

# The Passionate Honorable Swordsman

<i>Name</i>		.....		
<i>Player</i>		.....		
<i>Race</i>	Human	<i>Gender</i>	.....	
<i>Rank</i>	Novice	<i>Age</i>	19	
<i>XP</i>	□□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅ □□□□ ∅			
<i>Attributes</i>		<i>Derived Statistics</i>		
Agility	d8	Pace	6	
Smarts	d6	Parry	6	
Spirit	d6	Toughness	6 (5)	
Strength	d6	Charisma	0	
Vigor	d6			
<i>Skills</i>		<i>Edges &amp; Hindrances</i>		
Fighting	d8	Ambidextrous		
Guts	d6	Two-Fisted		
Know (Weaponcraft)	d6	Code of Honor		
Notice	d6	Loyal		
Persuasion	d6	Vow ("Family" Obligation)		
Healing	d6			
Stealth	d6			
Streetwise	d6			
<i>Type</i>	<i>A 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>
2	Short Sword		Str+2	—
<i>Money</i>		150		

Everyone called her "Grandma Valencia," even you. The only difference was, she *was* your grandmother. It was hard to admit that father was such a scoundrel, but he was. He told you she was dead, but she wasn't. And when you found her, she welcomed you in like she'd known you all your life. Some folk might resent only getting half a year with their grandmother, much less sharing her with the other people she'd taken under her wing. For you, it somehow seemed right. Yes, father was a scoundrel, and mother wasn't much better, but you're not like them. You're like your "cousins," and like your grandmother. Tonight you'll celebrate her life at the harvest festival. Tonight you'll celebrate the woman she was with the people she loved.

