

WARRIOR

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Gold +2
- Heal 1 HP
- Luck +2
- Treasure +1

TRINKETS (2)						




FOLLOWER





WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): Fighting can be great sport, but oy, it gets kinda repetitive. Protecting helpless villages from vicious raids? Did it. Viciously raiding helpless villages? Did that too. Heck, I even killed the deadly (3) of the Western Spokes, not that anybody cares. I've been a little depressed lately, blowing most of my coin on broiled (2). I'm in a heckuva slump, so in order to make a more fulfilling life for myself, I've decided to be a freelancer. It's less legally questionable than my last dozen gigs, and this jerk named (4) told me all about a new party that's startin' up.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-58 Explosive Axe** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Gain luck +2 or heal 1 HP .



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  The Cleaver.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: I am someone to be feared! I mean I've put axes and (1)s in stuff, and ended the lives of all sorts of special critters. So why aren't I richer? After my adventures I kinda lost focus and ended up doing mercenary work or basic thugging in the Hub. That's when I realized I just wasn't marketing my skills right. What's better than fighting? Fake fighting! Yep, I went pro on the wrestling scene using the stage name (4). Now I tour the spokes bringing entertainment to the drunk, slobbering masses. They worship me like a god, and now when I get blood on me, it's usually fake.

LEVEL 3-4: Adventuring earned me some coin, but I needed something to become a true legend. At first I puttered around the Hub, unsure of what to do next. But one day a drunken brawl got way out of hand, and before I knew it, I had razed most of the Fashion District with nothing but a (1) and a song on my lips. I renamed it New Warland and declared myself its sovereign. Now me and my followers wage eternal war with the King and the rest of the Hub, and I'm telling you, I've never been happier. Some mornings I step out of my makeshift fort, smell the blood and smoke, and just laugh at how blessed I am.

JUDGE

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Supplies +1
- Gold +2
- Follower +1
- Treasure +1

		TRINKETS (2)					
MIGHT							
AGILITY							
SMARTS							
WILL							
SENSE							



FOLLOWER



WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): The king thought it would be pretty nifty to toss the kingdom's judicial system to the free market, and as a result, corruption has never been worse.

That's where I come in! I bought my frontier judgeship with a small purse of coins and an old expired (2). I can bring the word of law to any spoke I desire, all for a nominal fee paid directly to my pocketbook. But recently, after I was paid off to find a woman guilty of mishandling her sister's (3), I started wondering if I wasn't making the world a worse place? That's what my friend (4) insists. Should I be using my legal power to fight corruption instead of spreading it? No, that's dumb.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-46 The Good Gavel** from the story deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Treasure +1 or gold +2.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title: Snitch Burner General.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: Years after my adventures I was living the sweet life, as word of my brand of justice spread far and wide. But one day I was visited by a scowling man who broke into my mansion while I bathed, and held me at (1) point while I cowered in sudsy water. "You can't kill me!" I bellowed. "Sure, I'm corrupt. But I'm still a judge, appointed by the king and the free market!" He smiled cruelly and leaned in. "Sure, I'm corrupt. But I'm an organ collector appointed by the king and the free market."

"Ah," I said...

I guess you could say I learned a free market is only beneficial when it isn't benefiting everyone, but let's be honest, I didn't learn a thing.

LEVEL 3-4: After making a small fortune during my adventures, I still wanted to be a judge, but didn't want to travel. So I established my own township in the spokes, far enough away not to anger the king. Taxes are even more profitable than law, and in my town, taxes are the law! I've even got my own posse of judges who, for a modest licensing fee, can wield a (1) and continue the good work I started.

RANGER

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Heal 1 HP
- Risk -1
- Risk -1
- Supplies +1

TRINKETS (2)						
MIGHT			☆	●		
AGILITY		☆		☆	●	
SMARTS			☆	●		
WILL	☆		●			
SENSE		☆			☆	


FOLLOWER

WEAPON



LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): The generally held belief in the Hub is that going out into the spokes is a bad idea, and exploring the rim is even worse. But me? I love that outdoor life. Hunting and fishing is fulfilling work, but I want to see the deeper corners of the world. I wanna survive with nothing but my wits and a (1). I wanna wear the skin of a (3) and cook (2) over a campfire.

So I've taken the loathsome step of traveling to the Hub. There, ensconced in civilization's cruel bosom, I have joined a freelancer company. I imagine our adventures will take us into parts unknown and really put my rad survival skills to the test. I just hope we leave this wretched city soon.




LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-23 Exotic Hides** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Supplies +1 or risk -1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Rim Crosser.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: Having gained a little notoriety as a freelancer, I decided it was time to become a legend by traveling to the edge of the world. I thought I was doing amazing because I kept encountering strange new folk. Did you know there are even more cities than the Hub? It's true! I've eaten (2) cooked in ways you would never believe. But despite my travels and strictly following the stars, I must have accidentally taken a circular route, because I ended up back at the Hub. Weird! Maybe (4) was right. Maybe I just like appearing outdoorsy in leathers and flannel.

LEVEL 3-4: After my adventures I decided to head out into the wilds and discover something new. And I did! I found this great animal called a (3)-faced buffalo. They looked disquietingly similar to a yak fellow I knew, but these things didn't walk upright or speak so I felt super comfortable hunting them for their furs. And boy did I ever! I'm pretty sure I hunted those majestic creatures to extinction, so you know what that means. I cornered the market for their furs! I made a fortune selling those pelts and bought myself a huge house. In the country of course, 'cause you gotta stay close to your roots.

PALADIN

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Heal another player 1 HP
- Luck +2
- Heal 2 HP
- Corruption -2


		TRINKETS (2)					
MIGHT	☆					☆	
AGILITY				☆			
SMARTS		☆		☆			
WILL	☆			☆			
SENSE							

FOLLOWER



WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): As a child, I heard tale of the legendary (1) that sat in the stone, drawable only by one pure of heart. Urged by my god, Beaumont, I traveled to the stone and demanded to test myself. I powered up by eating a tasty (2), then calling upon Beaumont, attempted to draw the holy weapon forth. I failed, but found it wasn't too hard just to pick the whole thing up and take it with me. This holy weapon shall be the perfect instrument to crush the legs from under any who would stand against Beaumont! Let the glory of the embedded (1) be wielded in His name!




LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-56 Beaumont's Fury** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Heal 1 HP  or Luck +1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Smitten with Smiting.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: After my adventures I became a royal knight and purchased a small homestead in the spokes. Every couple of months a knight would show up, and I would dutifully use the (1) in the stone to crush their legs in Beaumont's name. It was wearying work. Their dying screams haunted me at night, and the one time (4) visited me, they wouldn't shut up about it. But aside from that, I lived happily ever after.

LEVEL 3-4: Praise Beaumont! After years of tirelessly crushing the legs of opponents, an administrative error awarded me a barony, and I was gifted a bountiful spoke just outside the Hub. I taxed the peasants and used the (1) in the stone to crush the legs of all scoundrels and ne'er-do-wells who spoke out against me. Eventually, I smashed enough lagabouts that the stone broke! The holy (1) was freed! Soon pilgrims were coming from all over, begging for an audience and giving gifts of succulent (2). Free from the burden of having to crush legs all the time, I basked in the attention and was eventually made the patron saint of psychopaths.

FRIAR

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Heal another player 1 HP
- Heal 1 HP
- Follower +1
- Supplies +1

TRINKETS (2)						
MIGHT		☆	●	●		
AGILITY	☆	●				
SMARTS		●	☆			●
WILL		☆		☆		●
SENSE	●	●	☆	☆		●




FOLLOWER





WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): Blessings to you, child! I am a humble friar, making my way in the world with nothing but good news regarding the savory deliciousness and nutritional value of well-prepared foods. My armor is my faith and the countless cast iron pans I drape from my body. Do not offer me weapons such as (1) s with which to brave the wilds! My charcuterie board and cured sausages are all I need. That and a little cheese, maybe some fresh herbs, a little pepper, and lots of (2).



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-67 Turkey Leg** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Supplies +1 or choose a player to heal 2 HP .



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  The Sweet and Savory.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: It gets a little wearying when you tell people you are a friar and they hear 'fryer'. I guess it's an easy mistake to make, and not too far off. But though I enjoyed my strenuous adventures across this wild world, I returned to the Hub, eager to settle down and perhaps open a modest establishment that could feed the people. But everywhere I look, I see people of the kingdom scarfing down ultraprocessed garbage and (2) s laden with preservatives. Even that chowhound, (4), and they know my feelings on the matter! Ah well. Perhaps I am better off in the wilds, administering my faith to the lone hamlets that dot the landscape.

LEVEL 3-4: I used to dream of having my own place, a little bistro in the Hub where I could feed the people of the city. But when I returned from my adventure, I found I had far more money than I ever expected. That's when (4) introduced me to my financial advisor, Dudley, and let me tell you, that hound is a wizard with money! Now Friar's Fries are not only everywhere in the Hub, but popping up in every town and hamlet in the spokes and beyond. Praise be! I'm trying to come up with a new concept now, but it still needs work. Friar's (2) just doesn't have the same ring to it. But that's okay, I have all the time and money in the world.

BARBERIAN

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Supplies +1
- Luck +2
- Treasure +1
- Influence +6

		TRINKETS (2)					
MIGHT			☆	●	☆	●	●
AGILITY			☆		●		●
SMARTS	☆	●					
WILL		●	☆				●
SENSE	☆		☆	●			●




FOLLOWER





WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): For generations, the people of my clan, The (3) Tamers, have bestowed bold, stylish hairdos upon the hairy peoples of the world. Loud was the rejoicing when a mighty barbarian rode into town on the back of a fierce (3), there to challenge the settlement's leaders with practical yet stylish cuts that looked good in any setting. An aspiring stylist, I have taken up my grandfather's (1), and ventured forth to make a name for myself. Only by crafting three timeless looks shall I be able to return to my people in triumph.




LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-62 The Scissors of Valor** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Gold +2 or choose another player to gain will +1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Stylist to the Stars.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: With spoils from my adventures, I opened a salon in the Hub. The first five years were rough, especially with (4) standing out front, making fun of each customer who left. But eventually I turned a profit and after much practice, crafted an award-winning look for the winner of a Cocker Spaniel tube top competition.

But then one day I was killed by an angry beaver in a dispute over his perm. But my tale was far from over. Word of my legendary (1) reached far and wide, and several beauty schools were named after me.

LEVEL 3-4: At long last, after a years-long journey, I returned to my people in triumph. I told them of my many adventures, and of the unique looks I had painstakingly crafted over the long, lonely decades, all for the glory of the (3) Tamers. And my now withered mother, munching thoughtfully on a (2), hobbled forth, and pointed a wavering finger at me and said, "You were supposed to be gone for like a month! We just wanted a unique take on a hightop fade or something. Good gravy, kid, dial it back a bit, okay?"

But I never did. From the heights of the Hub, out past the spokes, and into the great wheel itself, my daring fashion sense went down in history, never to be forgotten.

SPELLSWORD

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Risk -1
- Luck +2
- Follower +1
- Influence +3

FOLLOWER

TRINKETS (2)

		+					
MIGHT			[Dark Wood]				
AGILITY	☆			☆		[Dark Wood]	
SMARTS	☆				☆		
WILL			☆	☆		[Dark Wood]	
SENSE			☆		[Dark Wood]		



WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): There are two things in life I'm good at: fighting with swords and spelling words. And yet, despite these two valuable skills, I've been fired from countless adventuring parties for not "meeting expectations," whatever that means. After spending a year working on a (2) ranch, an old friend named (4) turned me on to an adventuring company with low enough expectations that I was unlikely to ever disappoint. I leaped at the chance, eager to show the world my worth. At the very least, I would never go back to milking (2)s again.




LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-20 The Red Pen** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Influence  +6 or risk  -1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  The Copy Predator.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: Seeking to prove myself the greatest speller in all the Wheel, I traveled to the all-knowing mystical (3), that lived on a forbidden mountaintop high in the clouds. There, surrounded by my old adventuring party, I dared the beast test my mastery of words.

It growled, "Can you spell the word (1)?" And my companions shook in fear as I whimpered at the difficulty of the challenge. It was a mortifying gap in knowledge... of all the words....

"Could you use it in a sentence?" I asked, but the fiendish Great (3) laughed, and with a flash of corruption, blasted me through the gut and I died right there, voiding my B-O-W-E-L-S.

LEVEL 3-4: One day, long after returning from my adventure, I was talking to another person in a tavern, and joked, "You can't spell Success without U and ME." It was meant to be funny, was clearly wrong, but the drunkard only nodded sagely and agreed with me. That's when I realized my real power lay in being one of the few people who could actually read and write. Now I'm a ridiculously successful self-help guru, bilking idiots of their hard earned coins. Am I teaching them how to read? How to spell '(2)'? That would be a waste of time! No, no, I'm teaching them to invest in my seminars on timeshares and house-flipping!

PIRATE

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Risk -1
- Gold +2
- Treasure +1
- Treasure +1

TRINKETS (2)						
+						
MIGHT			☆			
AGILITY	☆					
SMARTS		☆				
WILL	☆		☆	☆		
SENSE		☆				




FOLLOWER





WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): Me mom called me a good-fer-nothin' pirate, but the truth is far worse: I'm a good-AT-nothin' pirate. I never found me sea legs and the poor livin' conditions had me gettin' sick off the sides o' the ship, every which-a-way. But if there's one thing I found I was good at, it's appropriatin' pirate culture. Me old shipmate Filthy (3) said I was a fraud and mockery o' pirates everywhere, but that's just what seems to impress land lubbers like (4). Maybe I'll be better at adventurin' than piratin'? Can't be worse!



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-42 Salty Spade** from the story  deck.

LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Treasure  +1 or risk  -1.

LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  The Forgotten Walker.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: After the triumphant completion of our adventure, we all got together at the pub. I was singin' to me crew one o' me authentic fake chanteys when I heard a, "YOU THERE!" Lo and behold it was another pirate. "I'm callin' you out as a fake pirate!" he challenged. I told him I'd killed fer less, so he was lucky I didn't have so much as a [n] (1) on me.

But then someone handed me one and I was like, "Oh crap." So I did the best I could, swingin' that thing around, I tell ye what. And it worked! The drunken lout was surely ten times the pirate I was, but he was also ten times drunker, and I got lucky and took off part o' his face. Me crew cheered and (4) treated me to a big plate of frozen (2). It was the best day o' me life, even if I did get robbed hours later by some angry street urchins.

LEVEL 3-4: I used the coin I made on me adventure to buy me own ship. Nar, it weren't no real ship - I know I ain't made fer that kinda life! This one was the centerpiece o' me miniature golf course, which is like a real golf course, only it's real little fer idgits like me, with lots o' pretty things to look at. There's a hole with flame traps, one with sharp (1)s, and one that's filled with old (2). Now I get cheered everyday by happy kiddies who look up to me, and who's parents ain't so careful with their coin. It's a golf pirate's life fer me!

DIVORCEE

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Luck +2
- Gold +2
- Heal 1 HP
- Treasure +1

		TRINKETS (2)					
MIGHT							
AGILITY	☆						
SMARTS	☆	☆		☆			
WILL			☆				
SENSE		☆		☆			



FOLLOWER




WEAPON



LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): My finances took a real kick in the butt after the divorce. My futon is the nicest thing I own, but with my bad back, sleeping on that is like sleeping on an anvil covered in (1) s. And then there's the child support! I can't afford all the little miracles I helped produce, and until I can, I can't even visit those miserable (3) s.

Maybe some freelance adventuring could earn back my visitation rights, and who knows, maybe also a new hot plate that doesn't burn my (2) pot pie when I cook?




LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-63 Flashy Dress Shirt** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Influence +6 or gold +1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Ready to Mingle.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: After the adventure I had enough cash to get a lawyer with intimidating (3) energy. She stole my fortune, but I still had enough to get another lawyer, and this one got me partial custody! Of course, in order to have the wee tykes stay over, I needed to get a bed for each one of them crammed into the meat locker I was renting at the time. I found some baking racks that would suffice but before I could acquire them, I was killed with a sharp (1) by debt collectors from my matchmaking service.

LEVEL 3-4: I returned to the Hub with enough money for a decent lawyer and the means to pay off my child support debts. Getting my affairs straight really impressed the ex, but I shut down any possibility of reconciliation. No, it's time to move on. I may not be youthful or hip, but I've got the next best thing - money! I think I'm going to take time for me, maybe start a (2) farm, then meet someone new, probably get married, start as large a family as I had before. I just hope the last one I had doesn't mind. Kids get worked up over the silliest things!

CLAMDIGGER

TITLES /4 = ☆

ACTIONS

Supplies +1 Luck +2
 Heal 1 HP Follower +1

TRINKETS (2)

+					
MIGHT	☆		☆		☆
AGILITY			☆	[Dark Wood Panel]	
SMARTS		☆		[Dark Wood Panel]	
WILL	☆			☆	
SENSE		[Dark Wood Panel]			

FOLLOWER

WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): When I was barely three years old, a clam killed my pa. Sure, he shouldn't have eaten the clam and (2) salad, two things he was deathly allergic to, but wielding a (1), I swore an oath of vengeance at his funeral. Now that I'm full-grown I aim to make good on my threat, and travel the world, killing every last clam I find. Now I just need to find out where they live.

My mom says I should search out wild (3)s, because they like to eat clams, but honestly she's about as dumb as dad was.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-64 Spading Fork** from the story deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Influence +6 or supplies +1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title: The Un-Shellfish.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: Upon returning to the Hub from my adventures, I discovered a restaurant named (3)'s which advertised a variety of clam dishes. What fortune! I may not have been the one to hunt those clams down, but by gosh, I could still be the one to see those devils returned to the hell they came from! I vowed to spend my savings by dining at (3)'s each and every day.

Sadly, that first meal was when I discovered I was as allergic to clams as dear old dad as I vomited to death, all over poor (4)'s shoes.

LEVEL 3-4: Upon returning to the Hub from my adventures, I discovered a restaurant named (3)'s which advertised a variety of clam dishes. What fortune! I may not have been the one to hunt those clams down, but by gosh, I could still be the one to see those devils returned to the hell they came from! I vowed to spend my savings by dining at (3)'s each and every day.

But before I could taste my very first dish, the fork was knocked from my hands by a beautiful elf who was like, "Say, you look like someone with a family history of clam allergies. Don't take the risk, stranger!" They were right of course, and we instantly fell in love. One thing led to another and next thing I know, I'm married and part owner of a clam farm. Don't give me that look. My dad was an idiot!

GUNSLINGER

TITLES /4 = ☆

ACTIONS

- Risk -1
- Luck +2
- Heal 1 HP +
- Follower +1

FOLLOWER

TRINKETS (2)

	+					
MIGHT				☆		
AGILITY			☆			☆
SMARTS	☆					
WILL	☆					
SENSE				☆		☆

WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): I remember when my pa first showed me a gun, an antique from the world that was before. Even then, I knew my calling, and I picked that gun up and threw it in the old man's face. Since then, I've been slinging guns at any wild (3) or city guard who gets in my way. Some people, like that snot-nose, (4), say that kind of behavior makes me a jerk, but those are the kinds of people I throw guns at. It gets expensive, seein' as how a body needs a whole mess of guns with which to toss, but maybe some freelancin' will help finance my dream of bandoliers covered in guns?



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-71 Box O' Guns** from the story deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Luck +2 or risk -1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title: Fastest Throw in the Wheel.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: The problem with bein' a semi-famous, no-good gunslinger, is eventually someone younger, and with a stronger throwing arm comes along. (4) warned me of that once, but I waved 'em away as I drank another glass of liquefied, fermented (2). Well after my adventures, some nasty mouser found me in a saloon and called me out. In the street, we counted to three, but before I had even pulled a gun from a holster, that cat hit me with a (1). That's right. He wasn't even a proper gunslinger, just one of them kids that's into slinging whatever old thing they like. Seems they got no respect for the old ways of doin' things, so I suppose I might as well succumb to these wounds and die. Be seein' you.

LEVEL 3-4: My adventures earned me a decent reputation, and a lot of folks begged to see my skills. So why'd they get upset when I hit 'em in the face with a gun? Maybe (4) is right, and I really am a unlikeable so-and-so. Still, even an ass like me has a purpose, which I proved to the Hub when I foiled an assassination attempt by the notorious killer, the White Mantis. That fool was gonna kill the king during the bi-weekly Cheese Parade, but I hit 'im right in the kisser. The king hailed me as a hero or whatnot and made me rich. Sure, he banished me soon after on account of me bein' unlovable, but still, I had my moment.

PRIVATE EYE

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Gold +2
- Risk -1
- Risk -1
- Treasure +1

		TRINKETS (2)					
MIGHT	+	☆		●			
AGILITY		☆			●		
SMARTS			☆		☆	●	
WILL				☆		●	
SENSE			☆		☆	●	



FOLLOWER




WEAPON



LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): I was Hub police back in the day, but my commanding officer and I didn't see eye-to-eye on a lot of things, meaning he didn't like that I wouldn't take a bite from the proverbial (2) of corruption.

Yeah, my code got me in trouble, but the way I saw it is I liked sleeping at night, instead of seeing the ghost of some mom killed by an illegally smuggled (3). Sure, it can be tough making ends meet now that I've been fired from the force, but maybe a little adventuring on the side will help pay the bills. But then again, maybe it won't.

Maybe I'm just another hard luck story. God knows this city's got enough of 'em.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-34 Gum Shoes** from the story  deck.

LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Luck  +2 or risk  -1.

LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Hard Boiled.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: The two fellows came to my new office to settle their dispute. "One of us farted," the elf said. "Only I says it was him, and he says it was me. So who was it?" His dwarf companion nodded angrily. I agreed to take the case and said, "I just need you to answer one question: who smelled that wayward odor? Because gentlemen, he who smelled it, dealt it."

"We both smelled it!" barked the dwarf, shaking his head. "We heard you was the best. I guess we heard wrong!" Defeated by the dwarf's logic, I closed the office and took a new job at a food joint, slinging boiled (2) (s) for hungry teens.

LEVEL 3-4: The first thing I did upon returning from my adventures was close my office. That job was going nowhere and I was ready for a piece of the real action. Now? I'm a consultant hired by Hub P.D. to give advice on the tough cases. And for those times when I'm not being called in to bilk the government, I'm a consultant for a local theater, approving the authenticity of their portrayal of cops in the big city. That (1)? A cop would never use that. Those pants? Perfect! It's the easiest life I could ask for, and a lucrative one as well.

BARD

TITLES /4 = ☆



Gold +2 Luck +2
 Follower +1 Treasure +1


		TRINKETS (2)					
MIGHT	☆	●	■				
AGILITY	☆	●	☆	●	☆	■	
SMARTS	●	☆	■				
WILL	●	●	☆	■			
SENSE	☆	☆	■				

FOLLOWER

WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): This dork I know named (4) attended one of my poetry slams and said I should become a bard. I was like, hey, yeah, let's do it. I didn't discover until later that they were just making fun of me. Whatever. I hear the music, not the hate! Armed with just a(n) (1), my trusty flute, and some sick beatboxing skills, I'm ready to join any adventuring party! But as a support person though. I'm definitely not frontline material.




LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-27 Glossy Headshots** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Follower +1 or gold +2.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Storied Troubadour.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: Once the excitement of my adventures had wound down, I returned to the Hub with a lot of inspiration for new material. Despite being the only cultural center for miles around, the city doesn't have a lot of venues to offer artists like myself other than the common rooms of inns. So I made my own! I opened a hot nightspot called the Belching (3) where citizens can unwind after a hard day of work, slurp down some hot (2), and listen to me perform. It's been such a hit that I'm looking at franchising, so smaller towns can appreciate the cultural enrichment my clubs have to offer.

LEVEL 3-4: My adventures and the reputation I gained opened new avenues for musical expression that previously I had only dreamed of! I wrote a hit musical called Tales of a Flaming (3), based on my travels. Sure, I took some license with actual events, and yes, (4) hit me with several highly public lawsuits, but the show was a commercial and critical success, my beatboxing solo being especially celebrated. Perhaps the jazz number (4) Can't Stop, the Dysentery Song, went a little too far, but rumor is even the King found it terribly fun. Now my agent has to sort through all the offers that have come rolling in, and when I'm not working on my new show, The Perils of the Widow's (2), I'm having my portrait painted for billboard advertising that appears throughout the city. So bravo for me!

ARTIFICER

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Risk -1
- Luck +2
- Treasure +1
- Treasure +1

TRINKETS (2)						
+						
MIGHT	☆		■			
AGILITY	☆		■			
SMARTS	☆			☆		
WILL			☆	☆	■	
SENSE			☆	■		




FOLLOWER





WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): Few thought I would amount to much after my family was wiped out in a tragic (1) accident. But I vowed to be more than a pitiable orphan, and threw myself into a demanding program of self-education. I became fascinated with (2) and the remnants of ancient technologies. After discovering I'm a terrible cook, I went with the tech instead. I shall scour the world for the parts I need, then craft something worthy of remembrance.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-32 Ancient Device** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Treasure  +1 or take a camp  action.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Lorekeeper.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: My adventures complete, I began work on a device of my own invention, constructed with pieces of ancient technology. I call it the Big (3), mainly just because I thought that sounded badass. It's really only good for peeling cucumbers and fertilizing poultry, but it does well enough that I've managed to make a little coin selling it to cookware stores and farm enthusiasts. It's not a bad device, maybe a little limited in functionality, but it didn't stop (4) from buying half a dozen of them. Actually, that's a little concerning but I'm not going to question it since I desperately need the money.

LEVEL 3-4: My travels did more than just introduce me to the wonders of the ancients. I got to study the remnants of their civilization firsthand, and when I came back I built some pretty sweet stuff using my know-how of the old times. I built a series of automated (3)s which only went beserk once, I made a staple gun that can fire thirty rounds a second, and a (1) that acts as an asbestos remover or back massager. Not only have I made a sizable fortune from the sale of these inventions, but I'm also a darling in the media and on the lecture circuit. Hell, I hear that idiot, (4), keeps telling everyone we're friends. Yessir, nothing but good times ahead.

THIEF

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Steal 1 Treasure
- Steal 1 Treasure
- Gold +2
- Treasure +1

TRINKETS (2)						
MIGHT		☆	[Dark Wood]			
AGILITY	☆					☆
SMARTS		☆		[Dark Wood]		
WILL			☆	[Dark Wood]		
SENSE		☆		☆	[Dark Wood]	

FOLLOWER

WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): I don't mean to be a bad person, but boy, I sure am good at it. I can't help it! When I see someone who has a shiny new (1), boom, it's mine. Are they enjoying that fancy (2) at the restaurant? Boom, that's mine too. That beautiful (3) they have at home? I hope they don't like it too much because, boom, that too is mine. Boom, boom, boom. So yeah, that's me. I steal everything I see, and say 'boom' way too often to be cool or likable.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-30 Thieves Tools** from the story deck.



LEVEL 3: Steal one treasure +1 from another player. That player gains XP +1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title: The Vanisher.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: At the end of my adventures I decided to use the coin I made to finance a daring heist. It would have been brilliant too, but boom, that jerk (4) ratted me out, and I was arrested the day of as I tried to eat my breakfast. And it didn't help that the breakfast was stolen. Still, things aren't so bad. In prison they call me the Liege of Larceny, which I suspect is in mock, but I'll take what I can. It's also been suggested I stop saying 'boom' so often, and trust me, the other inmates were very persuasive about it, what with those (1)s pressed to my throat. So hey, I've bettered myself all the same. Ka-pow!

LEVEL 3-4: My grand adventure concluded, I decided to rob the Duke of Knockwurst Alley, mainly for kicks. Get this! I stole a brass (1) that held a trapped djinn inside it. I know it's cliché, but Becky, the djinn, she really gets me and the two of us have been having a blast. I asked for all the (2) I could want, and instead of filling my belly with (2) and making me explode, she actually filled my pantry with it. What a sweetie! When I wished for help with my compulsive use of the word 'boom', Becky made it so I get a sack of gold each time I say it. Boom! And because she really gets me, the gold doesn't just appear from nowhere - it's stolen from someone else. I'm holding onto my last wish, which will be totally useful when, boom!, I burgle the King.

DISGRACED NOBLE

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Gold +2
- Risk -1
- Follower +1
- Treasure +1

		TRINKETS (2)					
MIGHT	☆		●				
AGILITY	☆		●				
SMARTS	☆		☆		☆	●	
WILL			☆			●	
SENSE			☆		☆	●	




FOLLOWER





WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): One would think that whatever happens between six people, a (2) and a (3) in the privacy of their own front lawn would be their own business. Apparently the King feels otherwise. Whatever. Since I've lost everything, I might as well pack my bags with my last remaining (1) and see if I can't find a place out in the spokes where my libertine ways are tolerated.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-31 Signet Ring** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Follower +1 or Gold +2.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Nearly Redeemable.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: Adventuring was okay, but dreadfully full of self-sacrifice and caring for the sensibilities of others. Such drudgery! I was happy when it all ended. I decided to write a book and used my new wealth to get it published. *Don't Tell Me I Can't Do That with a (2)* was a modest success, filled with a list of scandalous uses for a pickled foodstuff. (4) described it as "dreadfully immoral for no discernible purpose" but frankly, that was the purpose! Sadly, the book did little to get me back in the public eye, though I have become something of a minor celebrity among pickling enthusiasts.

LEVEL 3-4: Adventuring proved a laborious chore of do-gooding but upon its conclusion I used the funds to publish *A Guide to Living Deliciously*, which proved a scandalous hit among the upper crust, the lower crust, and the simply crusty. Suddenly Roberta wanted yours truly at her summer gala again and the Winston-Smythes just had to have my company at their annual (2) roast and bacchanale. Yes, I suffered when the King saw fit to ruin me and strip me of my ancestral titles and home, but these days, things seem much less uptight in the Hub. Almost every party I attend is clothing optional now! Or at least I think they're clothing optional... the invitations weren't very specific."

DUNG FARMER

TITLES /4 = ☆



ACTIONS

- Gold +2
- Heal 1 HP
- Follower +1
- Treasure +1

TRINKETS (2)						
MIGHT						
AGILITY				[Dark Wood]		
SMARTS			[Dark Wood]			
WILL						
SENSE			[Dark Wood]			

FOLLOWER



WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): I know what you're thinking. I'm a dung farmer. Why would I want to give up all this for adventuring when I'm living the dream, coasting at what might be one of the highest paid vocations in the Hub? I've got insurance! Retirement benefits! And of course I can get as much overtime as I want. And yet, I can't help but wonder about the (2)s in foreign lands or terrifying (3)s that roam the grasslands in herds. I got me a wandering spirit, and I aim to set it free.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-59 Gong Shovel** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Treasure  +1 or supplies  +1.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Super Scooper.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: Adventuring was something else, but it didn't take long for my mind to turn to thoughts of home. I was tired of sticking (1)s in monsters and bad guys when I could be sticking pitchforks into cesspits. When I finally returned to the Hub, I presented myself to my old boss who only waved me away. She had no time for wishy-washy flakes she said. Dung farming was for those true-blue professionals with poop flowing through their veins. Dejected, I lost myself at a local buffet, and drowned my sorrows in braised (2). One day I spied good ol' (4) stepping out of a downtown outhouse, and I half-jokingly asked if I could shovel their dreck. I will never forget that look of embarrassment and pitying scorn.

LEVEL 3-4: When my adventures concluded, I already knew what I wanted to do next. I returned to the Hub and treated myself to some fancy (2), before presenting myself to my old boss and demanding my job back. She had heard word of my many adventures, and after declaring me a hero, offered me a promotion. But I only laughed and told her nothing more than my old job would do. The waste trenches were the lifeblood of the city, and I wanted to be there, chest deep in the action. When dung farming's in your blood, you wanna be right there with your ear to the poop. I bumped into (4) the other day. They looked at my well-used uniform, and I could just see the jealousy in their eyes!

WITCH

TITLES /4 = ☆

ACTIONS

- Supplies +1
- Heal 1 HP
- Corruption -3
- Corruption +3

FOLLOWER


TRINKETS (2)

MIGHT	+	☆	●	●		
AGILITY		●	☆	●		
SMARTS			●	☆		☆
WILL			●		☆	●
SENSE			☆	●	☆	●


WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): I've been living just outside the walls of the Hub for a few years. It's not always fun but does a lot for building mystique. I perform rites for the common folk who visit me, blessing their (1)s, demanding the spirits take away their acne, demanding the spirits give their exs acne, or wishing for bountiful harvests of (2). Oh, it isn't real magic, I know that, but what if it was? Lately I've been wondering if maybe it might be worth the risk to access some of the real stuff? Colored lights, swirling mists, that kind of thing. Surely I can just dabble without risk of corruption, yeah?



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-60 Gnarled Wand** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Gain corruption +1 and +1 to a skill of your choice.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  The Arch-Sorcerer.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: (4) always said I was a fool for seeking magical powers, and maybe they were right. I miss the old days when I didn't smell like (3) or have a vestigial twin hanging off my gut, urging me to sacrifice goats. Some of my best friends are goats! The changes to my body and, if others are right, my persona, are of some benefit. I'm definitely the local witch now, no mistake. But the quality of my clientele has declined, and no one comes to me for sweet things anymore. It's pretty much acne for exs, twenty-four-seven, and at times it's exhausting, even if it has made me rather wealthy.

LEVEL 3-4: Some people fear corruption. And it's hard not to when the newspapers have stories about magic-soaked monsters made of (3) and the merged flesh of Ms. Fitzbaum's preschool class. I get it! But a careful person, someone like me, can tap into that magical essence with great success. I mean, look at me. I've never been more attractive! Old (4) bumped into me the other day and seemed alarmed at how youthful I look. Is that so terrifying? I moved back to the Hub, but abandoned my old hovel. Now I live a life of luxury thanks to the nobles who seem so obsessed with spending time with me and doting upon me. It's too bad some of them seem to shrivel up and die every now and then.

KNIGHT

TITLES /4 = ☆

ACTIONS

Risk -1 Heal 1 HP

Follower +1 Risk -1

TRINKETS (2)

MIGHT					☆	
AGILITY				☆		
SMARTS			☆		☆	
WILL			☆		☆	
SENSE		☆				

FOLLOWER

WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): I was a knight once, proudly serving king and country at home and afield. Many were the fair maidens and burly ironworkers who fainted at the sight of me upon my dread (3) steed. Mine was a life of honor and renown, or at least it was up until that fateful Grand Melee. I was a vision in silver armor, wielding my (1), and taking on all comers in the hopes of winning the champion's purse. I lost myself in the battle, which is why I never registered the appearance of the royal crest. How was I to know the King would join the melee? I knocked him on his arse, causing a great to-do. Of course, no one is allowed to beat the king, so I was declared a cheat and a false knight. Now I strive to make amends so that I might untarnish my good name.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-61 Protector's Shield** from the story deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Follower +1 or luck +1 for each wound you have.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title: The Royal Servant.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: My grand adventure did a lot to refresh my spirit, and I returned to the Hub feeling triumphant. I decided to make an appearance at the Grand Melee along with my companion (4), to remind everyone of my prowess. Of course, I kept an eye out for His Majesty's armor but never saw it. Only I never saw it because I ruined the last set, and he was now dressed in something new, which I discovered when I again knocked upon the royal tuckus. I had no choice but to flee for my life, and now live in secret as a(n) (2) chef in a tiny town on the rim.

LEVEL 3-4: My adventure did much to lift my spirit, and I returned to the Hub, ever-eager to prove my worth. I went to the castle and had myself announced, where I drew forth my (1) and swore allegiance to the King. I swung it wildly to demonstrate my sincerity, and accidentally struck the White Mantis, a notorious assassin who was hiding behind a long curtain. The assassin's game foiled, I was hailed a hero of the realm, and fed upon the finest (2). I never confessed to being unaware of the assassin, and I don't think I ever shall.

SKINCHANGER

TITLES /4 = ☆

ACTIONS

Risk -1 Heal 1 HP

Follower +1 Supplies +1

TRINKETS (2)


	+					
MIGHT		☆	●	●		
AGILITY		●	☆	●		
SMARTS	☆			☆	●	
WILL		☆	●	☆	●	
SENSE	●	●	☆	●		



FOLLOWER


WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): Yeah, skinchanging is as cool as it sounds. I can become any animal in the world with no restrictions. Okay, there are a few restrictions. Some cultures might consider it a lot maybe. For instance, I can't become anything larger than a (3), but let's be honest, would larger be practical? No way. Also, and maybe you have a small mind and think this is a big deal, but no one can look at me when I'm changed. If they do, I change right back. Sure, you can be like that jerk, (4), and say I'm faking the whole thing, but that would be rude. And false. This totally is a thing and you need to trust me on it.



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-33 Flayed Totem** from the story  deck.

LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Risk -1 or heal 1 HP .

LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  Shifting Shadow.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: My skinchanging skills really got honed during my adventure, though I'll need you to take my word on it. Sure, none of my companions really placed much stock in my skills, but honing took place nonetheless. Honing galore actually. So you'd think I'd be ready for my first solo mission: breaking into Archduchess Betty's manse to rescue the fair lad Jeffrey. Outside the manse I turned into a squirrel and began climbing the exterior, but some dummy walking by saw me, and well, I changed back and fell. Oh, there was yelling and whatnot, and people complaining I was naked. Like, have you ever seen a little squirrel wearing heavy armor and carrying a (1) before? I'd use my powers to escape jail, but my cellmate Jeannette is always here, otherwise I would totally escape. For sure.

LEVEL 3-4: My gift is like a radiant (3), reflecting the sun's light only nobody else can see it. After my adventures I decided to wield my ability for my first solo mission: recovering the Golden (1) of Charlene. I turned into a mouse outside Castle (2), and once inside turned into a mighty bear. My hunch proved correct. The rigors of my time as a freelancer had me in top form, and though the guards saw me I did not revert to my natural state. Hot Tip: When you're a bear, it's startlingly easy to eat people.

GAMBLER

TITLES /4 = ☆

ACTIONS

Risk -1 Luck +2
 Gold +1 Treasure +1

TRINKETS (2)


+					
MIGHT		☆		●	
AGILITY	☆		☆	●	
SMARTS				☆	●
WILL	☆		☆	●	
SENSE				☆	●

FOLLOWER



WEAPON

LEVEL 1 (BACKSTORY): I need money, and I need it now. More specifically, my kneecaps need it now. I was going to pay off my debts from the (1) juggling fiasco, but the (3) races didn't work out like I expected, which really made things bad when I lost everything at cards. If a backalley gremlin offers to let you in on a game of Five (2) Hold 'Em, just decline. I'm thinking of becoming a freelancer, not to earn coin, please, but I discovered this hot thing called bullfrog racing. I feel certain if I can find a prized leaper on my adventures, I could easily make back the money I owe, and lots more. It's a sure thing!



LEVEL 2: Retrieve card **S-38 Loaded Dice** from the story  deck.



LEVEL 3: Choose 1: Risk -1 or luck +2.



LEVEL 4: Gain the Title:  The Maverick.

ENDINGS...

LEVEL 1-2: (4) once told me that I should think of all of life as a gamble, and if I focused on doing well in life like I do at small games of chance, I'd be way happier. What an idiot. All you gotta do is obsess over one game, do well at that, and the coin you make will pave the way for everything else. I mean I assume so. I actually made enough off my adventures to pay off my debts, and I got the frog I wanted. But damn it, that backalley gremlin really persuaded me into giving Five (2) Hold 'Em another go, so I did. Several dozen times, and I lost the frog to a lucky stilt-kin. So I guess it's back out in the wilds for me, running games of chance until my luck turns. It's gotta, right?

LEVEL 3-4: I ended up making more money on my adventure than I ever expected. I returned to the Hub in triumph, paid off my debts, then started rocking the bullfrog racing world with my man Humfrog Bogwart. We made quite the team, and now the two of us are running all sorts of games out of the Hub, some even legal. Hell, we scored a tidy sum off (4) the other month when we bet them they couldn't make me wince if they hit my knees with a (1). The fool had no idea I had my kneecaps surgically replaced with metal ones. That's right! I'm loanshark-proof baby!