

Backstory (Barbarian/Fighter)

This is the best day of your life.

The sun beams down on your face through the puffy clouds and blue sky of yet another beautiful Dyvers afternoon. You look straight into your mother's smiling eyes (your eyes aren't getting misty her eyes are getting misty shutup). You feel her left hand on your shoulder, as her right hand moves towards your heart. In that hand is the badge you've worked your whole life to finally wear. A red and gold shield bearing the boot-and-lightning sigil of Thunderfoot Security.

Your whole family has worn the badge. Your mom and dad, your grands and great grands all the way back. Your seven older siblings. Nearly all of your cousins and aunts and uncles.

Your mom's hand moves an inch closer and suddenly you're leaping out of bed - uppermost of a three-high bunk - to get the jump on your siblings in the daily breakfast stampede. Another inch and you're strapping into sparring gear, and picking up the wooden training sword for the very first time. Closer still and you're in the classroom definitely paying very close attention to what the teacher is saying about rules of engagement and definitely not daydreaming about putting the hurt on baddies shut up.

The badge reaches your chest.

Exam day.

Your combat scores? Off the friggin' charts. Literally. Everyone knows the battle test is meant to go on until you're defeated or your body gives out, but they ran out of people to throw at you. Sure you sparked a little rage to get through the last couple bouts, which is teeeeechnically against the rules but...I mean come on...what's the point of fuel if ya ain't gonna burn it? Once you show 'em all what your Greataxe can do with a little bit of spark... they won't be able to put the medals on fast enough.

Strategy and tactics? You were at least two steps ahead - hell you were *guiding* the steps - of every hostile at every moment.

Control and reasoning...I mean...come on...you still paaaassed...shutup! All that "corporate liability" and "we're not the police" stuff is just like...what's the point of protecting people from baddies if you can't pick some fights with baddies? Why let them come to you first? "If you see something punch something" right? Whatever though...once you're officially a Thunderfoot, you'll be able to show them how much they'll benefit from a slightly... y'know...*expanded* definition of protection.

Click.

The badge is on. The crowd goes wild. Yes the crowd is mostly your family SHUT UP! Your mom lets out a long breath before giving in and swinging you around in one of her famous hugs; the ones she always makes just a little bit different and special for each of her children. Fine...when she does the little wiggle that's just for you, your eyes do mist up...A LITTLE BIT.

This is Truly. The Best. Day.

The next morning, you're out with the convoy just before the rest of the world has woken up. You're escorting an empty shipping carriage owned by Peculiar Manor – makers of the world-famous Old Peculiar Ale – first East along the Greenleaf Trail, then South down the River Road, to the small town of Two Ford. There you'll meet a similar convoy with a full carriage, which you'll escort North to the Free City of Greyhawk. It's a classic double-header. Exactly the kind of mind-numbing walk along the highway they give to first-timers. A grunt shift - and you're fairly certain you're the happiest grunt there ever was.

The crisp dawn air fills your lungs as you limber up before taking the very first step on the very first day of your very first journey as an official Thunderfoot. The requisite fists have been bumped. All of the fives have been highed. The driver takes his seat on the coach, the whip cracks, the wheels start turning. As the first ray of sun peaks through the hills before you, it illuminates the red and gold shield now glowing radiantly above your heart.

This is the best day of your life, as every day after this will definitely also be.