

Name:	Tractix	Religion:	none	Character #:	1
Class:	Fighter	Level:	6	Base Move:	6"
Race:	Human	Align:	LN	Hit Points:	30
Sex:	Male	Weight	225#	Age:	25



Languages: common, Lawful Neutral:
Special Abilities: none

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	18(76)	Par/Poison:	10	Type:	Plate+1/Shield+1
I:	9	Pet/Poly:	11	Frontal:	0
W:	9	R/S/W:	12	Shieldless:	2
D:	14	Breath:	12	Flank:	2
C:	8	Spell:	13	Rear	2
Ch:	17	Mind Save:	-1		
		Other Bonus:	none		



Combat

Weapons	To Hit						Range				Damage				
	Rate	Str.	Mag.	Shrt.	Med.	Lng.	Sm/M	L							
2-hnd. sword		2									d10+4		3d6+4		
Mace		2									d6+5		d6+4		
Longsword +1, +4 vs. reptiles		2	+1, +4								d8+5, d8+8		d12+5, d12+8		
Sabre		2									d8+4		d8+4		
Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Proficiencies: All listed weapons plus dagger
NPP: -2

Magic

Plate +1	Shield +1	Longsword +1 (+4 vs reptiles)
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Equipment

mace	two-handed sword	saber	leather backpack	6 torches	flint/steel
ractions	3 iron spikes				

BACKGROUND FOR TRACTIX

Tractix is the only son of the Great Rheumatix, master-sage and advisor to Maximus Perfidus, and to some degree lives in the great man's shadow. Tractix rejected the path of knowledge quite early in his career, instead joining His Pious Majesty's Regulars and distinguishing himself in the Battle of Simon's Tower in 1432. Losing his taste for the controlled army life, the young Tractix became a free-booter and adventurer, and though he confined his activities to the local area, he did not see his father for years.

It is only recently that the young fighter returned to Emori, capital of the Realm Human, where his father is advisor to the king. His relationship with Rheumatix has remained distant, the pair meeting only in the Sage's castle quarters, and the fighter has never visited his father's townhouse in the city. Instead, Tractix has taken up residence in the Lion's Den Quarter of Emori,

a hangout for adventurers and those professions that cater to them. Rheumatix will not visit this rowdy area, and usually sends one of his assistants, Missile-emmix, to summon Tractix for a meeting. Usually, the older man has some exotic quest for the boy involving rare items, like cockatrice eggs or griffon teeth, which the sage uses in his strange brews.

For the past several months Tractix has seen little of his father as the old man has been working on a potion to cure His Majesty of a strange disease that is wasting His Royal Self away and for which no clerical cure can be found. In the meantime, the boy can be found in the Lion's Den Quarter carousing with his allies, including a female halfling and a dwarf once employed in the King's Guard.

BACKGROUND FOR RUBIXCUBIX

Rubixcubix is a priest of Jules, Lord of Fools, and is in the second rank of the faith's hierarchy, ranked beneath Acrostix, the high cleric of the faith, and Cinematix, advisor to Maximus Perfidus's Board of Faith. Rubixcubix's position is one of great status with the local parishioners, but of little influence within the sphere of government.

Jules, Lord of Fools, is one of the "recognized" faiths of the Realm Human's Pantheon, endorsed by the crown and consisting primarily of Lawful-good deities. Other faiths, even non-pantheon lawful goods, are denied worship within the state, though outright persecution is reserved for neutral and evil religions. Most of the true hierarchy of the pantheon's faiths is not even in Emori, capital of the Realm Human, but in the neighboring Holy City of Fax, controlled by its arch-cleric. The following of Jules, Lord

of Fools, is neither large nor strong, and the other faiths tend to belittle them. Rubixcubix, therefore, feels a small kinship with other lesser, non-pantheon faiths, even the druids of Legan, Goddess of Nature Untamed.

Rheumatic, master-sage and advisor to the king, is a member of your parish in Emori, capital of the Realm Human. You have spoken with him often on his latest project, that of finding a cure for the disease that has struck His Majesty down, though the old man has been rather tight-lipped on his progress. You have also met his son, Tractix, and accompanied the boy on several missions for small items for the sage's research. Tractix seems like a nice boy, but does not profess a faith, which is typical of his younger, more mercantile generation.

THE PANTHEON OF THE REALM HUMAN

MAXIMUS, Lord Creator-Ruler of all the earth, heaven, time and related dimensions in space. His spirit is considered to be incarnated in His Most Pious Majesty, Maximus Perfidus, who has taken ill from unknown causes. His clerics wear gold and black.

IDLOVAS, Lord of Sword and Spear-He watches over the king's armies and fleets, and stalks the battlefields against foes. He is the god of soldiers and hunters. His priest wear red and white.

Z'REIPRAK, Skull God of Darkness, Lord of Time's Passage and Death's Reward. The Reaper of those whose time has come. He is worshipped by those who fear and respect Death's powers. His servants wear black and don white, skull-shaped helms on high holy days. It is said they will not raise the dead.

REVOLG, Tinkerer-Lord of the Universe, God of Magery and Science, Patron of the Analytical Mind. Magic weaponry is consecrated in Revolg's name, as are golems. His clerics wear lavender and white.

TRAH, Goddess of Reality and Illusion, who both is and is not, Patron of the Imaginative Mind Unbound. She is revered by story tellers and liars, as well as members of the monkish order of Ch'hip, who worship Trah's dual nature. Her clerics wear shimmering robes of fine silk.

KAVON, Lady of the Home and Hearth, Deity of Fertility, Farmland and Nature Tamed, Patron of the Quiet Life and its

bounty. Her clerics wear earth colors, greens and yellows.

JULES, Lord of Fools, Troublemaker and Problem-Solver. His very nature appeals to the chaotic-good side, and as such is looked down upon by the more righteous, stoic deities of the Pantheon. His priests have a curiosity for riddles, mysteries and rhymes, and dress as they feel is proper for the occasion.

Name:	Lockpix	Religion:	Legan	Character #:	3
Class:	Ftr/Thief	Level:	4-Apr	Base Move:	12"
Race:	Halfling	Align:	CN	Hit Points:	22
Sex:	Female	Weight	90#	Age:	27



Languages: common, Chaotic Neutral, Dwarf, Gnome, Goblin, Orc, Elf:

Special Abilities: Usual Halfling abilities (PHB 17)

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	12	Par/Poison:	9	Type:	Leather +1
I:	14	Pet/Poly:	12	Frontal:	4
W:	7	R/S/W:	10	Shieldless:	4
D:	17	Breath:	16	Flank:	4
C:	15	Spell:	11	Rear	7
Ch:	10	Mind Save:	-1		
		Other Bonus:	none		



Combat

Weapons	To Hit						Range			Damage					
	Rate		Str.	Mag.	Shrt.	Med.	Lng.	Sm/M			L				
Short sword +2, Dragon slayer				+2, +4							d6+2, 3d8+4 vs. red dragons	d6+2, 3d8+4 vs. red dragons			
Dagger	2					1	2	3	d4			d3			
Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	20	20

Proficiencies: All listed weapons plus darts, short bow, and short sword

NPP: -2

Thief Abilities

Pick Pockets	Open Locks	Find/Remove Traps	Move Silently	Hide In Shadows	Climb Walls	Read Languages
0.55	0.52	0.4	0.48	0.45	0.73	0.15

Magic

Seymour's Feather Token-Tree (outdoors 60', indoors 10')	Potion of Healing (2d4+2)	Leather +1	Short sword +2/Dragon slayer (Red only)
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Equipment

dagger	thieves' tools	large sack	ration	2 flasks muscatel)	wine(cheap extra robes
50' rope					

BACKGROUND FOR LOCKPIX

Lockpix hales originally from a small halfling-holt north of Blakeford on the banks of the Leetah River. Incursions from marauders to the east forced the families to relocate deeper within the Realm Human. It was during this relocation that the spirit of wanderlust hit her, and she soon left the new digs, wandering the kingdom far and wide. She made her way back to the Realm Human and finally its capital, Emori.

The Realm Human is not the best place for non-humans, particularly those that do not toe the lawful-good line. Reactions run from tolerance to outright attack (certain store keepers refuse to serve halflings in their shops), and the general attitude is that her people are amusing and even useful sometimes, but they should stay among their own type and in their own lands.

Nothing is as boring to Lockpix as the idea of being confined to her own people (a nice group, mind you, but their idea. of adventure is a few hands of phizzbin). So it is that this irrepressible halfling finds herself in Emori's Lion's Den Quarter, a scurvy territory filled with low-life's, and the perfect place for one who enjoys lightening other people's loads, especially their pockets.

It was on one of her missions (unauthorized by the underground Thieves' Guild) that she encountered young Tractix, son of Rheumatix the Sage, who in turn is advisor to the high muckety-muck, His Most Pitiful Majesty, Perfidus Maximus. Tractix has proved a valuable ally, especially since his blood relative has the king's ear and can turn the law to get them out of trouble, which comes looking for such poor innocents as Lockpix.

Her current carousing crew, besides Tractix, includes an unemployed mercenary dwarf named Fiberoptix; a strait-laced monk named Alvin and the bard Unharmonix, who seems a bit of a braggart but is a good sort (even if he can't sing). Her most recent acquisition (aside from a red dragon slaying sword she may put to use in the BACK of a red dragon) is part of a small haul lifted from a (hopefully) high and powerful mage. It is a small ivory token that looks like a tree. Unharmonix says that if you cast this upon the ground it will become a full-sized oak, subject to limitations of space, and that she should keep it as it may be useful someday.

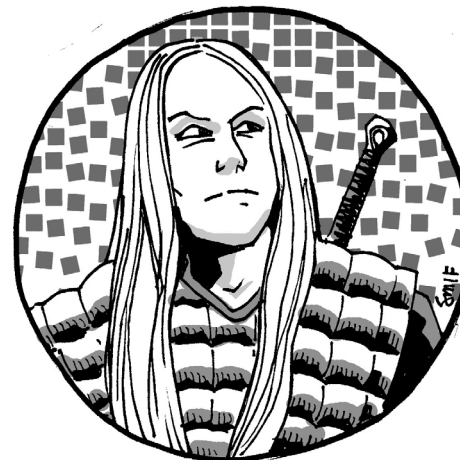
Name:	Generic	Religion:	Legan	Character #:	4
Class:	Ftr/Mage	Level:	4-Apr	Base Move:	9"
Race:	Half-elf	Align:	NG	Hit Points:	23
Sex:	Male	Weight	150	Age:	137



Languages: common, NG, Elf, Gnome, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orc, Groll:

Special Abilities: Usual Half-elf abilities (PHB 17)

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	14	Par/Poison:	13	Type:	Padded/Shield+1, +4 vs. Missiles
I:	16	Pet/Poly:	13	Frontal:	45080
W:	8	R/S/W:	11	Shieldless:	7
D:	12	Breath:	15	Flank:	7
C:	12	Spell:	12	Rear	7
Ch:	16	Mind Save:	none		
		Other Bonus:	none		



Combat

Weapons	Rate	To Hit			Range			Damage	
		Str.	Mag.	Shrt.	Med.	Lng.	Sm/M	L	
Staff of Striking (5 charges)			3				1 Charge d6+3, 2 Charges d6+6, 3 Charges d6+9	1 Charge d6+3, 2 Charges d6+6, 3 Charges d6+9	
Broadsword							2d4	d6+1	
Javelin	1			2	4	6	d6	d6	
Dagger	2			1	2	3	d4	d3	
Dart	3			1.5	3	4.5	d3	d2	

Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	20	20

Proficiencies: ALL listed weapons

NPP: -2**Spells**

1st Level

Comprehend Languages
Detect Magic
Feather Fall
Jump
Light
Magic Missile
Mending
Protection from Evil
Read Magic

2nd Level

Detect Evil
Fool's Gold
Forget
Levitate
Rope Trick
Knock
Shatter

3rd Level

Progression: 2/3r

Magic

Shield +1/+4 vs missiles Staff of Striking (5 charges)

Equipment

broad sword	50' rope	2 daggers	rations	12 darts	2 flasks water
javelin	leather backpack	padded armor			

BACKGROUND FOR GENERIX

Generix is the son of a human fighter and an elvish magic user, and though his mother perished adventuring in the south, his father still maintains his home and laboratory with her fellow elves to the west of the Realm Human, where the unfortunate half-elf now finds himself.

“Down at the heels” is a local expression that sums up Generix’s present state. A large haul of treasure was lifted from him as he made his way west, stolen by human bandits that were nice enough to leave his shield and staff behind. Generix originally intended to return to his mother’s people with his gold and gems, but intensely dislikes the idea of returning to his father’s house empty-handed and penniless.

So, the half-elf remained in the Realm Human, eventually making his way to the capital, Emori, and its infamous Lion’s Den Quarter, where humans and non-humans carouse and brawl. It was here he met Tractix, son of Rheumatix the Sage (of whom even Generix’s father had heard), along with the dwarf Fiberoptix and a female

halfling named Lockpix. Tractix arranged with his father to have the half-elf attached to a group of researches known as “para-sages,” who check out information and passages in various books and libraries. Generix has been working for the past few months with Missile-emmix, a nice enough human female (for a Pantheist, Generix worships Legan, the tree-spirit goddess of nature, and looks askance at the Lawful-good structure of organized religion). The pair has been researching various diseases in the Vaults of Emori, and the para-sage believes that this research is connected with a mysterious ailment that has struck down the local ruler, Perfidus Maximus. Generix does a lot of donkey work and some translations, and does not care WHAT they are working on, as long as the old man coughs up enough change for beer in the Lion’s Den. Generix is bored out of his half-elven mind, and wants nothing more than to head off into the sunset, ringing with gold and fighting monsters. Anything beats library work!

Name: Isometrix
Class: Ranger
Race: human
Sex: female

Religion: Legan
Level: 5
Align: LG
Weight 170#

Character #: 5
Base Move: 9"
Hit Points: 36
Age: 32



Languages: common, Lawful Good, Unicorn, Dwarf:

Special Abilities:

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	16	Par/Poison:	11	Type:	splint +2/ shield
I:	13	Pet/Poly:	12	Frontal:	1
W:	14	R/S/W:	13	Shieldless:	2
D:	10	Breath:	13	Flank:	2
C:	15	Spell:	14	Rear	2
Ch:	7	Mind Save:	none		
		Other Bonus:	none		



Combat

Weapons	Rate	To Hit		Range			Damage	
		Str.	Mag.	Shrt.	Med.	Lng.	Sm/M	L
Hand axe	1			1	2	3	d6+1	d4+1
Long Bow	2			7	14	21	d6	d6
Holy Water Sprinkler +1			1				2d4+1	d6+2

Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Proficiencies: ALL listed weapons plus broadsword and dagger

NPP: -2

Magic

3 Arrows +1 Arrow of Devil Slaying Potion of Climbing Splint Armor +2
 Holy Water Sprinkler +1

Equipment

shield	3 torches	hand axe	cloak	quiver/20 arrows	long bow
ration	flint/steel				

BACKGROUND FOR ISOMETRIX

Isometrix is a native of the Holy. City of Fax, a religious city-state and part of the Realm Human, where she is currently based. Though she shares her countrymen's opinions on the nature of law and goodness, recent service among the good folk of the Northwood has caused her to question the monolithic attitude of the ruling pantheon of gods and that religion's treatment of non-human and non-pantheon worshippers. To that end she has attached herself to a small druidic mission in the capital of the Realm Human, Emori, and taken a stand against the oppressive attitude of those in charge. A local cleric, Rubixcubix, has warned her that there might be grave repercussions in her alignment due to her opinions, but the ranger believes that alignment is a state of mind and action rather than a state of political power.

So it is that the ranger finds herself in the company of the druid Macormix, who is trying to gain influence with King Perfidus Maximus by currying favor with the king's advisor, Rheumatix the

Sage, and with the sage's son, Tractix. Rheumatix is of some import in the kingdom, and appears to be the king's physician as well, making him of still greater value as the ruler has taken ill of late and (so the rumors say) is slipping fast. The entire matter seems needlessly confused to Isometrix, but she tolerates the druid's machinations, at times accompanying him and Tractix on missions for some odd spell component or another (last time it was cockatrice eggs).

Isometrix carries a holy water sprinkler of some small magic, which she calls Hydraullix. (For the uninformed, a holy water sprinkler is a mace-like weapon with spikes jutting from a vertical cylinder and is a relative of the morning star). She also bears an arrow guaranteed by the sage to slay any devil it hits. She keeps this arrow and her magic arrows in separate compartments in her quiver so that all may be close at hand. The rumors say that a high devil or demon prince may be behind Perficlus Maximus's illness.

Name: Unharmonix
Class: Bard:frt/thf
Race: human
Sex: male
School:

Religion: Legan
Level: 3:6/5
Align: LN
Weight 155#

Character #: 6
Base Move: 9"
Hit Points: 31
Age: 42



Languages: common, Lawful Neutral:

Special Abilities: usual bard abilities. Charm 22% *F Lore 7%

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	16	Par/Poison:	10	Type:	chain mail +1
I:	12	Pet/Poly:	12	Frontal:	1
W:	15	R/S/W:	13	Shieldless:	1
D:	17	Breath:	13	Flank:	1
C:	10	Spell:	14	Rear	4
Ch:	18	Mind Save:	1		
		Other Bonus:	none		



Combat

Weapons	To Hit						Range			Damage						
	Rate		Str.		Mag.		Shrt.		Med.		Lng.		Sm/M		L	
Long Sword			1										d8+1		d12+1	
Javelin	1		2				2		4		6		d6		d6	
Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4	
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	

Proficiencies: All listed weapons plus scimitar, club and dagger

NPP: -2

Thief Abilities

Pick Pockets	Open Locks	Find/Remove Traps	Move Silently	Hide In Shadows	Climb Walls	Read Languages
0.55	0.52	0.4	0.45	0.36	0.9	0.25

Spells

1st Level	2nd Level	3rd Level
Detect Magic	Detect Snares/Pits	
Faire Fire	Invisibility to Animals	
Locate Animals	Pass without Trace	
Predict Weather	Purify Water	
Shillelagh		

Progression: 3

Magic

Chain mail +1

Equipment

lute	extra lute strings	long sword	rations	2 javelins	2 song books
thieves' tools	bagpipes				

BACKGROUND FOR UNHARMONIX

Unharmonix is a native of the town of Rutherford and claims to have traveled the known world, climbed the great Spinal Mountains, stood on the Southern Ice and sung in the courts of all the great kings and barons. He is also known to deform the truth a little in his tales, hoping the facts will resume their proper shape only after he has left. This habit of mangling the facts is the cause of his present dilemma, and the reason he has come to Emori; capital of the Realm Human and His Most Pious Majesty Perfidus Maximus.

The bard (according to him and backed up by a song he is currently composing) ran across a hag while single-handedly crossing Freemann's Marshes. The hag challenged him to write her a love song, or else be blasted where he stood for, she was a witch of fearsome power. Working under deadline pressure, Unharmonix composed a ballad so sweet and tender that it broke the old witch's heart and killed her on the spot. Before she passed from this plane, however, she cursed the bard so that he could never again use his voice like that. Since that time, Unharmonix has been unable to captivate audiences as he once had, earning rotten fruit more usually than silver coins.

Thus, he came to the Realm Human seeking the sage Rheumatix, advisor to the king. The sage was, however, already working on a related problem and had no time for the singer; His Majesty was dying from a mysterious ailment which no cleric could cure. The bard decided to bide his time and wait until Rheumatix had solved this problem, as its solution may just be the answer to his own troubles. Unharmonix used the last of his savings to get a room in the Lion's Den Quarter of town, on a promise not to sing while he was a guest there.

The witch's curse has affected his voice but not his knowledge, and the bard may still identify legendary objects like the true bard he is. His lute playing and singing is intolerable, and his work on the bagpipes even more so (Unharmonix claims he won them in a game of Diamondback against an orcish warlord of Kzall, who, used the pipes to stampede cattle). His singing and poetry will still encourage his companions to fight better and with more fury, if only because when they win the battle the bard will stop howling like a cat hit by a wagon.

Name: Macormix	Religion: Legan	Character #: 7
Class: Druid	Level: 5	Base Move: 12"
Race: Human	Align: N	Hit Points: 35
Sex: Male	Weight: 165#	Age: 52



Languages: common, Neutral, Orc, Elf, Dwarf, Treant, Centaur:

Special Abilities: none

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	13	Par/Poison:	9	Type:	leather +1/shield
I:	10	Pet/Poly:	12	Frontal:	6
W:	13	R/S/W:	13	Shieldless:	7
D:	10	Breath:	15	Flank:	7
C:	15	Spell:	14	Rear:	7
Ch:	16	Mind Save:	none		
		Other Bonus:	+2 vs fire and electricity		



Combat

Weapons	Rate	To Hit			Range			Damage	
		Str.	Mag.	Shrt.	Med.	Lng.		Sm/M	L
Scimitar								d8	d8
Sling of Seeking* Considered as +1 for hitting magic resistant targets	1		2	5	10	20		d3+2	d3+2

Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	20	20

Proficiencies: All listed weapons

NPP: -3

Spells

1st Level

Detect Magic
Detect Snares/Pits
Faerie Fire
Invisibility to Animals
Pass without Trace.
Predict Weather
Purify Water
Shillelagh

2nd Level

Barkskin
Create Water
Cure Light Wounds
Feign Death
Heat Metal
Obscurement
Produce Flame
Trip

3rd Level

Call Lightning
Cure Disease
Hold Animal
Neutralize Poison
Protection/Fire
Snare
Tree
Water Breathing

Progression: 5/3/2

Magic

4 Potions of Indomitability (+3 to hit/ damage/AC/saving throws, for 1 turn) Sling of Seeking Leather Armor +1

Equipment

scimitar	holly berries	rations	sandals	silver bowl	2-clubs
mistletoe	oak leaves				

BACKGROUND FOR MACORMIX

Despite the power of the pantheon (a religious monopoly of lawful-good faiths encouraged by the Holy City of Fax) in the Realm Human, the large majority of people still worship a varied assembly of gods, demigods and heroes. This is especially true in the hinterlands and farming communities, but a goodly number of city folk, in particular adventurers, worship non-pantheon gods, or worse still, recognize no deity at all. The government of the Realm Human, led by His Pious Majesty Perfidus Maximus, has issued a general crackdown on the lesser faiths not within the pantheon. Of these non-pantheists, the largest percentage are neutrals worshipping the various incarnations of Nature. In the Realm Human, this incarnation is known as Legan Free spirit, Goddess of the Wild Forests. This crackdown has caused widespread mumbling among the followers of Legan, and is the reason Macormix is in Emori, the Realm Human's capital.

Macormix is on a one-man mission to Emori, ordained by his superiors to minister to those within the city who worship Nature and to seek to compromise with the powers-that-be before persecution becomes widespread and revolt inevitable. The druid is aided by a few believing adventurers in the Lion's Den Quarter of the city, most particularly a ranger named Isometrix.

To directly confront the ruling faiths would be folly (though one faith, that of Jules, Lord of Fools, would be interested, the others are too

stoic to accept change and regard Julsians as truly fools). A subtle approach is needed. The king's most trusted advisor, Rheumatix the Sage, has a son Tractix who lives in the Lion's Den Quarter. The king is ill, and the sage is working on some kind of cure, as the pantheon-sponsored clerics are unable to halt the disease; proof-positive to Macornix that the gods have turned their backs on the oppressive pantheon clerics. The druid has offered his services to Rheumatix, to the point of accompanying Tractix on various missions to retrieve some item or another. Macormix's feelings is that when the king recovers, thanks to the work of a druid with help from the sage, the position of non-humans and nature worshippers will be greatly enhanced in the kingdom

In the meantime, the druid and his followers are harassed by agents of the king, and would be eradicated totally if not for a special Potion of Indomitability, whose formula Macormix stumbled across years ago. The mixing is a time consuming and expensive process (involving lobster, mistletoe and several other items), but the finished product makes the drinker unbeatable for a short period of time. The druid has four of these potions on hand, and no means to make more until the solstice (months away). He keeps the potions close at hand for himself and his allies.

Name:	Missile-emmix	Religion:	Wee jas	Character #:	8
Class:	Magic-user	Level:	6	Base Move:	12"
Race:	Human	Align:	N	Hit Points:	12
Sex:	Female	Weight	120#	Age:	24



Languages: Common, Elf, Halfling, Human:
Special Abilities: none

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	10	Par/Poison:	13	Type:	none
I:	17	Pet/Poly:	11	Frontal:	5
W:	13	R/S/W:	8	Shieldless:	n/a
D:	14	Breath:	13	Flank:	5
C:	14	Spell:	10	Rear	5
Ch:	12	Mind Save:	none		
		Other Bonus:	none		

Combat

Weapons	Rate	To Hit			Range			Damage	
		Str.	Mag.	Shrt.	Med.	Lng.	Sm/M	L	
Dagger	1-Feb	0	2				1d4	1d4	
Quarterstaff	1	0					1d6	1d6	



Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	20	20	20

Proficiencies: All listed weapons
NPP: -2

Spells

1st Level	2nd Level	3rd Level
Burning Hands	Detect Invisibility	Fireball
Enlarge	Invisibility	Flaming Arrow
Magic Missile	Mirror Image	Lightning Bolt
Shocking Grasp	Web	Stinking Cloud

Progression: 5/5/3

Magic

Bracers of Defense AC 7	Ring of Protection +2	Dagger +2	Ring of Wizardry – doubles third level spells casting ability
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Equipment

Backpack	Spell book	Rations x 5 days	Oil, flasks x 3	Parchment	Scroll case
Bag, small x 2	Pouches, small x 3	Spell components	Torches x 3	Rope & grapple hook	

BACKGROUND FOR MISSILE-EMMIX

Missile-emmix is a native of Emori, capital of the Realm Human, and works there as a para-sage for Rheumatix, sage and advisor to the ailing king, His Pious Majesty Perfidus Maximus. Her work is basically that of a reference librarian, searching out books and information within the capital, and occasionally as far away as Rutherford, for the sage to use in his studies. This is usually dry textbook material the sage could find for himself, given the time, but is more easily found by an underling. For this service Rheumatix pays well, so Missile-emmix can maintain her own home and research lab, though they are perilously close to the rowdy Lion's Den Quarter.

Most of her present research has involved the king's illness. Perfidus Maximus, who had never been ill since childhood, has suddenly and mysteriously succumbed to an ailment that has left him old and weak, as if life itself was drained from him. The clerics of the pantheon, even those of her own faith Jules, Lord of Fools, have been unable to stop this deadly disease from wasting the ruler away, a situation made more precarious by the disappearance

of the king's only son and heir. Rheumatix's research has spanned the spectrum from astrology to demonology to folk cures and rare beasts. To aid her in her research, the sage has given her an aide, a brash half-elf named Generix, who has a smattering of magical ability but is too hot tempered to be a decent para-sage. Missile-emmix suspects Generix was put on as a favor to the sage's son Tractix, a fighter type with little faith, few morals and about as bright as perfumed oil. Still the sage holds out hope for his son, and sends him on various missions for small items of little value so as to spark his interest in learning. The sage himself is a private sort, having few friends in the city and less in the castle. He maintains a small house and workshop on the northern end of town, which neither Missile-emmix nor Tractix has ever been to. She believes this to be his retreat from castle politics where he can work without worrying about blowing up any nobility. In recognition of her work, last yule Rheumatix presented her with a Ring of Wizardry, which permits twice the number of third level spells to be cast as is normal.

Name: Alvin
Class: Monk
Race: Human
Sex: Male

Religion: Beory
Level: 6
Align: LN
Weight 160#

Character #: 9
Base Move: 20"
Hit Points: 28
Age: 24



Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elf, Human:

Special Abilities: 20" movement rate, Speak w/ Animals as 4th lvl Druid, Mask Mind 74% vs ESP, Immune to diseases of any kind, immune to haste & slow magic, Self-induced Catalepsy (appear dead) for 12 turns, Can escape fall damage Up to 30' if within 4' of a wall.

Abilities		Saving Throws		Armor Class	
S:	15	Par/Poison:	12	Type:	none
I:	10	Pet/Poly:	11	Frontal:	6 *
W:	15	R/S/W:	12	Shieldless:	n/a
D:	16	Breath:	15	Flank:	6
C:	11	Spell:	13	Rear	6
Ch:	12	Mind Save:	*		
		Other Bonus:	*		



Combat

Weapons	Rate	To Hit		Range			Damage	
		Str.	Mag.	Shrt.	Med.	Lng.	Sm/M	L
Open hand	2-Mar	0	0				1d8	1d8
Bo-stick	1	0	0				1d3	1d4
Dagger	1-Feb	0	2				1d4	1d4
Spear	1	0	3				1d6	1d8

Base-to-Hit AC:	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	-1	-2	-3	-4
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	20	20

Proficiencies: All listed weapons

NPP: -2

Magic

Dagger +2 Spear +3

Equipment

Bo-Stick	Water/wineskin	Torches x5	Lantern, hooded	Easel & Palette	Chalks
Backpack	Rations x5days	Bag, small	Oil, Flasks x3	Mirror, small	Candles, wax
Paints & brushes	Rope & grapple hook	Pouches, small x3			

BACKGROUND FOR ALVIN

Alvin grew up in the town of Roseville, in the western woodlands of the Realm Human. His family was large, with six charming and musical siblings, bardic parents, and a grandmother who was the town's chief healer and druid. His parents, brothers, and sisters were known for hundreds of leagues around as skilled entertainers, often being solicited for performances by affluent families and nobility. Alvin did not share in his family's singing talents, nor was he as charismatic. He did share their love of dancing and would constantly join in and help his siblings practice and train with their dancing routines. Alvin had an unerring love and skill with movement. He would often capture images of wildlife's movement through painting them, where he would study, watch, and learn how living creatures moved and reacted. He applied what he observed into creating danceperformances for his family.

Alvin's druid grandmother took note of her grandson's interests and would often take the time to explain to him the ways of animals and how they moved and travelled within their habitats. He was keen to learn and was constantly developing ways to improve his physical skills and personal training regarding his own body's health and stamina. His grandmother could see he fell short of an aptitude for learning all of the ways of a druidic life, but she knew he had the potential towards it if he could find a more relaxed way to apply himself. One time, while his family was travelling by night along their usual route between towns for one of their entertainment engagements, they had pulled off the road and stopped their wagons to make camp and get some rest for themselves. His siblings were engaging themselves with practice with some of their dance routines by the light of the campfire, while Alvin was watching and painting them. Without warning, their campsite was attacked by a large group of brigands.

Alvin watched as his family were brutally attacked. Without thinking, and with his brushes and wooden palette still in his hands, he instantly reacted and launched himself at the attackers. He moved gracefully, Ocountering the initial attacks that came towards him with quickness and grace. He took two of the bandits down before the battle turned into a chaotic fury of hand-to-hand melee. Fortunately, his training and endurance saw him through the battle. He began playing with these fighters and taunting them as none were able to hit him with any lethal force. He could hear screams and shouts from the bandits as they scurried about, and finally at the command of their leader they were rallied to depart. Alvin felt victorious, and eagerly awaited the looks of gratitude from his family for protecting them. He had shown he could truly make a difference. Except, as it would turn out, he would never see the smiling faces of his family, or ever hear their words of gratitude. Some of the screams and shouts he had heard were not the bandits' own. While he had thwarted some of the bandits, others had killed the members of his family. He turned slowly only to find the bloodied bodies of his beloved parents and siblings, their wagon and horses gone, and the echo of the bandits' horses' hooves slowly fading away.

Now, Alvin roams the lands looking for those bandits who murdered his family. Along his journey, he stops to help others who are in desperate need of aid and protection. On the anniversary of his family's death, he travels back to Roseville to visit his druid grandmother. His grandmother knows Alvin's hunt will never come to an end. She knows, he is not only hunting the brigands as much as running from the shame of not saving his family.

Len Lakofka
archive

A simple line drawing of a hand holding a small, round hut with a chimney. The hand is open, with fingers slightly curled around the base of the hut. The hut has a conical roof and a small square chimney on the left side. The drawing is done in a sketchy, hand-drawn style.

Special Abilities: usual abilities (PHB 15)

shield	extra trousers	case/20 bolts	2 daggers	rations	heavy crossbow
wolfsbane	2 handed axe	jeweler's loupe	military pick		

BACKGROUND FOR FIBEROPTIX

Fiberoptix is a mercenary, and as such has fought for or against most of the major powers in this part of the world. Originally from the Kazmik Mountains, the dwarf found gold more available in being a sword-for-hire rather than a miner, and quickly got involved in the minor and major wars between the various kingdoms, duchies and marches. The most recent conflicts have involved the Realm Human and the Holy City of Fax versus the evil followers of Mamuk. The Realm Human paid better, even though they have a distaste for non-humans in command positions, and Mamuk used goblins anyway. When the present hostilities cooled, the non-humans were the first mustered out, which is typical of the society of the Realm Human.

So it is that Fiberoptix finds himself out of work in Emori, capital of the Realm Human, not more than three bolt casts from the castle of Perfidus Maximus and his Tower of the Gods. The dwarf worships

Clanggendin when it suits him (the dwarf, not the god) and has no stomach for the organized pantheon of Perfidus

Maximus and his clerics. The mere fact that the king is dying proves that the priests have backed the wrong horse. Should the king die without an heir, all infernos will break out in the kingdom--the perfect place for a mercenary!

In this time of peace, the dwarf has hired on as a paid adventurer with a human named Tractix, a likable lug who is the son of the local sage who is trying to cure His Most Pious (But Dying) Majesty. The pay is fair, even though most of it goes for lodgings in the Lion's Den Quarter, and Tractix makes a good drinking buddy, though it is his partner in adventure, a halfling named Lockpix, who can put away the brew as well as any dwarf.