

Amethyst Lindenshield

The dwarf. Drilling Foreman for the North-Western Shaft, Greater Coppermine of Faragroth.

Traits

- Above-average **strength** (d10)
- Average **agility** (d12)
- High **health** (d8)
- Average **knowledge** (d12)
- Below-average **perception** (d20)
- Extremely **un-magical** (d30)

Skills

- Expert on **mining equipment** (d8)
- Knows how to deal with **industrial accidents** (d10)
- Very **chatty** (d10)
- Knows about **the area** (d12)
- Knows how to **make a fire** (d12)
- Bad with **large animals** (d20)
- Can't hold her **liquor** (d30)

Important equipment

- Brand new no. 4 Redbeard & Greathammer magic-resistant diamond drill bit
- Some money left over from recent purchases
- Eating dagger
- Bed roll and travelling pack

Background

It looked like this was going to be a good winter for the mine. In early autumn, you hit a very promising vein of chalcocite—one of the largest you had ever seen. Unfortunately, your celebrations were premature. It appears that the vein is magic-tainted—after breaking two drill bits in rapid succession you realised that you would need to invest into some better tools if you wanted to extract this ore.

The perfect tool for the job is a no. 4 Redbeard & Greathammer magic-resistant diamond drill bit. As it is only made on demand at the Redbeard & Greathammer smithy in Drakesbridge, you set out for the city with all haste as soon as you received approval from your superiors.

Regrettably, the manufacture of the bit took longer than you expected—the necessary materials are difficult to procure at short notice. You cooled your heels for months, watching the increasing snowfall in dismay. By the time the bit was ready, it was the middle of winter—and you knew that the mountain pass which led directly to the entrance to your mine would be impossible to cross. You would have to take an alternative route.

After a few days of travel on the old road which leads around the mountain, you ran into another traveller—a messenger from the elven embassy in Drakesbridge. The poor elf had clearly also planned to take a quick trip over the pass,

and he wasn't very good at roughing it in the wilderness. His horse had frozen to death overnight, and he was short on provisions.

Fortunately you knew that only a little further along the road you would encounter the town of Saltmine, where you could at least rest and buy something to eat. It's a rather miserable place to visit—the salt mine which is its namesake ran out of salt a long time ago, and business moved to the town of New Salt on the pass. Now the town—if you can even call it that—is mostly abandoned. It does have an inn of sorts—it's not very nice, but you were happy to sleep in a proper bed after several days of walking through the snow.

So far you've had one day of welcome rest. The elf, Caladrin, has been trying to buy the innkeeper's horse—which you think is the only horse in the entire town. He hasn't had any luck in persuading the man to part with it, and he's concerned that without it he will fail to deliver his message in time. You've tried to cheer him up with some conversation, but you don't think he finds mining very interesting.

You really don't feel like going back into the snow, but you know that the weather probably isn't going to get any better—and every day that you delay is another day of losses for the North-Western Shaft.