





STR			RFX			INT			CHA		
Endurance	-1	3d6	Perception	2	6d6	Knowledge	0	4d6	Intimidation	0	3d6
Lift	0	3d6	Stealth	1	5d6	Will	1	5d6	Persuasion	0	3d6

Vocations and Vocational Skills:

Rogue	RFX, INT	2	7d6	-
Pickpocketing	RFX, INT	2	7d6	-
Lockpicking	RFX, INT	2	7d6	-
Infiltration Knowledge	INT	2	6d6	-
Close Melee	STR, RFX, INT	1	6d6	-
Medium Melee	STR, RFX, INT	2	7d6	-
Large Melee	STR, RFX, INT	1	6d6	-
Add Skill				

Brightkin	STR, RFX, INT, CHA	2	7d6	-
Radiance	STR, RFX, INT, CHA	1	6d6	-
Blessing	STR, RFX, INT, CHA	0	5d6	-
Add Skill				
Add Vocation				

Containers and Items:

Equipment: Current Weight: 31.72/Unlimited				
Name	#	Effects	LB	Value
Mother's Necklace	1		0.1	? -
Viridian Medallion Talisman	1	Minorly Enhanced Endurance	0.2	? -
Clothes, Fine	1		6	15 bc -
Add Item				

Name	#	Effects	LB	Value	
Gambeson Armor	1	Gambeson Armor Defense	8	5 bc	-
Leather Armor	1	Leather Armor Defense	12	10 bc	-
Asher's Arms Arming Sword	1	Dual-wielded Pierce Medium Melee +1, Dual-wielded Slash Medium Melee +1, One-handed Pierce Medium Melee +1, One-handed Slash Medium Melee +1	2	?	-
Asher's Arms Bollock Dagger	1	Dual-wielded Pierce Close Melee +1, Dual-wielded Slash Close Melee +1, Dual-wielded Thrown Pierce Close Melee +1, One-handed Pierce Close Melee +1, One-handed Slash Close Melee +1, One-handed Thrown Pierce Close Melee +1, Resource Pool: Thrown Pierce Close Melee +1	1	10 bc	-
Satchel	1	12 lb container	2	1 bc	-
					▼

Satchel - 12 lb container:  
Current Weight: 0.42/12

Name	#	Effects	LB	Value	
Bronze Coin	21		0.02	1 bc	-
Add Item					▼

Combat Rolls:

Radiance

1 Ichor

Radiance Balanced Hand Crossbow

Variation	Dice Pool	Penetration	Ranges	Damage Types	Uses Per Round	Area Of Effects
-----------	-----------	-------------	--------	--------------	----------------	-----------------

Asher's Arms Arming Sword

None

Pierce Medium Melee

Variation	Dice Pool	Penetration	Ranges	Damage Types	Uses Per Round	Area Of Effects
Dual-wielded	1d8, 8d6	2	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Pierce	3.5	
One-handed	1d8, 7d6	2	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Pierce	3.5	

Slash Medium Melee

Variation	Dice Pool	Penetration	Ranges	Damage Types	Uses Per Round	Area Of Effects
Dual-wielded	2d8, 7d6	1	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Slash	3.5	
One-handed	2d8, 6d6	1	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Slash	3.5	

Asher's Arms Bollock Dagger

None

Pierce Close Melee

Variation	Dice Pool	Penetration	Ranges	Damage Types	Uses Per Round	Area Of Effects
Dual-wielded	1d8, 6d6	1	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Pierce	3	
One-handed	1d8, 5d6	1	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Pierce	3	

Slash Close Melee



Variation	Dice Pool	Penetration	Ranges	Damage Types	Uses Per Round	Area Of Effects
Dual-wielded	2d8, 5d6	0	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Slash	3	
One-handed	2d8, 4d6	0	Melee: 0 - 5 ft	Slash	3	

2 Thrown Pierce Close Melee +1



Thrown Pierce Close Melee



Variation	Dice Pool	Penetration	Ranges	Damage Types	Uses Per Round	Area Of Effects
-----------	-----------	-------------	--------	--------------	----------------	-----------------

1 Thrown Pierce Close Melee +1



Thrown Pierce Close Melee



Variation	Dice Pool	Penetration	Ranges	Damage Types	Uses Per Round	Area Of Effects
One-handed	1d8, 5d6	1	Short (Normal): 0 - 20.04 ft Short (Disadvantage): 20.04 - 40.08 ft Short (Super Disadvantage): 40.08 - 60.12 ft	Pierce	3	

Effects:

Active	Name	Description	Duration	Source
	Totaled Defense	Acid 3, Ballistic 3, Bleed 0, Bludgeon 3, Cold 0, Electric 3, Fatigue 0, Fire 3, Hew 3, Necrotic 0, Pierce 3, Poison 0, Psychic 0, Radiant 3, Shockwave 3, Silver 0, Slash 3, Spiritual 0	Defense Dependant	All Defenses
	Movement Speed: Terrestrial	Total Movement Speed: 45 ft Dexterity Movement Speed: 15 ft (+2.5 ft per Dexterity Dice) Athletics Movement Speed: 30 ft (+7.5 ft per Athletics Dice)	Indefinite	Innate
	Movement Speed: Climb	Total Movement Speed: 35 ft Dexterity Movement Speed: 15 ft (+2.5 ft per Dexterity Dice) Athletics Movement Speed: 20 ft (+5 ft per Athletics Dice)	Indefinite	Innate
	Movement Speed: Swim	Total Movement Speed: 35 ft Dexterity Movement Speed: 15 ft (+2.5 ft per Dexterity Dice) Athletics Movement Speed: 20 ft (+5 ft per Athletics Dice)	Indefinite	Innate
	Destiny Point Pool	2 /3A character can hold a max of 3 Destiny Points. Spending a "Preemptive Destiny Point" before rolling a dice pool gives Advantage on the resulting roll. Spending "Post Roll Destiny Points" adds additional Wins for each point spent, with the total Wins never exceeding the size of the dice pool. Destiny points are awarded when players perform actions that the narrator wants to encourage. Examples include showing up to the game on time, exceptional roleplay, accomplishing a narrative milestone, and doing something in line with their character's personality even if at the detriment of wealth or progress.	Given by The Narrator	Indefinite
	Destiny Resistance	"Post Roll Destiny Points" cannot be spent against this character.	Indefinite	The Narrator
	Ichor Pool	0 /16Resource Pool for Miracles.	Indefinite	Innate

Add Effect



Add Effect Group



Active	Name	Description	Duration	Source	
<div><div></div></div>	Weakness: Minor Necrotic	+1 to the level of injury received from Necrotic.	Indefinite	Innate	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Size: Medium	5x5 ft on battle map.	Indefinite	Innate	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Appearance	Age: 18  Race: Brightkin  Height: 5' 10"  Weight: ~ 170 lb  Body Type: Wiry  Hair Color: Dirty Blond  Eye Color: Blue  Additional Details: Scars along his back from being flogged.	Indefinite	Innate	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Beliefs and Morality	<div>- Believes that the world is out to get him and the lower class. - Will do anything for those he considers family. - Believes that you have to take what is yours or life will leave you empty handed. - Thinks authority is only out for those in its inner circle and not for the common man.</div>	Indefinite	Innate	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Disposition	<div>- Guarded - Blunt - Always thinks people have an angle to work (he always is working an angle on others)</div>	Indefinite	Innate	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Goals and Aspirations	<div>- To get back to Crossroads and find his friends. - To gain wealth and power. - To make a safe home for him and his friends in Crossroads. - Figure out about his heritage and his mother.</div>	Indefinite	Innate	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Language: Babelish	Can speak and write Babelish.	Indefinite	Culture	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Level	17	Indefinite	The Narrator	<div>-</div>
<div><div></div></div>	Notes		Indefinite	The Narrator	<div>-</div>
					<div></div>
					<div></div>





Active	Name	Description	Duration	Source
		<p>In the towering, vertical sprawl of Crossroads—a city built like a ladder to the heavens—where the sky was a distant luxury and the ground a forgotten myth, a boy was born into the soot-choked veins of its lowest tier. His name was Uhtred. And his cradle was the Lower Rungs—a realm of iron and ash, where sunlight fought tooth and nail to pierce the grime-cloaked alleyways, and where hope was a thing whispered about, like fairytales and gods.</p> <p>Yet even in that grim and forgotten corner, warmth had taken root. It burned bright in the form of one woman: Sara, his mother. She was a seamstress by trade, but to call her that was to name a river by the sound it made. She wove not only cloth but comfort, dreams, and dignity. Her shop—a humble nook tucked between rusting ducts and half-toppled brick—was no beacon to the passerby. The sign hung crooked, the bell barely stirred, and the window wore the fog like a shroud. But inside?</p> <p>Inside, it lived.</p> <p>Brides walked in chasing dresses and left with stories. Grizzled merchants brought tattered satchels and departed lighter of heart. Sara’s laughter floated like music between the cloth racks, and her hands stitched more than seams—they mended spirits. Her kindness was legend. And to Uhtred... that shop was a kingdom.</p> <p>To him, it was a castle with its own queen. A ship that sailed distant seas. A battlefield where he fought dragons in her name. One day he was a gallant knight, shielding her from imaginary beasts with a bent copper pipe; the next, a crownless prince curled at her feet, watching her needle dart through silk like a wand casting spells.</p> <p>To the patrons, Uhtred was the ever-curious boy with a thousand questions and a smile too wide for his face. He was trouble too—constantly rearranging the storefront into new adventures, dragging mannequins into battle formations, earning soft scoldings and hard hugs. Sara never minded. He was all she had. And she was all he needed.</p> <p>He asked once about his father. Sara had only smiled faintly and said, “He died when you were very small, but he loved us with all he had.” She never spoke of the how. And Uhtred never asked. It was enough. His world began and ended with her.</p> <p>But worlds burn.</p> <p>And his did.</p> <p>He was seven the night the brights turned their faces away.</p> <p>It had started like any other. Chores, errands, a trip to the market that ended in a minor protest from Uhtred—he had grand plans that day to turn the storefront into a dragon’s lair. But as always, her amused sigh and gentle tug pulled him from rebellion. That night, with his belly full of spiced root stew and his heart steeped in contentment, he drifted to sleep in the loft above the store.</p>		
Active	Name	Description	Duration	Source
		<p>Then came the scream.</p> <p>It was no human cry. It was a sound stripped raw of language—primal, feral, soaked in agony. It slashed through his dreams like a sword through silk.</p> <p>A crash followed.</p> <p>Then silence.</p> <p>Uhtred rose, barefoot, trembling, he crept down the wooden stairs—each step a thunderclap in his ears, each breath a war between dread and disbelief.</p> <p>At the bottom, the world stopped.</p> <p>A figure—tall as gallows, cloaked in shadow—loomed over his mother. Sara lay motionless, sprawled on her back like a fallen saint. Her arms limp. Her neck slack. Uhtred froze. Something inside him snapped taut, paralyzed him. He did not scream. He did not run. He simply melted into the shadows, too afraid to be seen, too shattered to blink.</p> <p>The figure turned away from her body. With a calculated slowness, it moved about the shop, scattering bolts of fabric across the floor. A flint was struck. Sparks. Flame. The cotton caught like dry tinder, flames unfurling across the cloth like serpents made of light.</p> <p>Uhtred could only watch. His limbs, once so eager to leap into battle for her, now hung useless and numb. Smoke thickened. The warmth of home curdled into something bitter.</p> <p>And then the stranger was gone.</p> <p>Gone, but not before lighting the funeral pyre of his life.</p> <p>When the door slammed shut behind it, Uhtred broke from his hiding place and ran to her. Dropping to his knees beside her still body, he sobbed, clutching her hand, begging her to rise.</p> <p>“Mom... please... we have to go... wake up...”</p> <p>She did not stir. Her eyes stared beyond him, glassy and wide.</p> <p>Panic clawed through his chest. He grabbed her wrist, tried to drag her, pulled with every desperate ounce of strength—but her body would not move. She was gone.</p> <p>The flames raged now. Heat blistered. The wooden beams above groaned, threatening collapse. Smoke filled his lungs, biting and sharp. He pressed his face into her chest one last time, inhaling the scent of linen, sweat, and the faint lavender perfume she favored... then staggered to his feet, clutching at the one thing that still anchored him to her:</p> <p>The necklace around his neck.</p> <p>A blue sapphire, suspended from a thin chain of old silver—gifted to him on the day he was born. His mother’s first gift. Her promise that no matter what, he would never be alone.</p> <p>It burned cold against his chest as he fled—its touch a brand of memory and mourning.</p> <p>He stumbled through the smoke, barely dodging a collapsing beam as it slammed behind him. The shop—the home—was lost to fire and ash.</p> <p>Outside, the street boiled with chaos. Neighbors shouted. Buckets were thrown. Too little. Too late.</p> <p>Uhtred did not stop. He did not look back.</p> <p>He ran until the fire was smoke, until the alleyways swallowed him, until his legs gave way and he collapsed beneath a rusted drainpipe. His chest heaved. His eyes burned. And the necklace lay clenched in his soot-smeared fist, the only thing in all the world that still carried her warmth.</p> <p>No one came. No one called his name. And so, the boy who once ruled a kingdom of cloth and laughter vanished into the underbelly of Crossroads—alone, and forgotten.</p>		
		<p>The days that followed passed like shadows—blurred, bitter, and cold.</p> <p>At first, Uhtred didn’t know how to survive. He curled into alleyway corners, pressing his back to damp stone and rusted vents, shivering in the dark. He learned the rhythm of pipes and footfalls, the scent of garbage before it rotted, and which gutters yielded scraps worth chewing. He drank from leaking steam valves. He waited for stalls to close. He stole what he could. And when that failed, he starved.</p> <p>Never sleep in the same place twice. Never steal from the same stall twice. Never trust a kind face. Those became his commandments.</p> <p>The bright-eyed boy who once danced through his mother’s shop vanished, thread by thread. His cheeks hollowed. His laughter died. He stopped asking questions. His voice grew quiet. His hands quickened. His feet learned the alleys by instinct. He no longer looked like a child. He looked like a stray—skin stretched over bone, eyes too large, teeth clenched in hunger.</p> <p>He became the rats he once chased.</p> <p>For two years, Uhtred survived like this. Barely. The city did not welcome him, but it could not quite kill him either. Then, he made a mistake. It had been days since his last proper meal. His stomach ached like a second heartbeat, pounding behind his ribs. He prowled the market just before dusk, lips cracked, eyes scanning for something—anything. That’s when he saw it. A stall of fruit pies, golden and steaming in the chill air, their crusts glistening with honey glaze. He had never hit the specialty stalls before—too risky. The merchants who manned them were sharp-eyed and quicker than they looked. But hunger made him reckless. Just one bite, he told himself. Just a corner. He reached.</p> <p>The calloused hand landed like a trap.</p> <p>“Eh?” barked the vendor, his voice rising like a thunderclap. “What do we have here?”</p> <p>Uhtred froze, his wrist clenched in a grip like iron.</p> <p>“A rat trying to nibble at my food!” the man bellowed. “GUARDS! SOMEBODY GET THE GUARDS!”</p> <p>Steel boots clattered on stone. Within moments, two guards came charging over, hands already at their belts. One seized Uhtred’s arm, the other grabbed his shoulder. He tried to wriggle free, but his body failed him. Starvation, sleepless nights, the weight of two winters spent fighting to be forgotten—it all crashed down like a final tide, grinding him to sand. The guards didn’t shout. They didn’t need to. They dragged him through the streets by his elbows like a sack of rotten potatoes.</p> <p>They brought him to the market square.</p> <p>There he sat—Uhtred, only nine years old—his wrists bound, legs trembling, in the center of the market square. The air was thick with judgment. A crowd pressed in like vultures. Some stared in silence, eyes cold and unreadable. Others scoffed, sneering as if he were less than dirt. A few pointed, whispering behind their hands. And through it all, he sat alone—small, shivering, and utterly exposed.</p> <p>The head guard stepped forward, voice echoing through the square with ceremonial disdain.</p> <p>“Bound here is a thief,” he intoned. “By order of the Mayor of Crossroads, in accordance with the decrees of Emperor Commodious and the Bright Lord’s Law, this boy is sentenced to ten public lashings—for theft</p>		



from a licensed merchant.”

The crowd didn’t flinch, but the whip did.

Each lash cracked like lightning across his spine, slicing open skin already too thin to bleed freely. He did not scream. He clenched his jaw, fists bound behind him, he stared at the cobblestones. He would not cry. Not in front of them. Only when it was over—when the final blow landed and the guard stepped back, leaving silence in its wake—did Uhtred crumble. His knees gave. His face hit the stone. Blood trailed down his ribs. His chest heaved, not from pain, but from the dam breaking. One of the guards stepped forward. A lieutenant, older, gray in the beard, eyes tired and not unkind.

He knelt beside the boy.

“Hey, son...” he said gently. “Do you have someone? Somewhere I can take you?”

Uhtred said nothing. He couldn’t. Not because he didn’t want to—but because if he opened his mouth, he feared the sobs would pour out like a flood, and he would drown in them. His throat tightened like a noose.

After a long moment, he shook his head. The man sighed and stood, motioning to another guard.

“Come on,” he murmured. “He’s not staying here.”

They walked through winding alleys, past low windows and leaning doors, the city’s shadows wrapping tight around them as dusk fell. Eventually, they stopped in front of a crumbling stone building. Ivy clung to the cracks. A faded wooden sign hung crooked above the door, the paint long peeled away by rain and years.

Home of the Unclaimed

Inside, the air was heavy with damp cloth and quiet voices. The kind of silence made by those who had learned not to cry too loudly. Children’s eyes peered from behind half-shut doors. Some curious. Some afraid. At the front desk stood a young Dampire woman. Her eyes glowed faintly red beneath thick lashes. Her brown hair was tied back in a loose braid, and her skin bore the weariness of someone who had given too much for too long. Her name was Mary. She looked Uhtred over without a word, gaze lingering on the raw lash marks still bleeding down his back. It was not a judgmental look. It was the gaze of a mother who has seen a boy come home bruised and simply wants to know where it hurts. She dipped a quill in ink.

“Name?” she asked the guard in a low voice.

“Picked him up from the square. Tried to pinch a pie.”

Mary raised a brow but didn’t comment. She scribbled on a parchment as they spoke. Uhtred didn’t follow the words. He floated—adrift in memory, smoke, screams, her face, the weight of the necklace he wore like armor around his throat.

Then Mary’s voice broke through.

“What’s your race, sweetheart?”

Uhtred blinked. Looked up. Her eyes met his—gentle, wide, tired. Familiar in a way that hurt.

“What’s your race?” she asked again, softer now.

“...Mudblood,” he whispered. More scribbling.

“And your name?”

“Uhtred.”

“Surname?” She hesitated, then tried again. “Your family name?”

He looked down. His fingers clutched the sapphire at his chest. His throat closed.

“Just... Uhtred.”

Mary nodded slowly. She didn’t press. She simply finished the form, signed it, and turned it toward the guard.

“Sign here. This confirms transfer of custody of —Uhtred Storm—from Crossroads Garrison to the Home of the Unclaimed.”

The guard signed, rose, and placed a hand gently on Uhtred’s shoulder.

“Be good, kid,” he said as he turned and walk out.

Life at the Home of the Unclaimed was not warm. But it was stable. And to Uhtred, that was a kind of mercy. The days passed in slow, gray rhythm. Meals were simple, chores endless, and laughter a rare, delicate thing. Nights were quieter still—children wept into threadbare pillows, but always softly, always with their faces turned to the wall.

Uhtred was roomed with two boys.

Finnan, wiry and sharp-eyed, like a feral cat always watching for a trap. And Beocca, broad-shouldered and red-faced, his anger coiled beneath the skin like a whip waiting to strike. The first weeks passed in silence. Measured glances, tense shoulders, nights spent staring at the ceiling while listening for the other to make a move. Trust was not offered—it had to be seized, carved from the same stone the world had used to harden them. And then came the bread.

It happened in the cafeteria, over a fight so petty that only boys with broken pasts could have made it holy. Willy, a smug, wide-mouthed brute, shoved Beocca out of line to snatch the last loaf from the tray. Beocca shoved back. Words flew—sharp, hot, loud. Willy’s little gang rose from their seats, three against one. Beocca had fury. But fury, by itself, doesn’t stop boots and fists. That’s when Uhtred moved. Silent. Precise.

He grabbed his tray and swung it like a blade. The sound was sickening—wood splintering against bone. Willy dropped. Blood poured from his face, his right eye a mangled ruin. Silence fell like snow. Even the younger kids stopped eating.

Mary came storming in moments later, her hands glowing faintly red with magic, dragging the boys apart. But the damage was done. And the whispers spread faster than blood on stone.

“Did you see what he did to Willy?” “He didn’t flinch.” “Took his eye clean out.” They whispered it like a curse. “Uhtred Storm will take your eyes if you cross him.”

From that day on, everything changed.

Finnan, Beocca, and Uhtred became a unit. Not friends. Not yet. But something more sacred: survival-bound. They watched each other’s backs in the yard. Shared scraps beneath the table. Spoke little. Trusted much. They didn’t smile often. But when they did, it was only for each other. They were brothers now—not by blood, but by blade and bruise.

When they turned twelve, the orphanage sold their time to the stone quarries of the Lower Rungs. The work was brutal. Endless. Their task: haul crates of processed stone to the shipping lifts that rose toward the glimmering Upper Rungs.

“Work builds character,” the overseers said, their voices thick with contempt.

But there was no character in the pits. Only broken hands and shattered backs. Dust filled the lungs. Blisters split. Fingers bled. One missed crate? A lash. One stumble? A boot to the ribs. And looming above it all were the Inquisitors—white-clad enforcers who watched not for crimes, but for signs. Coughing too hard? You vanished. Staring too long? A beating. Skin too pale? They'd mark you. Spore signs, they called it.

The quarry was rot. Filth. Fear. Death waiting for breath.

One night, after a double shift beneath a choking black sky, Uhtred sat on the orphanage cot. His hands bled through the wrappings. His stomach twisted in on itself. His chest rose and fell with quiet, steady rage. He had nothing. No food. No future. Only anger.

And the anger whispered: Take it. That night, he did.

He pickpocketed a merchant near the spice carts. Then another near the lantern stalls. A nobleman’s coin purse while his guards argued over soup prices. His hands moved like they had minds of their own. When he returned to the orphanage, his satchel overflowed—bread, smoked meat, dried apricots, even a wedge of sharp white cheese. Finnan and Beocca sat up in their cot as he dropped the bounty at their feet.

“Where’d you get this?” Finnan asked, wide-eyed.

“I didn’t earn it,” Uhtred replied, voice flat. “I took it.”

Beocca grinned. Finnan hesitated—then tore off a chunk of bread and passed it to Uhtred.

That night, they made a choice. No more quarry. No more broken backs for coppers. They would work the streets. Uhtred had rules. Always rules.

“Never hit the same mark twice. Never go alone. Never take from the desperate. And if you get caught—never rat.”

At first, it was simple things. Distraction thefts. Staged accidents. Begging with false limps. Weeping over a lost “baby brother” while the real brother lifted coin from the distracted crowd. They never stole more than they needed. They didn’t bleed anyone dry. They weren’t monsters. But even good thieves draw attention and in Crossroads, every inch of ground belonged to someone.

One evening, as they made their way home through the maze of alleys behind the wax district, five older teens blocked their path. They were muscle and malice, scarred from scraps and grinning like jackals.










“You’re on our turf,” the tallest sneered. “Our street. Your take belongs to us now.”

Uhtred didn’t respond, he didn’t have a chance.

The alley was too tight, their enemies too large, too fast, too used to this kind of bloodletting. Finnan took a boot to the chest and vomited into the gutter. Beocca was driven to the ground by three of them, fists slamming into his ribs, his face, his back. Uhtred tried to land a blow but was thrown against the bricks, then stomped hard across the thigh and shoulder until stars clouded his vision. They were left in a heap—spit on, bleeding, their coin taken, their dignity smeared into the mud.



Active	Name	Description
<div><div></div><div></div></div>	<div>Disabling: Government Paranoia</div>	<p>It was not just defeat. It was humiliation. Lying there, panting through split lips, Beocca groaned, “We need weapons.”</p> <p>Uhtred spat blood, sat up slowly, and muttered, “Not blades. Nothing they’d expect.”</p> <p>“That’s not what I want,” Beocca said. “I want to know what they’re capable of.”</p> <p>Extreme belief that the ruling class is run by an evil cult.</p>
<div><div></div><div></div></div>	<div>Disabling: Brightlords Will</div>	<p>Uhtred stepped forward, thumb against the rim of his hat.</p> <p>“You said this was your turf,” he said, calm and low. “Was.”</p> <p>The will and ambition that mominated this world resides within this character. Character feels more confident in themselves and their position in the world.</p>
<div><div></div><div></div></div>	<div>Dual-wielded Radiance Balanced Hand Crossbow</div>	<p>“You said this was your turf,” he said, calm and low. “Was.”</p> <p>The boy sobbed. “I can’t see—my eye—I!”</p> <p>Uhtred leaned in, designed to be held in one hand.</p> <p>Small crossbows designed to be held in one hand.</p> <p>“If we see you again... I’ll take more than just your eye.”</p> <p>And then they were gone. But the city remembered. The rumors came fast. Faster than blades. Faster than truth.</p> <p>“Kids with razors in their hats,” some said. “No—not kids,” others whispered. “Wraiths. Ghosts. Born of blood.” “They don’t stab—they slash. Leave ribbons where faces used to be.” “Came outta nowhere. Left two boys blind.” “Don’t cross them. Don’t even look at them.”</p> <p>Small crossbows designed to be held in one hand.</p> <p>A name began to spread. No one knew where it came from—Maybe a merchant, pale and shaken after finding a blood trail in his alley. Maybe a street rat who saw too much from the shadows. Maybe just someone desperate to give their fear a shape.</p> <p>The Sharp Caps. Uhtred wore the name like a badge of honor—stitched into his soul as surely as the blades in his cap. What began as survival became a statement. A gang. A brotherhood. A warning. They didn’t choose the name. They earned it.</p> <p>Total Movement Speed: 70 ft.</p> <p>Dexterity Movement Speed: 30 ft (+5 ft per Dexterity Dice)</p> <p>By thirteen, Uhtred commanded a gang of orphans and street ghosts—feared in every corner of the Lower Rungs. Petty theft had become robbery. Turf fights turned to ambushes. Disrespect left scars. Betrayal? That earned worse. But Uhtred wasn’t reckless.</p>
<div><div></div><div></div></div>	<div>One-handed Radiance Balanced Hand Crossbow</div>	<p>“Kids with razors in their hats,” some said. “No—not kids,” others whispered. “Wraiths. Ghosts. Born of blood.” “They don’t stab—they slash. Leave ribbons where faces used to be.” “Came outta nowhere. Left two boys blind.” “Don’t cross them. Don’t even look at them.”</p> <p>Small crossbows designed to be held in one hand.</p> <p>A name began to spread. No one knew where it came from—Maybe a merchant, pale and shaken after finding a blood trail in his alley. Maybe a street rat who saw too much from the shadows. Maybe just someone desperate to give their fear a shape.</p> <p>The Sharp Caps. Uhtred wore the name like a badge of honor—stitched into his soul as surely as the blades in his cap. What began as survival became a statement. A gang. A brotherhood. A warning. They didn’t choose the name. They earned it.</p> <p>Total Movement Speed: 70 ft.</p> <p>Dexterity Movement Speed: 30 ft (+5 ft per Dexterity Dice)</p> <p>By thirteen, Uhtred commanded a gang of orphans and street ghosts—feared in every corner of the Lower Rungs. Petty theft had become robbery. Turf fights turned to ambushes. Disrespect left scars. Betrayal? That earned worse. But Uhtred wasn’t reckless.</p>
<div><div></div><div></div></div>	<div>Movement Speed: Flight</div>	<p>Athletics Movement Speed: 40 ft (+10 ft per Athletics Dice)</p> <p>He ruled with discipline. They never stole from the kind. Never touched the sick. Never preyed on the struggling. They took only from those who had more than enough—or those who deserved less, and in the choking shadows of Crossroads, the name Uhtred Storm wasn’t whispered like a legend.</p> <p>Represent items a character has on their person in an easy-to-reach placement or that are being worn. This generally covers things needed in combat such as weapons, armor, quivers/arrows, potions, etc... It was muttered like a warning</p>
<div><div></div><div></div></div>	<div>Equipment</div>	
<div><div></div><div></div></div>	<div>Off Person Stash</div>	<p>By sixteen, Uhtred Storm ruled the Lower Rungs like a shadow prince.</p> <p>A stash of items. For practical purposes, unlimited weight capacity and volume.</p> <p>The Sharp Caps moved through Crossroads like smoke—every corner watched, every alley patrolled. Coin flowed. Rivals bled. And if the city’s upper lords wouldn’t enforce order below, Uhtred would.</p> <p>The orphanage became something more than stone and rot. It was theirs. Sanctuary. Headquarters. Home. Mary still ran the place with weary grace, her red eyes watching the boys like a candle in a long night. She didn’t ask where the food came from. She didn’t ask why the bruises got worse. But when someone needed her—really needed her—she was there.</p> <p>That morning began like any other.</p> <p>Uhtred rose early. The dormitory was still cloaked in sleep, muffled snores and slow breath filling the air. Finnan sat cross-legged by the fire pit, tinkering with a torn satchel strap. Beocca lay sprawled in tangled blankets, arm draped over his face.</p> <p>Uhtred pulled on his boots, ran his fingers over the cool sapphire at his throat, then snatched his cap from the bedpost.</p> <p>Finnan, sprawled across the mattress, didn’t lift his head. “Where you headed this early?”</p> <p>Uhtred smirked, rolled his shoulders, and made for the stairs.</p> <p>“Making sure the corners are earning.”</p> <p>Boots whispering against worn stone, like a ghost slipping into the morning</p> <p>He descended into the main hall, rubbing the sleep from his eyes—</p> <p>—and stopped cold.</p> <p>Mary was slumped at the front door.</p> <p>At first, he thought she’d fallen. That she was sleeping, somehow. But her apron was soaked through with red. Her arms were twisted unnaturally. Her head lolled at a sick angle, and her hand—her poor, slender hand—was still reaching toward the bolt.</p> <p>Like she had tried to hold the door shut.</p> <p>“Mary?” he breathed.</p> <p>Then he heard it.</p> <p>A low, rattling gurgle.</p> <p>From the dark behind her body, something shifted.</p> <p>It lurched forward—twisted and jerking. A man once, perhaps. Now hollowed and wrong. Black veins snaked beneath its skin like tangled roots. Its eyes were glazed and hungry. Its mouth unhinged, saliva thick with spore strands.</p> <p>Then came another.</p> <p>And another.</p> <p>The door hung open on splintered hinges. Panic slammed into Uhtred’s chest. He staggered back, hands flying to the stairwell banister.</p> <p>“Finnan! Beocca!” he bellowed. “GET THE KIDS OUT—NOW! OUT THE BACK!”</p> <p>“WHAT!?” Finnan’s voice rang back, sharp and alarmed.</p> <p>“IT’S THE SPORE! THEY’RE IN HERE! GO!”</p> <p>From above, chaos erupted. Children screamed. Footsteps thundered. Beocca roared instructions like a war captain, grabbing the youngest two in each arm. Finnan cursed loudly, dragging blankets aside, slapping shoulders. Uhtred didn’t look back. He turned and sprinted for the side hallway, heart pounding like a war drum. Behind him, the first infected creature stumbled fully into view, stepping on Mary’s body with a wet crunch. Uhtred reached the inner door, slammed it shut, and threw his weight against it. There was no lock, only desperation. He grabbed a barrel, a shelf, a broken bench—anything he could pile against it. The door rattled, then boomed as something slammed into it. It held, for now.</p> <p>“Beocca!” he shouted up the stairs. “Status!”</p> <p>“We got ‘em!” came the answer. “Back hallway!”</p> <p>“Window!” Finnan called. “Climb down the pipe—GO!”</p> <p>Uhtred could hear them—small feet, ragged breaths, sobbing. Beocca grunted as he lifted one of the smaller kids through the narrow window frame. Finnan cursed at another for hesitating. Then came a crack. The door behind Uhtred groaned. A fungal hand punched through a seam in the wood, clawing blindly. Uhtred grabbed a broken chair and swung—hard. The wood splintered across the creature’s arm. He swung again and again. A screech rang out behind the wall. The door bowed, his barricade shuddered. But he held the line. He pressed his back to the failing wood, shoulder to the barricade, breath ragged. His knuckles were bruised; His arms trembled. But he didn’t falter He stayed waiting for the end, but it never came. Instead—shouts outside. Steel boots. Chainmail rattling. Commands barked in practiced cadence. The city guard. The Crossroads Garrison. They breached the broken front.</p> <p>Uhtred could hear the clash of metal, the screeches of the infected being put down. The thud of boots approaching. Then the second door burst inward, the barricade shoved aside by mailed hands. Pikes and swords met his eyes. Behind them, a captain in steel and leather raised a hand.</p> <p>“Hold! That one’s not turned.”</p> <p>A younger guard stepped forward, lowering Uhtred’s chair-arm weapon with practiced calm.</p> <p>“Easy, lad. It’s over.”</p>

Duration	Source	
Indefinite	Backstory	
Indefinite	Backstory	
1 Combat Round	Radiance	
1 Combat Round	Radiance	
Indefinite	Innate	
Indefinite	Innate	
Indefinite	Storage Location: ?	
		
		

Uhtred didn't answer. He didn't speak. He just stood there—covered in dust, arms shaking, breath hitching. They bound his wrists—not roughly, but firmly—and led him outside. The doctor at the barracks tested him that same hour. A bloodstone crystal turned black in its vial, positive. The Spore had touched him.

That night, still in shackles, he was handed a sealed scroll. Travel orders. A writ of transfer, marked with the sigil of Crossroads.

He was to be sent away to Redwall for treatment. Away from the city, away from his makeshift family, away from everything.

He didn't ask where Finnan and Beocca were, He knew they'd made it. He heard them escape. He made sure of it.

When he reached the docks, a black-sailed ship waited like a coffin. The crew stood silent on its deck, pale faces unreadable. Uhtred climbed aboard, the cold wind biting through his shirt, the necklace at his throat like a shard of winter.