

ARIA

NAME: *Ritan*

PLAYER:

ATTRIBUTES

BODY	■ ■ ■ ■ ■ □ □	5D
PROWESS	■ ■ ■ □ □ □ □	4D
CONVICTION	■ ■ ■ □ □ □ □	4D
PASSION	■ ■ □ □ □ □ □	3D
REASON	■ ■ ■ □ □ □ □	4D
AWARENESS	■ ■ ■ ■ ■ □ □	6D

LEGEND



As part of an Action, you may choose to take 1 Strain to gain +1 Pool and improve the Deadliness of your Ranged Attacks by one step.

HEART

CONFIDENCE	○ ○ ○ ○ ● ○ ○ ○ ○
INITIATIVE	1d6+3

SKILLS

CONFLICT		
Fight	■ □ □ □ □ □ □	6+
Melee	□ □ □ □ □ □ □	+
Marksmanship	■ ■ □ □ □ □ □	5+

INVESTIGATION		
Stealth	■ ■ □ □ □ □ □	5+
Logic	□ □ □ □ □ □ □	+
Notice	■ ■ □ □ □ □ □	5+

SOCIAL		
Subterfuge	□ □ □ □ □ □ □	+
Resolve	■ □ □ □ □ □ □	6+
Persuasion	□ □ □ □ □ □ □	+

KNOWLEDGE		
Alchemy	□ □ □ □ □ □ □	+
Arcana	■ □ □ □ □ □ □	6+
Lore	■ □ □ □ □ □ □	6+

SURVIVAL		
Fieldcraft	■ □ □ □ □ □ □	6+
Athletics	■ ■ □ □ □ □ □	5+
Wayfaring	■ ■ ■ □ □ □ □	4+

PROFESSION		
Commerce	■ □ □ □ □ □ □	6+
Craft	■ □ □ □ □ □ □	6+
Performance	□ □ □ □ □ □ □	+

You may attempt to use a Skill with no ranks in it. In this case, halve your dice pool, rounding down, and use a TN of 6+.

ARTS

WAYFARER ■ ■ □ □

Journeys change people, and the road always leaves its marks. Those who spend their lives travelling find themselves ever inured to the difficulties of that life. The Wayfarer is not a profession in the simple sense, but a representation of the hard lessons and years of wandering the roads and wilderness.

Those with this Art will find their way easily, having an instinctual gift for navigation and the perils of surviving in the wilds. They can use this knowledge to help their companions and turn it against their enemies or prey through their knowledge of the terrain and their ability to lay a lethal trap or ambush.

For the purposes of calculating Vitality increase your Body by 1. When acting as a guide or participating in a Group Travel Action, you gain +1 Automatic Success on the roll. In addition the Difficulty for surprising your group is calculated using the highest Notice skill.

WAYFARER ■ □ □ □

To take a hunting bow and fell birds is one thing, but to hone those skills to a lethal edge takes a lifetime of commitment and practice. The Archer's Way isn't a formal path, but rather a representation of the common experiences of those that hone that basic skill to its full lethal extent as an individual rather than as a dedicated instrument of war.

If you would receive Advantage due to using a Ranged Attack, gain an additional +1 Success.

COMBAT

WEAPON	POOL	REACH	EDGE	DEADLINESS
(Range) Hunting Bow	5 dice 5+	-	1	5+
(Melee) Short Sword	4 dice 6+	1	0	4+

Notes:

VITALITY

GUARD ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ● ○ ○ ○ ○

STRAIN ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

WOUNDS ○ ○ ○ ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○

WOUND THRESHOLD: 5

PROTECTION

WANDERING HUNTER

“The long winter holds no fear for me, but long ago I learned how to teach that fear to the beasts which prey on our people.”



You were born into a chartered community that owed nothing to the great houses, but served the crown directly as wardens of the great forests. There was great freedom in that life, and pride amongst your people. They paid the tithes of the gods with the bounty of the forest, and though life was a constant struggle, it was free, simple and good.

Of all your kin, you were the greatest hunter. When the winters came, you had never failed to return with precious food and you feared no poacher or bandit; but Fate cared nothing for your prowess.

A harsh winter came, worse than any before it, and for the first time even you failed in your hunts. The snows worsened and your community withered; trapped and alone, the dead went unburied, and soon enough they returned to vent their fury upon the living.

Only you survived the terrible days which followed. You try not to think about the kin you buried – or those whose souls you put back to rest by your own hands. Bitter and cursing the gods, you turned from what was once your home and walked alone. For years, you survived but never truly lived. There was a peace in that existence, but it was shattered when people came unannounced, begging your help.

Your hunting and prowess had not gone unnoticed, and they asked of you now to help rid them of a beast that threatened their community. At first you refused, but when you watched one of the children cry, it reminded you of the family you had lost long ago.

And so, you went out into the wilderness and saved those people – and in their salvation, you felt truly alive once more. They were safe now, but the world was full of monsters, of beasts to slay, and people who needed your help. Now, you had a reason to live.