

## Cast of PCs

Ivarr “Ghostmane” Jutisunu: Divine Slayer of Scaetha and leader of the group, cousin of Gansi  
Gansi “Flood” Oddmarrsunu: Water Elementalist and devout worshipper of Scaetha, cousin of  
Ivarr  
Stori “Peacock” Vakrunu: Vain, mouthy scout and archer, mercenary  
Hefinnr “Orcbane” Grimarrsunu: Axe and board, hates orcs and has vowed to kill all of them,  
mercenary  
Ulfr “Mule” Kofrisunu: Tough, strong, not so bright, mercenary

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### Ivarr “Ghostmane” Jutisunu

**Race:** Saxa

**Rank:** Seasoned **XP:** 26

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Faith d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Religion) d6, Knowledge (Undead) d6,  
Notice d6, Throwing d6

**Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8 (includes +1 for shield); **Toughness:** 8 (includes +2 for armor, +1 for Brawny,  
and 10 vs. Ranged Attacks for Medium Shield)

**Hindrances:** Cautious, Heroic, Loyal, Orders (Scaetha)

**Edges:** Arcane Background (Miracles), Brawny, Connections (Scaetha), Disciple of Scaetha, Sweep

**Powers:** Weaken Undead (Trapping: pale white light streaks forth and strikes the undead leaving a  
nimbus of light while the spell is maintained), Boost/Lower Trait (Any; Trapping: a pale nimbus  
of white light surrounds the character while the spell is maintained and illuminates as well as a  
candle)

**Gear:** Long sword (Str+d8, 8 lbs), Throwing Axe (Str + d6, 3/6/12, 2 lbs), Chain Hauberk (+2  
Toughness, 20 lbs), medium shield (+1 Parry, +2 Armor against Ranged Attacks, 12 lbs), 3  
Amulets of Heat Mask, Two Oils of Energy Immunity (Necromantic), One Bag of Warding Salt

**Languages:** Auld Saxa, Saxa, Trader

First Advance: Bump Str to d8

Second Advance: Bump Fighting to d8

Third Advance: Sweep

Fourth Advance: Disciple of Scaetha

Fifth Advance: Bump Vigor to d8

Ivarr was born and grew up in Deathwatch and, like many from there, it was only natural that he join the clergy of the Restful One. Like most Divine Slayers, Ivarr hates undead and he has seen more than his share of friends and family fall to the foul creatures. On one of his first commands, he allowed his hatred to override his better judgment while patrolling the trade road in the Darkwood. Rather than assessing the situation, he led his men in a charge against a band of zombies shambling along the road. It was a trap and other undead poured out from the woods led by a ghostly figure, flanking and surrounding Ivarr’s men. The ghostly figure unleashed a horrible screech that terrified even the stoutest of the men, allowing the undead to rout and tear asunder Ivarr’s band. Only Ivarr and Gansi Oddmarrsunu survived but not unscathed. Ivarr’s hair turned

bleach white from the fear that cut right to the core of his being, earning him the nickname Ghostmane, and he has since been very cautious with the lives of his men.

Ivarr, along with Gansi, has been ordered to hire some mercenaries and report to the temple of Scaetha in Hrafn Point. With winter coming, the undead will likely be more active and it is Ivarr's duty to deal with any incursions along the upper reaches of the Járn Vale.

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### **Gansi “Flood” Oddmarrsunu**

**Race:** Saxa

**Rank:** Seasoned **XP:** 22

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Elementalism d8, Fighting d8, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Arcana) d8, Knowledge (Religion) d6, Knowledge (Undead) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6

**Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7 (includes +2 for armor)

**Hindrances:** Heroic, Loyal, Orders (Scaetha)

**Edges:** Arcane Background (Elementalism: Waeter), Level Headed

**Powers:** Bolt (Trapping: pellets of hardened water shoot forth), Healing (Trapping: water washes over the wound, leaving it healed or less severe as the water drains away), Knockdown (Trapping: a wave of water rushes forth from Gansi)

**Gear:** Short spear (Str+d6, Reach 1, 3 lbs), Bow (2d6, 12/24/48, 3 lbs), 40 Arrows, Chain Shirt (+2 Toughness, 10 lbs), 1 Amulet of Heat Mask

**Languages:** Anari, Dwarven, Hearth Elven, Saxa, Trader

First Advance: Bump Strength to d8

Second Advance: Bump Elementalism to d8 and Knowledge (Arcana) to d8

Third Advance: Bump Fighting to d8

Fourth Advance: Spell Finesse (Bolt Arcane: Increase Wild Die to d8 when casting bolt)

Gansi was born and grew up in Deathwatch along with his cousin Ivarr. Although the two are close in age, Gansi has always looked up to Ivarr as though he was a big brother. Much of this is because Gansi's parents were killed by undead while travelling. When Ivarr joined the clergy of Scaetha, Gansi soon followed. However, it quickly became clear that Gansi's talents lay elsewhere and that he had a penchant for Water Elementalism. Although Gansi began studying with a mentor to learn how to harness his arcane abilities, he also remained a devout worshipper of Scaetha. After completing his arcane apprenticeship, he pledged his service to the temple and joined Ivarr in his service. This turned out to be quite fortunate for Ivarr as it was only Gansi's magical abilities (particularly his Knockdown power) that allowed the two to escape the ambush by undead in the Darkwood which cost the lives of many good men and left Ivarr with the nickname Ghostmane.

Gansi is working with Ivarr and they have been ordered to hire some mercenaries and report to the temple of Scaetha in Hrafn Point. With winter coming, the undead will likely be more active and it is Ivarr's duty to deal with any incursions along the upper reaches of the Járn Vale.

## Stori “Peacock” Vakrunu

**Race:** Saxa

**Rank:** Seasoned **XP:** 25

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Streetwise d4, Taunting d6,

**Charisma:** +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8 (includes +1 for shield); **Toughness:** 8 (includes +1 for armor)

**Hindrances:** Overconfident, Quirk (Vain), Quirk (Mouthy)

**Edges:** Alertness, Attractive

**Gear:** Long Sword (Str+d8, 8 lbs), Long Bow (2d6, 15/60/60, 5 lbs), 40 Arrows, Chain Hauberk (+2 Toughness, 20 lbs), Small Shield (+1 Parry, 8 lbs), Lockpicks

**Languages:** Anari, Saxa, Trader

First Advance: Bump Agility to d10

Second Advance: Bump Shooting to d8 and Fighting to d8

Third Advance: Bump Shooting to d10 and Notice to d6

Fourth Advance: Marksman (+2 Aim if no move)

Fifth Advance: Bump Persuasion to d6 and Stealth to d8

Blessed with good lucks and cursed with the gift of gab, many assumed that Stori would join the ranks of skalds when he became an adult. Although he tried, it soon became clear that he just didn't have the talent for poetry or song. Instead, he had a talent for getting himself in trouble and then talking his way out of it...especially with women. After having too many angry husbands convinced that he had cuckold them...and not being able to talk his way out of such, he fled his home in Rindal. He wandered around the Freelands a bit looking for a band that could use his skills but his mouth always seemed to eventually annoy someone. Finally, Stori decided to find others to join his band. He quickly convinced the Mule to join him and has been very careful to not enrage the hulking man. Recently, a distant cousin, Hefinnr, also joined and although he is a bit “intense” for Stori, the Peacock values his skill at arms and makes sure the group has ample opportunities to hunt orcs to satisfy Hefinnr's desire to do so.

Recently, while in looking for work in Aslov, the band was hired by a Divine Slayer, Ivarr, to help him patrol the Járn Vale for the winter and protect the steads in the area from any attacks out of the Withered Lands. It wasn't Stori's first choice but, well, it was his only choice. The pay was good, the group was low on funds, and at least they know it is for a good cause. Stori's only concerns are that they won't have enough fighting to keep the Mule happy and that any fighting they'll do for the winter is against undead and thus won't keep Hefinnr satisfied.

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## Hefinnr “Orcbane” Grimarrsunu

**Race:** Saxa

**Rank:** Seasoned **XP:** 20

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Climbing d4, Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Orcs) d6, Notice d4, Stealth d6, Swimming d4, Shooting d6

**Charisma:** -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8/9 (includes +1 for shield/an additional +1 vs Orcs); **Toughness:** 8 (includes +1 for armor)

**Hindrances:** Ugly (scars from his fights with orcs cover his head and face), Vengeful (Minor), Vow (Major: to eradicate orcs from the face of Rassilon)

**Edges:** Frenzy, Quick, Trademark Weapon

**Gear:** “Orc Harvest” Long Sword (Str+d8, 8 lbs, +1 Parry against Orcs, d8 instead of d6 extra damage on a Raise), Bow (2d6, 12/24/48, 3 lbs), 40 Arrows, Chain Hauberk (+2 Toughness, 20 lbs), Small Shield (+1 Parry, 8 lbs)

**Languages:** Orcish, Saxa, Trader

First Advance: Bump Fighting to d8

Second Advance: Trademark Weapon Edge (“Orc Harvest” +1 to Fighting Rolls with this sword)

Third Advance: Bump Vigor to d8

Fourth Advance: Frenzy

Hailing from Angmark, Hefinnr hates orcs and has vowed to wipe them from the face of Rassilon. His entire family...wife, children, parents, cousins, and so on...were all killed when a large band of orcs swept out of the Draugr Hills and wiped out their stead. The timely appearance of a band of Saxa warriors is the only thing that kept the slaughter from being complete. Hefinnr joined up with this band of mercenaries and has honed his skill at arms and, in particular, at killing orcs. His sword, which he now calls Orc Harvest, has been in his family for generations and seems to have taken up Hefinnr’s vow as well. When the blade strikes an orc, it twists and cuts with a mind of its own and absorbs the blood of the beast.

After traveling with the mercenary group that saved him for a few months, Hefinnr joined up with a distant cousin, Stori, and the two of them, along with Stori’s friend Ulfr, have spent the last few months seeking work. While in Aslov, the band was hired by a Divine Slayer, Ivarr, to help him patrol the Járn Vale for the winter and protect the steads in the area from any attacks out of the Withered Lands. As long as he has the chance to kill orcs, Hefinnr doesn’t care where he goes or what work the group takes so he lets the “Peacock” find the work.

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### Ulfr “Mule” Kofrisunu

**Race:** Saxa

**Rank:** Novice **XP:** 17

**Attributes:** Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Climbing d4, Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d8

**Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6 (includes -1 for great axe); **Toughness:** 10/9 (includes +3/+2 for armor)

**Hindrances:** All Thumbs, Stubborn, Vengeful (Major)

**Edges:** Brawny, Berserk

**Gear:** Great Axe (Str+d10, AP 1, 2 Hands, -1 Parry, 15 lbs), Throwing Axe (Str + d6, 3/6/12, 2 lbs), Plate Corselet (+3 Toughness, 20 lbs), Chain Sleeves (+2 Toughness, 6 lbs), Chain Leggings (+2 Toughness, 6 lbs), Pot Helm (+3 Toughness, 50% chance of protecting head, 4 lbs)

**Languages:** Saxa, Trader

First Advance: Bump Vigor to d8

Second Advance: Bump Fighting to d10

When the Mule was born, the midwife tried to catch him in the swaddling clothes but she didn't expect such a heavy babe. Ulfr slipped right out of her hands, landed on his head, and then kicked out at her and broke her arm as she bent down to pick him up. Those that watched the scene was first shocked and then immensely amused. No one knows for sure if the Mule's deficit in smarts and grace were the result of landing on his head but it is clear that the boy came out ornery and stubborn...as well as strong. Throughout his life, Ulfr has "attached" himself to whoever treats him well...at least until he feels like they wrong him and then his temper takes over. He doesn't often have much independent thought but when he does get an idea in his head...either his own or someone else's...he tenaciously sticks to it.

Despite his thickness and temper (or perhaps because of it), the Mule has had little trouble picking up with various groups of warriors and there's nothing he likes better than a good fight. For the last couple of years, he has stuck by Stori...somehow Stori always seems to know the right thing to say to keep Ulfr from directing his ire at the Peacock and Ulfr has traveled with him longer than anyone else. Recently, Hefinnr the Orcbane joined with the pair and Ulfr likes the idea of killing Orcs...or fighting pretty much anything else for that matter. The group recently signed on to work for Ivarr and Ulfr finds their "captain" to be a little bit intimidating...maybe it is his shock white hair or perhaps it is the aura of a Divine Slayer but the Mule listens to the Ghostmane as well as Stori.

Everyone also has a "travel kit" composed of the following:

Flint & steel

Grappling hook

Hammer

Lantern

Oil, pints: OOOOO

Rope, 50 feet

Sack

Torches: OO

Blanket

Winter Clothing

1 week of Rations

Waterskin

Backpack

The group also has a large tent which Mule usually carries.