

Tall and broad with sandy hair and a five o'clock shadow that makes him look older than he is. Dressed in cheap leathers

## Image Dummy

- **Fighting Style:** Deranged Second Wind, Action Athletics, Intimidation

## Special Equipment

## Combat Tactics

Straight ahead with his sword, he proves outmatched, he retreats back and use his bow if possible.

## Actions

Sword | Bow

## Factions

## Mannerisms

An odd accent and a touch of a slur

## Motivations

Money, survival, power

## Passions

## Clog Dancing

## Secrets

He's not in charge of the gang, but he definitely knows who is

## Expressions

"Aye, don't you be trying anythin' funny", "Just hand o'er yer loot we'll be on our way, no need to yerself hurt"

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## BACKGROUND STORY

<p>Rutgard grew up poor in a small mining town with not much in the way of prospects. He was a big lad and a bit of a scrapper, but had always expected to grow up and work in the mine. Unfortunately, by the time he grew up the mine had run dry and most of the town had moved on.</p><p>Settling off to find his fortunes elsewhere with a cheap suit of leather armor and a cheap sword and bow, he quickly found work on the more unsavory side. His boss rounded up a group of like-minded, impoverished youngsters and set them loose robbing travelers and merchants along the less policed trade routes.</p><p>Proving a good fit for him, Rutgard was soon given his own crew.</p>

# PERSONALITY