

Race: Orc

Background: Smuggler

Class: Aberrant Mind Sorcerer lv 3

What came before...

Growing up an orc is a tough lot. You're often seen as a brute wherever you go and if you ever act like one, then you are marked for life. I try to dispel the myth that we're all thugs out to pummle our way through life when I can, polish up my tusks, bathe each day, new clothes when mine start to wear, but stand up work is still hard to come by! My father was an underground boxer. He beat his way to a somewhat comfortable living doing it, but he drank most of it away over time. Finally one blow too many saw him not getting back up. My mother, though not the most tender, took care of me, made sure I didn't starve at least. She got another guy, a human, and got another pregnant with my younger sister when I was 14. He ran an antiques dealership and had a thing for green-skins. He took me on and taught me how to read, mostly so I could actually help around the shop. After a while he started having me do errands for him, picking up and dropping off packages. So before I knew it I was a courier of illegal goods. He dealt in stolen artifacts and the like, some forgeries, but mostly authentic stuff.

Smuggler Claim to Fame:

I once went on a 5 year voyage to deliver a whole set of delicate, ancient set of elven porcelain dishes from Guanoglen all the way round the continent up through the Crystalbreak straight to reach some bloke, who ended up breaking half the set after I turned it over to him.

I fought off sahuagin that tried to board my ship, out-maneuvered two pirate vessels that could have turned me into swiss cheese, paid off countless port authorities, and even managed to fool Commander Rathain of the Crystalbreak Night Watch to get to him!

Things I know about the world

I'm privy to a very secret passage that leads into Fort (Something), also known as the Stubborn Old General. The largest fort southwest of Griffobrook, its geography makes it control most of the plains west of the mountain range, making it almost impossible for any army to ignore it coming from the south. It's said to be impregnable, but you know how that goes! I know a captain who is stationed there, a collector of old elven sculptures, because I don't exactly fit the demographic, and I bring along a bit of dwarven moonshine, I'm not allowed in the front gate. But thanks to Hank, I can get in and out like the wind, or at that is at least if the passage hasn't collapsed...

The incident

After several years of working for the old man I branched out into doing my own thing. I had a small smuggling ship and made a decent living. After a particularly strange person hired me for a job, an incident took place. I'd been studying a lot of artifacts over my time, and I knew some could have curses or strange effects on people, but I had never encountered one. But something strange called out to me from the cargo and for some reason all my reason failed and I was compelled to look. A strange alien artifact drew me in and even as I took it in hand my ship lurched under my feet.

The next thing I knew I was deep underwater, a large red eye glowed in the pitch black water, illuminating the tentacles writhing in the brine. I was frozen in a horrific trance staring at the eye... But then the thing in my hand began emitting a strange purplish color, growing brighter and brighter until I couldn't see anything. Consciousness was washed away by the light.

I woke up choking on water, the cold wind blowing across my back chilling me to the bone. There was sand in all my clothes... I pushed myself up to see a greycast sky over the beach, the city off in the distance. Gazing out over the ocean a second chill ran through me, fear of it raced

through me. Both my shipmates were nowhere to be seen. Taken by that thing I assume... The artifact was gone too. My head was killing. I had to get to town.

I tried to get back into the swing of my old life, but it was different. When I stared at someone I started to hear their voice, but not out loud, just in my mind. After a series of unfortunate interactions, I sought out professional help. An old crone down in the docks, a palm readin' crystal gazin' type. (Insert prophecy or some balogna here)

Family Members

Mother

Name: Vanchu

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Occupation: Shopkeep

Relationship: Hostile

Step-Father

Name: Quintilian

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Occupation: Shop owner

Relationship: Friendly

Bio-Father

Name: Bartoleme

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Occupation: Deceased

Relationship: Friendly

Younger sibling (sister)

Name: Ilga

Gender: Female

Race: Half-Orc

Alignment: Lawful evil

Occupation: Shopkeep

Relationship: Neutral

Status: Alive and well

Life Events

Current age: 29 years old

Life Event 1

You spent time working in a job related to your background. Start the game with an extra 2d6(8) gp.

A few good jobs came through without any problems.

Life Event 2

You made a friend of an adventurer. Work with your DM to add more detail to this friendly character and establish how your friendship began.

Friend

Name: Atefeh

Gender: Female

Race: Human

Alignment: Neutral good

Class: Rogue

Relationship: Friendly

Status: Alive and well

Life Event 3

You made an enemy of an adventurer. Work with your DM to determine this hostile character's identity and the danger this enemy poses to you.

Enemy

Name: Lihua

Gender: Female

Race: Human

Alignment: Neutral good

Class: Bard

Relationship: Friendly

Status: Alive and quite successful

Life Event 4

You gained a bit of good fortune. Roll on the Boons table.

Boon: You once performed a service for a local temple. The next time you visit the temple, you can receive healing up to your hit point maximum.