

Pollivar “Caltrop” Mormont

“I am so named for all those who dare tread upon me and find only pain.”

Honor is strength. It is a maxim that Pollivar Mormont has known since birth, and one whose barbs he still feels deep in his flesh. Yet Mormont also knows a deeper truth: that just as a sword must bend to avoid breaking, so too must honor. And the more rigid the steel, the easier it shatters.

Mormont was born a retainer on the estate of Lord Pollivar, on the outskirts of Baslwief, just a few days’ ride from the once great city of Korvosa in southern Varisia. The son of the chief stable master and his wife, Mormont quickly proved just as proficient with the dangerous warhorses as his father, emulating their proud and fierce natures.

It was while accompanying his father on one of Lord Pollivar’s hunting expeditions that he first came to the lord’s attention. At eight years old, Mormont was assigned the honor of being the personal attendant to the lord’s son, Aomas, assisting the privileged child with his steed. All went well until the noble son, still new to riding, mishandled his mount and nearly broke his neck for his trouble. The furious lordling prepared to kill the horse then and there, but Mormont interceded, explaining the boy’s error. Enraged even further, Aomas began beating Mormont, drawing the attention of the rest of the hunting party. Though Mormont bowed low and accepted the savage blows of his master, he neither cried out nor begged for mercy. When Aomas finally tired, Lord Pollivar himself addressed the bloody servant child, asking him why he had been so bold as to correct his superior. Without faltering, Mormont bowed to the lord and said simply, “Because it was the truth.”

From that point on, Lord Pollivar took the young Mormont under his wing, frequently assigning him duties within the manor house, engaging him as a companion for his son, and seeing to his education in matters both martial and intellectual. In time, Mormont grew to become a powerful warrior, rising to the position of head of security over the Pollivar holdings. When Aomas died in a drunken duel at the age of twenty, thus depriving Lord Pollivar of an official heir, the bereaved lord began to look more and more to Mormont as a son, even allowing him to take the family name.

Yet Aomas’ death was only the beginning of the Pollivar family’s misfortune. It was shortly after this episode that the Pollivar estate was visited by Kane Jeggare, a traveling lord and government official with a position high in Cheliax. With considerably more prestige and official sway than Pollivar, Kane was received with full honors—yet it quickly became apparent that the guest was interested in more than just hospitality. Within a few days, Kane’s cunning insults, lewd advances toward Pollivar’s wife, and barely concealed challenges to Pollivar himself left Mormont’s lord with no choice. Honor forbade him from allowing the slights to stand unanswered, yet challenging a governmental superior was as good as a death sentence.

In the end, honor won out, just as Kane knew it would. Pollivar challenged Kane to a duel, and was quickly slain by the talented swordsman. In recompense for the “insult” Kane had suffered, the Korvosa courts allotted all the Pollivar holdings to Kane. Pollivar’s widow, faced with the prospect of a dishonored existence among peasants, had no choice but to accept Kane’s proposal of marriage if she wanted to retain her position.

Though the Pollivar guardsmen were bound by direct order of the court to honor their new arrangement—and plied with substantial gifts by their new master—Mormont saw the theft for what it was. Several nights later, having watched Kane’s celebrating guards drink themselves into unconsciousness, Mormont crept into his former master’s bedchamber and confronted the usurper even as he lay sleeping with his new wife. Though Kane screamed for his guards, in the end it became clear that his only option was to fight. Taking up the sword that Mormont tossed onto the bed, Kane did everything he could to kill the halfling quickly, yet Mormont would



not be denied his revenge. At last, bleeding from several terrible wounds, Mormont succeeded in getting past the noble's guard, ending his short-lived dominion over the Pollivar estate in a fine spray of blood.

As Kane fell to the floor, pink froth spilling from his lips, Mormont dropped his axe and knelt beside it. Knowing that to attack any lord in this manner—let alone the man the government considered his rightful master—would bring sure execution, he drew his dagger and prepared to die with his honor intact.

A hand on his shoulder stayed his blade. When Mormont looked up, he beheld Lady Pollivar—now Lady Kane—in her dressing gown, its blue silk stained with the blood of her most recent husband. With tears in her eyes, she thanked Mormont for avenging Lord Pollivar and returning the estate to her control. Yet with her next breath, she condemned him forever. Taking his hand in her own—an undreamed-of show of affection and familiarity—the noblewoman forbade Mormont from taking his own life. Instead, she snuck him out of the manor and into a carriage bound for the west, with only a string of coins, his armor, and a command to live as best he could. When the morning sun rose, it found Mormont on a caravan bound for the quiet shores of the Lost Coast.

Now in his mid-forties, Mormont is a hard man who keeps to himself. Though he has long since learned to hide his Chelish/Korvosian accent along with the secrets of his past, he remains terse by nature, feeling that everyone in his new home of Sandpoint speaks too much but says too little. He operates as a fearless and talented town watchman, the only profession left to him that still fills him with a small sense of honor, yet he refuses to bow to anyone regardless of status, saying only that he has had his fill of masters.

Mormont is loyal to those few friends who can get past his stone-faced demeanor, yet remains secretly tortured by his conflicting senses of honor. To continue living as a murderer is shameful, yet to deny Lady Pollivar's command would be equally shameful. With no clear answer, Mormont temporarily shelved the problem.

Nearly a year ago, he received word that Lady Pollivar had been killed, her entire estate overrun and laid to waste by giants from the Fenwall Mountains. Seeking answers against the world's chaos that threatened to swallow him up in despair—for he also lost his family in the attack—Pollivar devoted himself to Iomedae and has since become even more determined to master his chosen weapon, the axe. He rises early every morning to practice combat maneuvers and constantly strives to master new techniques—particularly those known to be effective against giants and other large monsters. Excellence with his weapon has become almost symbolic to him; it represents excellence of character, the mending of a broken spirit. When he has achieved perfect mastery of the axe, he believes he will then be ready to move on from his disgrace and once again seek out the honor he once knew.

Ultimately, he seeks his destiny in battle; deep in his heart, he harbors a secret hope: that perhaps one day he might raise an army of champions and lead it over the Fenwall Mountains, rooting out the giant tribes that raised his Lady's estate and restoring the honor of himself, his adopted family, and the warrior's code he feels he was born to uphold.

VITAL STATISTICS

Birthdate/Age Abadius 12, 4663 AR (44 years old)
Ethnicity/Race Chelaxian Halfling

Height 3 ft.
Weight 34 lb.

Eye Color Brown
Hair Color Brown

Pollivar “Caltrop” Mormont

Male halfling fighter 1

LG Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +4; **Senses** Perception +0

Languages Halfling, Taldane

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 15, flat-footed 18 (+5 armor, +4 Dex, +2 shield, +1 size); +1 dodge bonus vs. larger creatures

hp 12 (1 HD)

Fort +4, **Ref** +4, **Will** +0; +4 vs. fear, +1 vs. trample

Defensive Abilities fearless, underfoot

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft. (4 squares), 30 ft. when unencumbered/unarmored

Melee battleaxe +4 (1d6+3*/×3) with one hand, or
battleaxe +3 (1d6+5*/×3) with one-handed Power Attack, or
battleaxe +4 (1d6+4*/×3) with two hands, or
battleaxe +3 (1d6+6*/×3) with two-handed Power Attack, or
sap +4 (1d4+2 nonlethal) or
sap +3 (1d4+4 nonlethal) with Power Attack

Ranged dagger +6 (1d3+3*/19-20) or
javelin +6 (1d4+3*) or
shortbow +6 (1d4+1*/×3)

Special Attacks low blow

** Includes +1 damage bonus for being sharpened with a whetstone. Lower damage by 1 after the first attack with any given weapon or arrow.*

STATISTICS

Abilities Str 14 (+2), Dex 18 (+4), Con 14 (+2), Int 10 (+0), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 12 (+1)

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 16 (17 vs. grapple/trip)

Feats Power Attack^B, Risky Striker

Skills Climb +3, Stealth +5, Swim +3; **Armor Check Penalty** –3 (–5 with shield)

SQ fleet of foot, traits (courageous, giant slayer)

Combat Gear durable arrows (20); **Other Gear** battleaxe, brigandine armor (as kikko armor), compass, crowbar, dungeoneering kit (common, see below), guard dog (see below), heavy wooden shield, iron pot, javelins (6), mess kit (see below), pathfinder's kit (see below), sap, shortbow, tender (30sp, 100cp)

Encumbrance light 43 lb. 8 oz., medium 87 lb., heavy 131 lb. 4 oz.; **Weight Carried** 70 lb. 8 oz.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Courageous You receive a +2 trait bonus on saving throws against fear.

Fearless You receive a +2 racial bonus on saving throws against fear.

Fleet of Foot You have a base speed of 30 feet, rather than 20 feet.

Giant Slayer You gain a +1 trait bonus on Bluff, Perception, and Sense Motive checks and +1 trait bonus on attack rolls and damage rolls against creatures of the giant subtype.

Low Blow You gain a +1 bonus on critical confirmation rolls against opponents larger than yourself.

Underfoot You gain a +1 dodge bonus to AC against foes larger than yourself (not included above) and a +1 bonus on Reflex saving throws to avoid trample attacks.

KIT BREAKDOWN

In addition to your adventuring gear listed above, your kits also contain the following items: backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, bowl, candles (2), chalk, clay mug, cup, dagger, fishhooks (2), flint and steel, fork, hammer, hooded lantern, knife, pitons (4), oil flasks (5), plate, rope (hemp, 50 feet), sacks (2), sewing needle, signal whistle, spoon, string (50 feet), thread (50 feet), tindertwigs (4), torches (2), trail rations (7), waterskin, whetstone.



Gristle

Guard Dog

N Small animal

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)

hp 6 (1 HD)

Fort +4, **Ref** +3, **Will** +1

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft. (8 squares)

Melee bite +2 (1d4+1)

STATISTICS

Abilities Str 13 (+1), Dex 13 (+1), Con 15 (+2), Int 2 (−4), Wis 12 (+1),
Cha 6 (−2)

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 11 (15 vs. overrun and trip)

Feats Skill Focus (perception)

Skills Acrobatics +1 (+9 jumping), Perception +8, Survival +1 (+5 scent tracking); **Racial Modifiers** +4
Acrobatics when jumping, +4 Survival when tracking by scent

SQ tricks (attack, come, defend, down, guard, heel)

Possessions animal harness

Encumbrance light 50 lb., medium 100 lb., heavy 150 lb.; **Weight Carried** 2 lb.

