

Pre-generated Characters for *The Wizard's Amulet*

For those who don't have the Character Generator Demo Program, here are stat blocks and backgrounds for the pre-generated characters in *The Wizard's Amulet*. Note that several of the characters here have slightly different equipment and skills than those detailed in the Character Generator files. The versions here more closely reflect our intent as to how the characters should be equipped. Hand these characters out to your players. Then let them use the character sheet in the PHB or on our web site to fill in their stats.

Corian the Human Sorcerer

Corian, Human Male Sor1: SZ M; HD 1d4+1; hp 8 (Toughness); Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13/17 (+2 armor, Dex/with *mage armor*); Atk +0 melee (1d8, morningstar), +0 melee (1d4, dagger, crit 19-20), or +1 ranged (1d8, light crossbow, crit 19-20, 80 ft.); SQ arcane spells; AL CG; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 17.

Skills: Alchemy +4, Concentration +4, Knowledge (Arcana) +5, Search +1, Spellcraft +6, Spot +3. **Feats:** Toughness, Light Armor Proficiency.

Spells Known (Cast Per Day: 5/4): 0—detect magic, disrupt undead, light, read magic; 1st—mage armor, magic missile.

Languages: Common, Draconic, Elven.

Possessions: leather armor (10% arcane failure), short spear, morningstar, traveler's outfit, bedroll, 5 torches, flint and steel, tinder box, 8 days rations, pen and ink, scroll tube, 5 pages of parchment, back pack, small sack.

Background: You have lived all your life with your uncle, a mage in the city of Reme. Your parents died when you were a very young child and your uncle has never bothered to hide the insinuation that you were somehow responsible for the fire that took your mother and father's lives. Your uncle, seeing little other use for you, put you to work as an apprentice. Your innate knack for magic led your uncle to begin teaching you the arcane principles of wizardry. As a student, however, you were an utter failure. You could never seem to grasp the use of all the rote memorization forced on you by your uncle. Why did a mage need to learn such things, you wondered, when all one needed to do was imagine the desired effect and it happened? Despite your stubbornness, you learned the basics of spellcraft—though your instincts still re-

belled against the formalism of your uncle's methods. Finally, in a fit of anger over your lack of interest in your studies, your uncle released you from your apprenticeship. This suited you just fine, for you recently discovered a strange amulet that you were interested in learning more about...

Galdar the Human Cleric of St. Cuthbert

Galdar, Human Male Clr1 (St. Cuthbert): SZ M; HD 1d8+2; hp 10; Init +6 (Improved Initiative, Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (+4 armor, +2 shield, Dex); Atk +3 melee (1d8+3, morningstar, crit 19-20) or +2 ranged (1d10, heavy crossbow, crit 19-20, 120 ft.); SA smite; SQ turn undead, strength; AL LN; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +5; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Skills: Concentration +4, Heal +9, Knowledge (Religion) +5, Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +3, Spot +4. **Feats:** Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Heal).

SA—Smite (Su): This is a granted power. Once per day Galdar has the supernatural ability to make a single melee attack with a +4 attack bonus and a +5 damage bonus. If the attack misses, the smite is wasted.

SQ—Turn Undead (Ex): This granted power allows Galdar to attempt to turn or destroy undead.

SQ—Strength (Su): This is a granted power. Once per day Galdar gains an enhancement bonus to his Strength equal to his level. This lasts for one round. Activating this power is a free action.

Spells (3/2): 0—guidance, light, resistance; 1st—bless, protection from evil.

Domain Spells (Destruction/Strength): 1st—inflict light wounds.

Languages: Common, Celestial.

Possessions: Scale armor, large wooden shield, morningstar, heavy crossbow with 20 bolts, holy symbol on leather thong around his neck and painted on shield, traveler's outfit, vestments, tinder box, flint and steel, lantern, 5 vials of oil for lantern, back pack, 2 small sacks, 2 vials of *holy water*.

Background: You are a cleric of St. Cuthbert, the god of divine retribution. Following divine law is your all-encompassing mission in life, regardless of whether the result is for good or evil. It is enough that the law of your deity commands an action. While an acolyte at the temple of St. Cuthbert in Reme, you received a divine vision instructing you to seek out a man named Corian who you were instructed had an amulet in his possession. You were commanded by your god to follow that amulet wherever it might lead. You have found Corian at an inn called the *Starving Stirge* and you have agreed to travel with him—so long as he retains possession of the amulet.



Bannor the Human Paladin

Bannor, Human Male Pal1: SZ M; HD 1d10+2; hp 12; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (+4 armor, +2 shield, Dex); Atk +4 melee (1d8+3, longsword, crit 19-20), +4 melee (1d8+3, heavy mace); SQ detect evil, divine grace, lay on hands, divine health, code of conduct; AL LG; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +5; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 16.

Skills: Diplomacy +4, Heal +6, Knowledge (Religion) +4, Listen +3, Ride +4, Sense Motive +3, Spot +3. **Feats:** Combat Reflexes, Power Attack.

SQ—Detect Evil (Sp): At will, Bannor can detect evil as per the spell.

SQ—Divine Grace (Su): Bannor's Charisma modifier is applied to all saving throws (already figured).

SQ—Lay On Hands (Su): Bannor can heal wounds by touch. He can heal up to 3 hp per day and may choose to divide these points between multiple recipients.

SQ—Code of Conduct: Bannor must respect legitimate authority, act with honor, help those in need and punish those that harm or threaten innocents.

Languages: Common, Celestial.

Possessions: Scale armor, large steel shield, longsword, heavy mace, traveler's outfit, bedroll, 5 torches, tinder box, flint and steel, holy symbol of Muir, 50 ft. rope, back pack, small sack.

Background: As a young child, you were abandoned at a monastery of Heironeous. Your physical gifts led you to serve as a squire to the holy order of knights. However, almost one year ago, while sweeping the stables, you were struck by an overpowering vision of Muir, a long-forgotten Goddess of Valor. A lesser deity, worship of Muir has all but died out. Her temples are few and most are in ruin or long abandoned by all but a handful of dedicated followers. The revelation of your vision was met with scorn by the brother knights. "Why would Muir appear at a monastery of Heironeous to a stable boy," they asked. Yet in your heart you knew the truth of your vision. You asked for and were granted permission to leave the order. The brother knights gave you your armor and your trusty longsword. Though they advised that it would be better to stay in the service of Heironeous, you set out alone to do the will of Muir. Your travels brought you to Reme. There, you stopped for supplies and came across Corian's notice at the *Starving Stirge*. You agreed to follow Corian's path, as it leads towards Fairhill and Bard's Gate where it is said there is still a temple of Muir.

Phelps the Human Rogue

Phelps, Human Male, Rog1: SZ M; HD 1d6+2; hp 8; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 15 (+3 Dex, +2 armor); Atk +0 melee (1d6, rapier, crit 18-20), or +3 ranged (1d4, sling, range 50 ft.); SA sneak attack, SQ racial abilities; AL CN; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +3; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Skills: Appraise +4, Balance +5, Bluff +5, Climb +4, Craft +6, Decipher script +6, Disguise +5, Forgery +3, Gather information +5, Hide +3, Listen +5, Move silently +7, Pick pocket +7, Read lips +4, Search +3, Spot +5, Tumble +7. **Feats:** Alertness (+2 to Listen and Spot checks), Dodge (+1 to AC vs. 1 specific foe).

SA—Sneak Attack (Ex): Phelps does an additional 1d6 damage when he flanks his opponent or catches his opponent flat footed.

Languages: Common, Elf, Draconic.

Possessions: leather armor, rapier, sling., traveler's outfit, thieves tools, rope, grappling hook, collapsible pole, hammer, spikes, tinder box, back pack, small sack, 31 sp, 12 gp, 1 25 gp gem.

Background: Slender and nimble, you are a jack-of-all-trades. You were born an urchin and during your youth learned to live on the streets through hard experience. Desiring to escape your gutter life, you indentured yourself to a rich merchant where you learned the customs that accompany wealth. You now move comfortably in either world—the alleyway or the noble's court. Certain "unfortunate situations" which you are reluctant to discuss in detail have made you desperate to leave Reme. When you read Corian's posting at the *Starving Stirge* promising gold and adventure, you decided that maybe a little adventuring "vacation" from Reme was exactly what you were looking for. Besides, Grenish would never bother sending assassins into the wilderness over a few little gems...or so you hope.

Belflin the Elf Ranger

Belflin, Elf Male, Rgr1: SZ M; HD 1d10+1; hp 11; Init +4 (Dex); Spd. 30 ft.; AC 17 (+3 armor, Dex); Atk +4 (+2 if using two weapons) melee (1d8+3, longsword, crit 19-20), and +4 (+2 if using two weapons) melee (1d6+3, shortsword, crit 19-20) or +5 ranged (1d8, longbow, crit x3, range 100 ft.); SA racial enemy; SQ racial abilities; AL CG; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 16, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Skills: Climb +4, Hide +7, Jump +4, Knowledge (Nature) +2, Listen +8, Move Silent +8, Search +4, Spot +8, Wilderness Lore +5. **Feats:** Ambidexterity, Two-Weapon Fighting, Track, Point Blank Shot.

SA—Racial Enemy (Ex): Belflin's racial enemy is



Giants. He does +1 damage against Giants.

Languages: Elf, Sylvan, Giant, Common.

Possessions: Studded leather armor, longsword, shortsword, longbow, quiver with 40 arrows, adventurer's pack, green cloak.

Background: As all of your race and profession, you are a loner. Yet you are even more reserved than most. Quiet and grim, you prefer the silence of the woodlands to the din of the city. Those few who know you learn that beneath your gloomy exterior lies a noble heart—a person whose word is his bond. Those who do not know you find you to be a pessimist, seeing doom and ill fortune in all paths. Your dark demeanor is not surprising, given that you are the sole survivor of a troll raid on your elven village. You have pledged your life to seek out these foul creatures and slay them wherever they may lurk without quarter. Stopping in Reme only to acquire some needed equipment, you noticed Corian's post in the *Starving Stirge*. Intrigued, and against your better judgment, you approached the young sorcerer. Sensing a kindred spirit, you agreed to travel with him wherever the road may take you.

Helman the Halfling Rogue

Helman, Halfling Male, Rog1: SZ S; HD 1d6+1; hp 7; Init +5 (Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 19 (+3 armor, Dex, SZ); Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, shortsword, crit 19-20), +3 melee/+7 ranged (dagger, 1d4+2, crit 19-20, range 10 ft.); SA sneak attack; SQ racial abilities; AL CG; SV Fort +2, Ref +8, Will +2; Str 14, Dex 20, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 14.

Skills: Appraise +3, Balance +6, Bluff +3, Climb +5, Decipher Script +3, Disable Device +5, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +3, Hide +13, Intuit Direction +2, Listen +4, Move Silent +9, Open Lock +8, Search +5, Sense Motive +3, Spot +5, Tumble +9, Use Magic Device +6, Use Rope +6. *Feats:* Dodge, Traps.

SA—Sneak Attack (Ex): Helman does an additional 1d6 damage when he flanks his opponent or catches his opponent flat footed.

Languages: Common, Halfling, Orc.

Possessions: Studded leather armor, shortsword, 6 daggers, thieves tools, adventurer's pack, brown cloak.

Background: The youngest of twenty-three brothers and sisters, you were always overlooked and forgotten. You did not help matters in that regard for you learned at a young age the skills of coming and going unobserved. With twenty-three siblings, that was not an easy task. You decided on your thirty-first birthday to set out on your own. It was weeks before your brothers and sisters even noticed you were gone. Fascinated all your life with tales of the city, you set out for Reme—the great port city to the north of your homeland. Your curiosity coupled with your nimble fingers and knack for disappearing at just the right time caught the attention of a band of thieves in Reme and soon enough you were a cutpurse of some renown. But you enjoyed your profession more for the thrill of the theft than for the greed of the haul and you quickly ran afoul of your employers who were none too keen on your cavalier disregard for keeping an accurate accounting of your night's takes. As you have always done before, you gave them the slip as well. While laying low at the *Starving Stirge*, you noticed Corian's post and decided then and there that a life of adventure was just the thing for you—particularly a life of adventuring that would take you away from Reme...at least until you decide on something better to do.

Krel the Half-Orc Barbarian

Krel, Half-orc Male, Bbn1: SZ M; HD 1d12+3; hp 15; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 40 ft.; AC 16 (+4 armor, Dex); Atk +5 melee (2d6+4, greatsword, crit 19-20); SA rage; SQ racial abilities; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Skills: Craft +2, Hide +2, Listen +0, Move silently +2, Profession +1, Search +0, Spot +0. *Feats:* Power Attack.

SA—Rage (Ex): Krel can enter a rage 1/day. When he does, he gains +4 Strength, +4 Constitution and +2 morale bonus to Will saves, but –2 to AC. The rage lasts no more than 8 rounds at which point Krel is fatigued.

Languages: Common, Orc.

Possessions: Chain shirt, greatsword, boots, small pack, bedroll, 12 gp.

Background: The unwanted progeny from an orc raid on your village in the frozen north, you were despised by your father, who showed mercy on you at your mother's request by selling you into slavery rather than killing you at birth. For the last ten years you have served as a galley slave and rowed, chained to an oar, on various ships as they sailed the length and breadth of the known world. For all of your life as a slave you suffered cruel beatings for being a half-breed and you learned to hate that part of yourself—the part you feel is responsible for your miserable lot in life. Yet, even as you learned to despise your orc half, you found that it gave you strength and an animal rage that you have slowly learned to control. On your most recent voyage, the ship's captain released you from your chains and made you a member of the crew after you aided the ship in repelling a pirate invasion. At landfall in Reme, the captain made you a free man.



With but a few coins to your name, a ring mail shirt given to you by the captain and the two-handed sword you liberated from a dead pirate, you sought out a pub as far from the docks as possible—desiring to make a new life for yourself. You made your way to the *Starving Stirge* where you met Corian. Corian greeted you as a friend. For the first time in your life a person saw you not as a half-breed but as an equal. You agreed at that moment to follow Corian anywhere. You are fiercely loyal to him.

Drebb the Dwarf Fighter

Drebb, Dwarf Male, Ftr1: SZ M; HD 1d10+3; hp 13; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 18 (+4 armor, +2 shield, Dex); Atk +5 melee (1d10+4, dwarven waraxe, crit x3), or +3 ranged (1d10, heavy crossbow, crit 19-20, range 120 ft.); AL NG; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 11.

Skills: Appraise +6, Craft +4, Hide +2, Jump +6, Listen +0, Move silently +2, Pick pocket +4, Profession +2, Spot +0. **Feats:** Exotic Weapon (dwarven waraxe), Power Attack.

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Giant, Goblin.

Possessions: Scale armor, large steel shield, dwarven waraxe, adventurer's pack, heavy crossbow, 40 bolts, red cloak.

Background: Falsely accused of leaving your post during an orc raid by a superior with a grudge against you, you were expelled from your homeland and disowned by your family. Travelling down the coast road from your homeland in the north, you sought to put your shame behind you and prove your worth by a life of adventure. You dream every day of returning to your homeland, your reputation established, ousting the coward who stained your good name and being accepted by your father. Because the dwarf who falsely accused you was from a noble family, and thus his accusation was not questioned, you have no love for those of wealth and power. You see them as weaklings who cannot match their words with deeds. Finding yourself in Reme at the end of the coast road, you took a room at the *Starving Stirge*. There, you read Corian's note and decided that joining with Corian would lead you to glory and fame. And redemption.

Cedric the Half-Elf Druid

Cedric, Half-elf Male, Drd1: SZ M; HD 1d8+1; hp 9; Init +8 (Dex, Improved Initiative); Spd. 30 ft.; AC 17 (+2 armor, +1 shield, Dex); Atk +2 melee/+4 ranged (1d8+2, shortspear, crit x3, range 20 ft.), +2 melee (1d6+2, scimitar, crit 18-20), or +4 ranged (1d4, sling, range 50 ft.); SQ racial abilities, nature sense; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +5; Str 14,

Dex 18, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 12.

Skills: Animal Empathy +5, Concentration +3, Handle Animal +5, Heal +5, Intuit Direction +4, Knowledge (Nature) +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +4, Scry +6, Search +3, Spellcraft +6, Spot +4, Wilderness Lore +7. **Feats:** Improved Initiative.

SQ—Nature Sense (Ex): Cedric can identify plants and animals with perfect accuracy and can tell if water is safe to drink.

Divine Spells (3/2): 0—detect poison, purify food and drink, resistance; 1st—entangle, summon nature's ally I.

Languages: Common, Elf, Druidic, Sylvan.

Possessions: Leather armor, 3 shortspears, sling, 20 bullets, scimitar, robe, holy symbol, pack, bedroll.

Background: You are a follower of the dryad Ossyniria. You reside in her grove in a forest near Bard's Gate with you fellow druids. You, however, are the only non-elf. You do not know your parents. Your human half has led you to have a fascination of human civilization. Following the end of your apprenticeship, you requested Ossyniria to allow you to leave the grove and observe men and their cities. Seeing the honesty of your request, she granted your wish. You have since wandered along the Tradeway from Bard's Gate to Reme. There, at the *Starving Stirge*, you met. You had been away from the grove for some time and longed to return. When Corian asked for your aid you agreed to travel with him on your way back to Bard's Gate and the grove that is your home.

Flarian the Elf Bard

Flarian, Elf Male, Bar1: SZ M; HD 1d6+1; hp 7; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+3 armor, Dex); Atk +1 melee (1d6+1, rapier, crit 18-20), +1 melee/+3 ranged (1d4+1, dagger, range 10 ft.), or +3 ranged (1d6, shortbow, crit x3, range 60 ft.); SQ bardic music, bardic knowledge; AL CG; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +1; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 16.

Skills: Balance +7, Craft +5, Hide +3, Knowledge (religion) +3, Listen +5, Move silently +3, Perform +7, Scry +5, Search +3, Spot +1. **Feats:** Skill Focus (perform).

SQ—Bardic Music (Sp): Once per day, Flarian can use the bardic songs *inspire courage*, *countersong* or *fascinate*. See *PHB* page 28.

SQ—Bardic Knowledge (Ex): Flarian can use his knowledge of collected information to make a Knowledge check at +2 to see if he knows relevant knowledge. See *PHB* page 29.

Bard Spells Known (Cast Per day: 2): 0—detect magic, flare, ghost sound, prestidigitation.

Languages: Common, Elven, Gnome.



Possessions: Studded leather, rapier, 4 daggers, shortbow, 20 arrows, thieves tools, rope, adventurer's pack, bedroll, finely-made harp.

Background: Few of your race leave the confines of your forest realm. You, however, have long been drawn to humans, who live their short lives with a passion that you feel your race lacks. You wish to travel on to the legendary city of Bard's Gate, there to learn the songs of legend. Recently, while performing at the *Starving Stirge* in Reme, you met an engaging human named Corian. He told you of a strange amulet he possessed. He did not know its history, though his veiled comments made you believe there was an epic story behind it. He told you he wished to unlock its secret and asked you to travel with him. You agreed, believing you might learn the tale of the amulet and thereafter compose a song of its history.

Farkle Hurlp the Gnome Fighter

Farkle Hurlp, Gnome Male, Ftr1: SZ S; HD 1d10+4; hp 14; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 17 (+4 armor, Dex, SZ); Atk +5 melee (1d8+2, warhammer, crit x3), or +4 ranged (1d8, light crossbow, crit 19-20, range 80 ft.); SQ racial abilities; AL NG; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills: Alchemy +5, Escape artist +4, Gather Information +1, Hide +6, Jump +4, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +3, Move Silently +2, Spot +1, Tumble +3, Wilderness lore +3. **Feats:** Expertise, Weapon Focus (warhammer).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Gnome, Goblin, Orc.

Possessions: Chain shirt, warhammer, light crossbow, 40 bolts, adventurer's pack, bedroll, gray cloak.

Background: As a youth, a band of orcs raided your home cave in the underdark. Many of your brethren were slaughtered and a great gem—an heirloom of your clan—was stolen. At the time, you were a student of illusion magic. You left those studies because they seemed to offer little practical means of revenge. Instead, you began the study of the ways of the warrior. Setting off on your own, you left your underground home to take revenge on the orcs. However, fate has not brought you the vengeance you seek. You have not located the marauding orc band, nor heard word of the whereabouts of the missing gem. You still carry with you the orcs' token, taken from their fallen chief: a poorly worked medallion bearing the image of a red severed arm over two crossed axes. You also plan one day to resume your study of illusion magic, perhaps to allow you to infiltrate the vile orcs when you find them. Intrigued by Corian's post in the *Starving*

Stirge, you have agreed to join his company. Hopefully, his powers will be able to aid you in finding the orcs responsible for the slaughter of your relatives.

Drinnin the Human Monk

Drinnin, Human Male, Mon1: SZ M; HD 1d8+2; hp 10; Init +3 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 16 (+3 Dex, +3 Wis); At +4 (+2 if using staff as double weapon) melee (1d6+3/1d6+3, quarterstaff) or +4 melee (1d6+3, unarmed); SA flurry of blows, stunning attack; SQ evasion; AL LN; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +5; Str 18, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 9.

Skills: Balance +5, Gather information +0, Hide +3, Innuendo +5, Jump +6, Listen +3, Move silently +3, Pick pocket +5, Ride +5, Spot +4. **Feats:** Ambidexterity, Improved Unarmed Strike, Two-weapon Fighting.

SA—Flurry of Blows (Ex): Drinnin may make extra attacks at the expense of accuracy. He makes one extra attack per round at his highest base attack, but all are at −2.

SA—Stunning Attack (Su): Drinnin can stun creatures with his unarmed attacks. He can use this ability once per day. A foe struck by Drinnin using this ability must make a Fortitude save (DC 13) or be stunned for one round.

SQ—Evasion (Ex): Drinnin can avoid even magical attacks due to his great agility. When a Reflex save normally deals half damage, Drinnin takes no damage with a successful save.

Languages: Common.

Possessions: Quarterstaff, robes, 250 gp gem, 12 gp.

Background: You were sent by your master from the Monastery of the Standing Stone to retrieve for him a fine ruby. He provided you with a purse of coins and sent you on your way to Reme. He did not explain his purpose, other than to caution you that material possessions often cloud us on the path of truth. Not one to question your master you dutifully traveled to Reme and traded your coins for a brilliant ruby. As you passed through an alleyway within the city, near a tavern called the *Starving Stirge*, you were set upon by thugs. They apparently were unfamiliar with the uses to which a stout staff may be put in combat. You provided them their education. A likeable fellow named Corian emerged from the tavern and offered you his assistance. When you explained you were unhurt and had an errand requiring your attention he explained he was seeking companions to uncover a mystery. When he mentioned he would be traveling to Fairhill—back towards the Monastery of the Standing Stone—you agreed to accompany him.

