

PRE-GENERATED CHARACTER HISTORIES

DELRIISA, ENETHRA, AND MARG CLAWTAKER: THE SIBLINGS THREE

DELRIISA CLAWTAKER

History. Far in the northern wilds, Delrisa Clawtaker was born to the great chief of the Hawkshadow Clan, Urgan Clawtaker and the daughter of their former chief, Danna. As a child, Delrisa trained as a warrior within the tribe; she grew strong over the years, embracing the spirit of the hawk and his wild brothers as all warriors of her tribe did. She took to the blade, following in her father's example, fighting alongside the toughest and bravest of the clan. Through rigorous training, she learned to harness the rage which slept within her blood, and fought with the tribe in many battles.

At age 24, she fought alongside her half-brother and sister, escaping the destruction of her tribe at the hands of a fiendish entity known as The Great Sorrow. She saw the death of her mother and the sacrifice of her father in sealing The Great Sorrow from the world. She now travels the lands beyond her homeland in search of the influence of The Great Sorrow and the vile deeds of its agents.

Adventure Hook. Recently, Delrisa has heard of strange constructs attacking a nearby town which seem to be powered by dark magic that her brother, Marg, says is similar to that exhibited by The Great Sorrow. She has vowed to end them and find out if it truly is a reemergence of the entity...

ENETHRA CLAWTAKER

History. Enethra is a woman of two worlds, born as she was to the barbarian chief of the Hawkshadow Clan, Urgan Clawtaker, and a simple, elven handmaiden named Ellisiatha that her father lured into bed and wedlock. Enethra is less wild than her older sister, blessed as she is with the ability to feel the will of nature itself. The call of the land and all it gives life to was revealed to her at an early age. She took tutelage under the village priest and learned to invoke the aid of, and pray for power from, the life-flow of the nature spirits. By her 15th birthday, she had already surpassed the village priest in her ability to channel the will of the storm gods. As she entered adulthood at age 18, she had become the village priestess of the Hawkshadow.

At age 22, she fought alongside her brother and sister, escaping the destruction of her tribe at the hands of a fiendish entity known as the Great Sorrow. She saw the village burn and felt the land seethe at the touch of evil. She now travels far beyond her homeland in a quest to cleanse the land and infuse it with life.

Adventure Hook. Enethra has been performing many auguries, attempting to find influence of The Great Sorrow. She has begun following signs which are leading her towards a nearby town...

MARG CLAWTAKER

History. Marg is the youngest and saw himself as a stranger and outsider, even amongst his friends and family. Seen as an abomination by some and a focus of pity by others caused him to feel isolated for year. As a child of the Flamebringers, however, he was never truly alone. For as long as he could remember, he felt the influence of his long-dead tribe, no matter how much he wished to suppress it. Urgan had been right about one thing; the Flamebringers were, indeed, worshipers of a dark and powerful

spirit. Upon the 13th hour of the 13th day of the 13th week after his 13th birthday, Marg's life changed a dark and reclusive Voice called to him from the darkness; The Voice offered him great power in exchange for the simple service of gathering small items of power. Marg was physically weaker than his elder sister, and lacked the wisdom of the younger. Fueled further by the desire to be recognized as strong by his father, Marg accepted the offer.

At age 19, he fought alongside his sisters, escaping the destruction of his tribe at the hands of a fiendish entity known as The Great Sorrow. He saw The Great Sorrow as it was absorbed into a primal seal, along with his father, and hears a dark and reclusive Voice chime with glee and satisfaction. He now travels far beyond his homeland in search of objects and magic linked to The Great Sorrow, but he is under the constant sway of The Voice.

Adventure Hook. Marg has been swayed by a constant, somewhat maddening, Voice guiding him around the lands south of his homeland to collect magic and items of power that may or may not be linked to The Great Sorrow. Recently, The Voice has been directing him towards a town being attacked by constructs. The Voice is directing him, but is he the only one...?

THE TALE OF THE SIBLINGS THREE

The Children of Urgan Clawtaker, 'The Flame-ender', as told by the Hawkshadow Clan's Talon-Speaker:

"In our northern lands, among the great pines and ice-ridden rivers, grew our tribe, known to the Southlanders as the Hawkshadow Clan. We were always a mighty people, though this was only finally revealed to the wider world by our chief, 'The Flame-ender', Urgan Clawtaker. Many a story can be told of Urgan's deeds, but those are for another night and another fire. This is not a tale of his greatness, but of those charged with carrying that greatness forward. Now, all gather, and keep the fire stoked as I tell you of The Siblings Three.

"For seventy summers and seventy-one winters, the Hawkshadow traveled among the pines, building the tribe's strength, until our champion came forth as Urgan Clawtaker. He was a great chief, to be counted alongside the likes of Urog the Hawkshadow himself, and he led the clan to bounteous prosperity. For over fifteen winters, he led hunts, raided rival villages, and controlled the trade routes throughout our lands. In his eighth summer as chief, he took the daughter of our former chief for his wife, who birthed his first child, Delrisa. A strong child was she, in spirit and in body, with an 'untamable spirit', the shaman said. So strong was she that it is said she took all her mother's power for her own, for Urgan's first wife never bore another child. But the chief had three children, so let us speak of the second.

"In the tenth spring of Urgan's guidance, there came an envoy of elves to set a trade route between their kingdom and the wider world. Over the course of many council fires, Urgan led the elven council to an agreement that would bring many riches to the Hawkshadow. He also gained the attention and affections of one of the elven trade-dealers, who he wooed with tales of heroism and acts of strength, convincing her to remain with the tribe and become his second wife. Through this union of Hawkshadow and elven blood, a second daughter was born, and she was

named Enethra. Enethra was a child of remarkable kindness and insight, but she was also trained by the Hawkshadow to be a skilled warrior. She kept in her heart the old gods of her mother's mother, and all their mothers before her., bringing their blessings to the tribe, along with the innate, magical gift of her people that she made her craft. So it was, once again, that our beloved chief blessed the Hawkshadow.

“Now we speak of the last child of Urgan Clawtaker, a child that many of the tribe feared from the moment of his birth. Two winter's had passed after Enethra's birth, and a tribe of fiend-worshippers had arrived and roosted in the desolate hills to the eastern side of the Hawkshadow's domain. These 'Flamebringers' brought woe to the land, along with their spirit-god 'The Great Sorrow', and the earth cried in pain from their presence. It was because of this threat that the great Urgan gathered a formidable horde of warriors to descend upon their evil. The strength of the vile Flamebringers was not enough to stave off the might of Urgan's warrior horde and. in a falcon-swift, eagle-fierce battle, the Hawkshadow tribe crushed the Flamebringer's infernal force. It was then, as that fateful day drew to a close, that Urgan earned his title of 'Flame-ender'. As the horde took right of plunder, Urgan discovered a young, tiefling woman who had been kept captive by the Flamebringers and saved her from their enslavement.

“So infatuated was Urgan with the tiefling woman's beauty, and so grateful was she for her rescue, that he took her back to the clan to be his third wife. By the next fall's harvest, she had birthed for Urgan his first son, Marg. As the young Clawtaker emerged, squalling from his mother's womb, the curse of his horns and long tail were apparent. It was a time of woe and fear for the Hawkshadow, but it was glorious Urgan himself that brought them back together. He offered calm words to those who feared this omen, and laid low those questioning his illustrious leadership. Thus, Marg was brought into the tribe, with all of the love the Hawkshadow had to offer and, eventually, he tamed the fires of the Flamebringers for the Hawkshadow clan, leashing their power for himself, as we leash the wolves of the mountain.

“Peace within the tribe persisted for many, many seasons, and the land was good to the Hawkshadow. During this time, the great chief Urgan and his mighty warriors brought new treasures to the people, and new lands under his guidance. Few would stand against the glory of the Hawkshadow, and the children of Urgan — The Siblings Three — grew into adulthood. Delrisa was fierce and strong, leading her brother and sister on many a journey, proving the strength of Chief Urgan and the power of the tribe to the outside world. Enethra was tender, demonstrating wisdom and mercy that garnered respect for the tribe. Marg was the flame and the darkness, inspiring fear and awe in friend and foe alike. Their tales would be even greater today if it were not for the tragedy that befell them, the same that ended the reign of great Urgan.

“What we know now, but was unknown to us then, was that embers of the Flamebringers still burned after they were defeated. Disparate tribe-members, spread out over the continent, but united by shared feelings of loss and anger, and with a thirst for vengeance, found each other anew. They summoned again the spirit that had given them power, and thus The Great Sorrow rose again, breaking the shackles of the infernal lands to walk the lands of the Hawkshadow once more. An enemy of our

grandfather's grandfathers, The Great Sorrow was a vile creature that dwelt on the bargains of lies and the trade of misery. During that terrible season, the moon itself fled from the heavens, and on the fifth moonless night, the wrath of The Great Sorrow fell upon the Hawkshadow tribe.

“The minds of the Hawkshadow were immediately overcome, and the clan turned on itself with the wolverine's ferocity. As The Great Sorrow's influence grew, only Urgan was strong enough to resist, and rose to meet the challenge. The loving father that he was, Urgan forced his three children into his dwelling, sealing it shut with a magical totem that held back the dark madness. Once satisfied, he fought his former tribe members with axe, tooth, and bone while The Siblings Three stayed safe within, desperately trying to escape the hut to fight with their father in the great battle. All they could do was claw against the totem's magical barrier as Urgan faced The Great Sorrow. There, our great chief Urgan fell, though not before he managed to seal The Great Sorrow away, using the last of the powerful tribal magics of the clan.

“The next day, as the fires died and the smoke parted, the few remainders of the Hawkshadow clan, their wits returned, gathered and searched through the rubble of our village. There was no sign of Great Urgan nor of any sign of The Siblings Three...”

THE TRUTH OF THE SIBLINGS THREE

In the northern lands, there grew a tribe known as The Hawkshadow Clan, which nomadically moved throughout the northern timberland forests, carving out an existence among the pines. After 70 years of wandering, there came a chief known as Urgan Clawtaker. Urgan was a thug and an imbecile, but his strength and brutality led the tribe to a new level of prosperity for over 25 years, as he lead great hunts, raided rival tribal villages, and forcefully controlled the trade routes through the wild lands the Hawkshadow controlled. During this time, he took three wives who bore him three children. The first wife was the previous chief's daughter, a good woman, but frail. Urgan knew his hold on the clan would be stronger with an heir, and labored to make sure his new wife would provide one, more and more aggressively as he became increasingly desperate. Finally, after a year of pain and non-conception, she fell pregnant and gave birth to his first child, Delrisa Clawtaker. After the ordeal of her pregnancy and childbirth, Urgan's wife became weaker still, and he soon tired of her.

Two years later, while meeting with a delegation of elves, Urgan became infatuated with the serving-maid of one of the diplomats. Through many days of arranging trade with the elves, Urgan spent his nights plying the maid with drink and compliments, and managed to lure her into his tent. There, they conceived Urgan's second child, Enethra Clawtaker. Too shamed of her promiscuity to return with her people, Urgan took the elven servant as his second wife, and brought Enethra and her mother back to the Hawkshadow.

As the next couple of years passed, Urgan grew increasingly bored of clan life, and thirsted for blood and glory. He saw an opportunity when a new tribe, the 'Flamebringers', moved in to the hills to the eastern side of the Hawkshadow's domain. He decided to lead the Hawkshadow in a great war against the Flamebringers, decrying them as devil-worshippers and a threat

to the clan. Battle was joined, and after slaying all the tribe's warriors, Urgan named himself 'The Flame-ender', and claimed the defeated chief's beautiful paramour as his prize and his third bride. From their joining came Marg Clawtaker, the youngest of The Siblings Three.

For the next two decades, the Hawkshadow clan grew in a time of great conquest and wealth for the tribe. The hunts were grand and the crops were bountiful, and Urgan's children grew. The success of the clan was due largely to Urgan's wives and family; Urgan, though a great fighter was a poor leader, slave as he was to his base urges and whims. For all his shortfalls though, Urgan was loyal to his tribe and family, and so they elevated him to greatness.

Delrisa trained as a warrior within the tribe; she grew strong over the years, embracing the spirit of the hawk and his wild brothers as all warriors of her tribe did. She took to the blade, following in her father's example, fighting alongside the toughest and bravest of the clan. Through vigorous training, she learned to harness the rage which slept within her blood and fought with the tribe in many battles.

Enethra was less wild than her older sister, blessed as she was with the ability to feel the will of nature itself. The call of the land and all it gave life to was revealed to her at an early age. She took tutelage under the village priest and learned to invoke the aid of, and pray for power from, the life-flow of the nature spirits. By her 15th birthday, she had already surpassed the village priest in her ability to channel the will of the storm gods. As she entered adulthood at age 18, she had become the village priestess of the Hawkshadow.

Marg was the youngest and saw himself as a stranger and outsider, even amongst his friends and family. Seen as an abomination by some and a focus of pity by others caused him to feel isolated for year. As a child of the Flamebringers, however, he was never truly alone. For as long as he could remember, he felt the influence of his long-dead tribe, no matter how much he wished to suppress it. Urgan had been right about one thing; the Flamebringers were, indeed, worshipers of a dark and powerful spirit. Upon the 13th hour of the 13th day of the 13th week after his 13th birthday, Marg's life changed a dark and reclusive Voice called to him from the darkness; The Voice offered him great power in exchange for the simple service of gathering small items of power. Marg was physically weaker than his elder sister, and lacked the wisdom of the younger. Fueled further by the desire to be recognized as strong by his father, Marg accepted the offer.

Little did The Siblings Three know that the fall of the Hawkshadow clan was near at hand. A few short years later, the end was nigh. Late one night, The Great Sorrow, a fiendish manifestation from the Flamebringer tribe that the Hawkshadow had thought destroyed decades earlier, came for them out of the darkness. It appeared upon a large outcropping that overhung the Hawkshadow village, and spoke words in a vile, menacing voice that pierced the minds of all in hearing range, sowing the seeds of insanity. The evil madness that manifested itself took the tribe off-guard. In mere moments, it drove each man, woman and child to acts of pure evil, forcing brother to assault brother, friend to slay friend, and mothers to murder their own children. This was the evil of The Great Sorrow: this was the revenge of the Flamebringers.

As this evil unfolded, Urgan sealed his children within a magically-protected hut. Only the quick-thinking and touch of a protective spell from Enethra protected him from the madness that overtook the rest of the tribe. He took up arms and invoked one last great rage, fighting like no other Hawkshadow had ever fought before. As he tore his way through his former tribesmen, he came to face the vestige of The Great Sorrow. There, he invoked a great totem of the Hawkshadow ancestors and created a primal seal, barring The Great Sorrow from the world. Urgan, never a learned man with a mind for study, screamed with anger and confusion, as the magic used his spirit and body to close the seal. Urgan 'The Flame-ender' was no more.

As the primal seal formed, the hut released The Siblings Three from its protection. The children of Urgan rushed through the battlefield, surveying the death and ruin of the Hawkshadow. Delrisa vowed revenge against The Great Sorrow and its followers. Enethra promised to protect her family in their travels, and the land from which they came, from The Great Sorrow's influence. Marg agreed to join them and to guide them along their journey, never revealing the dark Voice that was guiding him. The Siblings Three left the northern lands of the Hawkshadow, never to return...

ORNIN CRAGMOUNT: THE RUNESMITH

ORNIN CRAGMOUNT

History. Under the western mountains, within the halls of a dwarven kingdom, was born Ornin Cragmount. As a child, Ornin showed talent and aptitude in the workings of dwarven runescript. This did not go unnoticed by the elders of the kingdom and, at an early age, Ornin was accepted into ranks of the rune sages. For the next few decades, Ornin was trained in the ways of carving runes and deciphering their meaning. It brought great honor to clan Cragmount to have a rune sage within its ranks, and Ornin quickly became a favored family member. In the dwarven kingdom, Ornin led a charmed life.

At the age of 41, Ornin is an accomplished rune sage in his own right, and is slowly mastering the mixture of martial and arcane arts that leads a rune sage on the path to become an eldritch knight of the dwarven kingdoms, known as rune wardens. As a rune warden, Ornin has helped keep threats from above and below at bay with the rest of the kingdom's warriors, as well as being a keeper of ancient runic knowledge.

Adventure Hook. Recently, Ornin has defended a surface farm and its livestock from an attack by a rampaging construct with other dwarven defenders. The council of dwarven elders have now sent Ornin to investigate...

ON THE STUDY OF FORGOTTEN RUNES

Ornin's shield protected him from the worst of the blow, but the warty fist still slammed him bodily into the side of the tunnel. Almost without thinking, he glanced at his prize etched into the wall. The rune was unknown to him, ancient, and undamaged; Ornin had a mind to keep it that way. He rolled to the side as a huge wooden club crashed down beside him, and a curtain of debris rained down from the ceiling, blocking his view of the excavation. He could have sworn the rune flared with light before returning to its dull, orange glow. The dwarf shook his head to regain his composure and redirected his attention to the threat at hand; the troll.

Vermin. Large, deadly vermin, but vermin nonetheless.

In his haste to research the rune, he had neglected to make sure the mining tunnels were secured and the miners were safe. His mistake cost many of his fellow dwarves their lives when three trolls crept up from the underground caverns. Two of the trolls had fallen quickly, and now smoldered on the floor, consumed by the miners' stock of alchemical fire. They had not succumbed quietly however, and were joined by Ornin's dead, dying, or unconscious crew. Now it was just Ornin and the last of the trio fighting to the end.

Ornin dodged another attack from the troll's fist, its jagged claws inches from his face. Ornin pounded its putrid flank with his warhammer, but the dwarf knew every second the troll stood was another second it had to knit together any wound he dealt it. Without flame or acid, the troll would win through attrition alone.

Ornin swung wide and, before he could recover, the troll rent mail and gambeson, sinking its claws into the flesh of the dwarf's side. Ornin dropped back against the rune wall and braced against the rock, putting his shield between him and the monstrosity. His arm was jarred as another claw raked the edge of his shield and scraped down, leaving deep gouges. The wood held firm, but Ornin knew that if he remained in this position for a few moments longer, he was done for.

With all the strength he had left to him, Ornin pushed off from the wall, shield-first. The troll gave up only a few feet, but it was enough to put it at a disadvantage. Arm, ribs and, finally, skull gave way before a furious assault from the dwarven steel warhammer. That would have done it for any other opponent, but the troll simply bellowed spittle in Ornin's face, even as the bones of its eye-socket cracked sickeningly back into place. Its claws took him across the face, and a blood-tipped nail brushed the rune behind him, which blazed into bright-red life.

Ornin ducked behind his shield as the tunnel erupted with flame. The handle soon became painfully hot, but he endured it with a grimace, only imagining the power of the conflagration on the other side. Finally, after seconds that seemed like minutes, the jets of flames stopped and the room fell silent.

Ornin peered over his shield, ready to strike with whatever remaining strength he could muster, and he saw the lumpen, blackened form slightly convulsing as it baked within its own skin. Struggling, the battered dwarf got to his feet, stamping out the smoldering embers left on his cape. The warm orange glow of the rune slowly began to pulse, gently illuminating the gloom. Ornin looked squarely at the marking and muttered to himself, "Humph... that's what it does..."

TING SLATERUNG: THE INVENTOR

TING SLATERUNG

History. When he was a young gnome living in the rocky hills of his town, Ting was always working in his lab. Clockwork gadgets, magical trinkets, and automatous constructs always fascinated him. By age 47, under the tutelage of the tinker's guild in the town, Ting had become one of the best inventors they had ever trained. His calling changed one day, when a rival guildsman went too far and improperly activated a shield guardian to try to upstage Ting. The guardian went berserk, starting a rampage, destroying and killing everything in its path. As many guild-gnomes attempted to stop the construct with brute force, it was Ting that was able to bring its rampage to an end by disabling its bound amulet. Because of his quick thinking, Ting began to gain the reputation of 'construct-fixer' in the gnome communities, or a 'hunter of constructs' in the greater world.

Now at age 49, Ting has journeyed out into the greater world selling his skills to those in need of his specialty as a 'construct hunter'. Still ever the constant inventor, Ting is always on the prowl for new technologies to enhance and improve his inventions, and to test his mettle against rogue automatons.

Adventure Hook. Ting has been hunting rogue constructs for two distinct reasons; revenge and research. Recently, his friend, Gritz Garick told him of some oddly functioning constructs in a nearby town. If Ting could find where they are coming from and get notes and schematics it would greatly benefit them both. Ting is always up for a good construct hunt...

SOMETIMES IT NEVER WORKS LIKE IT SHOULD

"Well it would have worked!" Ting said, with no one to hear him as the posts of the elevating mechanism came crashing down around the keep's central tower. Several laborers ran past him, fearing for their lives, as Ting's invention collapsed into the courtyard. Ting's blank stare was broken as he noticed the master of arms and the lord's advisor scowling at him.

"This is going to cost me..." Ting muttered, as a rolling cloud of dust enveloped him. Well-prepared for this eventuality, Ting held his breath to prevent breathing in the dust and debris which remained of his failed invention. The elevator would have greatly increased the keep's ability to store up supplies and keep them

safe from future orc raids. Alas, it was going to be hard for him to convince the local lord that his oft-repeated mantra held true; 'sometimes it never works like it should the first time'.

The cloud settled around Ting's small form and the gnome pulled out a vaguely clean handkerchief to wipe the grime from his goggles. A glance up the stairs of the keep confirmed the administrator was still glaring at him. Sighing, Ting composed himself as best he could and approached.

"I told you that these things can have potential complica-" The sentence was broken as a level of scaffolding fell to the ground with a loud clang. Glancing back, he turned again to the advisor and master of arms.

"Errr... potential complications during construction," he continued, with the straightest face he could muster, but he was always doomed to failure when it came to powers of persuasion.

"This can be recovered, let me assure you," Ting continued, followed by another loud crash, as flaming scaffolding fell into the rose garden. He grinned at the master of arms, who stood as tall, firm, and silent as the Ting's elevator wasn't.

"You see that... that can still be fixed..." As his words left his lips, there was another loud clang originating from the elevator's wreckage. "And that too..." His descending level of confidence plummeted, as the famously ancient garden tree was suddenly ablaze. Looking back Ting sunk his head down towards his chest. "Well, maybe not that..."

The laborers of the keep began to form a bucket brigade to put out the garden fire. Dogs from the keep's kennel barked loudly at the excitement, and shouts of alarm resounded off the inner battlement walls. Ting looked back towards the two administrators for one last ditch effort to salvage the situation and began to speak. Before he could get his first word out, the lord's advisor cocked an eyebrow. 'You need to leave,' the eyebrow seemed to say.

Ting tended to agree.

NEW BACKGROUND OPTIONS

INVENTOR

You are a creator and crafter. You make your ideas into reality and you test them in the world, turning gears, cogs, levers, alchemical substances and, sometimes, even magic into things the world has never seen. Everything has the potential to be improved, whether it be a weapon or more mundane equipment. You are partially formally trained and partially self-taught in your crafting of unique items. Your predecessors have left their mark on the world in the form of crossbows, alchemist fire, and various dungeon traps. When in civilization, you might work as a craftsman, with the tools to amaze the unenlightened with your new gadgets and discoveries. Out in the wilderness and the frontier, you test those inventions in matters of life and death.

Skill Proficiencies: History, Investigation

Tool Proficiencies: Two artisan's tools of your choice

Equipment: Two sets of artisan's tools, a book containing drawings and notes for your inventions, a set of traveler's clothes, and a belt pouch containing 15 gp.

INVENTOR'S INSIGHT

Inventors are either valued members of a community or viewed as madmen or women. Their homes and businesses are rarely neatly kept and, more often than not, are littered with various (sometimes dangerous) unassembled objects. Sometimes a community, college, or religion will embrace the spirit of new creations and encourage these acts by providing a collective place to experiment. Your GM can determine the nature of what types of organization (if any) support inventors. Whether organizational or self-taught, you have a specific insight based on the tools you are trained with. You can select your focus from the Inventor's Insight table or roll randomly.

d6 Inventor's Insight

- 1 Chemist (Alchemist Supplies)
- 2 Trap Maker (Tinker's Tools)
- 3 Pharmacist (Herbalism Kit)
- 4 Tinker (Tinker's Tools)
- 5 Poisoner (Poisoner's Kit)
- 6 Weaponsmith (Smith's Tools)

As an Inventor, you can use special materials (reflected in your proficiency with a certain kind of artisan's tools) to create existing and new inventions that you specialize in. You are always sketching and writing down ideas to attempt to build and try-out, and always researching new ideas. When you come across new finds, you might waste no time breaking it apart to figure out how it works, or trying to connect it to a historical inventor.

FEATURE: INVENTION

When you want to attempt to create a new item based on an idea, you can research how to build it. Your GM might rule that the knowledge requires some research and time to craft (see Downtime Activities, SRD). Particularly powerful inventions might require an adventure or take a good amount of time in the campaign to complete. You are also very efficient with finding and crafting materials for your inventions; you can always find the necessary parts or a way to manufacture parts in a settlement that offers services related to your skills when trying to build an invention.

SUGGESTED CHARACTERISTICS

Inventors are different from local craftspeople in the fact they aren't content in remaking what has already been made. Rarely are inventors stagnant or content to manufacture items on a repetitive basis, and would rather give or sell their inventions to a guild or artisan to reproduce if copies are needed. They are an inquisitive lot, and will always want to figure out new contraptions, sometimes to their own detriment.

d8 Personality Trait

- 1 I can do this better, because I'm me and you're you.
- 2 I consider something a success if it doesn't blow up and kill me.
- 3 I consider something a success when it blows something up or kills something.
- 4 If I don't succeed first time on one path, I stay with it until it works or I am absolutely sure it won't work (after lots of testing).
- 5 If I don't succeed first time on one path, I take another as soon as possible. There has to be another way.
- 6 I like to write and record notes excessively about my inventions, but I keep them secret. They are mine and mine alone.
- 7 I like to write and record notes excessively about my inventions so I can share my genius with the world.
- 8 I have a reputation for great inventions and I love the attention it brings.

d6 Ideal

- 1 Philanthropy. It is my duty to share my work with society. (Good)
- 2 Bureaucracy. My work must be cataloged, patented, and controlled so it doesn't fall into the wrong hands. (Lawful)
- 3 Knowledge. I research and learn so I know things that will better and enrich myself. (Neutral)
- 4 Malice. If it causes maximum damage and pain, it is a great invention. (Evil)
- 5 Curiosity. I will do what I wish to find out what I need to know and build what they said isn't possible. (Chaotic)
- 6 Planner. The best laid plans can bring together societal divisions, win wars, or just make a big, repeating crossbow that shoots fire bolts (with or without poison capsules). (Any)

d6 Bond

- 1 I had a teacher that always encouraged me to dream and dream big.
- 2 I made a clockwork dog that has never left my side (as long as I wind him up of course).
- 3 I will share with my homeland the wonders I have discovered and built.
- 4 Rock gnomes are my kindred spirits.
- 5 I must complete my research because it is my life's work.
- 6 I will find the one who stole my greatest invention and invent new ways to make them pay over and over again.

d6 Flaw

- 1 I like fire. It burns.
- 2 You have to break a few eggs to make an omelet, and by 'eggs' I mean anyone or anything in my way.
- 3 I'm creating here and don't have time for that right now! Don't bother me about bathing or what I smell like again!
- 4 I think that we should do it this way... no wait this way would be better. WAIT! If we do it this way, then...
- 5 I know things that I would never tell anyone willingly.
- 6 I took the knowledge of others and just added my own twist to it. What is wrong with that?

RUNE SAGE

You are a keeper of knowledge for a culture that uses runes. You learn, etch, chisel, and carve the marks of your culture into the landscape and architecture of your society. Sometimes these marks are even magical to those who truly delve into the secrets that the runes themselves hold.

Skill Proficiencies: Arcana, History

Tool Proficiencies: One artisan's tools of your choice between mason's tools or woodcarver's tools

Languages: One of your choice

Equipment: Set of artisan's tools (matching one of your tool proficiencies), a small knife or dagger, a book cataloging the various runes used in your culture, a set of common clothes, and a belt pouch containing 10 gp.

FEATURE: RUNIC IDENTIFICATION

When you come across a rune or petroglyph from a culture different to your own, you can offer some insight into the meaning of the symbol. Your GM might rule that the knowledge of truly rare runes requires some research (see Downtime Activities, SRD). Particularly, unique runes might take a good amount of time in the campaign to understand. You are automatically knowledgeable on runes from your own culture.

SUGGESTED CHARACTERISTICS

Rune Sages are very particular and detail oriented, as the scribing of runes is a precise art form. Much like other sages, they are academic in their pursuit of knowledge, but are specialized in symbols and their meanings. Due to the nature of runic symbols, Rune Sages are more tool-skill-oriented and divide their time between research and craftsmanship.

d8 Personality Trait

- 1 I have insight into things you cannot begin to know.
- 2 I am happy to trade in knowledge, but the information never comes for free.
- 3 I obsess over finding the meaning of new symbols.
- 4 I only know what I know because I was forced to train in it by my family. I resent that I was put on that path in life.
- 5 I hoard knowledge selfishly and guard it as my secret.
- 6 I like to write and record notes excessively about any new runes so they are recorded for the use of all.
- 7 I have a reputation for my knowledge, but do not like the attention.
- 8 I have a reputation for my knowledge and I thrive on it.

d6 Ideal

- 1 Aesthetics. What is pleasing or appalling to the eye can lead us to the different truths of the universe. (Good)
- 2 Logic. Fact and truth are the true ways to pure logical thought. (Lawful)
- 3 Knowledge. Research and learn so you find true knowledge. (Neutral)
- 4 Secrets. Knowledge known only to oneself is true power over the ignorant. (Evil)
- 5 Freedom. Knowledge isn't constrained by the laws and practices except those we chose to obey. (Chaotic)
- 6 Enlightenment. Every bit of knowledge brings us a step closer to true enlightenment (Any).

d6 Bond

- 1 It is my duty to protect my research.
- 2 I have unlocked the secret of some runes that tell a terrible secret I dread becoming known to the greater world.
- 3 I am meant to share what I have learned with the world, no matter what the elders say.
- 4 I have completed a grand thesis on a certain set of runic patterns that may change the way we think of the society I grew up in.
- 5 I must complete my research because it is my destiny.
- 6 I made a pact with a shadowy entity for the knowledge I now possess. I must find a way to release me from it.

d6 Flaw

- 1 I can lose myself in thought when examining runic patterns.
- 2 I have been stopped before in my pursuit of knowledge so now I make sure all 'roadblocks' are no longer a problem.
- 3 I find it helps to insult people as a motivator to help them learn.
- 4 I tend to lose my moral compass when pursuing the unknown.
- 5 I tend to ignore the plights of others when it comes to my research.
- 6 I take the knowledge of others and pass it off as my own research.

TRIBAL MEMBER

You are removed from, what most would call, 'civilization'. You run through the wilds with your tribe or clan using the land to survive and thrive. Your tribe could be warlike or they could be peaceful, living in harmony with the land. You work with your fellow tribespeople and contribute to your community to help it thrive, perhaps as a warrior, caretaker, or tradesperson for their needs. You have access to some of the products of civilization, acquired through trade or by raids, but your life in the wilds puts you more in line with a primal lifestyle, so you are always prepared for the challenges that nature might impose on you.

Skill Proficiencies: Athletics, Nature

Tool Proficiencies: One set of artisan's tools

Languages: One of your choice

Equipment: One sets of artisan's tools, a totem linking you to a spirit or symbol of your tribe, a set of traveler's clothes, and a belt pouch containing 15 gp.

FEATURE: TRIBAL ACCEPTANCE

You are accepted in your tribe and are recognized for your skills and status. You can gain assistance from the tribe if you are in need of food and shelter. Small amounts of equipment that the tribe has access to can be loaned or given to you if needed. In addition, other tribes friendly to yours recognize your status and may also provide limited food and shelter if you are in need.

SUGGESTED CHARACTERISTICS

Tribal Members are loyal to their tribe and tribal allies. They will go out of their way to defend the honor of the tribe and extend its influence in their region. They will defend their fellow tribal members from attack and join with other tribes towards a common good. To do any less would risk exile as an outcast or 'outlander' and the loss of their tribal support and status. They typically have an aversion to the clamor of cities and seek more natural settings to live in.

d8 Personality Trait

- 1 My family could eat your family for breakfast. In fact, they might have already.
- 2 I feel the call of nature because it is truly who I am and what you deny.
- 3 I consider all creatures to have value and put every part of a kill to good use.
- 4 I will be loyal to you as a friend, but will become your enemy if that loyalty is betrayed.
- 5 I must follow the ways of my tribe, anything less would be a betrayal.
- 6 I see the value of your ways, I will take them back to my tribe to make it stronger.
- 7 'Civilized' life is for the soft. I have no need to be coddled.
- 8 I consult the spirits and those of my ancestors for guidance.

d6 Ideal

- 1 Warden. We must protect the land from the evils that surround us all. (Good)
- 2 Preservation. It is my duty to preserve the ways of my tribe, lest it be lost forever. (Lawful)
- 3 Natural Order. The river that is nature will ebb and flow and we must live within those currents. (Neutral)
- 4 Raider. What is your will be ours, by your submission or by your blood. (Evil)
- 5 Survival of the Fittest. The strong shall survive and thrive. (Chaotic)
- 6 Loyalist. The tribe is life and the tribe comes first (Any).

d6 Bond

- 1 I walk the wilds and that is where I am truly home.
- 2 I am infused with the spirit of my people and my land; it guides me in my life and gives me life.
- 3 I have had this blade for years. I took it from the first enemy I slew.
- 4 The shaman of my tribe was the only kind face I grew up with.
- 5 I seek the lands beyond my own so I may bring glory to my family.
- 6 I will find the ones who killed my tribe members and they will suffer before they die.

d6 Flaw

- 1 I break things, but only because the things are weak.
- 2 I really, really need to raid somewhere or I'm just going to club someone to death.
- 3 I betrayed the spirits and my tribe, and the guilt kills me.
- 4 I know there is a better way to do things if we only follow the ways of nature.
- 5 I hunt for the thrill of the kill and care not for what remains.
- 6 I will never accept foreign ways. My tribe knows best.