

# The Scrawny Swashbuckling Fencer

<i>Name</i>				
<i>Player</i>				
<i>Race</i>	Human	<i>Gender</i>		
<i>Rank</i>	Novice	<i>Age</i>	20	
<i>XP</i>	□□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅			
<i>Attributes</i>		<i>Derived Statistics</i>		
Agility	d8	Pace	6	
Smarts	d6	Parry	9 (7 unarmed)	
Spirit	d6	Toughness	5 (3)	
Strength	d8	Charisma	0	
Vigor	d4			
<i>Skills</i>		<i>Edges &amp; Hindrances</i>		
Fighting	d10	Fencer		
Guts	d6	Florentine		
Intimidation	d6	Arrogant (about swordsmanship)		
Know (Poetry)	d6	Small		
Notice	d6	Vow ("Family" Obligation)		
Taunt	d8			
<i>Type</i>	<i>Armor</i>	<i>Called Shot</i>	<i>Min. Str.</i>	<i>Enc.</i>
Full Scale	+2	-4	—	—
<i>Qty.</i>	<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Damage</i>	<i>Range</i>	
1	Rapier (+1 Parry)	Str+2	—	
2	Daggers	Str+1	3/6/12	
<i>Notable Equipment</i>				
Small book of poetry				
<i>Money</i>		110		

You were not always such a great fighter, no. Like everyone else, you had to work hard to become who you are today. And like everyone else, you needed help. You knew this, and so you found someone. Sweet "Grandma" Valencia, a widow, was your patron. You knew she had helped others with nowhere else to turn. You humbly asked for her assistance, and she kindly agreed. You grew to love her as if your own grandmother, and her other charges as if they were cousins. After losing your family to the sea, fate had given you a second family. She left you with that family, and her love of poetry. Now, with the funeral over, your all off to celebrate her one more time at the biggest harvest festival around.