

Fher-Bron

You are enjoying the night at a local tavern called “The Temple.” After doing your dwarvenly duty to drink as many of these weak sissy-mary humans under the table as you possibly can, you feel the subtle but instant calling of Mother Nature. You amble out of the tavern, heading towards the back for a little relief. As you come out of the jakes, you are grabbed by both sides – by goblins! Despite that minor handicap, you grab one of the goblins and use it to bash the other into the ground. As you gain the upper hand, you hear a deep voice come out of the darkness and say, “Enough of this – he has proved his worth.” You then feel a strange tingling sensation and everything goes black.

Marius

You are playing at a small tavern in an out of the way village. During a break, you go outside for some fresh air. You stroll around the tavern, when you see several goblins accosting a dwarf. It is clear that the goblins have bitten off more than they can chew, for the dwarf tosses them around easily. You are about to intervene when you feel a sharp pain in the back of your head and everything goes black.

Augustus

Even the most skilled thief slips up at some point in his or her life. Sometimes they don't do anything wrong – they are just unlikely. The City Guard of Adamanthium, in one of their periodic ~~quests for bribes~~ crackdowns on crime, arrests you for pickpocketing. You protest your innocence, which, for once, is actually the truth. Still you figure the guild will cross a few palms with silver and all will once again be well with your world when you the Guard Lieutenant talking with a tall, middle-aged man in black robes and carrying a black staff.

The tall man says to the Lieutenant, “He'll do.” hands a small pouch to the Lieutenant, who then leaves. As soon as the Lieutenant is gone, you are about to say something when the man gestures at you with his staff, and the world goes all swirly. You pass out.

Solaris

Bad luck doesn't come in little drips here and there. No, it tends to come if heavy storms and torrential downpours. The day started out badly - you went hunting in the morning and just as you drew back the string on your bow *snap* - the bowstring breaks, alerting breakfast of your presence.

You manage to restring your bow and after about a ½ hour, you are once again within bowshot. Just as you let loose, a breeze kicks up, knocking your arrow slightly out of line. You hit your target, but instead of a quick kill, you deal a lingering if mortal wound to the deer. It runs off in pain, trailing blood.

Being the conscientious woodsman, you determine to track it and put it out of its misery. You quickly come across it, only to see that four goblins have found it first. They seem to think teasing an injured animal is excellent sport. You draw back bow, realizing that you have a guilt-free target here, when you hear a deep voice from behind, “There'll be none of that, now.” You begin to turn. As you do, you feel a strange sensation – your arms get heavy, the world spins and then darkness claims you.

Varros Exsector

Sometimes you find luck. Sometimes it finds you. Today, it is a little of both. Unfortunately, regardless of who found who, today's luck is all bad.

You are traveling to the city of Adamanthium, looking for work, when you come across a small band of goblins accosting a middle-aged, well-dressed, human male. You decide to intervene, for both humanitarian and fiscal reasons (i.e. in the hope of a reward.) Within moments you are in the center of the fray and the goblins intentions are focused upon you. The man speaks, “An excellent specimen! He will do quite nicely” and he gestures at you. There is a brief tingling and then you realize that you cannot move!

The goblins toss a bag over your head, which seems to have some sort of noxious-smelling substance in it. After a moment of breathing the fumes, you grow woozy and then consciousness parts company with you.