

# Sigthorn

*Dwarven monk; long-time caretaker of the Payne estate's gardens. 107 years old.*

*Has a shaved head, and a full beard. He is still hale and hearty, and has a weathered, somewhat ageless appearance.*

*Sigthorn has...*

- Above-average **strength** (d10)
- Average **agility** (d12)
- Average **health** (d12)
- Above-average **knowledge of the world** (d10)
- Average powers of **perception** (d12)

*Sigthorn is...*

- A **faithful follower** of the Two Gods (d8)
- A talented **gardener** (d8)
- Still quite skilled with a **quarterstaff** (d10)
- Fluent in several **languages**, and literate in several alphabets (d10)
- A competent **medic** (d10)
- Knowledgeable about **animals** (d12)
- Able to **survive** off the land (d12)

*Sigthorn is carrying...*

- A small pendant with the holy symbol of the Mother, which he wears around his neck
- A quarterstaff

Dwarves are stereotypically wealthy. Your family was not. The income from your parents' small tin mine was barely enough to support them and your four elder brothers and sisters. As soon as you were weaned, you were given into the care of the local temple of the Two Gods.

The mostly human monks were stern, but not unkind. You performed your chores, studied the religious texts and got to see your family once a week. On your sixteenth birthday, you were made an acolyte. Life as an acolyte was not that different to life as a novice, except that you occasionally accompanied monks on their travels to other temples.

The busy highway towns and inns you encountered abroad were a shock. You saw men killed over a pint of ale, young boys kidnapped by mercenary companies, and lesser crimes too numerous to count. You're somewhat embarrassed to admit it now, but by the time you became a full monk, the world had made you a zealot.

You strode along the highways with your quarterstaff ready, dispensing justice in the name of the Father wherever you went. You were not blind to the injuries endured by the weak, but far too often you sought out and punished the sinners rather than tending to those wronged.

It was perhaps inevitable that your vigilante justice would attract the wrong sort of attention. One night, as you were making your way back to your inn through the dark streets of an unfriendly city, you were confronted by a group of twenty thugs hired by the local syndicate. As you lost consciousness beneath the blows of their cudgels, you thought you were

done for—and so did the thugs, who got bored and left you for dead shortly afterwards.

But the Mother, in her wisdom and mercy, saved your life. An elderly couple, faithful and humble followers of the Two, hauled your unconscious body off the street and concealed you in their tiny home. For weeks they nursed you back to health, although they could barely afford to support themselves. Once you were well enough to travel, you bid them farewell, left town quietly and resolved to remember the lesson they had taught you.

Upon your return to the monastery, lacking faith in your own wisdom, you sought the council of the old abbot. He gave you a small bag of seeds and a book on the care of plants, and sent you out into the countryside to assist those in need. The long journeys along rural paths gave you time to contemplate life. You read the book the Abbot had given you, many times over.

After some years, you found yourself at the estate of the then-young Lord Payne. The folk of the surrounding lands were good people, but not particularly religious, and you had resolved to spend some time in the area. Needing a place to stay, you took on the part-time job of assistant gardener at the estate in exchange for board and lodging.

As the years passed, you became familiar with the estate and its immediate surrounds. There is a small shrine in the gardens which was sadly neglected when you arrived—you cleaned and restored it, and now you visit it almost every day for a moment of quiet meditation.

Lord Payne grew old, married, had a son and lost his wife to a fever. You are no longer *assistant* gardener. In addition to your duties as groundskeeper you have become Lord Payne's unofficial spiritual advisor. Like his vassals, he is not religious—but he is a good enough man not to completely trust his own judgement.

You have come to know the herbalist Altus quite well. He supplies you with seedlings for the grounds and his medicines have eased the lives of countless people. Although you do not meet often, you correspond by pigeon regularly, and you consider him your friend. You still hope that you will find him alive, but you fear the worst.

You have been to Red Creek before, but you remember little about its inhabitants—you mostly visited the small temple in the middle of the village.

## Your companions

**Tad:** the orc-at-arms, recruited by Lord Payne along with a number of other men-at-arms a few years ago. Although he appears to be a dumb barbarian, the meticulous care he takes of his weapons and armour borders on devotion. You find that you implicitly trust any man (or orc) who knows how to fight but avoids having to do so. You're glad to have him along since you can't remember when you last used your quarterstaff in a real fight.

**Adalard:** the half-elven wizard. His performances are certainly flashy, and have brightened up social events at the estate considerably, but you can't help feeling that he spends too much time cooped up in his tower. You sense that he is driven by some all-consuming goal. The long walk and fresh air will probably do him good—it's just a pity about the circumstances.

**Verna:** Roderick's paramour. You share Lord Payne's skepticism that she's really a disinherited noblewoman—she lacks the inner confidence of those born to rule. Although she has no doubt played Roderick for a fool, you do not think that she is truly a bad person. Perhaps she has fled to the

countryside to escape her past in the city, much as you once did.