

Appendix V: Characters



General Dueté Aelfsong

NG Female Elf, Fighter 9 / Wizard (Diviner) 1

Sister-in-law of the Empress.
Commander-General of the Imperial army.
Defender of the South.



Sir Fei, Commander of the Paladin

LG Female Human, Paladin 9

Personal champion of the Empress.
Commander of the holy Paladins.
Defender of the West.



Count Lufu Aelfsong

NG Male Half-elf, Cleric 8 / Barbarian 2

Husband of the Empress.
Holy chosen of God.
Defender of the East.



Prince Poer Imperare

LN Male Human, Wizard (Conjurer) 9 / Aristocrat 1

Uncle of the Empress.
Crown prince and heir to the Empire.
Defender of the North.



Duke Vindicare, Martyn Imperare

NG Male Half-elf, Rogue 5 / Fighter 4

Cousin of the Empress.
Youngest of the Defenders.
Defender of the Norwest.



Fortress: Character Tracking

Character	Player Name	
General Dueté Aelfsong		
Sir Fei, Commander of the Paladin		
Count Lufu Aelfsong		
Prince Poer Imperare		
Duke Vindicare, Martyn Imperare		

Play Notes

Part I

Date	year	month	day	Time	hour	minute
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Game master						
Notes						

Part II

Date	year	month	day	Time	hour	minute
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Game master						
Notes						

General Dueté Aelfsong



NG Female Elf, Fighter 9 / Wizard (Diviner) 1

Sister-in-law of the Empress.
Commander-General of the Imperial army.
Defender of the South.

Spells

<u>0-level</u>	DC 12	Prepared (3+1)	<u>1st level</u>	DC 13	Prepared (2+1)
Resistance			Comprehend Languages *		
Acid Splash			Endure Elements		
Detect Poison *			Erase		
Detect Magic *		○	Feather Fall		○
Read Magic *			True Strike *		○○
Daze					
Dancing Lights		○			
Flare					
Light					
Ray of Frost					
Ghost Sound					
Mage Hand					
Mending					
Message		○			
Open/Close					
Arcane Mark		○			
Prestidigitation					

* Divination (bonus spell school)

Background – Dueté

Age: 39 (born 494)	Height: average	Eyes: gold
Gender: Female	Weight: fit	Hair: black

History

As a youth you had a talent for divination and an ability to interpret signs, such as the time you saw an owl flying in the daylight and knew that a predator was stalking your elven tree-village, or when you woke one morning to find three dead spiders in a triangle and knew the well water had become tainted.

An elf noble in your own right, you first journeyed to the Empire when your five year old brother, Lufu, was fostered into the care of the royal family and you were sent to watch over him. Once there you joined the Imperial Guard where you made your mark as an expert in military tactics, mostly relying on your keen intuition; in fact you so impressed your mentor (the General-Commander at the time) that he gifted you with his magical armor upon retirement.

Under Emperor Callan II your leadership skills saw you eventually rise to the head of the Imperial Guard, a position you retained during Callan III's brief rule. You have vowed to serve the Empire faithfully and know you cannot be wrong due to the Emperor's Crown. This magical crown glows a bright colour when on the head of the rightful Emperor (it is a dull black otherwise). It also turns a pale colour when worn by another of the royal line, but claimants are not allowed to wear the crown until the day of coronation, and so only those who are sure of their heritage ever try.

You were friends with the young Empress-in-waiting (who was by now courting your younger brother, Lufu), but your admiration was one of loyalty to the Empire. When Empress Femina ascended the throne in Year 526 she promoted you to General-Commander of the entire army. Your successor as head of the Imperial Guard was a good friend, Captain Onur.

War

In late Year 527 you were pleased to find that your brother Lufu, whom you had always looked after, had become engaged to the new Empress. A few years earlier you had also gotten married to a wonderful husband, the gnome court magician Magos.

It was during the engagement celebrations that rumours first began of a shadow falling across the Empire. You knew that an inquisitor had been sent to investigate, but were surprised when news reached the capital of the death of both Duchess Celine Vindicare and her husband Braxos, ruler of the lands to the south-west where the rumours were strongest, and then Lady Pedo, the inquisitor.

You were summoned to the young Empress to discuss the situation. She was clearly fearful of the worst, and wanted to raise the armies immediately to address the situation. Analysing the situation you felt that something did not seem right about the situation, but you could not put your finger on it.

You argued with the Empress that it was too soon to take such drastic action, but she insisted. You had a decision to make, follow the Empress's command or follow your own intuition – of course duty comes before any personal indulgence, and so you acquiesced.

It seems something had gone wrong with your talent, or perhaps it never truly existed, for it seems that you were wrong – there was an evil waiting for you in the outlying Empire, and you have been fighting it ever since and since that day you have never relied upon your intuition alone.

Your armies were the greatest – eight defenders, co-ordinated by the Empress through magical means, and initially you did well. Through communication from the Empress, via her crystal ball, you learnt your brother (sent to one of the quieter areas) seemed to be doing well.

On the other hand things were not going so well with Magos. You were lonely without him, and wrote many letters (contact via the Empress was limited to military matters), but received no replies and he seemed to be avoiding you. You then learnt though that he was seeing another woman and were furious. You rationally thought this out and start to plan how you could kill Magos for his infidelity without harming the Empire (always your first concern).

You never got the chance to carry out your plans, however you have had a hatred of men ever since, especially those that are not loyal to their wives. Once you caught one of your (married) captains raping a prisoner; you had him tried and executed, even though he was one of your best in the field. You never heard much more from Magos, and it seems that he got just what he deserved for he has not returned and must have been defeated by the enemy.

Sometimes you wish the war had never started.

Current Situation

Over several long years the tide of the war turned, and you eventually found yourself ordered to make a defensive withdrawal. During this you joined forces with the Lord Othere and the young Duke Martyn Vindicare. He has turned out extremely capable for one so young (he would make a good Emperor, and is next in line if anything happens to Poer), although some of the correspondence he was receiving (mistakenly delivered to you) was quite strange – something about “lay – cove boned but bing – Empress got the cramp word” and signed “P.P.”.

When you reached the fortress you found your retreat cut off and your armies in danger of being flanked and destroyed. It was only through the efforts of Lord Othere and his dwarven warriors that you were able to break through to the fortress. Alas, Lord Othere lost his life in this last stand – you wish you could have taken his place, but in war all must take whatever comes their way.

It is just after midday, and you have just ridden through the gates, weary from fighting most of the way, the last group to arrive. Although the gates have only just closed behind you, you are already working out what to do next – as Commander-General you must find Captain Onur and take charge of the military situation and defense of the fortress. You barely have time to order a report on the remaining forces before the Empress summons you and Martyn to her.

Something is wrong, as there are physicians outside her chamber and it appears the Empress is extremely ill. A few of the other Defenders have also arrived. Poer Imperare is there, the next in line (although you have heard rumours that the Empress has had a child – with Lufu – if these rumours turn out to be true then this child will be the rightful heir). Lufu has also survived, and it is wonderful to see your younger brother again after so many years, as has Sir Fei, the Knight Commander of the Paladin (your peer on the religious side).

Now all that is left to do is save the Empire that you have devoted your life to.

Character – General Dueté Aelfsong

Class: Fighter 9 / Wizard (Diviner) 1
 Alignment: Neutral Good

Race: Elf
 Size: Medium

Ability scores

STR	Strength	16	+3	INT	Intelligence	14	+2
DEX	Dexterity	16	+3	WIS	Wisdom	10	+0
CON	Constitution	14	+2	CHA	Charisma	10	+0

Traits

HP hit points 74 wounds:
 AC armor class 20 touch 13 flat-footed 17
 (Dex +3, armor +5, armor enhancement +2)
 Initiative +3 (Dex +3)
 Speed 20 ft.

Saving throws

Fortitude +10 (class +6, Con +2, resistance +2)
 Reflex +8 (class +3, Dex +3, resistance +2)
 Willpower +7 (class +5)

Base attack bonus +9 / +4 Grapple +9

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Critical	
<i>Longspear of frost</i> +1	+14 / +9	1d8+5 +1d6 cold	20/x2	reach
MW Composite longbow	+13 / +8	1d8+3	20/x3	
Flaming arrow +1	+13 / +8	1d8+4 +1d6 fire	20/x3	
Battleaxe, adamantine (2h)	+13 / +8	1d8+4	20/x3	ignore DR

Skills	Key	Ranks	Modifier
Bluff	CHA		+2
Climb	STR	3	+3
Concentration	CON	2	+4
Diplomacy	CHA	4	+8
Hide	DEX		+0
Intimidate	CHA	7	+9
Jump	STR	3	+0
Know. (Arcana)	INT	1	+3
Know. (Engineer)	INT	5	+7
Know. (History)	INT	5	+7
Know. (Nobility)	INT	5	+7
Listen	WIS		+2
Move Silently	DEX		+0
Ride	DEX	7	+10
Search	INT		+6
Sense Motive	WIS		+0
Spellcraft	INT	2	+4
Spot	WIS		+2

Special abilities

Summon Familiar

Banned schools: Necromancy

Feats

Simple Weapons

Armor Proficiency (all)

Scribe Scroll

Mounted Combat

Combat Expertise

Improved Disarm

Combat Reflexes

Martial Weapons

Shield Proficiency

Dodge

Mobility

Spring Attack

Whirlwind Attack

Weapon focus: Longspear

Languages

Common, Elf, Dwarven, Ancient

Protective Item

Breastplate of command +2

AC Bonus

+7

Type

Med

Max Dex

+3

Penalty

-3

Arcane failure

25%

Magic items

Neck *amulet of health* +2

Body *breastplate of command* +2

Shoulders *cloak of resistance* +2

Longspear of frost +1

Arrow of flaming +2 (x5)

Javelin of lightning – becomes a 5d6 *lightning bolt* when thrown (Reflex DC 14 half).

Silversheen

Restorative ointment – five applications, heals 1d8+5, removes disease, or neutralises poison

Other possessions

Battleaxe, adamantine

Masterwork composite longbow, mighty Str 16.

Ring (family seal)

Locket with picture of husband (Magos)

Dagger

Light warhorse & tack

Sir Fei, Commander of the Paladin



LG Female Human, Paladin 9

Personal champion of the Empress.
Commander of the holy paladins.
Defender of the West.

Spells

1st level

DC 12

Prepared (2)

Bless Weapon

Divine Favor

Background – Fei

Age: 24 (born 508)	Height: tall	Eyes: crystal blue
Gender: Female	Weight: athletic	Hair: light brown

History

You were originally born to a rich merchant family, but when you were a youth your family got into trouble. Your parents refused to pay “protection” money to the thieves guild, despite the violent threats, and in return the Thieves Guild ruined them. Your family fortune was destroyed through theft and sabotage, and your parents reduced to poor peasants.

You grew to hate all members of that accursed organisation, and so you decided to join the Paladin, defenders of justice and all that is right. Throughout your training you imagined the practice dummies you attacked were common thieves, and when you took their head off it was the head of the Ruler of the Thieves Guild.

Your devotion to God was quickly recognised, and you moved up the ranks of the Paladin, eventually being appointed to the royal court. As God’s representatives on earth all the Paladin owe allegiance to the Empire, however you also developed a friendship with the young Empress.

You came to her notice when, as a first time contestant, you won the tourney held in celebration of her coronation. She was quite surprised when you removed your helmet to receive the winners garland and she saw you were another young woman, but a year older than her.

She invited you to stay and talk, and you impressed her so much with your devotion that she proclaimed you her personal champion that very afternoon! You ended up becoming good friends and over the next two years you gained both faith and trust in her as a just and fair ruler.

You spent a lot of time with Empress Femina, or when duties often called her away, her handsome fiancé Lufu, as well as others such as her young uncle Poer (slightly older than the rest of you – although no one really like him much anyway, he was always nasty) and her cousin, Martyn.

At this time you also met Dueté Aelfsong, Lufu’s sister and captain of the Imperial Guard, an equivalent position to yourself on the secular side. Shortly after that Dueté was promoted to Command-General of the entire army – you never really got on with her successor, Captain Onur, who, although honourable, was not very religious.

War

For you, even a single soul tempted to darkness is failure, and so when you heard rumours of a growing evil in the outlying Empire you requested to the Empress that they be investigated, despite the slim evidence. It is lucky that you did, for they turned out to be true, leading to war!

It was on the eve of war that you committed your greatest sin – a secret guilt that you have carried with you throughout these days of war. It is said that the more virtuous one is, the easier it is to sin; you merely regard it as failure.

The Empress married Lufu Aelfsong the day you left to fight. You had spent the night before in celebration, and so found yourself wandering the gardens with the Empress’s betrothed. Lust overcame you before you realised what was happening, and Lufu responded with passion. Afterwards, your naked bodies entwined in the grass, your sword glowing softly beside you, you realised what you had done, and so grabbed your belongings and fled.

You spent the rest of the night in the cathedral, not quite understanding what had happened. You could not bear to face either Lufu or the Empress, and so took your forces and left immediately. Your host was the smallest of the armies, but little could stand before its tide of gleaming silver.

Coordinated by the Empress via magic your campaign began well, however as it progressed you realised that you were with child. You took leave of your forces to return to secretly return to the capital. Unfortunately you ran into the young Duke Martyn Vindicare and could not refuse his hospitality. Luckily he seemed to be bursting with youthful energy and noticed nothing wrong.

To have your child you returned to the village near the capital where you were born. It was a beautiful baby, with Lufu's features, and your crystal blue eyes, and it sorrowed you to leave her. However the war required your effort, you had to return to the front, and so you left your daughter with your own old parents.

The war was as hard as always. You avoided contact with the others, especially Lufu, only communicating through the Empress and her crystal ball. You deeply regretted what you had done and in a moment of great religiousness renounced your love for him and proclaimed that from that point on you would only ever love God.

You have been allowed to keep your paladin abilities. You have still been punished, however, as God is just as well as merciful, and you can no longer take part in his rituals with others. Your ceremonies are done alone, for taking part in any religious ceremony, no matter whether routine daily service or special services (such as the many funerals for your fallen comrades), with others fills you with unbearable pain and nausea; such is your penance.

Sometimes you wish the war had never started.

Current Situation

After many years of fighting, less and less Knights remain standing. You prayed to God for help, but still you were defeated. There seemed no way to stop the advancing tide and slowly you were driven back to the Fortress itself.

You arrived but a few hours ago. Only a handful of Knights remain, have you failed God, or is God working in ways you cannot understand? You have not seen Lufu yet, but rumour is that he arrived this morning with a small remaining force. Poer has also arrived, but he came in alone and exhausted last night, saved only by his magic. You had heard that he won his battle at any cost, but did not expect him to desert his troops.

Dueté and Vindicare joined forces, and have only just now fled into the Fortress. The Empress has called a council of the remaining Defenders; oh, you have not seen your friends for so long.

You must pray to God for deliverance from what looks like certain defeat, and you must trust in your Empress to save you all.

Special abilities

Aura of good
Divine grace
Aura of courage
Turn undead 6 / day
Remove disease 2/week

Detect evil
Lay on hands 27 hp / day
Divine health
Special mount
Smite evil 2/day: +3 attack, +9 damage

Feats

Simple Weapons
Armor Proficiency (all)
Power attack
Improved Bull Rush
Improved Sunder

Martial Weapons
Shield Proficiency
Mounted combat
Endurance

Languages

Common

Protective Item

	AC Bonus	Type	Max Dex	Penalty
<i>Full plate</i> +1	+9	Heavy	+1	-5
<i>Heavy steel shield</i> +1	+3			-1

Magic items

Body *full plate* +1
Hands *gauntlets of Strength* +2

Sun blade +1 - +2 vs evil, special *sunlight* power once / day
Heavy steel shield +1, *spell resistance* 13

Other possessions

Lance, MW
Dagger
Warhammer, Cold Iron, MW
Holy water (x2)
Holy symbol

White charger warhorse (paladin's companion)

Count Lufu Aelzsong



NG Male Half-elf, Cleric 8 / Barbarian 2

Husband of the Empress.
Holy chosen of God.
Defender of the East.

Spells

0-level DC 13

Detect Magic

Detect Poison

Light

Mending

Purify Food and Drink

Read Magic

Prepared (6)

1st level DC 14

Bless

Divine Favor

Protection from Evil

Remove Fear

Shield of Faith

Prepared (5)

Domain (1)

Entropic Shield

Longstrider

2nd level DC 15

Bear's Endurance

Hold Person

Sound Burst

Status

Prepared (4)

3rd level DC 16

Dispelling Magic

Magic Vestment

Prayer

Remove Disease

Prepared (4)

Domain (1)

Gust of Wind

Locate Object

Call Lightning

Fly

4th level DC 17

Divine Power

Sending

Prepared (2)

Domain (1)

Sleet Storm

Dimension Door



Background – Lufu

Age: 22 (born 510)	Height: average	Eyes: pale green
Gender: Male	Weight: fit	Hair: blonde, wild

History

The beautiful husband of the Empress. Wild shoulder length blonde hair, green eyes, and a well looked after body. One does not require a church to serve God, individual worship is highly regarded, and you are one of the chosen, whose strength of worship alone allows them to channel the power of God.

You have dedicated your life to God, although you follow no set commandments or rituals (although you know most of them). You have a deep respect for nature and strive to be good through deeds, not merely words and ceremonies.

As a young child you left your elven forest homeland and were fostered, in the care of your elder sister, Dueté, to the royal household. You grew up alongside the other nobles such as Femina (the beautiful royal heir), Poer (a bit of a bully) and their cousin Martyn (young and rash) under the watchful eye of Miss Ann, the royal nanny. As you grew older, you realised the friendship between you and Femina Imperare was something more; you had fallen in love with each other.

Femina, a year older than you, took the throne at age seventeen, and two years later, the day after your eighteenth birthday you become engaged to each other. The celebration was a joyous one, as your childhood group of friends were now becoming responsible noblemen.

War

The time was marred however, and not only by reports of a growing evil.

First there were the deaths. Originally Femina wanted you to act as inquisitor, and it is luck you did not take that job, for poor Lady Pedro was killed. Part of your decision was because you could not bear to be away from the one you loved, although you were no longer sure of who that was, and that was the problem.

You had been having strange dreams as your marriage came closer, but could never remember them in the morning. However, the night before your wedding day (and two days before the armies were due to leave) you can remember most clearly:

In what you thought was a dream found you walking in the gardens with the Paladin Fei, your future wife's personal champion and friend. As you walked in silence you became enraptured by her beauty and realised that you had been having fantasies about Fei for a long time. Slowly you began to touch each other, and then you found yourself naked in the grass, making love together.

Awakening the next morning you were surprised at the clarity of your supposed dream and were determined to seek out and confess your love to Fei. However you found that the paladin had already taken her forces and left the capital. This could only mean one thing – last night had not been a dream.

You wept in love for a while, your big sister comforting you (mistaking who you wept for). For today was your wedding day! Your sister, Dueté, has always looked after you, but you needed something more and so spent the day in the cathedral alone. No God came to you, but you realised that something as wonderful as love could never be evil, and so you were married.

Of course you still loved Femina. The wedding was wonderful, if hurried, and you only got to spend the one night – your wedding night – with each other before you had to leave on campaign.

Your initial campaign was a blur of activity; invigorated by love you quickly defeated the enemy that you can across. Although your beloved Empress maintained contact with the forces through magical means, she had to mostly stick to military matters (most contact was made whilst you were in planning sessions with your captains). You have also attempted to meet up with Sir Fei's forces several times but always seemed to just miss her. Still you were never lonely for you always had the memories of your loved ones.

The Empress did provide regular news of how the other forces were doing. To the north Prince's Deth and Poer had joined forces to fight a large battle. Poer won, but at the cost of Deth, who was killed by an assassin. You also learned that Duke Martyn Vindicare was doing better than expected (he had always seemed a little rash), although he did send you a strange message saying "Nordy wants juk rum, so we charge him ten" signed "P.P." and asking if you knew what it meant – strange boy. No word had been heard from Magos for some time, your brother-in-law (Dueté's husband) who had gone south, in a long time.

Eventually the war began to turn sour. Your memories also began to fade, you had not seen any of the other Defenders for such a long time. You began to make a cautious withdrawal towards the capital; the enemy chose that moment to make a determined push forward. The push became a rout, and you found yourself forced to retreat.

Sometimes you wish the war had never started.

Current situation

More and more reports of defeat came in and you eventually arrived at the Fortress in the early morning. You seemed to have spent all day seeking audience with your wife, being frustrated by officials, and find it extremely strange that she has not greeted you; all you have found is a locket waiting on your pillow with a painting of a girl child with blonde hair and bright crystal blue eyes.

Your older uncle-in-law, Prince Poer, apparently arrived last night by magic, wounded, exhausted and alone, and has spent the time recuperating.

Eventually, just after lunch, you receive word to attend to the Empress, you also learn that Sir Fei arrived a hour or two ago and that your sister, Dueté, and Duke Martyn Vindicare have just got out of the saddle. No others have returned.

You have not seen your loved ones in such a long time and you just want to hold them once again – either of them – Femina or Fei, it does not matter which. You want someone to comfort you at night; you would do anything for love.

Your heart begins to beat quicker as you anticipate being reunited with the two women you cherish and you feel that if anything will get you all through this dire situation it will be love.

Character – Count Lufu Aelfsong

Class: Cleric 8 / Barbarian 2
 Alignment: Neutral Good

Race: Half-elf
 Size: Medium

Ability scores

STR	Strength	12	+1	INT	Intelligence	12	+1
DEX	Dexterity	14	+2	WIS	Wisdom	16	+3
CON	Constitution	10	+0	CHA	Charisma	14	+2

Traits

HP hit points 53 wounds:
 AC armor class 23 touch 13 flat-footed 21
 (Dex +2, armor +6, shield +3, natural +1, deflection +1)
 Initiative +2 (Dex +2)
 Speed 30 ft. (base speed 40 ft.)

Saving throws

Fortitude +11 (class +9, Con +0, feat +2)
 Reflex +6 (class +2, Dex +2, feat +2)
 Willpower +11 (class +6, Will +3, feat +2)

Base attack bonus +8 / +3 Grapple +9

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Critical
<i>Light mace</i> +2	+11 / +6	1d6+3	20/x2
Longsword, MW	+10 / +5	1d8+1	19-20/x2
Composite Longbow, MW	+11 / +6	1d8+1	20/x3

Skills	Key	Ranks	Modifier
Balance	DEX		+2
Bluff	CHA		+2
Concentration	CON	4	+4
Diplomacy	CHA	6	+10
Handle Animal	CHA	2	+4
Hide	DEX		+2
Know. (History)	INT	5	+6
Know. (Nature)	INT	5	+6
Know. (Religion)	INT	5	+6
Listen	WIS	2	+6
Move Silently	DEX		+2
Ride	DEX	2	+4
Search	INT		+2
Spellcraft	INT	3	+4
Survival	WIS	4	+7

Special abilities

Fast movement
Uncanny dodge (retain Dex)
Domains: Storm – Electricity resistance/5
Travel – Freedom of movement total time per day of 1 round per level
Rage 1/day
Turn undead

Feats

Simple Weapons
Armor Proficiency (all)
Eschew materials
Lightning reflexes
Martial Weapons
Shield Proficiency
Iron will
Great fortitude

Languages

Common, Elf

Protective Item	AC Bonus	Type	Max Dex	Penalty
Breastplate +1	+6	Med	+3	-3
Large wooden shield +1	+3			-1
Amulet of natural armor +1	+1			
Ring of protection +1	+1			

Magic items

Head *circlet of blasting, minor*
Neck *amulet of natural armor +1*
Body *breastplate +1*
Ring *ring of protection +1*

Rod of thunder and lightning – Can be used as a *light mace +2*.

- Thunder: free action 1/day, strikes as *light mace +3*, Fort DC 16 or stunned
- Lightning: free action 1/day, extra 2d6 electrical damage if good enough for touch attack
- Thunderclap: standard action 1/day, as *shout* spell (Fort DC 16 partial, 2d6 sonic damage, target deafened 2d6 rounds)
- Lightning stroke: standard action 1/day, 5 ft. wide, 200 ft long lightning bolt, 9d6 electrical damage, Reflex DC 16 half.
- Thunder and lightning: standard action 1/week, combine thunderclap (all within 10 ft of stroke) and lightning stroke (count 1's or 2's as 3's), single Reflex DC 16 save.

Potion of neutralize poison

Large wooden shield +1

Dust of dryness

Other possessions

Brown hooded robe
Holy Symbol
Holy Water x2
Masterwork Composite Longbow, Mighty 12 Str
Masterwork Longsword
Dagger
Light warhorse

Prince Doer Imperare



LN Male Human, Wizard (Conjurer) 9 / Aristocrat 1

Uncle of the Empress.
Crown prince and heir to the Empire.
Defender of the North.

Spells

The first page of your spellbook is protected by a *sepia snake sigil* (instead of containing a real spell). The book is also almost full, and only has 4 pages left.

<u>0-level</u>	DC 16	Prepared (4+1)	<u>1st level</u>	DC 17	Prepared (6+1)
Acid Splash *		○	Mage Armor *		○
Detect Poison		○	True Strike		○
Detect Magic		○	Unseen Servant		○
Read Magic		○	Magic Missile ^		○
Daze			Charm Person		○
Dancing Lights ^			Ray of Enfeeblement		
Flare ^			Identify		
Light ^		○	Sleep ^		○
Ray of Frost ^			Shocking Grasp ^		○
Ghost Sound					
Disrupt Undead					
Touch of Fatigue					
Arcane Mark					
Prestidigitation					
<u>2nd level</u>	DC 18	Prepared (6+1)	<u>3rd level</u>	DC 19	Prepared (4+1)
Detect Thoughts		○	Clairaudience/Clairvoyance		○
Melf's Acid Arrow *		○	Fireball ^		○
Scare		○	Rage		
Web *		○	Sepia Snake Sigil *		
Invisibility		○	Suggestion		○
Scorching Ray ^		○○	Stinking Cloud *		○
			Sleet Storm *		○
<u>4th level</u>	DC 20	Prepared (3+1)	<u>5th level</u>	DC 21	Prepared (2+1)
Hallucinatory Terrain			Teleport *		○
Ice Storm ^		○	Cloudkill *		○○
Wall of Fire ^		○	Mirage Arcana		
Animate Dead					
Evards Black Tentacles *		○			
Dimension Door *		○			

* Conjunction spell (+1 DC, bonus spell school)

^ Evocation spell (+1 DC)

Background – Poer

Age: 25 (born 506)	Height: average	Eyes: grey
Gender: Male	Weight: slightly overweight	Hair: shaved (auburn)

History

You weren't born to be a Prince, you were born to be Emperor! You have always been more intelligent than others, the other children were always so jealous of you. Despite their attitude towards you (because you were better) you vowed never to be like them, and to put your talents to work for the forces of good.

As a child you remember exploring the dungeons of the Fortress with your nephew (although only 3 years younger than you) Martyn, and finding a secret door leading to a maze, you explored this maze and managed to lose your bothersome nephew and instead find a secret chamber with a magical mirror.

When you uncovered the mirror and stood in front of it you caused a vision to appear – a vision of you wearing the crown of the Emperor, strongly glowing and striped black and yellow. From that day on you have realised it is your destiny to become Emperor.

The royal nanny, Miss Ann (who has been the royal nanny for as long as you can remember, and looked after all the children) scolded you both for playing in the dungeon and getting lost like that, but you endured it, knowing you had a special secret.

You pursued your goal wholeheartedly, seeking out evil wherever it rested and biding your time. You sought to stamp out crime, and luckily one of the highly placed thieves you captured revealed (under torture) that your cousin-in-law (Duchess Celine Vindicare) was in fact the head of the Thieve's Guild. You pursued this rumour and discovered it to in fact be true, however removal of this evil person would be quite difficult as your evidence wasn't all exactly "admissible".

War

Eventually your chance came when the Empress was deciding on whom to appoint as an Inquisitor to investigate rumours of brewing evil. You managed to get Lady Pedo (who owed you a great debt) named; with her powers as an Inquisitor she would easily be able to punish Celine Vindicare, despite the problems with trying to prove her identity.

Things went as planned, and Celine Vindicare was executed, along with her husband Braxos Imperare, however the remaining thieves rose against Lady Pedo and killed her in revenge. The young Empress mistook this as an act of war, however you could not reveal the truth without revealing your hand in it, and nothing would come of sending the armies out to check anyway.

It was lucky you had not tried to stop the Empress, for the rumours turned out to be true, and you were assaulted from all sides. You fought back, and fought back well. No matter what the cost you made sure you won every battle. Very often you had to expend your own energy, for your troops were not as loyal to the Empire as yourself, they often tried to retreat from battle, but you always sacrificed your own (magical) energy to overcome their fears and encourage them to fight onward.

You have also uncovered many spies and traitors. Once, one of your lieutenants tried to read your spellbook, but the magical sigil trap you protect it with caught him and you had him executed. In return you deployed your own network, which helped win many battles as well as provide valuable intelligence. You have even kept an eye on your fellow Defenders: you know Fei returned to the capital during the first year, after only three seasons, and you were shock at what you found in Dueté's private diary – a large number of plots by Dueté to kill her husband, Magos.

The enemy was tough, and often defeated you; despite your best efforts your men continued to let you down, and so you used even more powerful magics to empower them. Often you were forced to use underhanded means (such as ambushes and assassinations) to beat the horrid enemy – but the end justifies the means, and it was all done in the name of the Empire. Sometimes there were even innocent civilian casualties, but you knew the evil of the enemy had to be stopped.

Once you joined forces with your brother Deth to combat the enemy. As your brother was the senior he commanded the forces. You knew he could not win the battle and so you argued with him, but he insisted on trying. Of course, as you predicted, you began to lose badly, and still your brother would not relinquish control. No matter what the cost you could not betray the Empire, and so you were forced to remove your brother – it is worth the sacrifice of one life, even one of your own family, to save many.

Once you took control it was easy to make the troops win the battle. Of course you could not let your brother die an incompetent coward and so let him be buried as one who had died in battle with an assassin sent by the evil enemy.

After that event the Empress was worried (she was co-ordinating the armies from the capital, using her crystal ball for communication) and she sent additional Imperial Guards to protect you – you found them so effective in battle that you requested she send even more!

Still, sometimes you wish the war had never started.

Current situation

When the Imperial forces began to be pushed back towards the capital you refused to move, but your troops slowly retreated (and you could not fight alone). Still, you never did fully retreat, and stood in defense to the last man. Even once your last soldier was dead, the enemy was still advancing, and they would have got you as well if it wasn't for your last teleport spell. So you left (teleporting yourself back to the capital) to join the others who had already retreated to the Fortress, you can not blame them for retreating however, for not everyone can be as loyal as you.

You arrived late at night and quickly assessed the situation. You quickly found out that the Empress was extremely ill, but you could not meet her immediately as you had to spend the time resting to recover spells. You awoke just before midday and have prepared, bathed and dressed, and eaten – the first real meal you have had in a long time.

Now that you are ready, you and the remaining Defenders are summoned to the Empress: Martyn, now the new Duke Vindicare is still alive, he has survived now that he is free from the influence of his evil parents, and Lufu, the Empress's husband is also there. Sir Fei and General Dueté have also survived, two strong military commanders who will serve the Empire well.

Obviously your niece, the Empress, has been a terrible commander (like your brother) and has practically ruined your empire. Now that the enemy is together and out in the open it is time for you – provided the Empress doesn't get in the way – to use your magical might to wipe them out and save your future.

Character – Prince Poer Imperare

Class: Wizard (Conjurer) 9 / Aristocrat 1 Race: Human
 Alignment: Lawful Neutral (Lawful Evil) Size: Medium

Ability scores

STR	Strength	10	+0	INT	Intelligence	22	+6
DEX	Dexterity	12	+1	WIS	Wisdom	10	+0
CON	Constitution	12	+1	CHA	Charisma	8	-1

Traits

HP hit points 41 wounds:
 AC armor class 13 touch 13 flat-footed 12
 (Dex +1, deflection +2) – often have protection spells
 Initiative +1 (Dex +1)
 Speed 30 ft.

Saving throws

Fortitude +4 (class +3, Con +1)
 Reflex +4 (class +3, Dex +1)
 Willpower +8 (class +8)

Base attack bonus +4 Grapple +4

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Critical
Heavy mace +2	+6	1d8+2	20/x2
Longsword	+4	1d8	19-20/x2

Skills	Key	Ranks	Modifier
Bluff	CHA	8	+9
Climb	STR		+0
Concentration	CON	13	+14
Diplomacy	CHA	4	+5
Forgery	INT	4	+10
Hide	DEX		+1
Intimidate	CHA	11	+12
Jump	STR		+0
Know. (Arcana)	INT	13	+19
Know. (Dungeon)	INT	5	+11
Know. (History)	INT	3	+9
Know. (Nobility)	INT	5	+11
Know. (Planes)	INT	5	+11
Listen	WIS		+0
Move Silently	DEX		+1
Ride	DEX	2	+3
Search	INT		+6
Sense Motive	WIS	4	+4
Spellcraft	INT	13	+24
Spot	WIS		+0

Special abilities

Summon Familiar

Banned schools: Abjuration, Transmutation

Feats

Simple Weapons

Armor Proficiency (all)

Skill focus: Spellcraft

Scribe Scroll

Extend spell

Spell penetration

Martial Weapons

Shield Proficiency

Persuasive

Spell focus: Evocation

Spell focus: Conjunction

Languages

Common, Dwarven, Draconic, Infernal, Ignan, Ancient

Protective Item

Ring of protection +2

AC Bonus

+2

Type

Max Dex

Penalty

Magic items

Head *headband of intellect* +2

Neck *hand of the mage* – utilize *mage hand* at will

Shoulders *cape of the mountebank* – utilize *dimension door* once per day

Ring *ring of the ram*, 12 charges – 50 ft., 1d6 damage per charge (max 3d6), bull rush

Ring *ring of protection* +2

viper rod – Jewelled sceptre, strikes as a +2 *heavy mace*. Once per day head becomes an actual serpent for 10 minutes and deals usual damage plus poison (Fortitude DC 14 negates, 1d10 points of Constitution damage, secondary 1d10 points of Constitution damage).

Wand of *fireball* – 8 charges left

Potion of *cure serious wounds* – heals 3d8+5

Other possessions

Longsword, masterwork, jewelled

Dagger, masterwork, jewelled

Wizard's robes

Spell component pouch

Rings, jewelled

Duke Vindicare, Martyn Imperare



NG Male Half-elf, Rogue 5 / Fighter 4

Cousin of the Empress.
Youngest of the Defenders.
Defender of the Norwest.

Background – Vindicare

Age: 22 (born 511)	Height: shortish	Eyes: brown
Gender: Male	Weight: thin	Hair: brown

History

You don't remember much of your parents, only that they were always good to you. Your mother was an Elf, and taught you many special skills that you have found good use for. You have always wondered about your childhood, you remember meeting many strange and interesting people (although you don't remember their names) – you always seemed to have so many aunts and uncles (on your mother's side).

As well as time on your family estates, you also spent many holidays at the royal capital, under the watchful tutelage of Miss Ann, the royal nanny, with all the older noble children such as Lufu (another half-elf), Femina (always busy with "royal" stuff), and Poer (he used to bully you a bit, but at least he let you follow him around).

Of course you were always a little free-spirited and enjoyed exploring the fortress, especially with your uncle Poer (he was the only other one who didn't seem to mind bending a few rules). You remember once exploring the dungeons of the Fortress with him, and finding a secret door leading to a maze. Poer tried to lose you in the maze, but you practiced the skills your mother had taught you and sneaked after him.

He never even knew you were there when he discovered the secret chamber. At first you weren't sure what the large thing was that he had discovered – you could not see the front when he removed the drape. After he left, however, you took your own look and realised it was a magical mirror.

It was really cool, as the mirror showed you with glowing green and lavender swirls around your head. You are not sure what it means, but it sure was nice looking. When you returned you got quite a scolding from Miss Ann for sneaking off, but that was nothing new for you.

Life being a young noble was always so enjoyable... that was until the year the war started.

War

First your parents (Celine Vindicare and Braxos Imperare) were killed, when a messenger brought you the news it took several strong men to calm you down. Your first order was to have those responsible hunted down and killed., although you now regret that, for you want to know why it was your parents were killed. A little hot-headed you may be, but you swore to hunt down and kill all those responsible for your parent's deaths.

As the newly appointed Duke Vindicare you were made one of the Defenders despite your youth (you were only a few years younger than the others, however). You barely had time to order your estate steward to "keep business going as usual, support the Empress however you can, and notify me of anything important" before setting off for war. You had vowed to kill those responsible for your parent's death, and initially that was what you did.

You received regular orders and information from Empress Femina, who remained in the capital using her magical crystal ball to pass messages amongst the armies, and this tactic, plus your daring and cunning, led to many early victories.

Although your orders usually kept you apart from the others once, towards the end of the first year, you encountered Sir Fei by chance, returning to the capital on an urgent mission and you escorted her part of the way (although she seemed a little sick at the time and did not spend much time with you). For the rest of the war you didn't get a chance to see any of the others.

Although you were a bold leader you normally won not by direct attacks, but by ingenious ambushes and sneak attacks – you often found yourself leading a small group of select men to disrupt enemy communications and supplies. Personally leading so many raids, however, was a great risk, and once the enemy even captured you. You have always been good at sneaking around however, and so you managed to escape (the skills you had learnt as a child came in very handy).

Throughout the war you have also received infrequent messages from a mysterious stranger, somehow mixed in with official correspondence. Initially strange such as “Nordy wants juk rum, so we charge him ten” or “Bene game this season” – you even asked Lufu if he knew what the first one meant, but he didn’t – then “Falfinger got hempen fever” (you’ve never heard of hempen fever) and “East side done use up, lots of hubbub”, and more recently “Hush cove come to town, be wanting your liege – we cackle” and just a few days ago “lay – cove boned but bing – Empress got the cramp word”. All have been signed with the initials “P.P.”.

Over the years the war has begun to drag on – many of your friends have been killed, and much of your army has been destroyed. Things were not looking so good anymore. You have come to the conclusion that war is made for older people, but still you want to find those ultimately responsible for your parents death and see them punished.

Sometimes you wish the war had never started.

Current situation

Eventually you were ordered to retreat to the Fortress. You met up with General Dueté on the way in and joined forces. Lord Othere was also retreating, but valiantly lead his men to force a way through so that you and Dueté could retreat without being massacred. You eventually saw Othere fall, fighting against at least 20 of the enemy, with many more of them dead around him. It brought a tear to your eye, but you knew he had sacrificed himself to give you a chance.

Once inside you had no time to sort out your troops, you were immediately summoned to the Empress. In the few quiet moments waiting for audience you realised that you were thrust into the role of Duke at the beginning of the war and have not really had time to reflect on the responsibility you must take with the title. You suppose you must soon be arranging the business of your ducal territories and take up where your parents left off.

Dueté seemed quite cold about Lord Othere’s death, however she is a trained soldier who does not let emotion cloud her judgement. Uncle Poer (now the crown prince, or so you hear – and he can have it) is there, and you look forward to catching up. Lufu and Sir Fei have also survived, they look much more grown up that you remember.

But then where has your own youth gone? Yet you know – it has been stolen by those who killed you parents – and they will pay for that!

Character: Duke Vindicare, Martyn Imperare

Class: Rogue 5 / Fighter 4
 Alignment: Chaotic Good

Race: Half-elf
 Size: Medium

Ability scores

STR	Strength	10	+0	INT	Intelligence	12	+1
DEX	Dexterity	22	+6	WIS	Wisdom	8	-1
CON	Constitution	10	+0	CHA	Charisma	12	+1

Traits

HP	hit points	42	wounds:
AC	armor class	23	touch 17 flat-footed 17
			(Dex +6, armor +5, shield +1, deflection +1)
Initiative		+10	(Dex +6, feat +4)
Speed		30 ft.	

Saving throws

Fortitude	+5	(class +5)
Reflex	+11	(class +5, Dex +6)
Willpower	+1	(class +2, Wis -1)

Base attack bonus +7 / +2 Grapple +7

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Critical	
Rapier +1	+12 / +7	1d6+1	18-20/x2	(includes TWF -2)
plus MW silver dagger	+12 / +7	1d4-1	19-20/x2	(includes TWF -2)
Composite Shortbow, MW	+14 / +9	1d6	20 / x3	

Skills	Key	Ranks	Modifier
Bluff	CHA		+1
Climb	STR	5	+5
Diplomacy	CHA	5	+10
Disable Device	INT	12	+15
Gather Information	CHA		+3
Hide	DEX	10	+16
Jump	STR		+0
Know. (Local)	INT	5	+6
Know. (Nobility)	INT	5	+6
Listen	WIS		+0
Move Silently	DEX	10	+16
Open Lock	DEX	7	+15
Ride	DEX	5	+11
Search	INT	5	+7
Sense Motive	WIS		-1
Spot	WIS		+0
Tumble	DEX	10	+18

Special abilities

Trapfinding
Evasion
Uncanny dodge

Sneak attack +3d6
Trap sense +1

Feats

Simple Weapons
Armor Proficiency (all)
Weapon finesse
Blind-fight
Improved initiative
Nimble Fingers

Martial Weapons
Shield Proficiency
Two-weapon fighting
Two-weapon defense
Improved two-weapon fighting

Languages

Common, Elf

Protective Item	AC Bonus	Type	Max Dex	Penalty
<i>Mithral shirt</i> +1	+5	Light	+6	
<i>Ring of protection</i> +1	+1			

Magic items

Neck *brooch of shielding*
Torso *vest of escape*
Body *glamered mithral shirt* +1, *light fortification* (appears as normal clothes)
Shoulders *cloak of elvenkind*
Hands *gloves of dexterity* +2
Ring *ring of protection* +1
Feet *winged boots*

Rapier +1
Potion of protection from arrows 10/magic
Brilliant Energy Arrows +1 (x5)
Dust of speed (as potion of haste)
Potion of cure moderate wounds – heals 2d8+3

Other possessions

Masterwork silver dagger
Masterwork composite shortbow
Masterwork thieves tools
Brightly coloured clothes
Ducal seal of office
Light warhorse
