

Brinn

Runaway goatherd. Human. 15 years old.

Skinny, and dressed in a rapidly disintegrating linen tunic.

Brinn has...

- Average **strength** (d12)
- High **agility** (d8)
- Average **health** (d12)
- Below-average **knowledge of the world** (d20)
- Above-average powers of **perception** (d10)

Brinn is...

- A **very fast runner** (d8)
- Good at **herding goats** (d10)
- A sympathetic **listener** (d10)
- Versed in the making of **diverse dairy products** (d12)
- Able to **set traps**, but not very well. (d20)

Brinn is carrying...

- A wrapped bundle containing half a roasted squirrel and a sharp stick

You are a goat herder, like your father and mother before you, and probably several generations of their ancestors before them. You grew up in a tiny village called Dry Pond, which you have been told is owned by some lord from the city of Blackwater—not that you ever saw a city person visit it in all your life. You would probably have stayed there for the rest of your life, herding goats, were it not for two unfortunate events: first, your parents died of the flux. Second, war broke out between the cities of Blackwater and Larkbridge.

When your parents died, you and the family goats were put in the care of your uncle from the neighbouring village. When war broke out, your cousins were conscripted, and everyone left in the village had to work twice as hard—except your uncle, who gave you all the family's extra work. You soon decided that you would be better off just about anywhere else, and one night you ran away with nothing but the clothes on your back.

You didn't really have a plan, and in retrospect it's a miracle that you haven't yet been murdered by one of the roving bands of mercenaries and deserters that infest this forest. You suppose that you just don't have anything worth stealing, and after a few weeks of living off the land you're probably too skinny to make good eating—or so you hope.