

Anthony Edwards, Nature Writer and Recluse

You've never fit in. Not really. You grew up in a small logging town called Winslow, in Montana, the kind of place where everyone knew each other's business. Your father was the school principal and your mother the school nurse, which didn't make you very popular with the other kids to start with.

But even discounting that, you were always a loner. You preferred to be off by yourself in the woods than hanging around school or other kids' homes. You were frequently absent from school, to your parents' frustration, but no one was going to expel the principal's kid, were they?

Your private moments, camping in the woods, were the only times that you ever felt really at peace. By the time you graduated high school, the urge to just get away, to travel somewhere no one else had ever been was overpowering.

Of course, with no money to speak of, people weren't lining up to buy you a plane ticket. You signed up as a volunteer worker with the Red Cross, over your parent's protests, and received a sponsored flight out to the Sudan to assist with relief work. You didn't particularly like actually helping people, but you found going to such an unknown environment thrilling. You tended to avoid your fellow volunteers when you weren't on-duty, ignoring safety warnings and pretending you were a lone explorer in a strange new world. You had a few nasty experiences, but you got to see a side of the Sudan the other volunteers didn't.

You also started jotting down observations about the things you were seeing. Eventually, they formed the basis of your first book. The rest, as they say, is history.

You managed to sell some of your collected writings to a magazine upon returning to the states. The agent you found blathered on about your "unique voice", but all you cared about was that the magazine was prepared to sponsor another trip in exchange for more articles.

You are a technically a travel writer, but not in the tourist-guide "five best restaurants in San Francisco" vein. Your editors send him off to some godforsaken part of the world (the more isolated, the better) and you live there for a few months and then returns with a new book. It's a good deal for your bosses, because apart from the plane flights, you are very low-maintenance. They've sent you to the Amazon rainforest with a backpack and a laptop, and to warzones with a set of press credentials and a flak vest.

In fact, the more isolated and "rough" a job is, the more you relish it. The actual writing is just how you pay the rent - the peace is what you crave. You're actually quite rich now, but you don't really care. The worst is always being back in the US between projects. You generally try and find some out-of-the-way place to hole up until your agent calls. This time, it's a poky little place called the Sunshine Falls Wilderness Retreat. Should be some good hiking in the woods nearby and best of all, hardly any other guests.

Roleplaying Tips:

You're a little...strange. When you get right down to, you're just a very shy person. But the more time you have spent deliberately isolating yourself, the harder it has become to break your enforced loner habits. You can deal with small groups fine, but you hate crowds and big cities.

You come across as a little rude and stand-offish, but that's more social awkwardness and shyness than real hostility. Unless someone gets actively intrusive and tries to pop your private bubble - then you become genuinely hostile.

Obsession: Survival. Anthony justifies his anti-social tendencies, by viewing it as him "testing himself" against hostile environments, with no one to back him up. In reality, he's just really shy. He can deal with small groups okay, but large crowds and too much contact make uncomfortable.

Rage Stimulus: People who treat his isolationist lifestyle as weird or freakish. Deep down, Anthony knows that the problem is his own inability to relate well to others, but he reacts extremely poorly to anyone who brings this up.

Fear Stimulus: Crowds and cities. Anthony can stand both, but they make him uncomfortable. His most hated activity is flying into New York to meet his agent, and it puts him in a bad mood for days.

Noble Stimulus: Help those who are isolated and in need. More than once, Anthony has surprised soldiers he was embedded with in Iraq, when the strange, standoffish writer has risked his life to pull a soldier out of the firing line. But at the same time, Anthony has stood and written dispassionately over mass graves in Africa. It's partly his loner nature, but mainly just a kind of compartmentalisation - Anthony has forced himself to become numb to greater tragedies which are "too big to fix", while becoming more invested in isolated incidents.

Anthony's Obsession is "Survivalist". He can make a fire, knows how to track things in the wild, and is familiar with a variety of first aid techniques.

Body: 60 "Rangy"

Been around soldiers (Struggle): 45
Pretty damn fit (General athletics): 45

Mind: 60 "Observant"

Survivalist: 60
Eye for the Environment (Notice): 30
Conceal: 30

Speed: 55 "Hiking enthusiast"

Embedded Journalist (Dodge): 55
Drive badly: 15
Do Two Things At Once: 15

Soul: 45 "Socially Handicapped"

Lacking Graces (Charm): 15
Looks Shifty (Lie): 15
Talented Author: 45

Skill Notes:

Do Two Things At Once: While rolling any normal action in a stressed environment (like combat) if you succeed with a roll which is also under your DTTAO skill, then you get a second action. This only grants one additional action per round (eg. In a bar fight, Anthony dives for cover. His dodge roll is 12, under his DTTAO skill of 15. He decides to use his second "free" action to throw a bottle at the head of the biggest troublemaker and then can roll for that action).

Violence: 3H 1F

Helplessness: 1H 1F

Isolation: 5H 1F

Self: 3H 2F

Unnatural: 0H 0F