

## Carthy

*Deserter from the Larkbridge army. Human. 32 years old.*

*Wears worn, nondescript armour with all insignia removed.*

*Carthy has...*

- Above-average **strength** (d10)
- Average **agility** (d12)
- Below-average **health** (d20)
- Extensive **knowledge of the world** (d8)
- Above-average powers of **perception** (d10)

*Carthy is...*

- A **good shot** with a crossbow (d8)
- Reasonably good at **close-range fighting** (d10)
- Aware of the basics of **camouflage** (d12)
- A reluctant user of **magical items** (d20)
- Extremely **mistrustful of others** (d30)

*Carthy is carrying...*

- A dagger
- A crossbow and six bolts
- Worn and damaged armour (d20)
- One potion of flesh-knitting, possibly expired: *this is supposed to heal wounds, but it might just poison you really messily.*
- One potion of encouragement, possibly expired: *“encouragement” is a euphemism for “berserker rage”—if you take this, you’ll be able to fight until you’re almost dead, and probably for a short while afterwards.*
- One smoke bomb, slightly damp: *exactly what it says on the tin*

You fought for Larkbridge for most of your life, but this war has brought an end to your soldiering career. You’ve seen a lot of unpleasant things on the battlefield, but this time the lords of Larkbridge have gone too far. They made a pact with the Tower of Mages, the Tower made a pact with unspeakable things you don’t have a name for, and between them they changed the face of the war into something that was not to your liking at all.

You didn’t sign up for any of this magical crap. It was bad enough when they started handing out potions that were as likely to burn you up from the inside as to cure you, and magical weapons that could melt your arm off. Then you started seeing *creatures* on the battlefield, and the things you saw them do still give you nightmares. You knew that it was time to go.

And so you joined the ranks of the deserters. You were sure to be recognised if you stayed on Larkbridge lands, so you headed west towards Blackwater. You have taken care to remove all the identifying insignia from your armour, but you’re certain that it’s only a matter of time before some figure of speech or mannerism betrays you as a Larkbridge citizen. You avoid people whenever you possibly can, but when you can’t avoid them you try not to draw attention to yourself.

You still have some magical items that you were issued shortly before you deserted. You have often been tempted to throw them away, especially since they would be extremely incriminating if found in your possession, but some day they might save your life. Or at least make someone else’s life very miserable.