

Odric Ruricsson

The goblin. Mercenary accountant in search of employment.

Traits

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

Skills

- Excellent at **double-entry bookkeeping** (d8)
- Good at **negotiating financial transactions** (d10)
- Good at **managing resources** (d10)
- Reasonable grasp of **local geography** (d12)
- Knows how to **bandage a wound** (d12)
- Can **put up a bit of a fight** (d20)
- Terrible **aim** (d30)

Important equipment

- Dagger
- Parchment and quill
- Modest life savings: one shilling and sixpence exactly.
- Bed roll and travelling pack

Background

When you ran away with your cousins to join a mercenary company, you didn't anticipate that your military career would consist mostly of adding up columns of numbers. At first the officers looked at your slight build and put you with the archers—but everyone soon realised that you couldn't hit a three-storey manor house at close range. You did, however, always keep meticulous track of everyone's arrows, rations, wages and illicit dice game debts, and it was only a matter of time before you were given a hasty promotion and saddled with the company's bookkeeping.

You recently noticed that money was disappearing off the books. You didn't want to make any accusations before you had a clearer picture of what was happening, but soon enough you realised that the boss himself was "borrowing" money from the company's accounts to feed his gambling addiction.

You went to confront him while the company was wintering in Blackwater—and found him throwing his belongings on a fast horse. That's how you discovered a day before everyone else that he had just gambled away all of your wages and every remaining asset of the company in one disastrous bet.

You knew it was time to get out of town fast—when the news spread, a crowd of angry unpaid mercenaries would hit the streets, and you did not want to be there when the city guard started beating them up and throwing them outside the gates.

You shared this insider information with your orc friend Tasha—you owed her one for the many times she had taken your side in physical disagreements. She may not be the brightest candle in the box, but she's loyal and a really useful asset in a fight. You'd much rather be travelling through the countryside with her than without her.

You were sure that most of the mercenaries would return to their usual hunting grounds further to the south—so you and Tasha decided to head north, towards Drakesbridge. It would be suicidal this far into winter to take the pass over the mountain, so you are taking the scenic route—the old road which runs around it.

The road has brought you to a dismal little ghost town called Saltmine. You've been to places like this before—it looks like some kind of industry (and you can guess what it is) used to be here and isn't anymore. The locals are eyeing you suspiciously, but you think this is the kind of welcome they extend to all strangers, not just goblins and orcs.

It may require some negotiation to get service at the inn—you don't intend to stay here longer than is absolutely necessary, but a hot meal and a warm bed would make a pleasant change from camping in the snow.