

The Portly Social Manipulator

<i>Name</i>			
<i>Player</i>			
<i>Race</i>	Human	<i>Gender</i>	
<i>Rank</i>	Novice	<i>Age</i>	21	
<i>XP</i>	□□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅			
<i>Attributes</i>		<i>Derived Statistics</i>		
Agility	d6	Pace	5 (d4 run)	
Smarts	d6	Parry	5	
Spirit	d8	Toughness	6 (5)	
Strength	d4	Charisma	2	
Vigor	d4			
<i>Skills</i>		<i>Edges & Hindrances</i>		
Fighting	d6	Charismatic		
Guts	d4	Obese		
Intimidation	d4	Vow ("Family" Obligation)		
Know (Alcohol)	d6			
Notice	d6			
Persuasion	d10			
Stealth	d4			
Streetwise	d6			
Taunt	d6			
Throwing	d4			
<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	—	
4	Daggers	Str+1	3/6/12	
<i>Money</i>		250		

For a long time, alcohol was your only friend. It's not that you were addicted, you just really felt no one else would care. Then you passed out in front of the Widow Valencia's home, and woke in one of her spare bedrooms. Before the day was done she she'd talked you into being her steward. It was awkward at first, but she never let you give up, and you've come to like working with others. You were even considering getting into politics, but everything changed when "Grandma Valencia" passed on. It's not even been a year since you met her, yet she and the others she's "adopted" are closer than your real family ever was. And now, with the last details of the funeral finished, you're off to celebrate her life with them at the town famous for its harvest festival.

