

The Buoyant Alakar (Elven) Bard

<i>Name</i>				
<i>Player</i>				
<i>Race</i>	Alakar	<i>Gender</i>		
<i>Rank</i>	Novice	<i>Age</i>		17
<i>XP</i>	□□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅			
<i>Attributes</i>		<i>Derived Statistics</i>		
Agility	d6	Pace	6	
Smarts	d8	Parry	5	
Spirit	d8	Toughness	5 (4)	
Strength	d6	Charisma	+1	
Vigor	d4			
<i>Skills</i>		<i>Edges & Hindrances</i>		
Fighting	d6	Bard		
Gambling	d4	Low Light Vision		
Guts	d6	Poverty		
Investigation	d4	Weakness: +2 damage from Black Iron & Blood Steel		
Know (Music)	d6	Vow ("Family" Obligation)		
Know (Legends)	d6	Enemy: All Shaykar and Childer		
Notice	d8			
Persuasion	d8			
Streetwise	d6			
<i>Type</i>	<i>Armor</i>	<i>Called Shot</i>	<i>Min. Str.</i>	<i>Enc.</i>
Full Leather	+1	-4	—	—
<i>Qty.</i>	<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Damage</i>	<i>Range</i>	
1	Short Sword	Str+2	—	
<i>Notable Equipment</i>				
Wooden Flute				
<i>Money</i>		55		

You knew how to sing, how to play. She taught you how to make music. You knew the stories by heart. She taught you how to make them come alive. The Widow Valencia was everyone's grandmother and everyone's teacher. And you learned. You learned how to learn, both from her, and from all your other "cousins" It was less than a year after she found you dreaming of being one, and now others call you bard on sight. And tonight you'll use what you've learned to remember her with your "extended family." Tonight is the harvest festival you're all going to celebrate "grandma" at the town famous for it.