mother, on the outskirts of a small, elven hamlet. Borderline outcasts in the community due to the "taint" her father had brought to both her and her mother, Emily quickly became very self-sufficient.

When her sorcerous power awakened, she was still quite young—eight or nine—and was unable to properly control it. After a short series of inexplicable fires, she was eventually discovered to be the source, and driven out of town for good.

Not bothering to look back, she set out to learn more about her power, spending some time as an apprentice in a mage's guild. There she learned that her powers came from trace amounts of dragon blood.

Quite taken with the idea, she changed her name to "Sarkana," feeling it more appropriate for a "draconic being" such as herself. Now she travels the land, hoping to find the dragon whose blood runs through her veins, though what she will do when she finds him she doesn't know.

Roleplaying Sarkana:

Sarkana is slow to trust, having been shunned for a good portion of her life. She is slowly developing an obsession with dragons and dragon-kind, holding them in a pseudo-religious reverence. She is quick to speak out when she sees something she doesn't agree with, and has developed a soft spot for the underdog.

Melina (Elf Conjurer)

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Brown

Height: 5' 1"

Weight: 99 lbs

Age: 122

Profession: Scholar

Favorite Color: Grey

Interests: History, Geology, Alchemy, Biology, Astronomy, Philosophy, Magic

Melina

Female elf conjurer 6

NG Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +7

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+3 Dex, +1 deflection)

hp 23 (6d6)

Fort +2, **Ref** +6, **Will** +7

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Ranged sling + 7 (1d4)

Spells Prepared (CL 6th)

3rd—*deep slumber* (DC 18), *summon monster III* (2)

2nd—*acid arrow*, *mirror image*, *web* (2) (DC 18)

1st—*grease*, *mage armor*, *summon monster I* (3)

0—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *message*, *read magic*

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 16, **Con** 8, **Int** 21, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk + 3; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 16

Feats Augment Summoning, Extend Spell, Improved Familiar, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (conjunction)

Skills Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (geography) +14, Knowledge (history) +14, Knowledge (nature) +14, Linguistics +14, Perception +7, Sense Motive +7, Spellcraft +14

Languages Common

SQ arcane bond (small earth elemental familiar), cantrips, summoner's charm

Gear *bag of holding*, *bead of force*, bedroll, *cloak of resistance* +1, *headband of vast intellect* +2 (Perception), *ring of protection* +1, sling with 25 +1 bullets 500gp

Background:

Melina was born into a decidedly average elven family in a decidedly average elven town. She was always a quiet, timid child, and so rarely took interest in the archery contests and similar sport which many of the other children took part in. In the same vein, she found herself too self-conscious to produce the same kinds of beautiful arts and crafts her peers did.

For a while, her parents were very concerned about whether she would be able to find a place in elven society. They consulted the local sages on the subject, and it was decided that Melina should try an apprenticeship at the local mage guild, as the only thing she really did seem to enjoy was reading, which she would often do for whole days at a time.

It quickly became apparent that this was a sound course of action, as Melina flourished at the guild, under the guiding hands of the various sages. She devoured knowledge, tearing through books at a frightening pace, and, once she was properly trained to relax and not overly worry, found that she was a fairly competent mage, as well.

Though she flourished academically at the academy, her social skills didn't improve nearly as markedly, and her teachers also worried that she wasn't diversifying her skills enough, so, one day, nearly a year ago, they sent her out into the greater world, telling her that she was not to return for at least 10 years.

Roleplaying Melina:

Melina is very timid and shy, but that doesn't mean that she doesn't have thoughts and feelings. In stressful situations she often expresses herself primarily subconsciously, through body-language, and her adventuring companions quickly come to learn, for example, that when she wraps her hair around her finger she's getting angry, or that when she bites her lip she's feeling hurt.