

Senior Decurion Gaius Comitianus

Occupation: *Imperial Cavalry Officer*

Unit: *First Squadron, Fourth Cohort, Sixth Carmanian Legion*

Cult: Idovanus

Runes

. Fire 17

y Truth 13

a Law 13

Abilities

Carmanian 11W

New Pelorian 7W

Tradetalk 1W

Sword and Shield Fighting 1W

- *Fight from Horseback +4*

Horseback Riding 1W

Cavalry Tactics 11W

- *Mounted Charge +3*

- *Disengagement +1*

True Son of Carmania 11W

Kind-Hearted 17

At Home on the Battlefield 1W

Steady! 1W

Piercing Eye 17

Strike True 1W

Possessions

Bronze Cavalry Sword

Wooden Shield

Bronze Armor (Chainmail, Bracers, Greaves, Crested Helmet)

Roan Horse

Magic

Turn Spear (Charm) 13

- *Protects horse only*

Calm Horse 17

Homeland: You were born in the western reaches of the Lunar Empire, known as Carmania, once the seat of a mighty empire that was brought low 400 years ago by the emergence of the Red Goddess Sedenya. Carmanians are, as a general ideal, hardy, proud, self-sufficient, dignified, restrained, stoic, intelligent, brave, and active.

Profession: You fight from horseback with sword and shield, protecting the flanks of the main body of the army. You are equally adept at scouting and patrolling, and are capable of standing in the main line of battle. As a senior officer, you are charged with the command of a squadron of roughly thirty men. Typically, you are supported in your duties by two other officers junior to you in the squadron, who help with administrative tasks as well as the disposition of your soldiers.

Religion: You worship Idovanus, god of light, one of the old gods of Carmania that ruled before the coming of Sedenya. He is opposed by the god of darkness, and it is the duty of all right-thinking men to aid him in this struggle.

History: Even as the third son of a relatively important Carmanian house, your choice of profession was limited. You joined the cavalry, the domain of noble bastards and other minor or otherwise inconvenient sons, eventually winning for yourself the esteem and acclaim of your comrades. On the journey south to Sartar, you were chosen by your peers to be the Decurion of your squadron (~30 men), and have risen to be the *de facto* commander of the four squadrons of cavalry present in the garrison at Clearwine.

Personality: You strive to abide by the Carmanian ideal as described above. You do not always succeed, but you learn from each mistake and seek to do better. You have little tolerance for those who do not follow your example.

Associates: Marcus Vitonius, the commanding Tribune of the cohort is a good friend and confidante, and you trust him to get all of you through this alive. Junior Decurion Aulus Tacitus is a worthless lout and a coward, useful only for stopping an arrow. You are smitten with his beautiful Orlanthi slave, Brenna Askisdottir, but cannot allow yourself to be swayed by her, nor to show your feelings. You suspect that in either case, Aulus would kill her.

Goals: Return home with every man alive; prevent raiding between the Woodpeckers and the Greydogs

Instincts: Aulus Tacitus is a lying snake who will do anything for his own advancement; better to disengage and live, than to press too far and die

Junior Decurion Aulus Tacitus

Occupation: *Imperial Cavalry Officer*

Unit: *Cavalry Detachment, Fourth Cohort, Sixth Legion*

Cult: Red Goddess

Runes

4 *Moon 17*

j *Disorder 13*

i *Illusion 13*

Abilities

Carmanian 7W

New Pelorian 11W

Sword and Shield Fighting 13

Master Duelist 11W

Horseback Riding 9W

Cavalry Tactics 10

- *Mounted Charge +1*

- *Disengagement +1*

False Son of Carmania 17

Arrogant 11W

Craven 7W

Razor Tongue 7W

Courtly Manners 11W

Hate Orlanthi 7W

Possessions

Bronze Cavalry Sword

Wooden Shield

Bronze Armor (Chainmail, Bracers, Greaves, Crested Helmet)

Golden Horse

Magic

Tell a Lie Without Blinking 11W

Homeland: You were born in the western reaches of the Lunar Empire, known as Carmania, once the seat of a mighty empire that was brought low 400 years ago by the emergence of the Red Goddess, Sedenya. Carmanians are, as a general ideal, hardy, proud, self-sufficient, dignified, restrained, stoic, intelligent, and active.

Profession: You fight from horseback with sword and shield, protecting the flanks of the main body of the army. You are equally adept at scouting and patrolling, and are capable of standing in the main line of battle. As a junior officer, you assist your superior in administrative duties, and act as his lieutenant.

Religion: You worship Sedenya, the Red Goddess. Soon Sedenya will tame Orlanth, and the world will be healed.

History: You are the scion of an important Carmanian family, and in your youth you were sent east into the Heartlands to participate in the life of the Imperial Court. There you left behind the comparatively ascetic life of the Carmanian nobility and found instead a life of ease and decadence. Your dalliances made you into an expert duelist, until one day you went too far, and were banished from the court to the cold, brutish land of Sartar as a member of a cavalry squadron. You used the last of your connections to ensure that you were elected an officer despite your incompetence. You have survived the last five years of garrison duty through bribery and cowardice.

Personality: You consider the Carmanian ideal as described above to be boring and irrelevant. You can be both kind and cruel, as suits the needs of the moment. You do what you want, when you want, and only if it aligns with your goals.

Associates: Marcus Vitonius, the commanding Tribune of the cohort is a prude and a bore; yet he is the most powerful man in fifty miles. Senior Decurion Gaius Comitianus is cut from the same cloth, and takes every opportunity to humiliate you; you are waiting for a chance to put a dagger through his back. Your Orlanthi slave is a harlot, and it pleases you to humiliate her whenever possible; she was supposedly once a great priestess, and now she is your slave.

Goals: Leave this stinking hole, with its painted barbarians and

brutish women; kill Gaius Comitianus and humiliate or disgrace
Marcus Vitonius – you hear he is infatuated with a priestess in Old
Man Village...

Instincts: Keep warm bodies between you and harm; never display
your true feelings

Brenna Askisdottir
Occupation: *Slave*
Cult: Ernalda

Runes

e *Earth* 13

l *Harmony* 13

x *Life* 13

Abilities

Carmanian 13

New Pelorian 17

Sartarite 11W

Earhtongue 11W

Tradetalk 1W

Tend the Wounded 17

Calm a Fiery Heart 7W

Speak Quiet Wisdom 17W

A Queen Among Peasants 17W

Hair Like New-Tilled Earth, and Eyes Like Rain 11W

Hate Aulus Tacitus 11W

Possessions

Broad-Bladed Copper Dagger

Modest Woolen Dress

Hemp-Rope Sandals

Iron Collar

Magic

Summon Serpent 17W

Defy Age 11W (Charm)

Homeland: You were born in the north of the Kingdom of Sartar, a rough and wild land whose people are a reflection of the landscape.

Profession: You were once a priestess of Ernalda in the great city of Boldhome until it was taken by siege and you were sold into slavery. Now you serve the execrable Aulus Tacitus, who uses you to exorcise his anger and hatred of your people.

Religion: You worship Ernalda, goddess of the Earth and Queen of the gods.

History: Sixteen years ago, before the Lunar Empire took Boldhome, you were an important and influential priestess in the king's court. When the city fell you were captured and enslaved, and a Lunar sorcerer fitted you with an iron collar that severed you from Ernalda's power. Six years ago you were bought by an Imperial officer on his way south, and now do his household chores.

Personality: You are strong, independent, intelligent, and aware of your beauty. You carry yourself with an undeniable presence and command that is entirely lacking in arrogance. When you walk into a room, everyone turns to look at you. You are kind, patient, and warm despite your slavery.

Associates: Marcus Vitonius, the commanding Tribune of the cohort is a good man; you tried to seduce him years ago but he ignored your suggestions – you have heard that he is in love with a priestess of Chalana Arroy and so took your rejection with good grace. Senior Decurion Gaius Comitianus has also resisted your charms, but you have both become friends of a sort, and you consider it only a matter of time before he falls for you; you can wait. Junior Decurion Aulus Tacitus is a monster, and you would rather die than let him touch you.

Goals: Kill Aulus Tacitus and feed his body to the jackals; destroy the Lunar sorcery that isolates you from your goddess

Instincts: For all their power, all men are weak – women must help them be strong

Vexillarius Titus Varrus
Occupation: *Vexillarius, Imperial Cavalry Trooper*
Unit: *Cavalry Detachment, Fourth Cohort, Sixth Legion*
Cult: Idovanus

Runes

. *Fire* 17
t *Death* 13
s *Movement* 13

Abilities

Carmanian 11W
Tradetalk 1W
Sword and Shield Fighting 7W
- *Fight from Horseback* +4
Horseback Riding 7W
Cavalry Tactics 1W
- *Mounted Charge* +1
- *Disengagement* +1

To the Standard! 7W
An Example to All 17
Disciplined 17
Seen Things 7W
The Standard is My Life 11W
Alone 17

Possessions

Bronze Cavalry Sword
Vexillum (Depicts Idovanus triumphant over the Dark God, a full Red Moon in the background)
Bronze Armor (Chainmail, Bracers, Greaves, Helmet)
Brown Horse

Magic

The Standard 7W
- *Rally* +4
- *Call to Arms* +2
- *Rout* +2
- *Blinding Light* +2

Homeland: You were born in the western reaches of the Lunar Empire, known as Carmania, once the seat of a mighty empire that was brought low 400 years ago by the emergence of the Red Goddess, Sedenya. Carmanians are, as a general ideal, hardy, proud, self-sufficient, dignified, restrained, stoic, intelligent, brave, and active.

Profession: As your brethren charge into battle to destroy the enemy, your charge is to care for and defend the standard: it is your life, and you and all those around you would die rather than see it fall into enemy hands.

Religion: Like most in your squadron, you worship Idovanus, god of light, one of the old gods of Carmania that ruled before the coming of Sedenya. He is opposed by the god of darkness, and it is the duty of all right-thinking men to aid him in this struggle.

History: You are the bastard son of a minor Carmanian house who chose to remove himself from an awkward position by joining the Imperial cavalry. At home you were an inconvenient embarrassment, but here you are respected and honored. You have proven yourself to be brave and true during the last five years in Clearwine, and were chosen by your peers for the honor of carrying the squadron's standard into battle. You receive double the pay for this honor, but bear a greater danger: every enemy will make you his target.

Personality: You are very serious, and very quiet. You are one of the few to have survived five long years of garrison duty in Sartar, and the things you have seen have made you grateful to be alive. You understand that laxity here will likely kill you and those around you.

Associates: Senior Decurion Gaius Comitianus is a strong leader and a good man; he has kept your squadron safe through many dangers. Aulus Tacitus is a dangerous incompetent, more interested in taking his ease than performing his duties. You fear he will do anything to rise in rank.

Goals: Defend the standard with your last breath, die rather than see it fall to the enemy; keep Gaius Comitianus alive at all costs

Instincts: Stay with Gaius Comitianus no matter what; where he goes, you go. The standard is sacred; no other man may touch it without your leave.