[These were written up for a Way of Wicked PbP game that really never took off.]

**Magdar the Beast** *(After some of the more noticeable changes going on with Magdar)*

Credit to Ryuujin

Magdar was big and strong, not all that attractive and looked kind of strange. He was also rather quiet and shy in his youth. And so he was often made fun of, and large groups of kids would attack him believing he would never defend himself. And he certainly didn't as he was growing up. In fact everyone thought he was slow and stupid. It was just that he did not have much confidence and did not want to jump to conclusions or speak up and get people to attack him again. Still his remaining quiet didn't really help and just led to others mistreating him for other reasons.

Magdar grew up bitter and resentful, at once full of a desire to fit in, and a burning rage to lash out at his tormentors. Eventually all the torment was too much for him and he lashed out in retaliation. When all was said and done a number of people were dead, not on purpose but all the same. The strangeness that filled him became all the more apparent and people were frightened of him, and enraged. It actually felt good to lash out, to stand up for himself. But he had to run, and he could never return.

With a price on his head he was forced to turn to crime to survive. He began to provide muscle for other criminals in their enterprises, and helping to break in when more direct methods were called for. He spent a few years doing this, finding more and more oddities about himself as he did so. He found he enjoyed using his strength and toughness to get what he wanted. He found he enjoyed the life of a criminal, though needing to be constantly moving and not having a lot of luxury in his life were a bit of a drag, then again he didn't have much luxury in his life before he turned to crime either. He began to realize that his skin was tougher than that of others, and he found that the tips of his fingers, and his finger nails, were strangely rigid and able to tear into things better than even a sword blade. That was certainly a shock when he had realized it. He is still finding things out about himself all the time. And he wishes he could remember anything from before he lived in the village, but his oldest memories are of living on the outskirts of the village and constantly being mistreated by others, especially the vicious kids.

Unfortunately news of Magdar, and his exploits, has spread and the last job he was on quickly went south. In fact the job was a setup specifically to catch him in the act of breaking into a bank, and killing a number of guards. When a large group of soldiers showed up he was confused, but he was enraged, and hurt, when his fellow thieves turned on him and helped the soldiers to catch him. Now he awakes in Branderscar Prison. And things sound like they are only going to get worse from here.

Level 1 Utter Brute Barbarian  
  
**Stat**  
  
Strength 14 (+2) [14 base]  
Dexterity 14 (+2) [14 base]  
Constitution 16 (+3) [16 base]  
Intelligence 10 (+0) [10 base]  
Wisdom 12 (+1) [12 base]  
Charisma 10 (+0) [10 base]  
   
Total Hit Points: 28 = 2\*(12+KDM(2))  
  
Speed: 40 ft = 35ft +5 ft [Athletics]  
  
Armor Class: 13 = 10 +1 [BAB] +2 [KDM]   
DR 1  
  
Initiative modifier: +2 = +2 [Dexterity]   
Fortitude save: +5\* = 2 [base] +3 [Constitution]   
Reflex save: +2\* = 0 [base] +2 [Dexterity]  
Will save: +3\* = 2 [base] +1 [Wisdom]  
Attack (natural): +5 = 1 [base] +3 [KOM] +1 [Item/Fury]  
Grapple check: +7 = 1 [base] +2 [strength] +4 [size]  
Awareness +12 = 10 [base] +1 [level] +1 [Wisdom]  
  
\*+4 bonus on saves against combat maneuvers  
  
Languages: Common.   
  
Dragon Claws [(1d6+11)1d6+KOM+KOM+1+1+3, Reach]  
Melee Range 15ft (includes reach)  
Close Range 25ft  
Medium Range 110ft  
Long Range 440ft  
Extreme Range 1100ft  
  
**Feats**  
 1st level - Juggernaut [Iconic] - size increases to Large, though suffer none of the penalties.   
 No longer provoke an attack of opportunity when using Bull Rush combat maneuver.   
 Gain [Immunity] to [Slowed].   
 1st level - Guild Initiation (Shaman(Dragon)) - May exchange one of my tracks for another  
 track as per multicasting. Special: May take this feat with Racial feat slot. (Bonus)  
1st level - Wings of War - Grow a set of wings. Gain the Fly movement mode.   
  
  
**Skills**  
Acrobatics Dex 02 = +2 +0  
Athletics Str 03 = +2 +1  
Larceny Dex 02 = +2 +0  
Stealth Dex 02 = +2 +0  
Ride Dex 02 = +2 +0  
Vigor Con 04 = +3 +1  
  
Arcana Int 00 = +0 +0  
Engineering Int 00 = +0 +0  
Geography Int 01 = +0 +1  
History Int 00 = +0 +0  
Medicine Int 00 = +0 +0  
Nature Int 00 = +0 +0  
  
Bluff Cha 00 = +0 +0  
Diplomacy Cha 00 = +0 +0  
Intimidate Cha 01 = +0 +1  
Perception Wis 00 = +1 +0  
  
Utter Brute:  
HP/Level 12, Skills 4, KOM Con, KDM Str  
BaB good, Fort good, Ref bad, Will good  
[Darkvision]  
  
**Tracks**  
**Medium:** Utter Brute  
**Slow:** Path of Destruction  
**Fast:** Shaman’s Path (Dragon)  
**Buy-in:** Sentient Construct  
  
Dragon Track: - Fast  
1st Circle - Agility (Ex): Gain the Wings of War feat even though I would not otherwise qualify.  
 Also have the following natural attack: Dragon Claws - Melee, range [Melee], [Brutal 3].  
  
Utter Brute Track: - Medium  
1st Circle - Uncivilized: Attacker: unarmed attacks add KOM to damage and gain the [Reach]  
 weapon property. Gain a fury and item bonus to its to-hit rolls equal to the number of   
 circles of Utter Brute it possesses (1)   
  
Barbarian - Destruction Track: - Slow  
  
Sentient Construct Track: - Full Buy In  
1st Circle - Sturdy Frame: Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger (Ex): I gain a +1 bonus to all   
 damage for every circle of this track that I possess, and a 5 ft. bonus to my   
 movement speed for every even circle of this track that I posses. Also gain a  
 +2 bonus to saves against Combat Maneuvers.  
  
**Items** (Full-Buy In)  
Rags

**Wee Willy Whizzenthorpe**

Credit to EclecticTastes

Sometimes, Gnomes go bad. William Whitman went *worse*. Under his assumed name, "Wee Willy Whizzenthorpe" (the Tall Folk love the silly names), he's guilty of nearly every non-violent crime you can think of. Illegal gambling, burglary, extortion, blackmail, grifting, tax fraud, the list goes on for miles. The best thing that can be said of him is that he hasn't killed anyone (none that they can prove, anyway). He's a greedy, conniving little weasel who feeds on his victims' despair when he's finally sucked the last coin out of them. The only reason he wasn't caught sooner was that he'd had the half of the slums he *didn't* prey on convinced that he was just a lovable rogue, a rakish little scamp who donated all his ill-gotten gains to the local orphanage. The orphanage *he* founded through a front company and used as a sweatshop to make shoddy baubles that could barely pass for luxury items (which he then sold at "bargain rates" to the very people who defended him, those rates being ten times the cost to make the fraudulent wares). He had the local guards on his payroll, too, he thought he was untouchable. That's usually how criminals feel right before a Paladin wanders in and ruins everything. It took about twenty minutes for Sir Gloriosus or whatever his name was to unravel Willy's web of lies, and he was in irons before supper. After an impassioned plea to the judge for leniency, in which Willy detailed a childhood filled with misery and woe (in reality, he came from loving, supportive parents and a stable community), the judge decided to show mercy, and sentenced him to be hung swiftly, and spare him the agonizing wait. He execution is three days hence, and it looks like Wee Willy can't talk his way out of this one. At least they let him keep his cloak, not realizing its magical nature. At least he won't miss teatime.

**Did he do it?** Oh yeah. And plenty more they didn't notice or couldn't quite make a solid case of.

**Why's he going to Hell?** Well, he may not be a (proven) murderer, but the positive qualities end there. He's avaricious, miserly, lecherous, deceitful, arrogant, given to drink, and cruel beyond measure. His heart's black as night, hard as marble, and as small as a poppy seed. And he's damn proud of it.

**Race:** Gnome

**Class:** Con Man (Rogue)

**Attributes:**

Str: 10

Dex: 14

Con: 12

Int: 14

Wis: 12

Cha: 18

HP: 9

Init: +2

Ref: +4

Fort: +1

Will: +3

AC: 14 (15 with Light Armor, when the time comes)

KOM: Int

KDM: Cha

**Tracks:**

Esoterica Radica

Tinkering (Mechanist Savant) (Charisma)

Fortune's Friend

**Skills**

Diplomacy (+1, +1/8 levels)

Bluff

Intimidate

Perception

History

Larceny

**Feats**

Chatty Bugger [Racial Bonus]

Troubleshooter

[Darkvision]

**Magic Swag**

Cloak of the Endless Journey (produces tea and scones)

**Weapon of Choice** (for when it becomes applicable)

Ice pick (Hold-Out, Quick-Draw, Magnum)

**Arkin Dalger**

Credit to Generic Octopus

**Character Sheet:** <https://docs.google.com/file/d/0B_mXTNzGg7loelFnc21URjNTODQ/edit>

Arkin started working as a blacksmith when he was a young boy, orphaned after his mother fell victim to illness (he had never known his father). Every day he worked his forge tirelessly to eek out a meager living; even so, as he grew older he considered himself content with his place in the world.

That is until one day, when he noticed a customer wearing gawdy gold jewlery browsing the store's wares. Arkin felt an intense jealousy he'd never known before; it was as though his very blood burned with the desire to reach out and take the man's accessories. He did not, of course, but this feeling troubled him for some time after the customer had left.

As the days went on, Arkin began to notice more and more of these unbidden fits of wrath; the smallest slights became unforgivable offenses, the tiniest trinkets caught and held his attention, and things that once only irked him caused a fantastic anger to course through him. It wasn't just his mind that felt strange, either; it seemed he was becoming stronger, faster, smarter, through no will or effort of his own.

When finally he began to believe this was not some temporary mood, Arkin consulted a few local physicians and wise men, hoping to find an answer. While many simply wrote his symptoms off as the attitude of a bitter young man dissappointed with his lot in life, there was one sage who thought different. To her, Arkin's personality quirks sounded suspiciously similar to those commonly expressed by dragons.

The sage's theory, then, was that dragon's blood had found it's way into Arkin's ancestry. These urges and instincts were his draconic heritage attempting to manifest. If she was right, then the day would come when Arkin would either give in to his blood, allowing himself to be consumed by it, or forsake the power forever and hold on to his humanity.

Arkin pondered the sage's words for weeks. Could he really just throw away such an amazing gift? Was such power worth sacrificing his mind, and perhaps his soul?

Then one afternoon, a noble walked into the smith's shop to pick up a sword he had requested be crafted some months ago. It was the finest blade Arkin had ever crafted, perfectly weighted and sized, the hilt flawlessly decorated and engraved. After examining it for a few minutes, the noble dismissed it as trash and refused to pay for it.

It was then that Arkin's choice was made. A rage unlike any he had ever felt before overwhelmed him, and in a flash he lept at the noble and ran him through on the sword he had so casually derided.

Even as the guards placed the shackles on his wrists, Arkin felt no regrets; for the first time, the burning in his blood had been sated, and he felt its strength well up within him.

He may now appear a prisoner waiting for death, but if time permits, Arkin knows the beast within shall manifest, freeing him to indulge his avarice and rage.

**Dr. Tomas Mabus**

Credit to Epicurius

Dr. Mabus is a learned man; a professor of philosophy at the University. He is a scholar of note, a professional, one of the rising middle class that the Kingdom of Talingarde is so proud of. He should be enjoying the company and prestige of his peers. Instead, he rots in Brandescar Prison, sentenced to die. And for such a foolish reason!

After all, where is the crime in the study of religion? Is that not a noble endeavor? Should only the priests of Mitra be allowed to do that? And is it so wicked to study the planes? Surely not! And, indeed, to study and enter into discussions with the dwellers of those planes, how can peaceful conversation be such a sin? Yet the priests of Mitra call these beings "demons", and claim that consorting with them is witchcraft! Dr. Mabus is a man of science, not superstition. Yes, these beings have powers, and yes, they may be what a lesser mind would consider "evil", but really, is seeking to ally yourself with them so evil? Dr. Mabus says no! Unfortunately, the government says yes! So, here he is, waiting to die.

1. What crime were you convicted of? Did you do it?

Witchcraft, consorting with demons, study of forbidden works, delving into forbidden knowledge. And he did it. Very much did he do it.

2. Why is your soul damned to the lower planes regardless?

Hello? Consorting with demons? Add that to the fact that Dr. Mabus is selfish, vain, hypocritical, blind to his faults, and completely unconcerned with moral considerations when it comes to getting what he wants, and that means that he's likely got a warm afterlife.

**Race:** Human

**Class:** Sage

16, 14, 14, 12, 10, 10.

**Attributes:**

Str: 10

Dex: 14

Con: 12

Int: 18

Wis: 14

Cha: 12

HP: 20

Init: 2

Ref: +2

Fort: +0

Will: +2

AC: 12

KOM: Int

KDM: Dex

**Tracks:**

Arcane Lore

Force of Will

Arcane Secrets

**Skills**

Arcana +1

History

Vigor

Medicine

Bluff

Perception

**Feats**

Words of Power

To Iron Married

**Magic Swag**

Map of the Master Strategist

**Thongur Kazadorn**

Credit to Thanatosian

Thongur was, at some point, a good man. A *very* good man. He was a family man, with a wife, who he planned on having children with. He was a devout dwarf, knowing the history of his clan backwards and forwards. He was a skilled craftsman, expected to be one of the best in his generation. So skilled, in fact, that he was apprenticed to a great master in a clanhold across the sea.

And that is when his troubles began. The ship Thongur was travelling on was ambushed by pirates, and most aboard were killed; however, the pirate ship was in need of repair, and so took Thongur on as a hand. He was beaten daily, forced to work on the ship under threat of torture, treated little better than a prisoner. His two attempts at escape were meant with maiming (the first time, the little finger on his right hand was cut off; the second time, it was his left ear). After several months on the boat, the pirates were finally taken by the Royal Navy.

Unfortunately, the crewman on the ship were (expectedly) not honest with the pirate hunters who had caught them, and pointed him out as one of the ship's mates. In spite of his protestations to the contrary, Thongur was brought in front of a magister, and found guilty of piracy. He was disowned by both his clan and his family.

A lifetime in the salt mines gives a man a lot of time to think. And Thongur was a smart man, so he thought a lot. Mostly, he thought of escape, and he thought of what he would do once he did escape. He came to the conclusion that since society was treating him like a bad man, he may as well *be* a bad man. He obsessed over revenge, on his family, on his clan, on the kingdom; he wanted to see it all burn.

*What crime were you convicted of? Did you do it?*

Piracy. In the most technical sense... yes.

*Why is your soul damned to the lower planes regardless?*

Some would argue that mere thought can be a sin; if this is the case, Thongur is damned thousands upon thousands of times over. And if it isn't the case... well, as soon as he gets out, he's going to be putting many of those thoughts into practice. The damnation will work itself out from there.

Race: Dwarf  
Class: Tactician  
Tracks: Tactical Insight, Bag of Tricks, Sage's Wrath (Just Blade)  
  
Attributes:   
Str: 10 (0)  
Dex: 12 (+1)  
Con: 16 (+3)  
Int: 20 (+5)  
Wis: 14 (+2)  
Cha: 8 (-1)  
  
HP: 22  
AC: 15  
DR: 1  
  
Speed: 35  
Init.: +1  
  
Fort: +3  
Ref: +7  
Will: +4  
Awareness: 13  
  
Feats:   
  
Livers Need Not Apply - Driven by Hatred -   
Thongur doesn't believe in drinking to excess; he chain smokes cigarettes, instead, in order to "stay sharp."   
  
Telekinetic Adept  
  
Skills:   
  
Athletics (8)  
Vigor (4)  
Arcana (6)  
Engineering (7)  
Geography (6)  
History (6)  
Medicine (6)  
Nature (6)  
Perception (3)  
  
  
Magic items:   
  
Sage's Wrath (Just Blade): +1, Grim Heritor [Arcane] [Brutal (2)] [Guardian] [Reach] Flesheater; +7 to-hit/1d6+7 dmg;   
Given his years spent in the salt mines, Thongur's Grim Heritor takes the form of a long-handled onyx mining pick that burns with black flame.   
  
Wedding Ring (+2 Intelligence);   
Not actually magical, it just reminds Thongur of his past life (i.e. things he hates), and helps to focus him

**Avera**

Credit to LightWarden

Talingarde rots. No, Talingarde has been rotting for a long time. The line of Markadian betrayed and deposed the Lord of Order in favor of their Shining Lord of Light. But only a fool would think it was a better change. For all their talk of shining splendor, their prisons overflow with lawbreakers and there is a steady line of subjects awaiting an audience with the headsman's axe. Fire and Steel. They still use the tools of the Lord of Order, but they use them *poorly*. They lack the awareness to spot lawbreakers, the cunning to outwit them or the strength to put a permanent end to their violations. They may boast of the improvements to health and welfare, but the kingdom rots on a foundation of half-measures, while corruption still slithers through the ranks of the nobility, weakness swaddles the peasantry and the rumbling north goes unheeded.

Was it any wonder that there are those who seek a new order? Not a return to the old but a birth of the new, to reforge the realm with true strength, to use the hottest fires temper the hardest steel. A realm that would use the tools of the Lord of Order with the precision and skill they required.

But unfortunately, even among those who sought out a new horizon there was the creeping hint of rot. Weak nerves lead to a midnight betrayal, the entire cell turned over in exchange for leniency- a lifetime of imprisonment for treason instead of the kiss of the axe, and a sentence watered down further with cries of redemption and changed behavior.

But not all lost sight of the Lord of Order, some still sit in the quiet darkness and wait. The hottest fire and strongest forge tools of unsurpassed endurance, and such tools are difficult to discard forever. The Lord of Order knows his own, and Talingarde will see the glories they will wrought.

*Essentially an Asmodean Paladin who seeks to overthrow the kingdom and institute a New Order, which may mean that this one has a scheduled end sooner than later. Not quite the archetypal tyrant given that this one has a huge thing about conversion of the enemy whenever possible rather than outright destruction, though there is always the time where one separates the wheat from the chaff. I was going off of an outdated copy of Legend up until earlier today, so I probably still need to tinker with the mechanics, specifically figuring out what the third track should be.*

Level 1 Human Paladin  
  
**Stat**  
  
Strength 16 (+3) [16 base]  
Dexterity 10 (+0) [10 base]  
Constitution 14 (+2) [14 base]  
Intelligence 12 (+1) [12 base]  
Wisdom 10 (+0) [10 base]  
Charisma 16 (+3) [14 base + 2 race]  
   
Total Hit Points: 26 = 2\*(10+3)  
DR: 1  
Fast Healing 2  
  
Speed: 35 ft = 30ft + 5 ft (Athletics)  
  
Armor Class: 14 = 10 +1 [BAB] +3 [KDM]   
  
  
Initiative modifier: +0 = +0 [Dexterity]   
Fortitude save: +5\* = 2 [base] +3 [Str]   
Reflex save: +1\* = 0 [base] +1 [Int]  
Will save: +5\* = 2 [base] +3 [Cha]  
Attack (natural): +4 = 1 [base] +3 [Str]  
Grapple check: +7 = 1 [base] +3 [Str]  
Awareness 17 = 10 [base] +1 [level] +0 [Wisdom] + 4 [Knowing] +2 [Feat]  
  
  
Languages: Common, ???  
  
 [(1d6+4)1d6+KOM + Str/2]  
Melee Range 5ft (includes reach)  
Close Range 25ft  
Medium Range 110ft  
Long Range 440ft  
Extreme Range 1100ft  
  
**Feats**  
1st- Senseshift Adept: Can use any senses for any senses, +2 feat bonus to Awareness, Immune to Dazzled, Deafened  
1st- By Will Sustained: No longer need to eat or drink, Immune to Sickened  
  
  
**Skills**  
Acrobatics Dex 00 = +0 +0  
Athletics Str 04 = +3 +1  
Larceny Dex 00 = +0 +0  
Stealth Dex 00 = +0 +0  
Ride Dex 00 = +0 +0  
Vigor Con 03 = +2 +1  
  
Arcana Int 01 = +1 +0  
Engineering Int 01 = +1 +0  
Geography Int 01 = +1 +0  
History Int 01 = +1 +0  
Medicine Int 01 = +1 +0  
Nature Int 01 = +1 +0  
  
Bluff Cha 04 = +3 +1  
Diplomacy Cha 05 = +3 +1 +1 Race  
Intimidate Cha 03 = +3 +0  
Perception Wis 02 = +1 +1  
  
Paladin:  
HP/Level 10, Skills 5, KOM Str, KDM Cha  
BaB good, Fort good, Ref bad, Will good  
  
**Tracks**  
**Fast:** Judgement  
**Medium:** Smiting  
**Slow:** Heroica or Bastion  
  
Judgement: - Fast  
1st Circle - Knowing  
 Aware of moral/ideological predilections of sentient creatures within 15 ft + 5 ft per circle centered on me.  
 Also aware of major moral consequences of my actions  
 +4 to Awareness and Perception  
  
Smiting: - Medium  
1st Circle - Skirmish  
 When you miss with an attack roll, +1 to attacks for the encounter, stacks up to 2 or your level, whichever is higher  
  
Heroica or Bastion - Slow  
  
  
**Items**  
Rags  
Broken Stele