

Caladrin Merethion

The elf. Aide to the elven ambassador to Drakesbridge.

Traits

- Average **strength** (d12)
- High **agility** (d8)
- Below-average **health** (d20)
- Above-average **knowledge** (d10)
- Above-average **perception** (d10)
- Above-average **innate magical ability** (d10)

Skills

- Excellent **archer** (d8)
- Very **diplomatic** (d10)
- Well-versed in **local history** (d10)
- Gets on reasonably well with **animals** (d12)
- Competent **swordsman** (d12)
- Plays a **dulcimer**, poorly (d20)
- Bunked most of his brief **magical training** (d20)
- Does not like **camping** at all (d30)

Important equipment

- Bow and six arrows
- Short sword
- Dulcimer
- A bag of money
- Eating dagger
- Bed roll and travelling pack

Background

The ambassador gave you a simple assignment: the Duke of Drakesbridge has decided—at very short notice—to host a spring ball, and he has extended an invitation to the Queen of Brethilien, the nearest elven city. If she doesn't attend, it will be seen as a terrible snub—and it is your job to ensure that the invitation reaches her in time.

Right now, the outlook is rather poor. It's the middle of winter, and the snowfall has been so heavy that the pass over the mountain has become impossible to cross. You were forced to turn back, wasting several days of travel, and take the old road around the mountain.

All this exertion proved to be too much for the horse you were given in Drakesbridge. The poor beast expired overnight as you were camping—by the time you discovered it in the morning, its carcass had frozen solid.

This is when you began to worry. You were in the middle of nowhere with no horse and insufficient provisions. As you were trying to decide whether finding a way to save the horsemeat was worth the magical exertion, another traveller caught up with you.

Amethyst Lindenshield is a young dwarf who set out from Drakesbridge on foot to deliver some vital mechanical part to a dwarven mine up in the mountains. You don't recall most of her explanation—dwarven shop-talk bores you to tears—but you were very glad to hear that she knew of a town only a little further along the road.

You were expecting to find a replacement horse and be on your way as soon as possible, but the so-called town of Saltmine has been a great disappointment. It was built around a salt mine many years ago. When the mine ran out of salt, business went elsewhere—to the equally creatively named town of New Salt on the other side of the mountain, along the newly constructed pass. What remains is a depressing skeleton of a town—abandoned houses and elderly drunks who can't go anywhere else.

There is only one horse here—a mangy, cross-eyed old nag named Flopsy, who is apparently prone to occasional seizures. She is quite possibly the worst horse you have ever seen, but she is a great improvement over nothing. Unfortunately, her owner refuses to part with her. You have offered him a lot of money, but he pointed out—quite reasonably, you are forced to admit—that he can neither ride nor eat gold coins.

Flopsy's owner runs what passes for the town's only inn. You and Amethyst are its only real customers. You have been trapped there for the past day, trying to find a way out of your predicament. Amethyst has been trying to cheer you up with what you suppose is witty dwarven conversation—but although you find her company a lot more welcome than that of the surly locals, her attempts have done little to lift your dark mood. You're certain that the ambassador will exile you to somewhere even more horrible than this when he discovers your failure.