

Tasha Thargasdaughter

The orc. Skilled mercenary in search of employment.

Traits

- High **strength** (d8)
- Average **agility** (d12)
- Above average **health** (d10)
- Below average **knowledge** (d20)
- Average **perception** (d12)
- Average **innate magical ability** (d12)

Skills

- Very good at **hitting things with a sword** (d8)
- Good at **shooting things full of arrows** (d10)
- Good **wilderness survival** skills (d10)
- Reasonable **sense of direction** (d12)
- Surprisingly not bad at **sneaking** (d12)
- Not very good at **managing money** (d20)
- Terrible at **putting civilians at ease** (d30)

Important equipment

- Hand-and-a-half sword
- Crossbow and five bolts
- Dagger
- Three coppers
- Bed roll and travelling pack

Background

The life of a mercenary may not be easy, but it sure beats surviving in an orc raiding party down south. The food is better, the weapons are sturdier and you get paid more reliably. Or at least you did, until the lousy knob who ran your last mercenary company lost everything in a bet while you were wintering in Blackwater. All your wage money, all your weapons—the whole lot.

You would not have liked to be on the street when the rest of the lads found out they weren't going to get paid. They were sure to start a riot, and the city guard would not look kindly on anyone from the company, rioting or not. Staying in the city to look for a new job was not on the cards. Maybe the human mercenaries could go to ground until things quietened down—but it's pretty hard for an orc with your imposing physique to hide in a mostly human city.

Fortunately, the first person to smell that something was up was your goblin friend Odric, who is good with numbers and did the company's bookkeeping. You've often helped him out when someone needed beating up—he's not very good at fighting, and some people try to take advantage. It's something they only try once. In exchange, he has always told you when someone was running a dirty dice game and checked that your wages weren't short. He warned you about the

trouble on the horizon, and the two of you decided to seek your fortunes elsewhere well before it started.

You and Odric make a good team—you'd much rather be on the road with him than without him. You can demonstrate your fighting prowess, and he can do the negotiating. It may be tough for an orc and a goblin to find work in this area, but Odric can be very persuasive.

You figured that most of the lads would head back south once the city guard threw them out of Blackwater, so you and Odric went north towards Drakesbridge. There's a pass that goes over the mountain, but this far into winter you'd be blown clear off. You've taken the long way around—an old road which is seldom still travelled.

The road has led you to a little town called Saltmine. You guess that they must have mined salt here once, but it doesn't look like very much of anything is happening these days. The place makes you feel sad and uncomfortable—it's grey, dirty and full of miserable-looking old people. There are many abandoned houses overgrown with weeds.

The locals are eyeing you suspiciously, and you wonder whether they're already lighting the torches and sharpening the pitchforks. There's some sort of inn here, and Odric actually wants to stay the night—you suppose that it's better than sleeping in the snow, but not by very much. You hope that you aren't going to stay long.