

Grumli Stonefoot

Not many of us survived growing up in the sewers beneath Barakheim. Those who weren't devoured by the creatures lurking in the shadows were caught, cooked, and served up by the orc cooks from the Barrel District. It wasn't exactly the golden era of the Stonefoot clan. My memories of my father, mother, and siblings are hazy at best—snatches of faces and voices that faded long ago. All I have left is the memory of our clan symbol, which I later had embossed on a steel shield that once hung proudly above my fireplace. I'm sorry—hung above my fireplace. Now, who knows where it might be?

You see, my life has been a tale of two instincts: hunting and hiding. As a child, I hid in the tunnels. I hid and I survived. When I grew stronger, I hunted and survived. I hunted rats—first for food, then for profit. You'd be amazed at how much coin can be made from hunting rats in big cities. I sold the pelts to the Sanitation Guild, gizzards to the Mage's Guild, and the meat to certain enterprising street vendors. And then one day, after thousands of rats, I found myself hiding again, this time in the hallways of my own mansion—a sewer of my own making. Turns out, hunting and hiding are lonely businesses.

Then he showed up in my dreams. The robes, the staff, the glowing golden eyes. He stood on an open road, the full moon hanging above, a long line of travelers behind him. He waited for me, or so it seemed. Every morning after, I would daydream of that road. The hunter within me awoke, driven by obsession. I had to find that man.

In a surreal series of actions, as if my life had become a dream, I sold everything and left the only home I had ever known. I took to the road with such intensity you'd think those orc chefs were chasing me again. And here we are, many years later. I have yet to find the one we travelers call The Hobo King. He still haunts my dreams, pushing me on to find new roads. He taught me the rules of the road. He taught me the language of his runes, how to spot them and how to leave them. But I've never found him in person.

I had nearly accepted that a lonely road would be my fate when I saw a most peculiar rune. It was a Hobo rune for certain, but unlike any I had seen before. Knowing over a hundred runes that indicate food, good shelter, even who pays you to kill rats, I have a keen eye for their composition. This rune, found over the door of an inn in the middle of nowhere, suggested that the Hobo King himself might be holding court there. Without hesitation, I pulled open that door.

One ale later, and here I am—signed on to enter another underground warren of death. A familiar price I'm willing to pay to find my quarry. For I know the Hobo King is here. I can feel it, and the hunt may finally be coming to an end.



DIFFICULTY: EASY

FEATURES:

Grumli has a +1 to Quickness, which means you start with +1 to Defense, +1 to Ranged Combat Checks and Damage rolls, and +1 to Initiative rolls.

Grumli also has a +2 to Vitality, which means you start with 2 extra Health.



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CHARACTER SHEET

SIDE QUEST:

Find the Hobo King.



MAX

CURRENT



KAOS

CURRENT



DEFENSE



WEAPONS

Mystic Knife (2 dmg) Melee

(You never lose or drop your mystic weapon)



Melee : +Brawn to Combat Check AND Damage)



Ranged : +Quickness to Combat Check AND Damage)



BACKPACK

TURN TRACKER

1

2

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5

6

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8

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ARMOR



PLOT TERMS & STORY ITEMS