

Moris Thunderhammer, son of Keif who fought at the bloody field of Kairn Ginthas against innumerable foes and won honor.

Male dwarf

7th Level barbarian

Equipment: Today is a special day, and you are wearing a set of black pants, a white shirt, and a matching black jacket. You have even taken the time to comb out your beard and you bathed...oh wait, darn it you forgot to bathe, but you now own soap. You also have a small canister of war pitch stuck into your pocket and a dagger in your other pocket in case you have to beat the snot out of someone during this naming ceremony thing.

Everyday equipment: Backpack, bedroll, war pitch (this chemical is soaked in the beard and then lit before combat so the face of the warrior looks as though it is smoking on its own), a set of scale mail, a shield, a large war hammer, a large leather coat with fur lining, a set of throwing axes. You also have flint and steel and two torches. Rounding off the entire mess you call a backpack you have some rope (50' long) and wineskin filled with some mead you and your brother made before you left home that you have been slowly sipping on occasions of glory.

Appearance:

You are a rather short, bearded dwarf. Your arms are scarred because of the numerous unarmed brawls you have been in and you show them with honor. You also have a large heavy coat you normally wear except when it really gets hot then you hang it over your backpack. You wear your beard in two braids like most of your clan, and your hair reaches your waist and you normally leave it layered out on your back. To cut it or your beard would dishonor your father.

Background:

You grew up on the mountains around Kairn Ginthas. Your clan left the Kairn some time ago when King Gefast son of Bornic the taker of many heads asked your clan to clear out some of the area around the Kairn so the mountain kingdom could expand. Your clan has also grown. The tents and caves that you call home have almost doubled since you were beardless.

Now you are bearded and have done much. You still have much to do and one day you believe you will find a mate and settle into one of the caves, defending your people and bringing honor to your name. Before you wished to mate however you decided to strike out away from your home and put to rest the ideas you have known about Elves and Kelds.

While you have been traveling you have learned that much of what you thought you knew of the world was wrong. Elves are not as weak and simpering, as you had been lead to believe. And Kelds, well they do not try to claim

everything they see as their own. In fact these two races have really proven themselves to you, although you still know that you love being a dwarf.

Currently you are traveling with a mixed group of folks. You like all of them although some of them more than others. You don't really push your opinion on anyone except when it comes to combat then you tend to side on the slam bash and crush side of any adventure.

Unfortunately for you however, this is not one of those adventures. In fact, it is a fro fro, dressy up thingy. You have to go and see your friends Renaldo and Elandria give their kid a name! You promised yourself you would not cry, as that is not what a warrior does, but you are so happy for them. You even went out and bought a cake of soap for the occasion. You forgot to use it, but you know that they will appreciate the thought of you actually bathing for their naming thingy.

Anyway you are supposed to go to this thing that is being hosted by the Knights of the Order of Halus. Every year, the Knights hold this Dance of Halus thingy. Well last year, during the Dance, Renaldo married Elandria, and well...<<sob>> <<sob>> oh it is so beautiful...wait wait...no not beautiful...just very good...yes <<sniff>> <<sniff>>. Anyway the Knights found out that Renaldo and Elandria needed to name their kid and so they invited them to hold their thing during this dance thing.

You just hope you can keep it together and not cry during the event...no can't cry...no one likes a crier.

Party Members:

Elandria Snowflower (Female Elvin) This elf is some sort of cleric of a god. You can't remember which one. You know it isn't Fildred and Ragnar the dwarven brothers of skill so you don't really pay too much attention to who she worships. You know she is pretty good with the healing and always seems to be able to pick up a trail in the woods, which is quite beneficial. You like her and like all your friends you would easily throw your life down in defense of her. Now if only you could remember whom her god is. Maybe over the course of the adventure you can ask her in a round about way. Maybe you can even ask her what her god represents of and all that other holy stuff. Since it is important to her you better know.

Today is a big day for her and her husband, and you are so happy for her. You are going to make sure that nothing upsets her during her special day. In fact for today, you have decided that you will keep yourself to drinking only from one mug at a time.

Bent Stick (Male Keld) This warrior is a Keld. That is like saying that stick is a lance. He is really a runt. Now he is one of your friends and you would die for him but gee you wish he had some more meat on his bones for being a warrior. Maybe over the course of the adventure you can fatten him up so he can be big and powerful like you.

Tin Kettle (A passionate female Keld) This little Keld is a firepot of fun. She always seems ready to rush right in and do whatever there is to do. Granted she has almost died more than once because of that but you like her just the same. You would just as easily lay down your life for her and well you think in a way she brings some fun to the otherwise very serious party, oh except for that other Keld, Stick, his is fun in a child like way too.

You have noticed that when she found out this naming thing, she got sort of grumpy, and kept saying things like “this will break us all up.” Maybe over the course of the adventure you can’t see if you can comfort her, by bringing her some food or other junk.

Merryweather (Male elf) This elf is some sort of book hound. You meet him on the plains just south of Stonefall some winters ago. The poor fellow had been knocked unconscious and would have been killed for sure if you hadn’t come along. Now well the elf thinks he owes you something and he follows you around. You like him and you would easily die to save him but he is like the opposite if you in ever way. While you crush things with your hammer, he casts little spells and stuff. While you wear heavy armor, he wears light little armor. Eh maybe over the course of the adventure you can let him know his debt is paid so he doesn’t get killed following you around, you would feel bad about it.

Bard Renoldo, Grand Thespian (Male/ half-elf) This half-elf is the king of the party, or leader or whatever folk call the folks that know what the heck to do all the time. He seems to always have a plan or be ready to do something that will save bacon for everyone. You think he is a fine leader and try to help him out when he does. One thing you have learned he likes to do is to trick enemies into thinking your group is doing or saying one thing when you are all doing or meaning something else. It is a real treat to watch him work. Maybe over the course of the adventure you can help him think up some of the stuff he thinks up and stuff. Of course you know you aren’t the deepest rain barrel among the bunch.

Today his kid is getting a name in some sort of official ceremony. You think this is a big step for him, and well you went out of your way and bought him a fine bottle of wine. You know it is a fine, because well, you have sampled a bit of it. Anyway, maybe over the course of the adventure you can’t see if you can slip it to him as a sign of respect for him on his big day.