

Torvel Darvassa (Male NG Human Ftr3)

STR 16 INT 10 WIS 12 DEX 15 CON 16 CHA 8

HP 35

Initiative +2

Speed 20ft.

AC 19 (+2 Dex, +6 Banded Mail, +1 Small Spiked Steel Shield)

Fortitude +6, Reflex +3, Will +2

Combat Maneuver Bonus +6

Combat Maneuver Defence 18

Masterwork Longsword d8+3 at +7 or

Longsword d8+3 at +5 & Shield Bash d6+2 at +4 or

Dagger d4+3 at +5

Feats & Powers

Power Attack, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Improved Shield Bash, Two-Weapon Fighting, Bravery 1 (+1 Will vs Fear effects), Armour Training 1

Skills

Knowledge (Dungeoneering) +6, Survival +7, Stealth -4, Perception +4



You are Torvel Darvassa, itinerant mercenary, and somewhat down on your luck just now. This unusually-named inn, the Battle's End, is providing the first warm shelter you've had in two weeks on the journey south from snow-bound Ymir to Elend. Your gold (what's left of it) was running out before you decided not to winter in the 'land of ice', and the only consolation you can gain from the miserable travelling conditions in the high passes is that at least there was no way of spending any more of it.

But this village isn't so bad. It sits in a small vale surrounded by marshland and lush woods, and frankly anyone taking the trails snaking through the ridgelines above the valley could miss it easily as not. No more than forty or fifty souls reside here at your best guess, with apothecaries aplenty (presumably due to the proximity of the marshes and the herbs available there) dotting what passes for the main thoroughfare.

As is always the case with these small hamlets, it is the village Inn which dominates the small collection of dwellings. And on this bitterly cold night, there are more than a few travellers and locals mixing freely inside the smoky but wonderfully warm common room.

A dwarf sits by him (or is it her?) self in one corner, practically exuding an aura of wanting to be left alone. It didn't stop the Monk who just tried to strike up a conversation and was gruffly rebuffed, but then he has been circulating through the entire room looking to preach the virtues of Erastil. He tried you earlier, but you aren't overly interested in turning from the faith of the mighty Iornedae. Erastil is far too... touchy-feely for you.

A half-elf sits in the centre of the room, singing a melancholy, haunting tune requested by one of the other travellers, a rather fierce-eyed young woman who seems to be rather fixated on his handsome countenance. 'The Arms Of My Father' is an old ballad about an ordinary but heroic man who dies fighting off an Orcish incursion in order to give his family time to escape the destruction. It is popular down on the Elendish plains, but you are surprised it has made it this far north.

An equally fierce-eyed Halfling is sat nearby the young woman, nodding in appreciation. It normally makes you have to suppress a small giggle when you see one of the little folk dressed in such finery, albeit made slightly ragged by the rigours of the trail. But this Halfling certainly looks like he suits the fine robes rather well, and has already managed to attract the attention of the buxom innkeeper's daughter, who is dividing her attention between him and the half-elf. You aren't sure which one the innkeeper himself, a stereotypical bearded leviathan with a dirty cloth over his shoulder, is more bothered about.

To complete the set of nonhumans, there is even a Gnome sat by the door, feet up on a stool, taking his ease and smoking a pipe. You can't see much of his face, but the traditional Gnomish nose is protruding firmly from within his hood.

There are also a pair of peddlers here, seemingly on familiar terms with the locals. They came in with a pair of guards, but they were sent upstairs some time ago, presumably to guard the peddlers' valuables. You feel for them, not even being able to enjoy the pleasant warmth of the common room tonight. You've done that kind of work before, and it can be beyond tedious.

The door opens, and a blast of cold air follows it in. The Gnome's pipesmoke billows abruptly to the side with it, and he glances over to see a hooded figure stalk into the room, making straight to the bar and the innkeeper. He seems unaware of the hostile glances he is receiving for the simple mistake of not having shut the door...the Gnome nudges the portal closed with his boot and gets a few nods of gratitude in response.

Negotiations between the new arrival and the innkeeper seem swift, and he quickly disappears upstairs with a room key. The innkeeper's daughter attempts a little sashay with her ample cleavage as he brushes past, but he seems utterly uninterested. A pity she hasn't favoured you with her charms yet, but you are aware that your scarred visage often puts women off. Can't really blame them, you are very aware that you aren't exactly what you'd call...pretty.

You sigh. The half-elf plays on. Just another night on the road...