

THE RUINED SOULS

SAMPLE CHARACTER SHEETS

JAN DE WOLF

THE UNLUCKY CONSTABLE

At first glance, Jan ought not to have become one more unfortunate soul in this city. At first glance, Jan ought to have had it all. And that is because at first glance, Jan is a member of one of the Fresian Merchant League's prominent Trade Families. What's more, he had the chance to be its Patriarch and could right now have been sipping expensive Valion brandy instead of skulking around the dark alleyways of Middelburg.

Jan's life is a classic example of how the temple teaches us that money does not buy happiness. Jan was born the eldest son to the only brother of the impotent Patriarch de Wolf. This meant he was second in line to become the leader of a small but (surprisingly) well loved Trade Family in Middelburg. He would have owned many guilds and businesses and would never have worked a day in his life.

When his father died when he was but a lad, it was a bittersweet moment for him. He loved his father dearly and to watch him die of that most horrible of illnesses, consumption, broke his heart; but he was now next in line to be Patriarch. Or would have been at least, had it not been for a certain priest.

The Revered Cornelius, a zealot to the core, believed that consumption was the manifestation of a man's sins and so Jan's father had no one but himself to blame for his illness, his suffering and his horrific death. Cornelius told the young Jan to repent before he too followed his father into the lowest depths of hell where he now surely resided.

It was the last time that Jan ever set foot in a temple and such a young age, Jan never again thought of becoming Patriarch. Wealth and politics, intrigue and the self-righteousness of the rich were as much a religion as Prodigalism and Jan wanted nothing to do with it.

So while his younger brother was groomed for a life of that self same wealth, politics and intrigue, Jan spent his time on the streets, making friends with the lowest of the lows and working in stores and workshops to earn an honest day's living. His

family ensured he was well insulated from the worst of what the poor can be, that is until he fell in love with Isa, a girl from Oldtown.

Isa was too good a soul for Oldtown, and was perhaps too good for this sinful world altogether, and when the angels came to take her home it broke Jan all over again. The words of the Revered Cornelius rang in his mind as he stood over her butchered corpse: "The price of sin is suffering and death". It wasn't her fault. It was this city's fault.

It was the turning point in his life and changed his life forever. For the next twelve years he would spend his life as a constable, patrolling the streets in the worst areas of Middelburg; going above and beyond the call of duty to keep the public safe.

He was an odd creature at the constabulary. A poor man from a rich family, he alternatively despised for the company he kept or feared for having a Patriarch as a brother. In either case, he made few friends as a constable. Except for one, Gawie, who became his best friend and died for him at the hands of other constables.

The 14th of Wedemaand is date ingrained in every resident of Middelburg as the day of Alderman Witter's death and the first Ruined Murder. Jan was the last person to see him alive and while this was kept from the public, the news spread throughout the constabulary and many thought him guilty as sin.

First they "interrogated" Gawie in the hopes of finding anything useful they could use against his best friend, but when his soul left him they turned on Jan. Days went by under the careful administrations of the constabulary's most cruelest, but Jan couldn't confess to something he didn't do. So they let him go, stripped of his rank and career and an enemy of the constabulary.

With his life now in ruins, Jan is determined to see his name cleared. He is an innocent man and he will prove it. Jan has sent his wife to live with his brother, freeing him to do what needs to be done in order to uncover what really happened on the 14th of Wedemaand.

EQUIPMENT

- Bronze Cuirass (Strong Armour) covering Torso Hit Locations.
- Quilted Jacket (Soft Armour) covering Torso, Arms and Legs Hit Locations.
- Steel cutlass.
- Wooden Billy Club
- Steel and Wood Pistol with lead rounds.

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Middelburg Standard* Defensive array on Cuirass, Helm and Quilted Jacket.
- *Blood Drinker* Offensive Array on cutlass.
- *Constable's Friend* Offensive array on Pistol rounds and Billy Club.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- Patriarch Wilhelm de Wolf (**brother**) - *amiable but politically insensitive*
- Magda de Wolf (**wife**) - *loving*
- Middelburg constabulary - *mutual loathing*
- Oldtown gangs - *guardedly friendly*

MOTIVES

- Revenge against the killer of Alderman Witters for forcing him into this situation.
- Revenge against the constabulary for the death of Gawie and for his torture.
- Redemption and the clearance of his name.

JAN'S CONSTABLE UNIFORM

- Other than his steel cutlass, the equipment listed above for Jan are identical to that of a Middelburg Constable.
- He doesn't wear it all the time and mostly when he wears it, he covers the blatantly constabulary parts of the uniform with a long coat.
- While he is no longer a constable, not all constables know of his "incident" or even his name or face.
- This means that, along with the uniform and weapons, Jan's knowledge and experience as a constable can get him into places others can't.
- It also can get constables to respond less aggressively towards him and any associates should they be found in a compromising situation.





Skin Colour:.....Olive.....
Hair Colour:.....Green.....
Eye Colour:.....Blonde.....
Build:.....Athletic.....

3

Jan de Wolf

56 - 70

Head

1 - 10

Minor Significant Grievous

56

Right Arm

Minor	Significant	Grievous
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30	X
X	X

30
X

30
X

Left Arm

Minor	Significant	Grievous
<p>1. <i>Unlawful discrimination</i></p> <p>2. <i>Unlawful harassment</i></p> <p>3. <i>Unlawful retaliation</i></p> <p>4. <i>Unlawful interference with protected rights</i></p> <p>5. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations</i></p> <p>6. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for religious observances</i></p> <p>7. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for medical conditions</i></p> <p>8. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for disabilities</i></p> <p>9. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for pregnancy, childbirth, or related medical conditions</i></p> <p>10. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for parental leave</i></p> <p>11. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for family leave</i></p> <p>12. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for military service</i></p> <p>13. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>14. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>15. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>16. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>17. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>18. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>19. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>20. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p>	<p>1. <i>Unlawful discrimination</i></p> <p>2. <i>Unlawful harassment</i></p> <p>3. <i>Unlawful retaliation</i></p> <p>4. <i>Unlawful interference with protected rights</i></p> <p>5. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations</i></p> <p>6. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for religious observances</i></p> <p>7. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for medical conditions</i></p> <p>8. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for disabilities</i></p> <p>9. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for pregnancy, childbirth, or related medical conditions</i></p> <p>10. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for parental leave</i></p> <p>11. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for family leave</i></p> <p>12. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for military service</i></p> <p>13. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>14. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>15. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>16. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>17. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>18. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>19. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>20. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p>	<p>1. <i>Unlawful discrimination</i></p> <p>2. <i>Unlawful harassment</i></p> <p>3. <i>Unlawful retaliation</i></p> <p>4. <i>Unlawful interference with protected rights</i></p> <p>5. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations</i></p> <p>6. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for religious observances</i></p> <p>7. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for medical conditions</i></p> <p>8. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for disabilities</i></p> <p>9. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for pregnancy, childbirth, or related medical conditions</i></p> <p>10. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for parental leave</i></p> <p>11. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for family leave</i></p> <p>12. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for military service</i></p> <p>13. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>14. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>15. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>16. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>17. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>18. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p> <p>19. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for jury duty</i></p> <p>20. <i>Unlawful denial of reasonable accommodations for voting</i></p>

30	X
X	X

30
X

30

41 - 55)

Right Leg

Minor	Significant	Grievous
<p>1. <i>Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>2. <i>Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>3. <i>Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>4. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>5. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>6. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>7. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>8. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>9. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>10. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>11. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>12. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>13. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>14. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>15. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>16. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>17. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>18. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>19. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>20. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p>	<p>1. <i>Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>2. <i>Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>3. <i>Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>4. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>5. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>6. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>7. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>8. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>9. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>10. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>11. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>12. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>13. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>14. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>15. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>16. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>17. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>18. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>19. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>20. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p>	<p>1. <i>Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>2. <i>Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>3. <i>Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>4. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>5. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>6. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>7. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>8. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>9. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>10. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>11. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>12. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>13. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>14. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>15. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>16. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p> <p>17. <i>Unlawful Discrimination</i> (10%)</p> <p>18. <i>Unlawful Harassment</i> (10%)</p> <p>19. <i>Unlawful Retaliation</i> (10%)</p> <p>20. <i>Unlawful Termination</i> (10%)</p>

30	X
X	X

30
X

30
X

Left Leg

Minor	Significant	Grievous
<p>1. Minor Grievance</p> <p>2. Minor Grievance</p> <p>3. Minor Grievance</p> <p>4. Minor Grievance</p> <p>5. Minor Grievance</p> <p>6. Minor Grievance</p> <p>7. Minor Grievance</p> <p>8. Minor Grievance</p> <p>9. Minor Grievance</p> <p>10. Minor Grievance</p>	<p>1. Significant Grievance</p> <p>2. Significant Grievance</p> <p>3. Significant Grievance</p> <p>4. Significant Grievance</p> <p>5. Significant Grievance</p> <p>6. Significant Grievance</p> <p>7. Significant Grievance</p> <p>8. Significant Grievance</p> <p>9. Significant Grievance</p> <p>10. Significant Grievance</p>	<p>1. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>2. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>3. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>4. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>5. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>6. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>7. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>8. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>9. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>10. Grievous Grievance</p>

30	X
X	X

30
X

30
X

(71 - 85

(11 - 40)

Torso

Minor	Significant	Grievous
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30	X
X	X

30
X

30
X

EXP
variable

Total EXP
Spent

Skills

Athletics	46	Intimidate	32
Burglary	30	Investigate	38
Constitution	35	Lore	33
Contacts	41	Perception	42
Craft	36	Perform	31
Deceive	30	Runes	37
Diplomacy	35	Shoot	38
Drive	30	Stealth	44
Fight	32	Wealth	37
Insight	34	Will	38

Specialised Skills

Two identical blank handwriting practice sheets are shown side-by-side. Each sheet features a large rectangular area on the left for writing, a vertical column of ten boxes on the right for numbers, and a vertical column of ten boxes on the far right for the date.

VARG LUND

THE MAD MAGICIAN

Varg's life was always very natural and very ordinary, and perhaps that is the reason why he has always searched for the supernatural and extraordinary.

His childhood was entirely unremarkable. Varg was born on a small farm in the Gitic nation of Jotteland and when he was still just a wee lad, his parents packed up him and his three sisters and they all journeyed across the sea to Alfresia... to another small farm.

And that was Varg knew until he came of age. The only highlight of his drearily dull life was a petty love triangle between him and two sisters, and even that was over before it began. Varg was doomed to live out his entire life as a boring cattle farmer.

That is, until he met *him*.

Who *he* was, Varg still doesn't know, but *he* changed Varg's life forever by giving him a view into a world he had only imagined.

This is because, you see, Varg was always a little strange. He was perhaps the only one he knew who actually believed in magic. Not the runes and arrays, mind you. No, that is a science and an art. Oh no, Varg always believed in *real* magic. Spells, incantations, rituals and bubbling cauldrons under a full moon, that is what Varg believed in.

These ideas didn't find much traction with Varg's parents, who were practical folk and believed in nothing they could not see and touch. More than once Varg felt the sting of his father's belt for his silly ideas about witchcraft and divinations.

And so he ran away.

He was barely over the first hill and into the woods when he saw a man sitting by the side of the road. He was incredibly old, with a long white beard and silver hair, dressed only in a long tunic that reached his shoddy sandals and a floppy hat more patched than not. Other than the pipe he was smoking, the old man carried nothing with him.

Without so much as a "hello" or "how are you", the old man asked Varg for a spot of brandy. Perhaps it was a reflex, from the years his father

spent beating manners into him, but without a second thought Varg reached into his pack of stolen goods and pulled out a small bottle of brandy he took from his mother's kitchen.

Downing the bottle in one long drink, the strange stranger smacked his lips, thanked Varg for his generosity and gave him a thick book he seemingly pulled from thin air; after which he simply walked into the woods and disappeared. Varg never saw him again.

What the boy was left with was a book filled with the most intricate runic designs and the most complex arrays Varg had seen, or would ever see in his life. At that very moment Varg was convinced that he had always been right. This was no man he met, no mere mortal.

This was a *wizard*.

And he has shown Varg that while the arrays were not magical in and of themselves, it was through them that Varg would find true magic.

And so for the next 18 years, Varg would learn all there was to know about runic theory in the hopes of finding true magic. And to pay for his tuition, he would become (at least for a short time) the most well known stage magician in Middelburg.

By blending runes, arrays, and the well known stage trickery of smoke, mirrors and slight of hand, Varg truly looked at certain times as if he could perform magic.

But it was not always easy and took a long time before he could rub shoulders with the Mayor of Middelburg. He had to begin his career in Oldtown and Park West, the homes of criminals, unfortunates and bohemians. Varg knew he was better than these scum, but he had to perform the simple card tricks and palm reading that the simple masses wanted.

It was drudgery, but his stubbornness and perseverance paid off as nine years after he set foot in Middleburg, he performed for the Grand Mayor himself. The pompous old sod had already forgotten Varg by the end of the week, but for a brief time in his life, Varg's name was known across the city as

THE RUINED SOULS

the best performer of the age.

None of that seemed to matter anymore, after the night Varg finally found religion.

After a rousing performance in Ooston, and well after Varg had passed out from the wine, he felt something in the dead of night. A pull. As he stepped out onto the balcony to seek fresh air from his mounting headache, he saw it, he saw the afterlife.

He did not die, of course, but for a long moment he saw the path all souls take to the after life. He saw a maw open in the sky and chilling creatures coming down to alight over the shoulder of every man. Those that died, these goblins took them up through the maw and... somewhere.

This was no drunken dream, Varg knew it. It was a divine vision. But from whom? Which god called to him? He left the stage and started asking every priest, monk and nun he could find, but it took one of the unfortunates of Park West to give him his answer: It was the Starchild.

How did this wretch knew? Varg was told it was because of his description, of how the sprites alighted everywhere, but one area, on everyone but one man, and how Varg had said that man glowed like freshly lit coals.

The unfortunate wretch told Varg it was the Starchild's prophet and that on that night he was in the Westlands doing his god's bidding, exactly where Varg saw the fiery being.

If there is magic and if the Starchild and his prophet is real, Varg must know. He must find this fiery prophet and learn his secrets. He must become as the old wizard was. It is all Varg cares about now.

EQUIPMENT

- Standard clothing, including a painted mask to hide his identity, that covers all Hit Locations.
- Steel push dagger.
- Varg's Deck of Plenty.
- Runic firestarter.

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Middelburg Standard* Defensive array on clothing and mask.
- *Splinter* Offensive Array on cutlass.
- *Fire starter* Utility Array on Runic firestarter.
- Arrays on one side of the cards in Varg's Deck of

Plenty (other side is the tarot arcana).

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- Varg's family (mother, father, three sisters) - *estranged*
- Annabel Lund (**pregnant wife**) - *loving if exasperated*
- Park West bohemians - *mercurially appreciative*
- Middelburg theatres - *helpful but distrustful*
- *Starchild Cult* - *secretive but sympathetic*

MOTIVES

- To find true magic and become the best wizard in the world.
- To find the "prophet" he saw in his vision.
- To keep his magic tricks a secret.

VARG'S DECK OF PLENTY

- Varg has perfected the art of card divination and simple card illusions and many of his meals are bought with these parlour tricks.
- He is a lover and not a fighter and has never trained in the latter, so he improvised.
- He carries an expanded tarot deck with the arcana on side and arrays on the other.
- All the arrays have been modified to be activated only with fire.
- If he gets into danger, he will choose a card, light it on fire (with the runic firestarter) and throw it so it activates either midflight or when it collides with an object/opponent.
- Varg's Deck of Plenty contains two copies of each array found in the Journal of Array Design Volume 1 (along with any other arrays you want).
- When used, Varg will recreate a missing card at his earliest convenience.



Skin Colour: Pale
Hair Colour: Chestnut
Eye Colour: Grey
Build: Average

5

Character Name



Specialised Skills

[illegible]

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AMELIE SCHNEIDER

THE WRATHFUL NUN

Amelie, or Sister Schneider as her new found colleagues are wont to call her, often describes her life in terms of Before, During, and After.

Before, she lived a comfortable urban life in Middelburg. One of six daughters to two wealthy immigrants, her upbringing was strict, devout and, most importantly, ordered. “*A place for everything and everything in its place*,” her father often quoted from Progenitorist scripture.

So it came as no surprise that when her flower bloomed, she rebelled against her parents’ order with the time honoured tradition of getting into trouble with the law and getting entangled with young men of ill repute.

It ended as badly as everyone who of the whole affair predicted it would: with her spending several terms in gaol, her lover leaving her for her best friend before both died on a ship leaving for Ossensee, and the nagging guilt that it was all her fault.

In a self-imposed penance, Amelie vowed to give her life to the Heavenly Mother as a cloistered nun, but her past would not leave her behind. Just as her dead lover was once, she was now the person of ill-repute and the nunnery refused her entry.

Her dreams all but dashed, she became a beguine, a female friar, a nun in all but name but not cloistered and free to go into the world and serve as the Mother’s intervening hand.

And so started the next chapter of her life. *During*, she became the very paragon of the Mother’s mercy, grace and compassion. So complete was her transformation from sinner to saint that not even her family recognised her under her habit.

As a Progenitorist beguine, her chief responsibility was to bring a healing touch to those who could not make it to a hospice or hospital. First as a nurse, then physician in her own right, then as a physician riding along on the ambulance carriages, she was often quite literally elbow deep in the blood and guts that make up the lower classes of the supposed “Grand” City of Middelburg.

It was this injustice that first stirred the flame of

wrath within her heart, but it would be stoked to a roaring flame less than a year after she gained her own physician’s residence in Oldtown.

She was yet young, but she had already gained the responsibility of being the sole physician to the thousands that lived in one small, cramped quarter of Oldtown. Many times, the only difference between life and death was Sister Amelie’s intervention.

But that all ended when the League came a-knocking.

She never found out which Family did it, but it was a Patriarch with a Wesfresian accent that started talking to politicians, merchants, craftsmen and even the crooked Alderman of Oldtown about renovating certain parts of Oldtown into a new concept called “workhouses”, a premise that promised to turn thousands of Oldtowners into little more than slaves for the League.

Sister Amelie would have none of this avaricious evils, but her abbess ordered her not to intervene. Privately Sister Amelie believed her abbess had already been bought, and so she went off on her own to rally her people against the League.

A riot and a few burnt buildings later and the politicians called a halt to the plan until order had been restored, although soon after the Ruined Man began his campaign and everyone forgot about the Oldtown workhouses.

Everyone except her suspiciously wealthy abbess, who expelled her from the order for her disobedience.

And so now she has come to the her life *After* her time as a Sister and healer, confidant and teacher, saviour and protector. Now all she had was her anger, her wrath against the rich, the wealthy, and the powerful who use the poor and unfortunates as their playthings.

She, however, never drifted towards outright, malicious criminality. She was still a Daughter of the Heavenly Mother and while she would run in the shadows and dark alleys with the worst of them, she was there to counsel, to protect, to guide and, of

course, to heal.

She saw the footmen of Middelburg's dark underbelly as her new flock and her purpose to her flock has never changed. That she now mostly works for the League is a cruel irony not lost on her, but as most of their shadowy work is against one another, she takes some pleasure in hurting them. Even if it is just a wasp sting against a lion.

It was on one of her first League missions, that she heard a confession that made her fear for her new flock's safety. Sent to burgle a rival Family's vault, hidden under a temple, she overheard through a wall a young woman speaking to the gods of her part in creating a demon from the lowest depths of the eight hells, a demon that now prowls the city.

So earnest was this young woman's belief in her fantasy that Amelie stood rooted to the spot in fear. When she gained the courage to peak around the corner, the young woman had gone, and all Amelie was left was a horrible fear that the young woman was telling the truth.

Now she keeps an eye, or rather, an ear out whenever she prowls the night, hoping to find this woman and perhaps save the city from the oncoming horror.

EQUIPMENT

- Standard clothing that covers all Hit Locations.
- Wooden billy club.
- Holdout pistol with lead rounds.
- Medical bag with first aid equipment, including splints, poultices, bandages and opiates.

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Middelburg Standard* Defensive array on clothing and mask.
- *Constable's Friend* Offensive Array on billy club.
- *Blood Drinker* Utility Array on pistol rounds.
- *Hospitaller's Respite* Utility Array on bandages and poultices.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- Amelie's family (mother, father, three sisters) - *distant but kind*
- Oldtowner flock - *appreciation and adoration*
- Merchant League - *mutual disgust*
- Progenitorist Faith - *resentful but obligatory polite*

MOTIVES

- To heal the sick and the injured wherever she may find them.
- To guide and protect her new criminal flock.
- To find the young woman she overheard and discover the truth of the "demon".
- To do good.

AMELIE'S MEDICAL BAG

- Her medical bag is old and careworn and comes from her time as a beguine, helping physicians and ambulance carriages.
- It contains everything Amelie needs to handle just about any emergency.
- With a successful Craft/Lore Skill Check, Amelie can treat any Wound gained by a character and thus start the countdown until that Wound Slot is refreshed.
- By spending a Sigil, Amelie can treat the wound so successfully that the Wound is reduced in severity by one step (eg Grievous to Significant). This excludes Limb Destroyed.

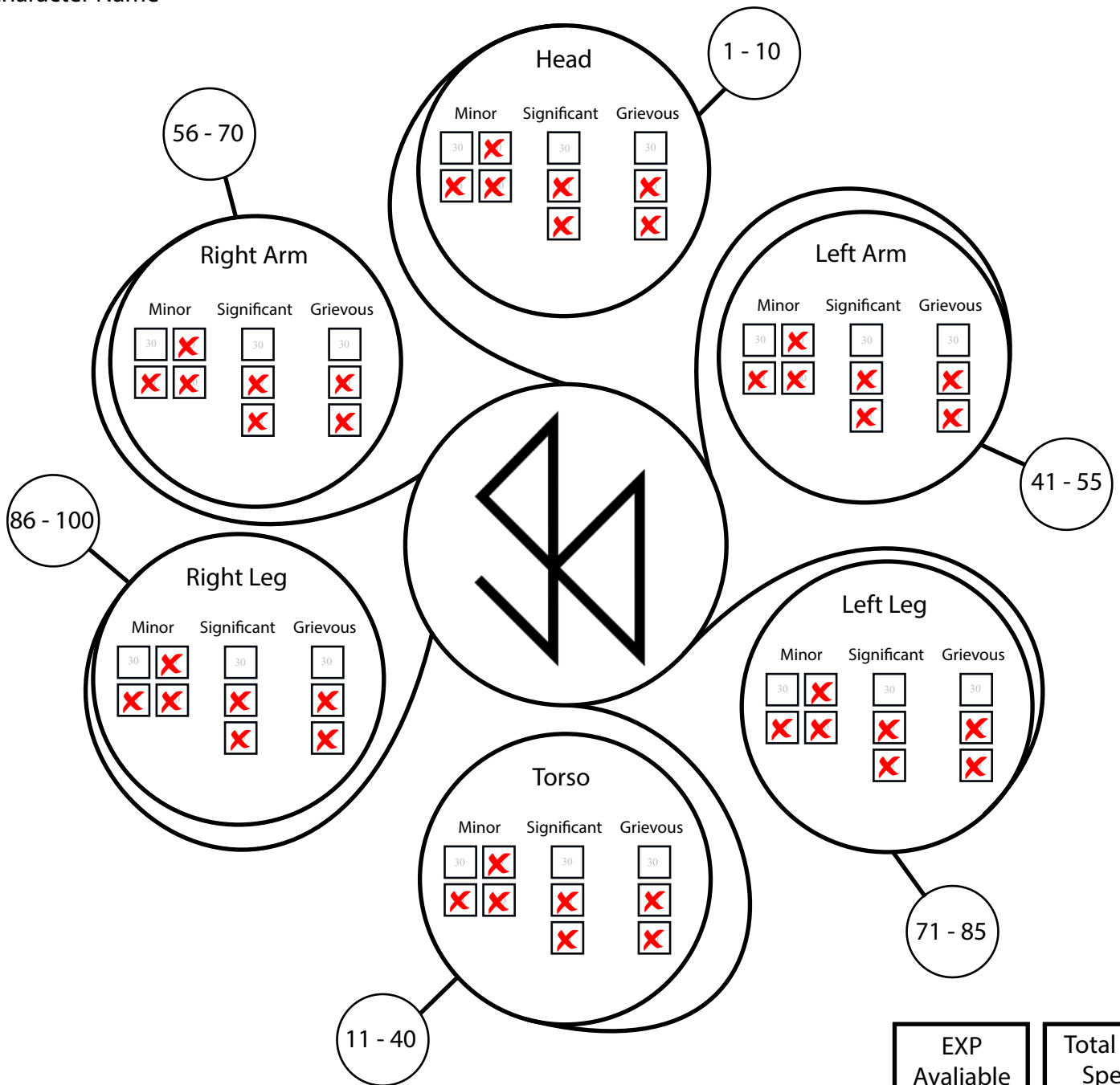


Skin Colour: Fair
Hair Colour: Auburn
Eye Colour: Blue
Build: Buxom

4

Amelie Schneider

Character Name



Total EXP
Spent

Skills

Athletics	30	Intimidate	31
Burglary	40	Investigate	36
Constitution	38	Lore	34
Contacts	46	Perception	44
Craft	30	Perform	36
Deceive	33	Runes	43
Diplomacy	30	Shoot	39
Drive	31	Stealth	35
Fight	39	Wealth	33
Insight	34	Will	46

Specialised Skills

THEO HENDRIKS

THE MISANTHROPIC VAGRANT

Say what you will about the character of humanity, but at our core we do not enjoy harming others; and when it comes to killing, it takes a lot to push someone over that ledge. It takes hatred, jealousy, ignorance, passion... in short, it requires us to take a leave of our senses in order to take the lives of others.

Theo, however, has no need of passions in order to kill. In fact, rarely does he even need a reason other than the fact that he enjoys it. One can say he enjoys nothing more.

No one knows how he came to be this way, for Theo had made sure there remains little trace of his childhood. Perhaps it's better that they don't know, because his father did know, his father saw it in him at an early age and paid the price for it.

Theo grew up as a typical bohemian outcast. He was born in a circus that traveled the length and breadth of Alfresia every year. Before the incident, he had never spent more than a week in any one spot.

He was a troubled child that enjoyed hurting others. His father knew this and tried to beat it out of him, but one night when his father was performing, floating high in the air above an array, the array mysteriously malfunctioned. Theo was, of course, nowhere to be seen and he made sure from then on not to reveal what he truly was.

In grief his mother brought him Middelburg and together they lived in the Eilanni temple, his mother hoping that the spiritual teachings would help her son.

Unfortunately for her, she fell in love with a local cheesemaker two years later and Theo saw her acceptance of the cheesemaker's proposal as a betrayal, a dagger through his heart. There was, of course, only one way to rectify her mistake.

By the time the Eilanni priests buried her, he had vanished.

The cramped streets and dark alleyways of Middelburg called to Theo like a song from the heavens. Here it was kill or be kill, predator or prey, black or white. It was brutal, it was violent and he

loved every moment of it.

That is, until he found the *Jot's Rot*. The Rot was a concoction brewed from poisonous mushrooms found on the islands of Jotteland. It was as hallucinogenic and euphoric as it was addictive and soon the Rot became Theo's entire world.

He needed money to pay for his daily fix and so he enlisted with the Triton Wolves, a mercenary company operating out of Middelburg. Unfortunately for him, the company had just taken on a contract from the Bythikans to deal with the natives on the dark southern continent who was threatening the survival of their new found colony.

Nine long years he bled for the Bythikans in the harsh lands of the south, routing every village and town he could just so he can get paid and drink his Rot, smuggled into the company.

He was captured and held for nearly a year by vengeful natives. Tortured, abused and nearly driven to madness, not even he knew how he made it back to camp, but the final straw would be three years later when he nearly died.

A lucky shot by a native put him in a coma for months, waking up as the ship sailed back into Middelburg harbour. By this time, his bodily weakness, his mental temperament, his madness and his addiction was now too much for his captain and the Triton Wolves left him on the docks of Middleburg to fend for himself.

But those shadowy alleys and narrow streets were old friends to Theo and slipped back into them as if into an old coat.

This time, however, he wasn't just some young scoundrel, some uppity thug. Oh no, now he was a trained, professional killer and he simply took what he wanted from the poor and unfortunates in the city.

He was a starving wolf let loose among a flock of sheep and he enjoyed every minute of it. He soon learned his place, though, in the ever shifting hierarchy of the city's underbelly. He was just one man and there were more gangs and mobs than you could count. He knew what he could get away with

THE RUINED SOULS

and when he could put his foot over the line.

It was as comfortable a life as he was ever going to get, until he found the fortune teller.

While shaking down a bohemian in Park West, Theo saw a fortune teller from the Delkans and paid her for some amusement. He was going to kill her anyway, but he wanted to see if she could foretell it happening.

She gave him a drink and said he would see his future through it, and Theo never turned down a free drink. After all, with all the poisons running through him, this would barely leave a dent.

Or so he thought. What he saw was the most vivid and real hallucination of his life, and he had many visions with which to measure this one against.

In one single, solitary instant he saw the next ten years of his life play out in front of him. He saw every detail, smelt every aroma, even tastes the coal burnt air of the burning city.

And then it was gone and the vision parted from him like water between his fingers. The harder he tried to hold onto them, the quicker they disappeared. He was sure of only one thing: death and evil on a scale to rattle even him was coming and was caught in the centre of it all.

When he had picked himself up, the Delkan woman was gone and the answers with her. Theo had to know what was coming and how he could avoid what he saw, if he can even remember what he saw.

EQUIPMENT

- Standard clothing that covers all Hit Locations.
- Bronze push dagger.
- Steel cutlass.
- Wooden and Steel Pistol with lead rounds.
- Holdout pistol with lead rounds.
- Bottle of Jot's Rot

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Middelburg Standard* Defensive array on clothing and mask.
- *Peace of Mind* Offensive Array on push dagger.
- *Blood Drinker* Offensive Array on cutlass
- *Hatchling* Offensive Array on hold out pistol rounds.
- *Manstopper* Offensive Array on hold out standard

pistol rounds.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- Triton Wolves - *professionally disappointed*
- Oldtown gang - *guarded but workable*

MOTIVES

- To find someone to help him remember his vision.
- To discover what will befall Middelburg.
- To continue his Jot's Rot addiction.

THEO'S ROT

- Theo's vice and addiction, Theo needs a drink of Jot's Rot each day.
- Each day that Theo goes without his Rot, he suffers a -5 penalty to his Constitution Skill. This penalty stacks with itself. At 0 Constitution, Theo goes into a withdrawal coma.
- Each day that Theo goes without his Rot, he must pass a Will Skill Check. Failure means that he stops whatever it is he is doing and goes to find some Jot's Rot... by any and all means possible.
- These penalties (mechanical and narrative) are removed once he drinks some Jot's Rot.
- After drinking a measure of Rot, for the next 1d10 hours, Theo suffers a -20 penalty to his Insight, Diplomacy, Lore, Will, Craft and Stealth Skills, but gains a +20 bonus to his Fight, Shoot, Athletics, Perception, Investigate and Intimidate Skills.



Skin Colour: Fair
Hair Colour: Chestnut
Eye Colour: Green
Build: Athletic

3

Character Name



Total EXP
Spent

Athletics	35	Intimidate	39
Burglary	54	Investigate	33
Constitution	30	Lore	34
Contacts	34	Perception	38
Craft	34	Perform	38
Deceive	57	Runes	38
Diplomacy	35	Shoot	44
Drive	38	Stealth	48
Fight	40	Wealth	30
Insight	30	Will	34

A blank handwriting practice sheet. It features two identical columns. Each column contains ten horizontal dotted lines for writing. To the right of each column is a vertical line, and to the right of that vertical line are ten rectangular boxes stacked vertically, intended for the student to write their date and name.

CARMEN DELGADO

THE MANAGERIAL MARKSMAN

Not everyone who ends up on the somber streets of Middelburg bring with them skills from their past life that they can put to good, if nefarious, uses. However, everyone brings with them a story.

Carmen grew up in Valeron, the most prosperous of the Shield Maiden nations and furthest from the great Shield Wall that separates East from West, Progenitorists and Prodigalists from the heathen Neoists and Completists.

She should have lived a simple and quiet life.

Should have, until her parents died. The murderer was never found, but Carmen was the only one of her six siblings to not cry about the event or even ask what happened.

Seven orphans are a responsibility too great for most folk and even the local Progenitorist temple balked at taking them all in. It looked like it would have been a short life for Carmen, until Samir al-Rashid ibin Naseem offered to take them all in.

Samir was the Kaín, the priest, of the local Neoist temple. An outcast from polite society, the old man catered to his small flock and kept to himself. He was a kind hearted man, and incredibly wealthy and did not see it as a strain to take in the seven orphans.

And so Carmen became on the pitiful few Neoists in Valeron, made even stranger by the fact she and her siblings was blond and green eyed while every other Neoist in the country was raven haired and brown eyed. She was an outcast among outcast and so she remained at the temple, never leaving it unless absolutely necessary.

The one time she thought she could enter in the larger world, for love of course, she found that her own could not see past her faith and saw a foreign invader rather than child of their own.

It was a quiet and lonely life, but an academically productive one. Carmen had a knack for numbers and figures and soon she began to account for the temple's books and funds.

She found a bit of happiness, but like all good things, it came to an end. With someone else tending to the temple's books, records and accounts,

old Samir decided to get back to his old hobby of runology. Many a year did he spend on trying to discover a new rune to aid his people and he decided to continue his grand work.

He was close, ever so close, but the array exploded with the force of a cannon and he was dead before he hit the ground.

Carmen's eldest brother, now Kaín of the temple, blamed her for their adoptive father's death and exiled her forever from the temple. In one fell swoop she had lost her entire family, her home and everlasting she knew.

Eventually, as the bards say, all sorrows find their way to Middelburg, and Carmen did too. It is a city to lose oneself in and for a time that is exactly what Carmen did, but in a city as concerned with material wealth as this one, there is always a need for people skilled with making numbers and figure do exactly what they need to.

Carmen soon found work at a small store in Rose Heights making sure that the store was handling its money properly, and she supplemented her income with some night time excursion at the docks. This latter part would eventually be her downfall as it became a vice to feed her ever hungering greed.

Carmen's ability with numbers soon caught the attention of the Ooston guilds and soon she was even able to afford a small home in the nouveau riche district.

For a dozen long years she settled accounts and cooked books for the various Ooston guilds but once again her greed got the better of her when the government came to call.

The Grand Mayor had need of someone of her computational calibre at City Hall and she had thought her career was made, until less than a week later she and Mayor met at opposite ends of a bed in a high end brothel in Nieuton.

The Mayor could not afford a scandal and so she was quickly and quietly left out on the street. Not too quietly unfortunately as the Ooston guilds could not afford her potential scandal to touch them and their eternal war with the Merchant League.

With nowhere left to go, the murky alleyways called. Crunching numbers and cooking books, however, helped no one in the middle of the night when footmen running about and she thought that, at last, this would be how her life ended.

Until she discovered that not all skills are learnt. Some people are just blessed with innate abilities.

Like her aim, for example. On her first job for a small time gang, she found she had the aim of a long term military veteran. Having never held a firearm before she could still pick off the testicle off a fly from thirty paces.

Her old life is now utterly left behind and she has become a new person, a new Carmen, one who perhaps, just perhaps, can survive on the streets of Middelburg.

However, her new life has already become far more stranger and dangerous than she had hoped. In the month's time since she gave up her past life, nearly half a dozen of her previous "clients" has ended up dead and dismembered in these Ruined Murders.

With the city crashing in on itself in fear and panic, is she somehow involved? Is she to be the next one to be so gruesomely murdered? If she is to survive, she must uncover the mystery behind these murders.

EQUIPMENT

- Standard clothing that covers all Hit Locations.
- Steel dagger.
- Two wooden and Steel Pistols with lead rounds.
- Two holdout pistols with bronze rounds.
- One burnt-wood and bronze musket with lead rounds.

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Mirror Shot* Defensive array on clothing and mask.
- *Splinter* Offensive Array on dagger.
- *Manstopper* Offensive Array on standard pistol rounds.
- *Sculptor* Offensive Array on hold out pistol rounds.
- *Long Shot* Offensive Array on musket rounds.
- *Death's Whisper* Utility array on musket barrel.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- Carmen's four adopted children - *appreciative and concerned*
- Grand Mayor Lukas Smit - *paranoid loathing*
- Ooston guilds - *distant and unresponsive*
- Brothels and "dockworkers" - *understanding*

MOTIVES

- Care for her adoptive family.
- Make enough money to feed her newly accustomed rich lifestyle.
- Find out who the Ruined Murders' killer is and discover if she is next.

CARMEN'S SNIPE HUNT

- Carmen is better with a firearm than she ever thought possible, but her favourite weapon is her trusty musket, on which she spent nearly every coin she had.
- She prefers to shoot from a considerable distance and in cover and the arrays on her musket makes sure she can do just that.
- When firing with her musket from cover, Carmen is always counted as Aiming, however if she hits an enemy, she can freely choose the Hit Location to wound.
- Carmen can also roll a Stealth Skill Check against all enemies' Perception Skill Check and, if successful, add the number by which she succeeded as a positive modifier to her Shoot Skill Check.
- *These bonuses does not stack with another Aim action.*



Skin Colour: Fair
Hair Colour: Blonde
Eye Colour: Green
Build: Slender

4

Character Name



Total EXP
Spent

[illegible]

NIKOLAS SPIROS

THE PERTURBED LECTOR

Perhaps the most often quoted idiom in Middelburg (after “Oh gods, why did it have to come to this?”) is “It is not *what* you know in life that matter, but *who* you know”. Seeing the success the Merchant League have had over their century of existence, it is hard to argue with this sentence, but there is always an exception to every rule.

Nikolas Spiros, Doctor of Runology, is such an exception.

Spiros, as everyone simply calls him, sees himself as Alfresian even though he was born in the far northern nation of Nigaeon. In truth he remembers little of his home country, having left it at the tender age of five to escape Neoist slavers. Being an immigrant had instilled into Spiros from a very young age a sense of cynicism that he never quite shook.

This skepticism of the world has been his greatest blessing and curse. It drove him away from his family’s traditional Progenitorist faith during his rebellious teenage years, but it also led him the Runist faith which was to be the cause of Spiros’ current predicament.

Spiros’ father was too poor to give his children a proper education, but the Runist monastery in Runedal was more than happy to instruct a new initiate in their faith and so grow their religion. Thus, while Spiros’ five siblings learned how to construct homes and buildings, Spiros learned natural philosophy and runology.

Academia came naturally to Spiros but so did dissent and rebellion. Spiros and his best friend often caused mischief around his neighbourhood of Royal Willow and unfortunately for them they once stole the wrong thing from the wrong man.

In his old age, Spiros can’t even remember what it was they stole or who they stole it from, but he was a powerful gangster and it did not take him long to track them down. To save his own hide, his friend betrayed Spiros and sent the gangsters to the young foreigner.

Spiros barely escaped their wrath, but soon enough found his former friend, and with his

knowledge of the runes and arrays he made sure no one found his body.

A lesson in humility now well learned, Spiros returned home and worked with father to build houses and homes. It was menial and backbreaking, but it built character and with Spiros’ knowledge, he made life easier for his aging father by crafting arrays to do the heavy lifting for him.

Six years and many callouses later, Spiros had quite enough of manual labour and returned to academia. The monastery got him a place at Middelburg university and for the next thirty seven years that was where he would stay.

Spiros only had one passion and that was to understand the world through the lens of the runes and arrays. He was quite a Runist in that sense, for he believed that if he could unlock the correct runes in the correct sequences used in the correct arrays, he could rewrite the very code that brought the universe to life.

However, orthodoxy was never Spiros’ strong suit. Even for a religion as atheistic as Runism, Spiros was considered a heretic. Not in the sense of the Starchild Cult that believed much the same as Runism but claimed there was a nascent god hidden behind the veil that separated the material universe from the realm where the runes drew their power from.

No, it was (and still is) Spiros’ opinion that all the *gods* do in fact exist. From the single gods of Neoism and Completism to the dual gods of Progenitorism, Prodigalism and the Eilanni all the way to the polytheistic beliefs of the various pagan faiths.

Spiros believed that all of these gods boiled down to two simple expressions of the universe itself and therefore there was no veil that separated us from where the runes drew their power, they drew power from the universe itself and from these two primal concepts: Creation and Destruction.

The universe is merely a combination of these two elements and things are either created or destroyed or they in turn create or destroy. It

THE RUINED SOULS

seemed so simple to Spiros that these two concepts must have intelligences and the way they interacted with the world gave rise to the religions we now see and is a good reason for the abundance of dualistic faiths.

The university and the monastery saw him as a zealot, a heretic and a madman and would have done away with him if he weren't so good at his job. Prof. Rickard van der Berg may be the popular face of runology, but in the little laboratory where the university keeps Spiros is where a good majority of the universities new runic designs come from.

Lately, however, Spiros has been in a greater frenzy than normal. Even his assistants and students, who know his temperaments have seen something amiss. And then all of a sudden the good doctor was amiss, or rather missing.

Neither his wife, his children or grandchildren know where he went and the only clue he left was a note on his office desk that only says: "*HE* is here." When the university finally tracked down an old student of Spiros, his favourite student, they got their answer as to what the old doctor meant in his note.

Spiros, his ex-pupil said, assigned genders to the primal expressions of creation and destruction. Feminine for creation and masculine for destruction, and he always capitilised the pronouns, always.

Spiros, perhaps senile now in his old age, seems convinced the universal primal element of destruction is here in the city and have gone to investigate.

EQUIPMENT

- Standard clothing, Hit Locations except for the Head.
- Runic design kit.
- Bronze hold out pistol with lead rounds.
- Spiros' book satchel.

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Middelburg Standard* and *Imperial Zephyr* Defensive arrays on clothing.
- *Terminator* Offensive Array on cutlass.
- Arrays inside Spiros' book satchel.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- Spiros' family (wife, three children, several grandchildren) - *worried and loving*
- Middelburg university - *exasperated and wishes him to return*
- Fellowship of Runists- *disapproving but admiration of skills*
- Tradesmen - *suspicious of motives*

MOTIVES

- To find HIM.
- To find out why HE is here and what HE wants.
- To get proof of HIM in order to prove he isn't crazy.
- To make sure HE doesn't destroy the city.

SPIROS' BOOK SATCHEL

- Spiros is never seen without his trusty satchel of his most used books and notes and spare paper and quill and ink and various other sundries.
- Often, Spiros can find exactly what he needs at the bottom of the satchel when he needs it, even if it is just a crumpled old note.
- When Spiros needs an array (for whatever reason), spend a Sigil and pass a +0 Runes Skill Check to retrieve the exact array you need from within Spiros' book satchel.
- If Spiros requires a book on runology or perhaps some old notes Spiros made about runes and arrays that is useful to the current scenario, spend a Sigil and pass a +0 Runes Skill Check to retrieve what you need from within Spiros' book satchel



Skin Colour: Fair
Hair Colour: Chestnut
Eye Colour: Blue
Build: Brawny

6

Character Name



Total EXP
Spent

Athletics	29	Intimidate	30
Burglary	27	Investigate	35
Constitution	28	Lore	42
Contacts	50	Perception	28
Craft	32	Perform	29
Deceive	36	Runes	63
Diplomacy	30	Shoot	35
Drive	31	Stealth	28
Fight	29	Wealth	30
Insight	40	Will	51

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AZRAQ IBN-LA'AHAD

THE AZURE STARLORD

There are many “nobodies” on and under the streets of Middelburg. Most of these are simply the unwanted, unneeded, unwashed masses that are so often forgotten, but there are a fair few who choose, out of fear or malice, to go unnoticed by society at large.

There is, however, only one “no one” in Middelburg, and he arrived only recently. Azraq Ibn-La’Ahad means, in the Westerner’s tongue, “the azure son of no one”. It is neither the name Azraq was born with nor one he chose, rather it was *bestowed* upon him.

The whos, the whats, the whens and wheres of Azraq’s life before he became *the Azure* is as unimportant as the chicken’s wishes to the fox, or the clay’s opinions to the potter. Since taking up the mantle, Azraq has never once spoken to anyone of his past life, of how his mother abandoned him and father, about how his father mysteriously disappeared, or even his own time as a mercenary slaver.

All that has been left behind, the only record being the journal of his past life that Azraq penned when he was accepted into the *Order of the Starlords*. Then it was put on a shelf with hundreds of others and promptly forgotten. Now there is only Azraq and he is no one.

The Starlords are perhaps the most secretive order that exists within Neoism. Everyone knows of them, but no one but the Starlords and their blind, deaf, mute attendants know what it is that they do. All that the faithful masses know is the Starlords ensure the will of god is done.

Ironically enough, that is the Order’s sole mission: to see the will of god carried out. The secret is in how this all happens.

No one knows where the Starlords’ monastery is, and they keep it this way, because if you don’t know where it is then you clearly have no business being there. It is much the same with their safehouses across the Neoist lands. These are often disguised and seen to by the Starlords’ attendants and so the Starlords come and go like thieves in the night.

There are always only eight Starlords for eight is the holy number of god and each Starlord is bestowed one of the seven colours of the rainbow, with the leader of the Order always being called Ashib, the white. When one Starlord passes, the Order looks through all the men and women they have been silently observing and recruit the most promising candidate.

Once a recruit is accepted and they become no one, not only is their past forgotten, but the past Starlord whose role they have assumed is also forgotten, because that is all it is and all they become: a role. They are no longer a person, no longer an individual, they no longer have hopes, dreams and ambitions.

They are no one.

How such a small order of fanatics have accomplished so much in Neoist history is exactly *why* they have accomplished so much in Neoist history.

No one knows how many Starlords there are and the Starlords never work openly, meaning that for all anyone knows there could be ten thousand Starlords across the globe, working on their own secret machinations. From its inception, the Order has worked tirelessly to spread this paranoia and conspiracy theory because the fear of the Starlords often accomplish much more than the Starlords themselves.

When they do act, it is in seemingly small and inconsequential deeds that often only pays dividends in decades and centuries to come. The Starlords, however, are patient because Azraq Ibn-La’Ahad has been alive for over 2000 years and he will be alive in another 2000 years.

A bribe here, an assassination there, the right word in the right ear at the right time is all the Starlords need to do to ensure the will of god is carried out.

They are not always successful and even when they are, it is not a success that the material men of a mortal realm could grasp. They are guided by a greater hand, and it is in the very stars themselves

that the Starlords find their purpose.

Master astrologists one and all, the stars show the Order the future and what needs to be done when and where and to whom. Ashib knows the name of every star in the night sky and knows where each will be in century to come.

Except for one. A new star has appeared, a dark, diseased star has crept over the eastern horizon, refusing to follow the paths that god has ordained for all stars. It is an aberration and an abomination to the perfection of creation and Azraq has been sent to investigate... and to do what must be done, when it must be done.

And so no one has arrived in Middelburg. No one has crept into the Cullen's observatory once every eight days to chart the stars. No one has been heard reaching out through Middelburg's underbelly and paying well for information. No one has wondered why the dark star had suddenly disappeared when no one entered Middelburg and no one has begun searching for answers.

EQUIPMENT

- Standard Western style clothing that covers all Hit Locations.
- Steel punching dagger.
- Steel scimitar.

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Imperial Zephyr* Defensive array on clothing covering Arms and Legs Hit Locations.
- *Steel Dragon* Defensive array on clothing covering Head and Torso Hit Locations.
- *Bloodhound* Offensive Array on scimitar.
- *Blood Drinker* Offensive Array on punching dagger.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- Order of the Starlords - ...
- Neoist flock of Middelburg - *awed and feared*

MOTIVES

- To maintain the secrecy of the Order of the Starlords.
- To see the will of god carried out.
- To uncover the mystery of the missing, diseased, dark star.

- To further the cause of Neoism in Middelburg.

AZRAQ'S ASTROLOGY

- The stars are a book that be read by those that have eyes to see.
- They speak of the future, the past, of far away lands and mysterious men.
- Azraq may not be as masterful as reading the stars as Ashib, but has learnt enough to save his life many a time over.
- Once during each session, Azraq can reroll one Skill Check and choose between the two results.
- Also once during each session, Azraq can use a Sigil without spending it and Azraq can spend this Sigil to get a +25 bonus or reroll any Skill Check he wants.
- This represents his knowledge of the future by reading the stars.





Skin Colour: Olive
Hair Colour: Brown
Eye Colour: Hazel
Build: Lean

4

Character Name



Specialised Skills

[illegible]

Total EXP
Spent

JEAN-PAUL LE ROUX

THE DECADENT DEATHDEALER

There are many “nobodies” on and under the streets of Middelburg, and with the arrival of no one from the Western lands, the city of a million souls seem to be teeming with absolutely no one.

Some of these “nobodies”, however, have found that the best way to hide is to not hide at all. These “nobodies” wear skins and clothes and memories of “somebodies” and pretend to be part of the world, but deep inside their hearts, their souls are as black as the god they serve.

Jean-Paul Le Roux is one of these.

Jean-Paul exists. That is an unquestionable fact. He has a tragic history of how his Valion parents abandoned him in Middelburg before returning to Valkryk and he and his sister grew up alone in their parents ‘summer home’, tended only to by the servants.

The tragic tale of the very real Jean-Paul continues to his adolescence where, just as he was making a name for himself by learning the mercantile trade of the land and becoming friends with a budding politician, his sister was murdered. Some say he killed her, but this is merely a rumour; a rumour that further proves Jean-Paul is real.

One also only needs to talk to those shops and stores in Ooston that Jean-Paul owns, having now become a wealthy landowner, to know that he exists beyond a shadow of a doubt. Of course, they haven’t seen him, but he is a busy man, and that is understandable.

When one stops to think about it, no one has ever seen Jean-Paul. One only ever sees his servants and apprentices as they deal to his day to day business. He is also a very private man and lets no one into his house.

Curious, is it not?

If Jean-Paul ever did really exist, he is long dead by now. His looks, his home, his business and even his history is merely a skin to be worn by one of the dozen dark worshippers of the Black Stag, the dark god that ruled this land before the Heavenly Mother and Father made their presence known.

But they still remain in the Black House. Where

the Black House is, not even they know, but it is underground and it is their haven where they sacrifice the unholy, immoral and evil men of this world.

They themselves, have no name, no identity, nothing. They not even each other’s faces, because they are nothing. They have given all but one thing already to the umbral altar and that is their skill at killing. When their time comes, when the Ebony Hart comes to bring them home, even that then will be sacrificed to his bloody and unending thirst.

But until then, there are many men to but to the blade.

One of these men was Mr. Witters, Alderman of the West Lands District and on the 14th of Wedemaand, the merchant Jean-Paul Le Roux had an appointment with him.

The Alderman, as all by now know, never made it to his destination, having been murdered in a most foul and cruel manner. Jean-Paul shed no tears for his passing, but he now has a very real problem.

To steal from the Death Stalker is no small issue. It incurs a debt that can only be repaid with life. The Alderman was pledged to be bled in the Black House’s altar and now someone needs to take his place and pay his debt.

Ordinarily, it would be a simple matter for Jean-Paul to find the debtor and take what is owed, but the murder of Alderman Witters is a complete mystery.

Jean-Paul must find the Alderman’s killer or give himself up as an offering to the Antlered Doom. To do that, he needs to stay in Jean-Paul’s skin a little while longer, but that already has lead to further complications.

The constables discovered the Alderman’s schedule and had already spoken to Jean-Paul about it. Never before has the constabulary seen the face of Jean-Paul and never before has his name been spread so wide outside the wealthy mercantile grapevine.

Jean-Paul is ruined and must die before someone discovers his secret, but for now he required Jean-

THE RUINED SOULS

Paul's resources in order to track down the true killer and bring him the shadow altar and bleed him dry.

EQUIPMENT

- Standard Western style clothing that covers all Hit Locations.
- Steel punching dagger.
- Two steel daggers.
- Wooden cane.
- Two steel pocket watches, one real, one fake.
- Steel and wooden pistol with lead rounds.
- Steel and wooden hold out pistol with lead rounds.
- Twelve bronze balls, 2cm across.

RUNIC ARRAYS

- *Middleburg Standard* Defensive array on clothing covering all Hit Locations.
- *Terminator* Offensive array on bottom of cane.
- *God's Razor* Offensive array on daggers.
- *Splinter* Offensive array on punching dagger.
- *Pocket Staff* Utility array inside fake pocket watch.
- *Manstopper* Offensive array on standard pistol rounds.
- *Constable's Friend* Offensive array on hold out pistol rounds.
- *Smoke Bomb* Utility array on three bronze balls.
- *Sound Bomb* Utility array on three bronze balls.
- *Ice Bomb* Utility array on three bronze balls.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- The Black House - ...
- Ooston merchants - *admired and respected*
- Middelburg constabulary - *known and on file*

MOTIVES

- To find the killer of Alderman Witters and bring him to the Black House
- To maintain the secrecy of the Black House
- To keep Jean-Paul out of the spotlight as much as possible.
- To sacrifice the evil of this world the Horned Judgement

JEAN-PAUL'S BUSINESSES

- While Jean-Paul might not exist, his various

stores and business certainly does.

- While he acts as Jean-Paul, he is responsible for maintaining the books. As such, he also gets the money.
- Once a week your GM will roll 1 - 5d10+50 depending on how successful your GM thinks the stores and businesses were. This is the Profit that Jean-Paul can spend.
- For the rest of that week, whenever Jean-Paul has to roll a Wealth Skill Check, Jean-Paul can take some of that Profit and use it as a bonus to his roll. The Profit then loses those points you've taken.
- Whatever is left over at the end of the week is lost when Jean-Paul gets the new Profit.



Skin Colour: Fair
Hair Colour: Brown
Eye Colour: Grey
Build: Lean

3

Jean-Paul Le Roux

56 - 70

Head

1 - 10

Minor Significant Grievous

30	30
30	30

30
X

30

Right Arm

Minor	Significant	Grievous
-------	-------------	----------

30	
	

30
X

30
X

Right Leg

Minor	Significant	Grievous
-------	-------------	----------

30	X
X	X

30
X

30
X

Torso

Minor	Significant	Grievous
<p>1. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p> <p>2. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p> <p>3. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p>	<p>4. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p> <p>5. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p> <p>6. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p>	<p>7. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p> <p>8. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p> <p>9. The employee was not given a copy of the grievance procedure.</p>

30	X
X	X

30
X

30
X

Left Arm

Minor	Significant	Grievous
<p>1. Minor Grievance</p> <p>2. Minor Grievance</p> <p>3. Minor Grievance</p> <p>4. Minor Grievance</p> <p>5. Minor Grievance</p> <p>6. Minor Grievance</p> <p>7. Minor Grievance</p> <p>8. Minor Grievance</p> <p>9. Minor Grievance</p> <p>10. Minor Grievance</p>	<p>1. Significant Grievance</p> <p>2. Significant Grievance</p> <p>3. Significant Grievance</p> <p>4. Significant Grievance</p> <p>5. Significant Grievance</p> <p>6. Significant Grievance</p> <p>7. Significant Grievance</p> <p>8. Significant Grievance</p> <p>9. Significant Grievance</p> <p>10. Significant Grievance</p>	<p>1. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>2. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>3. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>4. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>5. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>6. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>7. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>8. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>9. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>10. Grievous Grievance</p>

30	30
30	30

30

30

Left Leg

Minor	Significant	Grievous
<p>1. Minor Grievance</p> <p>2. Minor Grievance</p> <p>3. Minor Grievance</p> <p>4. Minor Grievance</p> <p>5. Minor Grievance</p> <p>6. Minor Grievance</p> <p>7. Minor Grievance</p> <p>8. Minor Grievance</p> <p>9. Minor Grievance</p> <p>10. Minor Grievance</p>	<p>1. Significant Grievance</p> <p>2. Significant Grievance</p> <p>3. Significant Grievance</p> <p>4. Significant Grievance</p> <p>5. Significant Grievance</p> <p>6. Significant Grievance</p> <p>7. Significant Grievance</p> <p>8. Significant Grievance</p> <p>9. Significant Grievance</p> <p>10. Significant Grievance</p>	<p>1. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>2. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>3. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>4. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>5. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>6. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>7. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>8. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>9. Grievous Grievance</p> <p>10. Grievous Grievance</p>

30	X
X	X

30

30

(11 - 40

(71 - 85

EXP
Available

Total EXP
Spent

Skills

Athletics	30	Intimidate	38
Burglary	30	Investigate	35
Constitution	32	Lore	30
Contacts	30	Perception	37
Craft	33	Perform	31
Deceive	47	Runes	35
Diplomacy	43	Shoot	42
Drive	36	Stealth	58
Fight	37	Wealth	50
Insight	31	Will	30

Specialised Skills

The image shows two identical blank handwriting practice sheets. Each sheet is designed for practicing letter formation. It features three horizontal lines: a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line. To the right of these lines is a vertical column of ten boxes, each spanning the height of one line (from the bottom line to the top line). These boxes are intended to provide a visual reference for the correct height of letters. The sheets are otherwise blank, with no text or markings.