

# Therric (former Halfhammer clan)



Race		Gender	Age	Career Class	Religion	Alignment
Dwarf		Male ?	81	Warrior	Grimnir	Neutral
Height	Weight	Hair	Eyes	Traits	Social Level	Insanity Pts
4'10"=1,47	76 kg	Orange (black)	Dark purple	One eye (1/2BS)	D 13 (X,F)	4

## Description

Current Career	Career Path	Career Exits
Troll Slayer	-	Giant Slayer

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
STARTER PROFILE	3	45	10*	4*	5*	8	30*	1	22	48	32	57	46	22
ADVANCE SCHEME		+10	+10	+1		+4	+10	+1	+10			+20		
CURRENT PROFILE	3	55	10	4	5	9	30	2	22	48	32	57	46	22

MELEE WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY	SKILLS	SKILLS
All-steel dagger	+10	-	-2	-20	Disarm	Speak Khazalid (Dwarven)
Hand axe	-	-	-	-	Dodge Blow	Old Worlder
Molly (two handed axe)	-10	-	+2	-	Spec. Weapon - Two handed	Hates all goblinoids
					Street Fighter	
					Strike Mighty Blow	
					Mining	
					Smithing	
					Very Strong (+1S)	
MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD	
						Drive Cart
						Very resilient (+1T)
						Lightning Reflexes (+10I)
						Night Vision, 30m
ARMOUR POINTS						
ARMOUR	LOCATION		ENC			

SPILLS	SL	MP	R	D	INGREDIENTS	EFFECT	FATE POINTS
							3
							MAGIC POINTS
							POWER LEVEL
							EXPERIENCE
EQUIPMENT AND TRAPPINGS	LOC	ENC	MOVEMENT	10 SECS	MIN	MPH	
Sturdy Clothing,	-	-	CAUTIOUS	6	36	1 1/4	
Boots	-	-	STANDARD	12	72	2 3/4	
Hooded Cloak	-	-	RUNNING	48	288	10 3/4	
Backpack (BP)	B	20	PSYCHOLOGY AND HEALTH				
Pewter Tankard	BP	5	Disorder: Heroic Idiocy (Ignore fear test)				
Cutlery (Metal)	BP	4					
Tinderbox	BP	5					
Blanket	BP	10					
All-steel dagger	Belt	10					
Hand Axe	Belt	50	NOTES				
Two handed Axe "Molly"	C	75					
Eye patch	-	-					
3 doses of redcap juice	Belt	3					
- one dose ingested with a fair draught of ale incites frenzy after 1 round; after 15 minutes: T test or sleep for 1 hour.							
TOTAL			187	SIBLINGS:			
WEALTH			#	PLACE OF BIRTH:			
1/1 Gold Crowns	10	P	5	Karaz-a-Karak			
1/12 Silver Schillings				SIBLINGS:			
1/240 Brass Pennies				1 sister, 19 years younger.			
TOTAL			10	PARENTS:			
			5	Father dead, mother 131 years.			

I watched over the bodies of my fallen companions.  
Erik, the Norseman. He even laughed as the corpses piled over us like a pestilent tide, swinging his sword in huge, glittering arcs.

Krieger hacked like a madman as he called to the Man-God Sigmar for aid against the evil tide. Half of his face had been bitten away, bone and brain exposed to the uncaring winter wind. Apparently Sigmar had other things to do.

Verilin had been a sly elf, quick with his daggers and with his hands always in someone's purse. A scoundrel and thorough bastard, they had gotten him first, tearing him to pieces to feed their other-worldly hunger.

Aerin screamed her last spell, An undead thing's claw at her throat re-directing the harmonics of the universe into her body. She detonated like a bomb, spewing her and her enemies entrails for hundreds of yards and saving my life. The largest part I could find was her hand.

I am Therric.

I am of the True people.

I should never have left the safety of the warrens of Karaz-a-Karak, should never have tempted the short-lived ones... I ran my rough hands across the double bitted axe of my Forefathers and remembered them fondly, now that I watched over their cold, empty shells.

It was my map that brought us here. It was my gold that funded our mission. It was my leadership that held us together. It was my error that lead to this ambush.

The Fault is mine.

Verilin's mirror served well enough, and one of his knives served better. Locks of hair fell about me like blonde snowflakes, littering the ground. The sound of the knife scraping my skull filled my senses.

I had no dye, I had no lime, nor animal fat.

The blood of fallen comrades would have to do.

Erik's blood ran into my eyes as it congealed, stiffening my new mohawk into a startling crest. I stripped from my armour as fear tightened my gut into a twisting mass of maggots.

I took up my axe and swung it about, relishing it like the grip of an old friend. The language of my people came upon me. A beautiful language, solid and flowing, it was the most dwarfish thing about me now. I raised it like a weapon to the uncaring stars above. Like the time of the Ancestor Gods, when dragons blotted out the sky, the grasping fingers of storm clouds raced in above.

Feeling my soul scream with the echoes of my voice, I made the Oath.

"Hear me, Oh Mighty Grímnir! God of my Ancestors, the True People! I am unworthy, I am gravel, I am sand! No buildings can be made upon me, nothing built of me can stand. My only redemption can be to build my cairn with the bodies of the enemies of Your Children. I will die as a hero, for even as you turn your eye from me now, I will send such a host of foes before me into the afterlife that not even you can deny my worth. I am honourless and without family now. But my death shall serve the lives of many.

Only then will I be restored!"

Thunder crackled above and the rain began to come down in sheets across the reborn battlefield.

And the fear was not so close now as it had been.

"Necromancer! I know you are close! I come for your black heart, you bastard! A Slayer comes to send your corrupted soul to the abyss!" My words were swallowed by the night, eaten by the same demon that had stolen the sun, moon and stars.

I Therric, Therric the Trollslayer, marched forth to meet my heroic death, or the end of my quest.

They were the same thing now, really.

Yet I survived, and still seek my doom.

(written by Ouroboros)