

THE TACITURN WOODSMAN

"Don't go near those bushes. The leaves will cut you to the bone."

Fergus Half-Hand

Race: Human

Archetype: Outdoorsman

Style: 3

Motivation: Survival

Health: 5

Primary Attributes

Body: 2

Dexterity: 3

Strength: 3

Charisma: 1

Intelligence: 3

Willpower: 3

Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Move: 6

Perception: 6

Initiative: 6

Defense: 6

Stun: 2

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	(Avg.)
Archery	3	3	6	(3)
Athletics	3	1	4	(2)
Brawl	3	1	4	(2)
Craft / Bowyer . Fletcher	3	3	6	(3)
Melee	3	1	4	(2)
Stealth	3	3	6	(3)
Survival	3	3	6	(3)

Talents

Danger Sense: Reduced surprise penalty

Stalwart: +2 Body to resist disease, poison, and hold breath

Flaws

Shy: Earn a Style point when you miss out on recognition or reward for your actions

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	(Avg.)	Cond.
Longbow	3L	0	9L	(4+)L	Good
Hunting Knife	1L	0	5L	(2+)L	Worn

Armor	Def.	Str.	Dex.	Cond.
Hides	+1	1	--	Good

Languages

Ascondean, Lanarian

My Story

I never knew my father. Ma insisted he'd been a loyal son of Lanar who'd given his life marching into the Empire back when their treachery was uncovered. Most of the townsfolk claimed it was more likely he'd been some bandit, a Mongrel, or worse, a Peacekeeper. They didn't like Ma or me very much but at least they more or less tolerated us. More or less.

Things didn't get much better when Ma got sick and died before I was all grown up. Talen, the old trapper, took a shine on me for some reason and took me in as an apprentice. Probably just saw me as someone he could boss around. In any case, I learned how to trap, shoot and dress game. I liked being in the wild; things were easy to understand there. Animals and trees don't lie or make fun of you. Soon I was bringing more than my share of meat and furs back to town. Not that it made them like me any more or treat me any better.

One night, I was coming back from the tavern after a few too many cups of brew when I bumped into a pair of Legionnaires on the prowl. Seems someone had played a prank on them and they were looking for payback. They decided I made as good a whipping boy as any. Next thing I know, my hunting knife is buried in one's chest and the other's chopped half my left hand off. I ran off, blind with pain.

I'd pretty much munged things up. I'd killed a Peacekeeper, which made me an outlaw for sure. I found a healer who took pity on me and healed my hand, although I couldn't get two of my fingers back. I learned I could still draw my bow to shoot. I kept to the woods, hunting and foraging for food, only sneaking into villages to trade when I needed something I couldn't make myself.

When the Night of Fire came, I was out in the open. All I can remember is running and dodging rocks and fire and one point being thrown through the air by this big gust of wind. When things finally died down, I had no idea where I was. Everything looked different. I tried to just keep going but when it got real cold, I finally gave in and stumbled half-starved into a village.

Instead of making fun of me and throwing me out, the villagers were happy that I knew how to hunt and find food. I stayed and helped them make it through the Long Winter. I was happy to find a place where people liked me.

I should'a known it wasn't going to last. After a long hunt, I came back to find the village all burned up and all my friends either dead or gone. As far as I could tell, a warband had raided the village, stolen what they could carry, burned what they couldn't, and killed or took away everybody they could find.

So I'm back to living by myself. I miss my friends. But I'll make sure any new friends don't go away so easily.

Roleplaying

All you know how to do is survive. You'll do anything to make sure you and those who you feel responsible for make it through the day. You're not much good in social situations and will stay out of the spotlight given the chance. You can earn Style points by helping out your friends without calling attention to yourself.

Note: Fergus's left hand is missing its ring finger and pinkie. He normally wraps his hand in cloth to hide the stumps. Although he's pretty much learned how to compensate (for example, he can draw a bowstring using his remaining fingers), any task that would depend on a full grip with his left hand will suffer a -2 penalty on the appropriate roll.