



Duduk the Endurable

Race: Cakali
Hometown: Plain of Ash
Occupation: Jinn Mage
Religion: Devoted

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Investigation d6, Jinn Magic d8, Knowledge (Arcana) d6, Knowledge (Jinn) d6, Notice d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 4 (d4);
Parry: 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Lame, Loyal, Ugly

Edges: Arcane Background (Jinn Magic: majin), Bite/Claws (Str+d4), Fearless, Nomad Ways

Languages: Beduan, Cakalic, Jinn, Sand-speech

Powers: *Armor, bolt, entangle*

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

Duduk's tribe live on the western fringes of the Plain of Ash. Like all his kind, he grew up on the stories of the jinn's treachery toward his race, and how they rained death down upon their once magnificent cities.

His tribe did not shirk away from the painful memory of their ancestors' doom. All children were required to travel into the ash before reaching adulthood, albeit accompanied by an experienced guide. Partly this was to instill in them a full understanding of what the cakali sacrificed to help others live as free men, and partly to aid in their survival training.

Three days into the trip, the small party was attacked by a rogue lesser ifrit. Their guide died in the first assault, his blasted corpse crumbling to ash like those of his distant ancestors. Unafraid, the youths nonetheless tried to retreat in the face of an enemy they could not hope to defeat. All Duduk remembered before unconsciousness claimed him was a wave of heat rolling over him, and searing pain up his left side.

Fate decreed that Duduk should not die that day, though his life hung in the balance. A patrol from a neighboring tribe searching the Plain of Ash for a band of tomb robbers happened across the final stages of the one-sided battle. Opposed by experienced mages and jinn hunters, the ifrit was swiftly defeated. Duduk, the only survivor, was duly carried back to his tribe. Everyone expected him to die of his crippling injuries, but Duduk proved too tenacious for death to claim.

While straddling the worlds between life and death he encountered Anup, the great founder of their race. He bade the youth to look into his heart and grasp his purpose in life, for unless he did he would pass over the veil of mortality and join with Asha.

Previously unsure as to what path to take in life, Duduk awoke knowing in his heart he wanted to become a jinn mage. Though Suleiman had wisely destroyed or punished many lesser jinn who would not bow before him, there were still a great number who had escaped his wrath. Duduk would master the jinn.

He would bind them to his will as they had done the other races, he would force them to commit acts for the betterment of others rather than for selfish gain or to inflict misery, and he would destroy those jinn that would not repent of their sins, convert to the teachings of Suleiman, and serve due penance. In place of steel and cunning, he would fight them with their own kind, a fitting retribution for a race that once hailed themselves as living gods.

Though the logical choice was for him to study the ways of controlling lesser ifrit as his first art, Duduk opted to master majin. "I shall save the ifrits for last," he told his curious master. "They shall hear of my name on the wind as I grow in power, and wonder in their fell and blackened hearts when I might come to bind them to the yoke of my will."

Duduk departed his tribe several years ago. He has faced and defeated several rogue lesser jinn already, but he knows the path he has chosen to walk is a long one.

DESCRIPTION

Duduk's appearance is striking. The entire left side of his muzzle and much of cheek is a mass of hairless scar tissue and missing flesh. His teeth are visible through the damage, even when he is not smiling. His left leg is extremely weak, and is missing a great deal of muscle.

He wears a necklace strung with colored glass beads. Each bead represents a rogue lesser jinni he has personally slain. To date, it is adorned with six beads.

MANNERISMS

When thinking, Duduk flicks his tongue over his exposed teeth. To those unused to the sight, it gives the impression of a predator pondering its next meal. When faced with prospect of facing a rogue jinni, he becomes excited, caring little for planning, and urging his comrades to enter the fray as soon as possible.



Ghunwah bint Aban

Race: Hadaree

Hometown: Fashir, City of Water
(Caliphate of Al-Shirkuh)

Occupation: Storyteller & Gossip

Religion: Faithful (Qedeset)

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit
d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Intimidation d6,
Knowledge (Folklore) d8, Notice d6,
Persuasion d8, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6;

Parry: 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Pacifist (Major),
Stubborn

Edges: Charismatic, Houri, Storyteller

Languages: Beduan, Cakalic, Holy
Tongue, Sandspeech

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

The youngest child and only daughter of a lowly but honest dockworker, Ghunwah would shirk her household chores and follow her father to work. She had no interest in his profession, nor did she have any great yearning to travel. What attracted her to the noisy, smelly, and crowded waterfront were the ships. More specifically, the crews who sailed them into harbor.

Ghunwah's father always told her a story before bedtime. While she enjoyed the recitals, his repertoire was extremely limited, and even changing the details could not disguise this. The young girl quickly developed a craving for new stories, especially those of other cultures. The docks, where crews from the great cities of the Caliphate and Sultanate met with merchants from lands known to her only in her father's stories, seemed the ideal place to satisfy her yearning.

Over time, mariners and merchants came to know Ghunwah and her desire for stories. While some ignored her as a nuisance, others gladly took a few minutes from the busy schedules to whisper of fantastical cities poking through the sand, the great hero and explorer Sinbad, mischievous jinni ready to prey on those who could not see past their deceptions, and terrible monsters that could eat a man's soul. Ghunwah absorbed the salient facts like a sponge, often spinning her own version of the narrative. In time, her father became the audience and she the storyteller.

As she grew, Ghunwah continued to ignore her chores. Having blossomed into womanhood, she found her pretty looks and natural charisma allowed her to manipulate men with ease. A flirtatious smile, a coy look, or a gentle wiggle of the hips had the local boys queuing up to sweep the yard, beat the laundry, and collect dung for fuel in the hopes of earning a kiss.

Ghunwah's family was poor, and while she had no interest in manual labor or marrying a rich suitor, she provided coin through her storytelling. The wide variety of tales she had picked up, coupled with her natural charm, made her a great success in the public squares.

Success was short-lived, though, and her audiences began to drift away. As her father before, Ghunwah had simply ran out of new tales. While she could have invented new ones, Ghunwah wanted to share existing stories of great heroes, dashing princes, and cruel wizards. Alas, even her friends at the docks could not expand her knowledge, for she has drained them of their tales.

So it was Ghunwah packed a few belongings and joined a merchant caravan, earning her keep as a storyteller. Not only would travel allow her to share the stories she knew with new audiences, but it would give her the chance to pick up new tales.

Ghunwah has recently fallen in with a band of young adventurers. Though they have yet to achieve any deeds worthy of true fame, the storyteller has a hunch that, given time, they could be the center of a new generation of exciting stories. With her recounting their deeds, they can't fail to achieve great glory!

DESCRIPTION

Ghunwah is pretty, but not truly attractive. However, she exudes an aura of confidence and sensuality that men find irresistible, and she dresses to accentuate her natural curves. Except when throwing one of her tantrums, she has a smile permanently etched on her face.

MANNERISMS

Ghunwah expects to get her own way. She's quite prepared to flutter her eyelids, wiggle her assets, or play the helpless damsel if that helps get what she wants. When things go against her, she folds her arms across her chest and pouts like a spoiled child. She has been known to stamp her feet of occasion.

Ghunwah has a fondness for gossip, and finds it impossible not to spread information she has learned, even if it reaches the wrong ears.



Beyah Sulina Dar-Farouk

Race: Bedu

Homeland: Jinn Lands of Old

Occupation: Noble

Religion: Faithful (Geb-Agni)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Stealth d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6;

Parry: 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Arrogant, Cautious, Loyal

Edges: Command, Noble, Respected Tribe

Languages: Cakalic, Giant, Sandspeech

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

Beyah Sulina is the only child of the head of her small but prosperous tribe. For generations beyond measure the nomads have lived on the edge of the Heart of Fire, bringing supplies to the various mining camps and carrying away slabs of hewn stone, bags of sulfur, and ingots of metal ore destined for distant cities. The tribe is renowned across Al-Shirkuh for its honesty and its courage—their caravans are frequently attacked by fire giants and their orc allies, and the tribesmen put up strong and determined resistance.

Sulina's father had her late in life. He sired several other children in his younger days, all male, but they died in infancy. While some of his kin shook their heads when a girl was born, the sheikh rejoiced, proudly proclaiming that Geb-Agni, the tribe's patron deity, had given her a great destiny.

Though mollycoddled by her proud parents when she was young, Sulina never became a spoiled child, nor did she expect to be waited on by others. As she grew to adulthood she served her tribe as would any woman, learning the basic tasks the tribe relied on for its survival. When she became a teenager she began learning traditional masculine skills—hunting and fighting.

Now into old age, the sheikh announced Sulina as his appointed heir last year. Shocked, the girl protested, claiming there were male kin, albeit distant ones, far more worthy of holding the position. The sheikh laughed. He admitted that there were better qualified men right now, but he had no intention of travelling to Geb-Agni's forge any time soon. When he answered the god's call, Sulina would be ready.

Although as heir she would be expected to serve alongside the sheikh, learning the diplomatic juggling act required to keep the tribe alive and its bonds with its allies strong, Sulina opted to leave her tribe and travel Al-Shirkuh. Her father voiced no objection, but he did demand to know the reasoning behind the decision.

Sulina explained that it would not do simply to be taught how to manage the tribe's need, nor how to deal with strangers or unexpected danger. In order to be a good leader, she must first learn her strength and weakness, how to make her mark on the world. If I cannot manager difficulties in my own life, she added, what hope have I of managing an entire tribe? In order to acquire that wisdom, she must forge her own path, if only for a few years. Pleased with her answer, which showed wisdom beyond her years, the sheikh asked the tribe's priests to bless her departure.

Sulina left her tribe several months ago as a young girl. Today, after several minor adventures, she has already blossomed into a level-headed and capable warrior. Now she must learn how to be a leader.

DESCRIPTION

A proud Bedu, Sulina always dresses in traditional garb. As an unmarried woman, she keeps her long hair loose, as is the tradition of her tribe. Her eyes are highly unusual—they are tinged orange (her mother told her it was the reflection of the Heart of Fire, and a sign she was destined for greatness).

MANNERISMS

Sulina isn't actually arrogant. As the potential sheikhah of her tribe she knows the nomads will only support her if she is deemed worthy to hold the position in their eyes. Thus, she strives to be the best leader and warrior she can, even if that means taking risks.

However, she is still young and unsure of her strengths. Rather than make decisions that might turn out badly, she prefers to take advice and weigh up a situation before making a decision. Thus, she is torn between doing what is best and doing what she must.

Though she dislikes being alone with men not of her family, she has come to accept that she must adjust to her circumstances, not try to force her beliefs on others.



Ray of Shamash Ismail

Race: Ifrit Jinn Blooded (Hadaree)
Hometown: Qarqas, City of Slaves (Free
Emirate States)
Occupation: Paladin
Religion: Faithful (Shamash)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit
d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Faith d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation
d8, Notice d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6,
Survival d4

Charisma: 0 (-2); **Pace:** 6;
Parry: 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Delusional (Minor: son of
Shamash), Distrusted, Elemental Weak-
ness (Water), Overconfident, Stubborn

Edges: Arcane Background (Miracles),
Jinn Blooded (Ifrit), Still Human

Languages: Black Tongue, Sandspeech

Cleric Powers: *Deflection, light*

Innate Powers: *Elemental manipulation*
(fire)

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

Ismail was something of a problem child. His innate elemental power manifested when he was very young, and things around him had a habit of spontaneously bursting into flames.

When others in his community shunned him for his unnatural heritage, his mother (an unmarried “working girl”) told him it was because they were jealous. In what would prove to be a mistake of epic proportions, she told the dim-witted youth he was special. It was not foul jinn blood that ran in his veins, she said, but the divine blood of Shamash. This was why there was no earthly father in the household.

Unfortunately, Ismail took this quite literally. The bullying he suffered only worsened when he told his peers he was the son of Shamash. Fortunately for this future eyesight he grew out of his habit of staring into the sun in the hope of catching a glimpse of his “father.”

Though short on brains, Ismail always knew right from wrong. He believed in the cause of righteousness, feared falling into Iblis’ grasp through committing immoral acts, and respected order. Peers who committed bad deeds, no matter how trivial, were punished by one of his beefy fists, for he had grown into a strong young man. This, coupled with his “divine” heritage, meant it came as no surprise to those who knew him when he announced his intention to join the cult of Shamash and serve his “father” as a paladin.

Though about as intelligent as a brick, Ismail managed to grasp the basic tenets of the cult. His examiners were somewhat surprised when he summed up the entire dogma as “order good, chaos bad,” but they could not deny he understood the core of the faith, and his zeal was unquestionable. With a mixture of reluctance and pride, they duly awarded him paladinhood.

Ismail promptly went on a one-paladin law-enforcement spree in Qarqas, City of Slaves. Any citizen who committed even the most trivial morally questionable act was beaten and arrested. None of his superiors doubted his motives, nor his obedience to the faith, but his methods were giving the temple a bad name, and no amount of talking could convince him that sometimes a harsh lecture would serve to bring sinners back to the side of order and save their souls from the Bottomless Pit.

In the end, his superiors unanimously voted to send Ismail into the wilds of Al-Shirkuh. There, they told the slack-jawed paladin, he would find many sinners to save and wicked beasts to slay. Faced with such facts, Ismail gladly accepted the new challenge. For two years the paladin has bullied, berated, and battled his way across the sands, never giving an inch to evil, and forever spouting what little he remembers of Shamash’s holy texts.

DESCRIPTION

Ismail didn’t do well when it came to looks. While not hideous, his ears are too large for his head, his hair (which he dyes bright yellow) is greasy and lank, and his teeth are badly uneven. His eyes are normally dim, betraying the lack of wits behind them, but burn fervently when he is despatching evil. His holy symbol, of which he is exceptionally proud, is made of gold and silver.

MANNERISMS

Ismail is a zealot. In his eyes, any decision he makes he decreed by Shamash, and therefore infallible. He does not appreciate others thinking they know better than the god of order, and is quite vocal in calling those who argue otherwise heretics. The life he leads is morally upstanding, disciplined, and ordered.

His overconfidence stems partly from his belief he is semi-divine, but more from his lack of brains—he’s just too stupid to stop and weigh up the odds of success before embarking on any task.



Ahmed the Monkey

Race: Hadaree

Homeland: Qarah, City of Learning (Al-Wazir Sultanate)

Occupation: Street Urchin

Religion: Devoted

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Lock-picking d6, Notice d4, Stealth d8, Street-wise d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8 (d10);
Parry: 6; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Animal Curse (monkey),
Illiterate, Poverty

Edges: Acrobat, Fleet-Footed, Thief

Languages: Al-Waziran, Roguetongue,
Sandspeech

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

Education may be compulsory in the Sultanate, but Ahmed wasn't allowed the luxury of learning his letters. Born to the lowest class of citizen and the runt of the litter, Ahmed was sold to one of the many thieves' guilds operating in the city as a small child by his uncaring parents. Minimal rations and a hard training regime ensured he did not put on much weight as he grew.

Though he began his criminal career as a cutpurse and pickpocket, the guild master saw great promise in the thin youth. His small frame meant he could squeeze through narrow gaps, and he proved a natural climber. These talents quickly earned him his nickname.

In his 10th year, Ahmed was ordered to break into the house of a scholar and steal a certain book. Although illiterate, the book had a distinctive cover, which would make identifying it easier. As nimble as his namesake, Ahmed scaled the walls, slipped through a narrow window, and stole into the house.

His crime might have gone undetected, but the owner had left a bowl of sugared almonds in his study. Starving, Ahmed began filling his cheeks with the sweet treats. He was still eating when the owner returned. Before he could flee out the window, Ahmed was apprehended by a pair of remarkably strong hands.

Unfortunately for Ahmed, the scholar was no elderly mortal sage, but a greater jinni disguised in human form. After recovering the book from Ahmed, he demanded to know the intruder's name. Ahmed duly answered, his words spilled out by fear rather than a sudden honest urge. With a sly grin, the jinni spoke. "If a monkey you wish to be," he laughed, "then a monkey you shall become!" Ahmed, who had heard tales of evil wizards (which this man surely must be to speak such words), expected a puff of smoke at the least, but nothing untoward happened. Then, to his surprise, he was allowed to leave.

That night, while walking the streets rehearsing his excuse for failing his assigned task, Ahmed learned the meaning of the jinni's words. As soon as the sun set, he transformed into a scrawny, screeching monkey. Before he knew it, Ahmed was snatched off the ground by calloused hands and thrown into a sack.

As the sun rose, the unsuspecting merchant who had purchased the monkey the previous evening was rather shocked to learn he was suddenly in possession of a young boy. Unfortunately for Ahmed, the merchant had already returned to his ship and set sail for a distant city. On the journey, the merchant learned of Ahmed's curse. Always out for a quick dinar, he intended to exhibit the boy as a captive jinni. Ahmed has other ideas.

When the ship docked the boy escaped. Hungry and tired, he was caught picking the pocket of an adventurer of good hearts. Ahmed was given a simple choice—follow the hero on his travels and learn how to put his larcenous talents toward an honest life, or face the wrath of the authorities. Two years on, Ahmed is trying to lead a good life, despite the occasional lapse.

DESCRIPTION

Ahmed is a scrawny, gangly youth with a mop of unruly black hair and bright brown eyes. A beaming smile is rarely off his face. Alas, it reveals a distinct set of teeth missing half their number, the result of his constantly stuffing his face with sugary sweets and honey cakes.

MANNERISMS

Despite being an adequate thief, Ahmed is poor for two reasons. First, his love of sweet foods, which borders on an addiction. Much of his income is spent on such products. Second, he is notoriously charitable. Despite growing up on the streets and having few possessions, he knows there are people less well-off than him, and even a small act of charity cleanses the soul and lightens the life of others.

Though he is trying to repent his larcenous ways, his need for sweets means he is often caught with his hands in other people's purses.



MUDAR ibN SIDDIQ

Race: Hadaree
Hometown: Jadid, City of Trade
Occupation: Healer
Religion: Devoted

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Survival d4, Taunt d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6;
Parry: 5; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Cursed (Minor)*, God Cursed (Marqod), Mean

Edges: Brawler, Expert Healer

Languages: Beduan, Holy Tongue, Sand-speech

* *Cursed (Unique Hindrance): Treats his Strength as two die types lower when using any manufactured weapon.*

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

Mudar never wanted to be a healer. Born a free citizen of Jadid, City of Trade, he elected to follow his father and enlist in the army. Not the most glamorous work, but the pay was steady. He quickly earned a reputation as being hard but fair, and for never backing down from a fight.

Jadid suffered from a minor famine several years ago. The problem wasn't enough to spell doom and disaster, but staple crops were severely rationed by the emir. Unfortunately, people have a habit of panicking, as occurred when a rabble-rouser began spreading rumors the grain stocks were much lower than were being publicly admitted due to rich citizens buying extra rations from corrupt bureaucrats. Within hours the news had spread like wildfire. A mob gathered outside the granaries, and the army was duly summoned to hold them back while officials attempted to pacify the agitated crowd.

Unfortunately, the official chosen to speak lacked the charisma to keep the mob in check. Whether it was a citizen or a soldier who threw the first punch is still hotly debated today. Regardless, violence broke out, and quickly escalated into a full-blown riot. Separated from his comrades, Mudar battled for his life. Without thinking he slashed his blade into the crowd, cutting down an old woman. A priestess of Marqod, she had come to the granary only to gather grain for her temple, where many sick from hunger had gathered. As she lay dying, she cursed Mudar. "Until you have helped alleviate the suffering of others," she cried, "no strength shall your arms have to wield weapons, and no health shall you have in your body." No sooner had the words been uttered than the woman died. Mudar's right arm buckled, unable to grasp his sword.

After the riot had been quelled, Mudar went to the temple of Marqod. He explained what had happened, expressed his guilt over an unnecessary death caused by the red mist all warriors suffer from, but the priests could not lift his curse. That, they said, would have to be lifted by the goddess in her own time.

Mudar tried to resume his duties, but it rapidly became clear the curse was here to stay. Unable to effectively wield a blade, and now suddenly lacking in endurance, he was relieved of his duties. Though Devoted, Mudar returned to the temple and asked to be taught the basics of the healing arts.

Although skilled as a healer, and despite having treated many injuries, his curse would not end. Exasperated, he asked the priests to conduct a divination, so that he might work his penance. They concluded that tending cuts and disease within the safe confines of Jadid would not end his torment. In order that he might appease the goddess, Mudar would have to travel the greater world, placing himself in danger yet unable to defend himself, and tend to the wounds of those striving to make Al-Shirkuh a better place.

For three years he has wandered the burning sands as an itinerant healer. While his ability to wield weapons has been greatly diminished, the curse did not affect his fists. Mudar has become a skilled pugilist, and, despite new scars and a few close shaves, he has survived encounters that would kill a lesser man.

DESCRIPTION

Mudar is a man unhappy with his life, and he shows that in his face. When he isn't scowling, he's normally just miserable. Tall and well-muscled, his physique betrays a poor constitution, which often leaves him short of breath and with flushed cheeks.

MANNERISMS

Mudar is a cantankerous healer. He feels the punishment he has endured is too harsh, and he's quite happy to share his feelings. Much of the time he is sullen. Help is not so much offered begrudgingly, as with a constant stream of how he came to be in his current predicament and how he'd rather be doing something else.

Nuktar the Indispensable



Race: Sand Goblin

Homeland: Jizah, City of the Sphinx
(Kingdom of the Sphinxes)

Occupation: Tomb Raider

Religion: Devoted

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit
d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Knowl-
edge (History) d6, Lockpicking d8, Notice
d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6;
Parry: 5; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Banned Edges, Inept
(Minor), Quirk (exaggeration), Phobia
(Major: salt), Small, Untrustworthy

Edges: Camel, Sand Walker, Sneaky, Tomb
Robber

Languages: Hekatic, Orcish, Sandspeech

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

Nuktar happily tells anyone who bothers to ask that he was once in the service of a wise and mighty sphinx, a sage who sent him into the world so that others might benefit from his talents. In truth, Nuktar was born a slave. His master *was* a sage, though he wasn't a sphinx—he was a human who in turn served a sphinx.

His master was tasked with tracking down intact tombs and returning the wealth stored in them to the sphinx's coffers. Unwilling to spend money on hiring expert tomb robbers, the scholar purchased cheap slaves (those deemed too stupid to master a useful trade. i.e., sand goblins) to help explore the tombs. All they had to do was run around the passageways until they found the central treasury. Naturally, more than a few would activate traps along the way at the expense of their lives. When the way was clear, the sage would move in to claim the treasure and the glory.

Despite being useless at everything else he tried his hand at, Nuktar proved a natural at not only spotting traps, but actually disarming them. The sage was a cruel man, prone to mistreating his minions, and he had no remorse for the many sand goblins he had sent to their doom. Nuktar, though not normally one for revenge or deviousness, planned to avenge their deaths.

He disarmed a particularly nasty trap, crossed over the activation plate, and then promptly (and carefully) reset the device. Then he called his master forward, claiming the passage was safe to traverse and the treasure was just around the bend. Seeing the sand goblin ahead, the sage duly walked forward. His demise inside a spray of extremely caustic salt was not quick. Nuktar still suffers from nightmares about it and quails at the sight of salt.

Now a free goblin (Nuktar had no intention of returning to the sphinx), and moderately wealthy by the standards of his race (the tomb held meager pickings, and the spoils were divided among the other sand goblins in the expedition), Nuktar decided to put his awesome talents (his words) to use as a freelancer.

He has recently joined a party of young adventurers keen to make their mark on history. They seem a pleasant enough bunch, and desperately need someone who knows what they're doing. Maybe in a few years he'll retire, but until then Nuktar is prepared to disarm traps (and nothing else) for a fair share of any spoils.

Although not gifted intellectually, Nuktar managed to pick up enough knowledge of Hekatic from his former master to become almost fluent in the dead language. He may be a mangy sand goblin with a vastly overinflated opinion of himself, but no one can deny he is without a handy talent or two.

DESCRIPTION

Nuktar has a nose far too big for his head. He tells people it was given him by a greater jinni, and that he can use it to sniff out traps. He can't. All his nose does for him is constantly run. His top lip is usually crusted in mucus, and when he isn't using his fingers to disarm traps or count coins he has at least one wedged firmly up a nostril. His mangy hair is matted with filth—Nuktar claims the “natural scent” protects him from tomb guardians. In truth he just hates washing.

MANNERISMS

Nuktar isn't a liar, but he does tend to exaggerate things or create fictitious acts to make himself sound more capable than he really is. For instance, he might claim a trap is “just like one I disabled in a pyramid in Hekata,” despite never having set foot inside the cursed realm, or indeed seen that type of trap before.

He is also fond of misusing quotes from the *Hamad* to justify his profession. For example, “Asha helps those who help themselves—which is exactly what I'm doing with these unwanted coins.”



Amka

Race: Hyaenidae
Homeland: The Grazelands
Occupation: Warrior
Religion: Faithful (Duamutef)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 7;
Parry: 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bad Reputation, Greedy (Minor), Habit (Major: alcohol), Loyal, Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Bite, Laugh, Low Light Vision, Liquid Courage, Tireless

Languages: Hyaendish, Orcish, Sand-speech

Hellfrost: Land of Fire Sample Character

BACKGROUND

Amka's family had, according to the elders, lived in the Grazelands since before the humans arrived. Though never aggressive toward the humans, the hyaenidae kept their contact to a minimum. They traded goods scavenged from ruins or caravans attacked by others in return for luxuries, but much of the time they spent hunting in the wilds and defending their territory from others.

By the time Amka was born the tribe has gone up in the world. They ruled over a small ruin, a caravanserai that stood on some long disused trade road. It even boasted a string, though the trickle of water barely provided for their basic needs. Even so, in a land where resources are scarce and jealously guarded, it was enough of a bounty to attract unwanted attention.

The family, which was of moderate size, had a reputation among the local hyaenidae tribes of being very strong. Unfortunately, that strength lay in displays of aggression, not acts of physical violence. Its warriors were ill-equipped to handle a tribe of rapacious orcs who had designs on becoming lords of the ruins. They snarled and barked when the first wave of orcs appeared, but they were no match when melee ensued.

The few survivors were kept as slaves. The orcs made sure they were worked to the point of exhaustion, and then thoroughly beat them. Amka turned to hard drink to blot out the memories, for this the orcs had in abundance and were willing to share—a drunk slave didn't need guarding, meaning the orcs could engage in their fell revelry. The abuse took its toll, and before long Amka found herself alone. Her family, everyone she had ever known or loved, had ceased to exist, their bones picked clean by the fiends who now ruled her ancestral lands.

Amka bided her time, and grew accustomed to the harsh liquor. One dark night, when even the moon hid in shame at what was to come, Amka took a bloody revenge. After killing several sentries by ripping out their throats, she avenged her kin on the orc chieftain. She didn't kill him—that would be too kind a fate. He wouldn't be siring any children anytime soon, though, and among orcs that made him lower than any runt.

The remaining orcs alerted by their chieftain's screams, Amka fled into the desert, relying on her wits and knowledge of the arid region to keep her safe from her pursuers. Three days later, near death, she was found by a traveller. Though wary of her, for hyaenidae have a bad reputation, he gave her food, water, and shelter. She did not offer her life story, nor did the stranger ever ask—he understood all too well what she had endured from the haunted look in her eyes.

That was a year ago, and the pair still travel the sands together. Now, though, they walk with others. Amka has not forgotten her old family, but now she has a new one. They, and strong wine, are all she needs.

DESCRIPTION

Amka's eyes are usually bloodshot, even when she is sober. As with most of her species, she sees personal hygiene as something optional. Her fur is normally matted with a rancid mix of meat juices and wine stains. She is missing several clumps of fur, the result of injuries, but not enough to make her ugly (by hyaenidae standards).

MANNERISMS

Amka is a drunkard. Unfortunately for her companions, drinking has a nasty habit of making her argumentative. Fortunately, rather than reaching for weapons to settle a dispute she usually just displays her sharp teeth. Not that this isn't frightening in itself.

She may no longer have blood family, but her racial instincts remain strong. Her adventuring friends are her new kin, and anyone who thinks he can harass them without suffering a reprisal is a fool. She rarely slays those who make the mistake of offending her—as she says, a dead foe can remember nothing, but a living one must forever face his shame. Anyone thinking of bullying her can expect no mercy—Amka has been a slave and a victim, and will not be that again.