

Skarpi is the second oldest son of an influential underground family in Jofesund. Destined by Ulfric, his father and patriarch of the family, to one day replace the elderly general of the syndicate, little expense was spared where his training in fighting, leading goons and intimidation techniques was concerned. Having had a soft heart from the beginning, a trait he picked up from his mother, he poured his heart into singing and his strength into his training to banish the eyes of the extorted from his mind. He finally broke when he overheard the little children of his first victim wailing over their father's death. After drawing back into himself, he started to plan his escape, stealing his own father's weapons, armour and belt and leaving a note indicating he was going to do something about the other families' respect for his own family. He then left under the guise of the night and a magical powder he had bought from a traveling alchemist. Since Skarpi was not exactly the brightest child of his parents, his path was to be that of a goon leader - a well dressed and reasonably well spoken goon leader. His martial education was drilled into him by an elderly master of a dueling school, who was paid handsomely to teach him after hours. Skarpi wants to escape the grasp of the underworld and be a cook - sadly for him, he is still learning the trade, while having a knack for getting into trouble. He was fired from the last three taverns for his cooking, beating up a patron that had groped one of the barmaids, and a dispute with his boss which became loud (and which led to people getting scared and leaving), in that order. Having come to the bitter realization that his skills as a cook are not enough, he is trying to raise some money for going to a cooking school or at least get a proper apprenticeship by doing security work, since he does not have anything he can reasonably sell - any weapons and armor could leave a trace to be followed by his family and the magical bag is needed to store those things out of sight without arousing suspicion. Singing and telling Stories is another of Skarpi's passions, but reluctantly, he realizes that even though he is moderately talented, this profession is unlikely to win him any bread in the near future. Skarpi's most important, inherent beliefs are: The strong must protect the weak, not exploit them. Do not trust anybody. Being part of a "pack" is the essence of safety. Skarpi has some character flaws that are bound to cause problems: He has the wisdom and foresight of a young squirrel, he is allergic to bullies, he always wants to please his "pack" and he is rather bad in expressing himself verbally while being exceptionally good at intimidation which often results in people being intimidated by his mannerisms even though he just wanted to have a friendly chat and tried his hardest to convey his kindness and benevolence - such as when he tried to calm down a young boy and the poor lad could not decide between fainting and crying. Skarpi's greatest fear is for members of his family to find out that he is not dead after all - or that someone else may find out and he may be blackmailed into working for a syndicate again. This is the reason for him to travel under the name Skarpi Hafnarsson - even though his real name is Ferule Olavsson. Skarpi is a broad-shouldered man of average height. He usually walks about in an ordinary dark coat which he uses to conceal the dark gray breastplate and pair of hatchets if he anticipates problems. If at ease, he puts the gear that he stole from his father and that he fears could be recognized in his secret handy haversack. Under the armbands he always wears, his left wrist bears the brand marks of a red-hot chain - he received them as both a sign and a punishment for his past involvement in organised crime. When being in crowded places, he tends to throw up his hood to avoid being recognised. Skarpi's most recognisable possessions are his fathers gear: The breastplate, made from a dark gray metal and intricately decorated with a depiction of a dark figure triumphantly standing above a pile of bodies. On closer inspection and whenever not directly exposed to sunlight, the seams appear to bleed traces of shadow. The pair of hatchets is from white golden singing steel and decorated with motifs of suffering and pain. The broad belt is adorned with dark metal plates that bear the family seal of the Olavssons in black as well as their motto: We do not sow. Skarpi believes in all gods of the pantheon, Gerenk, the lawful good god of laws and cities, Merlena, the neutral good goddess of valour and heroes, Ili, the chaotic good goddess of art and craft, Grako, the chaotic good god of freedom and travels and Tefna, the lawful good goddess of fertility and cultivation; his worship is mostly dedicated to Grako, Merlena and Ili though. Skarpi's travelling companions are: Ingvarr, lawful good paladin of Gerenk. Ingvarr is the shining champion of an order called "Wardens of the People" that seeks to protect the common people from the capriciousness of the rich and powerful. Lyra is a chaotic neutral Druid that was sent by her coven to find a renegade sister - only to discover that the renegade had been subjected to a cruel ritual and has rightfully turned against the coven, prompting Lyra to break a mental seal and realise in full the maliciousness of her coven. Together with Sven, the giant wolf that she treats like a puppy, she defends nature and the freedom of others. Saratuya, the last member of the party, is a chaotic good member of the golden legion, which is generally tasked with the protection of the high clergy. Through her family ties into the clergy and her considerable talent, she was tasked with a mission to find a missing member of the clergy in the



country of Telior, which is the current greater quest the party is following. Of their own volition, the party currently strives to end a war between the Nosra and the Quelin, their human neighbours that was initiated and stoked by a malevolent outsider. One of Skarpi's most formative experiences in recent days was a battle with some Nosra: Due to their size and fiery nature, he had believed them to be malevolent monsters and attacked them, falling in a berserk rage - only to discover after a short battle that ended in a brutal slaughter of seven Nosra that Ingvarr, the only one who could understand the giants' speech had heard them ask to negotiate. Having thus killed unwilling combatants in his frenzy, this event remains a major source of shame for Skarpi, who must come to terms with having violated both his own principles and the articles of his faith. As a result, he has decided that he is flawed; in his belief, that Ingvarr is the embodiment of purity and good, he has vowed to only attack on Ingvarr's command not do so on his own.