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| Game: | **Cocaine Werebear** |
| Character: | **Baron Eamon Fargo** |

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| Attributes | Score | Rank |
| **Psyche** | *0* | *Amber* |
| **Strength** | *15* | *Amber* |
| **Endurance** | *20* | *Amber* |
| **Warfare** | *12* | *Amber* |

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| *Belongings* |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | Quantity | Cost | Qualities | | Signet Ring | *Unique* | *4* | *Psychic Sensitive (1),*  *Alternate Shapes (2) Extra Hard (1)* | |

*Description:*A ring bearing the Baronial Seal, signifying Eamon’s rank. When worn, it actually turns invisible, so Eamon wears it on a string around it’s neck. The ring forces Eamon to always introduce himself with his full name and title (through it’s psychic quality; it makes the wearer feel very uncomfortable otherwise). Its alternate forms are focused on survival:

* Invisible (when worn), doubles as a knuckle duster due to its weight
* A forester’s hatchet or tomahawk
* A hunting knife
* A sparkrod and striker
* A high-rimmed skillet
* A compass
* A sturdy line ending in a fishing hook
* A small, collapsible spade
* A mocha style coffee pot
* An arming sword
* A cestus gauntlet

Each form bears the baronial emblem prominently (even if it’s invisible).

A child wearing a hoodie and necklace

Description automatically generated*Background story:*

When Lady Alicia was seduced by king Oberon, she naively expected him to make her his next adoring queen… Turns out she was sorely mistaken. He stole her away to a castle in the country to bear his child, and when the boy was born, he went out of his way to declare him a baron, NOT a prince, and refused to acknowledge him as anything but a royal bastard. This way, the line of succession was secured, just in case things the kingdom would not weather the oncoming storm: Eamon is in line for the throne, but he’s dead last.   
He named the boy with an anagram for “Anagram of Oberon”, a name he knew would trouble him, just so he’d grow up angry enough to make his own way in life.  
Fourteen years later, with Oberon dead, so too have passed Lady Alicia’s dreams of one day returning to the court. She remains in Fargo Keep, reminiscing about the days of yore, and glory that passed her by.

And what of the boy?  
Baron Eamon Fargo is a moody, brooding boy. He likes to lose himself in books when he can, as it takes him away from the realities of the politics around him, but what he really loves to do is run. He can run for hours, off the beaten path in the forests around the castle, where no one can find him and he can be alone. Away from all the stupid grownups with their stupid political agendas, away from his mother who keeps reminding him how great he could have been, away from the threats that come with being a son of Oberon now that he’s gone… he never asked for any of that. And so, he runs.   
It’s a blissful thing for him, to run. To have a cadence in his step, to see the world fly by, with no one who keeps up with him, no one who doesn’t understand, no one who tries take make him do stuff or *be* stuff, just him, by himself. If only running could also mean running away.

*Five questions:*

* 1). The Great Outdoors - love it or hate it?
  + Love it. Open spaces, no confines, everywhere to run, and far away from all the stupid grownups.
* 2). What’s the thing your character loves/likes most, and why?
  + Running. Through the forest, mostly, but endurance running anywhere is great. As for the why, read the backstory above.
* 3). What’s the thing your character hates most, and why?
  + All the political bullshit that comes with being a 14 year old baron, and Oberon’s illegitimate son, too. Didn’t ask for it, don’t care, stop trying to use me for your own gain. Stop blaming me for everything. I never asked for any of this.
* 4). What’s your character’s favourite domestic animal, and why?
  + A tortoise. Basically a walking little brick with not a care in the world save for the occasional eagle/philosopher combo.
* 5). What’s your character’s favourite wild animal, and why?
  + European badger. Mostly solitary, keeps to itself, docile if left alone, but vicious enough to make even a bear think twice, when cornered.