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presents

Braggards & Barflys



6 Characters for use with Tunnels & Trolls

Braggards & Barflys

by Thomas H Pugh

The following 6 characters are the type that could be encountered in a tavern in Khazan, or indeed any part of Trollworld, or your own fantasy setting. They can be used as PCs, either for solo or group games, or they can be dropped in as NPCs as the GM sees fit. They are all equivalent to newly rolled characters.

Marion Gudbeard

L1 Dwarf Warrior – Female										
STR	CON	DEX	LK	IQ	WIZ	CHR	SPD	H	W	Age
14	14	12	13	8	10	8	9	4'3"	112lbs	30s
Combat Adds: +3			Armour: Leather Jerkin (4 hits)				Weapons: Sword 4d6 (5d6 including Warrior bonus)			
Talents: Arm Wrestling					Spells: None.					

Appearance. Slender frame largely hidden by a sensible coat. Red haired with an open smile and a sense that she is enjoying life.

Marion is a princess from the Slate Valleys. Her father, King Olaf Gudbeard LXVII (or is he the 66th, best not get into that, many a dwarven head has been caved in over *that* argument) had arranged a good match for her to Ulrik the Bland, a wealthy if somewhat boring prince from a few valleys over. However during a raid Ulrik was turned into a frog by a goblin shaman. The spell stipulated that only a kiss from Marion could turn him back into a dwarf, and so Marion put on her stoutest pair of boots and her big coat and went to find him. Eventually after several adventures (too numerous to mention but they involved two coconuts, a large amount of pig oil and a gargoyle named Harry) she found her fiancé. He had been living for three years in a mill pond. The scenery was bucolic and he had

just started a family with a nice lady frog called Gladys. To be honest he wasn't very keen on returning to the slate valleys or even being a dwarf again. Marion wasn't too put out, she had come to enjoy a life on the road and wasn't entirely sure she wanted to go back to an existence filled with welding, riveting and other ladylike pass times. And so they agreed, she had never found him. Now Marion wanders from town to town, enjoying her freedom and getting into situations totally inappropriate for a lady of her station.

Interaction.

Marion will challenge all comers to an arm wrestle. Anyone who looks weedy will be offered 10gp as a bet. Someone she thinks she has a 50% chance against will be offered 1gp and anyone who is obviously stronger (hrogrs etc) just a handful of silver. The odds may change as she gets progressively more drunk.

Trevor Rocks

L2 Dwarf Wizard – Male										
STR	CON	DEX	LK	IQ	WIZ	CHR	SPD	H	W	Age
22	24	13	11	12	10	6	8	4'2"	110lbs	40s
Combat Adds: +3			Armour: None				Weapons: Dagger (2d6)			
Talents: Blending into the Background, Knowledge (Libraries)					Spells: All 1 st and 2 nd Level Spells.					

Appearance. Skinny, stooped and attempting to hide his baldness with a thinning comb-over. His beard is thin, he has attempted to grow it long but it has just formed into straggly rats' tails.

Trevor's father was the great Gundabar Rocks, a dwarven warrior renowned throughout the Dragon Continent (or at least the parts of it that house short people with big beards and fierce tempers). Trevor was born under the auspices of a fiery comet: a sure sign of greatness. In truth Trevor only brought one thing upon his father, disappointment. At an early age it was clear he would never be a great warrior, in fact it was clear he would never be a great anything. Ronald the Red, a peasant dwarf from two vallies down who was born on the same day as Trevor, distinguished himself in a battle against some Uruks. The astrologers' mistake was discovered and Trevor passed out of public interest. He was allowed to spend his time in the limited dwarven libraries where he proved to be a vaguely competent wizard. He was practising some magic late one night when he accidentally made an entire seam of high

quality marble disappear. He never did find out where it went, hopefully not somewhere too highly populated. However that marble was the basis of the villages economy. Its theft was blamed on Stone Trolls, who else would want 5 thousand tonnes of A-Grade Khazan Sunset marble? To everyone's surprise Trevor offered to go and track down the offending trolls and return the marble. In truth he had no intention of doing either, but he was getting bored with the very small library at home and thought it time he sought out more knowledge.

Interaction. Trevor is not the type of person people normally try and befriend. If the PCs do make an attempt at talking to him however, then a L2 SR vs CHR and he will open up. If sober he will keep to the official story; if drunk he will tell them the truth. Inebriated Trevor will cast them a charm if they are even vaguely nice to him. (+5 LK to the wearer in all SRs involving a dwarf or anything dwarven – it looks like a tiny shield). Shhh! Don't tell them what really happened to their precious stone.

Valtteri Erkkö

L2 Gremlin Rogue – Male										
STR	CON	DEX	LK	IQ	WIZ	CHR	SPD	H	W	Age
5	14	11	19	25	60	6	13	2'10"	55lbs	30s
Combat Adds: +8			Armour: None				Weapons: Cane (2d6), Dagger (2d6)			
Talents: Rich, Streetwise, Persuasive (+5)					Spells: Hidey Hole					

Appearance. Like your average gremlin, dry bloated skin, blotched with green and brown and covered in warts. Unlike most gremlins though Valtteri is also covered in bling and wearing a well tailored suit of clothes. Each of his spindly fingers has at least one gold ring, many with large and flashy stones. A thick gold chain hangs around his neck. A very expensive tailor has obviously done his best to accommodate Valtteri's proportions, though this wouldn't have been an easy job, he has the typical spherical torso and spindly limbs of his kind.

Valtteri grew up poor on the streets of Khazan. He was a member of the Mud Street Mob and got into the usual kinds of trouble, pick pocketing, stealing apples and burning down a nunnery. Before long he came to the attention of the authorities and was charged with a number of crimes that would see him either in gaol for the rest of his life or taking to the Arena. He chose the latter and by sheer luck got partnered with a Minotaur, Jimbo, for his first fight, against a pair of Elven pirates. Valtteri was not much of a fighter, but it turned out he

was a master tactician, paired with Jimbo's brawn they won. The Arena authorities are not idiots and they quickly realised a lone gremlin getting squashed, entertaining as it may be, only provided a brief fight, then they would have to bring on the clown, and everyone hated clowns. A gremlin who could think tactically though, and thus spin out the fight to last much longer, that was worth something. And so Valtteri was always partnered with large stupid creatures, and always won.

After 10 fights Valtteri had won his freedom but also found his niche. He now has an office at the arena where he coaches and manages fighters. They get solid advice, the arena gets better fights and Valtteri gets 20%. Valtteri is usually accompanied by Hilda, his bodyguard (see below).

Interaction. If any of the PCs look like they can hold themselves in a fight Valtteri will try and recruit them for the arena. If they are drunk then they might need to make an opposed CHR roll or in the morning find themselves contractually obliged to 3 fights.

Hilda

Hilda – L5 Hrogr Warrior – Female										
STR	CON	DEX	LK	IQ	WIZ	CHR	SPD	H	W	Age
42	52	10	9	7	8	19	14	9'6"	450lbs	20s
Combat Adds: +32			Armour: None (4 hits)				Weapons: Axe (5d6)			
Talents: Charming (CHR), Seduction, Bargaining, Suckerpunch, Axe					Spells: None					

Appearance: Hilda is quite shapely for a hrogr, indeed she used to work the streets and made reasonable money doing so. She is wearing a green gown, her hair is long and she is even wearing make up.

Hilda moved to Khazan as a young girl, after her parents were displaced from their home by a dwarven raid. She quickly found her looks were unusual for a hrogr and she made good money as a call girl. She was noticed by Arena officials as possessing both glamour and brawn, a rare package indeed. She refused their initial attempts to sign her up and so they fitted

her up on charges of stealing a huge diamond, entirely falsely. She was put into the Arena where she met Valtteri. With his help she won all her fights and through gratitude now works for him as a bodyguard.

Interaction. Hilda hates dwarfs and will need only the slightest provocation to act violently towards them. She is far more friendly towards other races, sometimes too friendly. She will try and seduce anyone she finds particularly attractive (Opposed roll, their INT vs her CHR to resist). Needless to say if anyone threatens Valtteri she will beat them into a pulp.

Hazim Kang

L1 Human Rogue – Male										
STR	CON	DEX	LK	IQ	WIZ	CHR	SPD	H	W	Age
8	17	7	12	12	5	4	4	5'9"	300lbs	50s
Combat Adds: +0			Armour: None				Weapons: Handgun 9d6+2* see special rules below			
Talents: Slight of Hand, Well Read & Good Shot (Handgun)					Spells: Mirage					

Appearance. Hazim is black skinned and wears an elaborate, theatrical costume that is supposed to show his exotic heritage. He is also grossly fat, to the point that he has trouble walking.

In truth Hazim grew up in Khazan, but he will be very vague about his origins. Sometimes he will tell how, as a child, he would run barefooted through the mud hut village of his ancestors (if only they could see me now). Oft times he tells of a youth spent locked away in an emir's castle, imprisoned in the ivory tower. He claims kinship to Khara Khang, even though his name is blatantly spelled differently. In short he is an inveterate and habitual liar. He

claims to be a wizard and will try to prove his 'magic' with non too impressive slight of hand tricks. He carries an elaborate but cheaply made handgun. (If a fumble is rolled when using then a L1 LUCK roll must be made or it will blow up in his hand).

Interaction. It will not even take a CHR roll (though you may want to mime one) for Hazim to tell the PCs about a dungeon he has just returned from where the very walls are dripping with gold, the doors are encrusted with gems and there is an ivory statue the size of an elephant. Needless to say this dungeon does not exist.

Master Tedward Bellows

L2 Hobb Warrior- Male										
STR	CON	DEX	LK	IQ	WIZ	CHR	SPD	H	W	Age
6	24	12	22	6	9	8	6	2'11"	135lbs	30s
Combat Adds: +10			Armour:				Weapons: Sword 5d6			
Talents: Vintner, Persuasion					Spells: None					

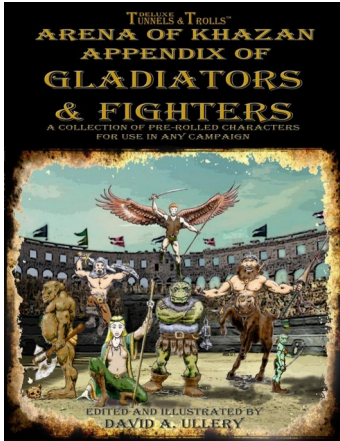
Appearance. Attractive, dark eyes and curly dark hair. Wearing well-made but well-worn travelling clothes: cloak, waistcoat, shirt and britches. He is also carrying a ridiculously large sword.

Master Tedward is a travelling wine salesman. His family owns a vineyard not far away and he travels around with a donkey and some small sample barrels to inns and taverns. If an order is made the wine will shortly follow under the care of his less talkative brother Billiam. When Tedward first set off, his grandfather Jerimiah Bellows gave him the sword, a family heirloom he was told, with which to protect himself on the road. The

sword was obviously too big and could never be of any use, but none the less when he was attacked by a pair of uruk brigands a few weeks ago he pulled it out in desperation and found it very easy to wield, supernaturally so. He had it checked out at a Wizard's Guild shortly after, and they confirmed it was indeed a magic weapon, made of Elven moon silver, no less. Since then he has been practising furiously and has found he has a talent for sword play.

Interaction. Tedward will try and sell the PCs some wine, he has blackberry, strawberry and elderberry as well as grape. If they pay him half now the wine will be delivered within the next three weeks.

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David A. Ullery, Ken St. Andre, Thomas H Pugh, Dan Lambert & Richard Burley,

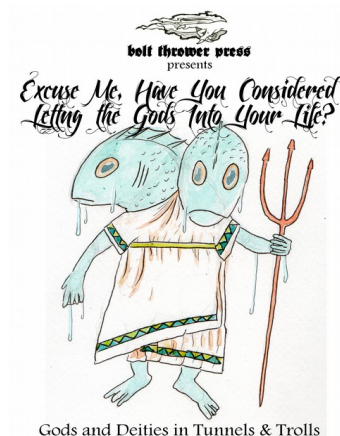
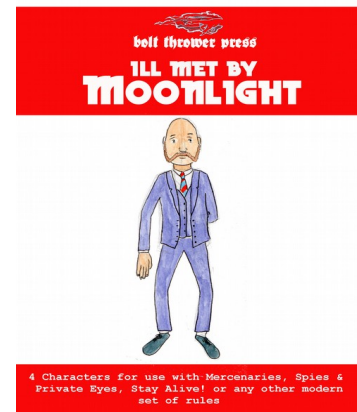
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