



# JARED HALF-ELVEN

Clad in the garb of a peasant woodsman, and with a bow usually slung over his shoulder or tucked in its quiver, Jared doesn't appear very remarkable – although it doesn't take much close examination to spot the signs of elven blood.

## *Equipment*

*Weapons:* Large Knife; Longbow.

*Armour:* Leather Jacket; Cloth Gloves; Boots.

*Carried:* Hip Quiver with 12 Standard and 8 Bodkin Arrows; Pouch; Personal Basics; \$45 cash.

## *History*

You were born in a little village off in Cardiel – you're aware that a lot of people consider you a peasant, but, well, to hell with them. Your mother was a woman of the village; your father was an elf, and not married to your mother. That got you a bit of grief in childhood, but every now and then, your father would wander back through the place, and the sneering would stop for a while.

He wasn't bad to you, in fact – he taught you some skills, and you picked up the basics of the elven speech and elven ways of doing things from him. You sometimes resented him a bit for the way he acted, but your mother always hammered home to you that he'd never been bad to her, he'd always said that he couldn't marry her like a human, and she thought he was a lot better in many ways than any available human husband would have been.

But still, you grew up not fitting in, and eventually, you decided to walk away from the damn place, and see if there was a better life going than that of a peasant bastard. Your father sometimes said that you had a bit more of the elf in you than some half-elves, but you reckon that was just to make you feel a bit better; still, while you were wandering, you spent some time in an elf village. The elves were polite enough, but somehow you got the feeling that they hadn't taken to you much – you're half-human, after all, and not really like them. So after a couple of months, you moved on.

Eventually you hit the coast, and decided to see what life was like out on the islands of Araterre. It might be better than on land, and a lad who's willing to work and can handle weapons can usually find a living of some sort. A couple of voyages later, you fell in with a bunch of other wandering swords. You're not sure how this will work out, but it's worth a try, and you might do better for yourself this way.

## The Others

Varlak, the leader of this little company, is a Northman – a heathen barbarian, some would say, though you don't care about that. He's smarter than he looks, actually – a good leader, and clever in a fight as well as tough. The other fighter in the group also seems to be pretty good at his trade; a local, his name's Gaspard, and he calls himself "LeBlanc" for some reason, though he's no more a noble than you are. He's fast with that fancy sword he's lifted from somewhere.

The other two are stranger, and not just because they both have a bit of magic about them. Magda, the one everyone calls a sea-witch, even looks odd – all twisted in the face. But she's a healer, a lot like others you've known, and anyone with any sense grants a healer a lot. Which is just as well for Magda, in fact, because she's damned rude to everyone, and she eats like a horse. You're not sure why she comes along with the rest of you, but no, you don't complain.

As for Pierre – another local, the one Varlak calls "the bookman" – well, he's probably along because he annoyed some woman . . . or her husband, more likely. He's a handsome runt, though, to be sure, and he spins a good yarn. He can just about handle that oversized knife he wears, but it seems that Varlak mostly keeps him around to haggle with people who're hiring you. He's got the way of a peddler to him when he needs it.