

Gromthorn

CHARACTER NAME

PLAYER NAME

Uroken Orc

CHARACTER RACE (SUBRACE)

Poison Immunity / Immune to poison effects.

RACIAL ABILITY / EFFECT

Rogue

CHARACTER CLASS

1

LEVEL

Gromtusk

DEITY

PROFICIENCIES & RESOURCES

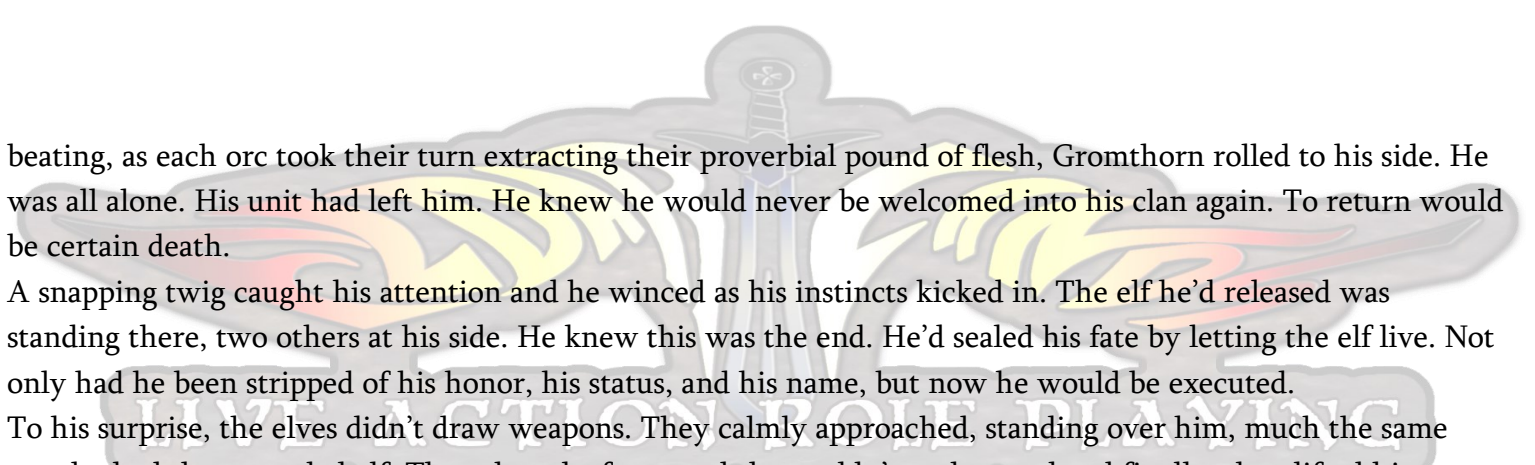
	Weapons	Armor	Shields	Two-Weapon Fighting	●	Ammunition
				Ranged Weapons	●	10
Light	●	●	○	Spell Packets	○	
Medium	○	●	○	White Cloth Strip	○	
Heavy	○	○	○	Green Cloth Strip	○	

CLASS ABILITIES/SPELLS

Pick Pocket / Stealthily pick pock an unsuspecting character.

CHARACTER HISTORY

Gromthorn stared at the wounded elf. The slender pink-skin was no threat. He looked barely strong enough to draw the broken bow at his side. Still, his clan believed the only good elf was a dead elf. Gromthorn raised his axe, preparing to end the wretched creature. He paused, holding the axe overhead for a moment. Finally, it dropped to his side. He gestured for the elf to flee, to which it did without hesitation, albeit slowly at first. Sudden pain erupted in Gromthorn's spine. He dropped to his knees. Glancing over his shoulder he found his warparty commander towering over him, anger evident on his face. The commander signaled and an orc went in pursuit of the wounded elf. "Gromthorn Spinebreaker, you have betrayed your clan, your unit, and your race. Our survival depends on keeping the population of the elf menace manageable. Every elf that returns home could potentially sire dozens of offspring. Your weakness could result in untold orcish deaths!" The commander kicked Gromthorn in the back, sending him sprawling to the forest floor. A heavy boot pressed against the back of his head, holding him in place. "For your treachery, you will be stripped of your status and your name. You are no longer Spinebreaker. The fact you ever were is an insult to our legacy. Were it not for the promise I made to your mother, I'd execute you." The commander drew a knife from his side and slid the sharpened edge into Gromthorn's shoulder. It cut through flesh and muscle, easily filleting the clan brand from him. Gromthorn winced in pain but did not resist. All he could do was wait for it to be over. Finally, after what felt like hours of kicking, cutting, and



beating, as each orc took their turn extracting their proverbial pound of flesh, Gromthorn rolled to his side. He was all alone. His unit had left him. He knew he would never be welcomed into his clan again. To return would be certain death.

A snapping twig caught his attention and he winced as his instincts kicked in. The elf he'd released was standing there, two others at his side. He knew this was the end. He'd sealed his fate by letting the elf live. Not only had he been stripped of his honor, his status, and his name, but now he would be executed.

To his surprise, the elves didn't draw weapons. They calmly approached, standing over him, much the same way he had the wounded elf. They shared a few words he couldn't understand and finally, they lifted him.

Gromthorn was carried as if he weighed nothing. In minutes the elves had taken him to the forest's edge.

There, in the distance, was an elven ship anchored in the harbor. The wounded elf knelt close and spoke in extremely poor Orcish. "You show me kindness. I return. Ship leave for mysterious land. You go heal and start new life." It was enough to understand the words but not the meaning. Before he could object, Gromthorn was placed aboard the ship. A heavy breeze carried it away, out to sea. It seemed he was destined for a new life whether he wanted it or not.