

Ferdynand's Gargantoid

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Summary

This adventure is based upon the entry for Ambyrmont 20, 1011 in 'The Poor Wizard's Almanac. *'Ferdynand Lillipot, a Glantrian mage, has spent the last six years slaving over a design for a war machine to defeat Alphatia. He has flown the 50' tall man shaped war machine to Glantri City to show to the Council of Princes. On arrival he is devastated to hear that the war has been over for more than a year. Leaving the gargantoid in the plaza he decides to drown his sorrows in a tavern'.*

The adventure is scaled for 5-7 players of levels 2-4 (18 total levels). It is recommended that at least one of the players is a mage anxious to gain favour with the magic users in Glantri. They have been invited to meet a representative of the guild in the Feathered Serpent Inn as he wants to hire them for a mission.

Introduction

Tucked into the south-west corner of the Noble Quarter of Glantri City the Feathered Serpent is a good quality inn. Not of the same standard as the Silver Tower but better than most. You read the letter, delivered by the halfling page yesterday one more time. *"Greetings bold adventurers. I, Osta l'Parc, wish to hire you. I have need of certain spell components that can only be found in the Mountains South East of Fenswick. If you are interested we can discuss terms and details at the Feathered Serpent. Meet me there at noon tomorrow, I will pay for lunch, but please do not be late."* The scroll has a large red wax seal affixed to it bearing the device of a tree behind a sleeping horse. The marble table tops and the leather cushioned seats of the inn are far cleaner than most inns you have visited before. Not only that but the floor appears to have been recently washed down as well. The innkeeper gives you a surly look until you show him the seal upon the scroll upon which he becomes much more gracious. *"Ah yes, Master l'Parc told me to expect you. Please take a seat and I'll bring you drinks and some titbits to tide you over."* He hustles away and soon returns with a tray crowded with glasses, a fine bottle of straw coloured wine, bowls of salted nuts, dried fruits, olives and thin slices of warm, freshly baked bread.

A Shadow Falls

NOT WHO YOU WERE EXPECTING

Just before noon the light that was shining through the brightly coloured glass of the windows at the front of the inn was shut off and a loud clanking noise caused conversations to cease abruptly. The door swings open and a short man in worn robes enters. He plonks himself down at a table next to yours and shouts at the innkeeper. "THREE FLAGONS OF ALE AND A ROAST BOAR SANDWICH PLEASE."

The innkeeper is a little taken aback by the man's appearance and attitude but he serves him anyway.

"THANK YOU." Replied the man, still shouting though the innkeeper was but a foot away. He then drained the first two flagons and started upon the sandwich. "MORE ALE!" he shouted again spraying crumbs as he did so.

A well dressed couple looked shocked and drawing their capes around their shoulders stood up and walked to the door.

"Can you keep your voice down please, sir." The innkeeper spoke severely to the man. "Or I will have to ask you to leave."

"I'M SORRY. I CAN'T HEAR YOU." He bellowed. "AM I SHOUTING?"

The innkeeper nodded and the man mouthed a silent apology. He sees you looking at him and frowns. "What are you looking at?" he asks in a more moderate tone. The innkeeper deposits another trio of ales on the man's table. "Keep them coming barkeep." He passes a finely tooled leather purse into the innkeeper's hand. The innkeeper weighed it in his palm for a moment or two before bowing and returning to the bar.

A few flagons later the man starts hammering on the table with his fists. "The foolsh. Couldn't they shее what ish going to happen." He slurred. "Shure the war ish over now but ash shure ash eggsh ish eggsh another will shtart and they will want it." With that he collapsed in a drunken stupor his head cradled on his arms.

If the PCs go to the door to see what made the noise they will see a humanoid figure made from black iron which would be 50' high if it were not seated on the ground. Awe-struck townsfolk are milling around, none daring to touch it.

If the PCs go to see what they can do for the man he will not wake until a cure spell of some kind is cast upon him (cure light wounds or neutralise poison) or a successful healing skill check curing at least two points of damage.

"Sorry must have dropped off. Have I been drinking? I can't stay I must go and persuade the council of their folly." As he says this, the loud clanking sound starts up again and light once more streams into the inn. "WHAT IS THAT NOISE? OH NO SOMEONE'S STEALING IT!"

He stands up and trips over the hem of his robe tripping up any PC in the vicinity. Then knocks over a table spilling beer and plates everywhere. By the time he or a PC makes it to the door there is nothing to see apart from a few broken carts and shocked townsfolk.

If the PCs ask the bystanders what happened they will get the following replies.

"It rose up and trod on my cart, squashed my melons and plums to pulp. I hope someone's going to pay, it was brand new!"

"It walked down the street a few paces making a horrible clanking sound then flew over the wall in that direction." A townsman points over the wall to the south east.

"It's those Alpathian mages, I always knew that the whole place couldn't have sunk!"

CAN IT GET ANY WORSE?

The drunkard is sobbing loudly into his hands. "What have I done?" He weeps, "Who could have done this to me?" Just then a squad of the city constabulary arrives in their striking red and yellow livery and gleaming silver breastplates and helms.

"What is going on here? What is all this fuss." The leader barks.

"A huge metal man trampled my cart and flew off. It is all his fault, he admitted it and I want retribution." The tradesman pointed an accusing finger at the weeping drunkard.

"Is that so. What is your name, sir" The constable is now addressing the drunkard.

"I am Ferdynand Lillipot, a mage of New Alvar. "And yes it is all my fault, the gargantoid is mine. Was mine."

"Then I will have to put you under arrest. Men take this gentleman to the Duke's Canal Guardhouse. Go day to you all, please go about your business. You, come with me." He points to the complaining tradesman. With that the guardsman, Lillipot and the tradesman march off along the street.

If the PCs return to the inn they wait in vain for Osta l'Parc to appear. Eventually a page turns up with a note. 'I am sorry but the position is no longer available. Please accept my apologies and these coins in recompense of your trouble.' The page hands over a small pouch containing half a dozen gold coins.

If the PCs try to halt the constables the leader of the squad will warn them then arrest them. "You cannot interfere with a constable in the pursuit of his duty."

If the PCs try to spot where the gargantoid had flown, they have a 20%, (30% for elves) chance of spotting it flying north east before it vanishes into a cloud. Flying PCs who try to follow it will loose it in the heavy cloud cover.

REWARD FOR INFORMATION

Later that evening a page approaches carrying a scroll. 'I know no other people to trust in this city. The council laughed at me when I told them of my Gargantoid and now the city guard has imprisoned me for damaging city property and endangering life. Meanwhile my great invention has been stolen and who knows what will become of it. Please track it down and return it to my tower in New Alvar. I will reward you with gold, with spells, with whatever is in my gift. Ferdynand Lillipot.'

If PCs ask of Ferdynand they get mostly shrugs and blank stares. Eventually they will find a storekeeper who knows of him. "He is a strange one and no mistake. He used to come here regular like, buying magical supplies. Rare minerals and herbs, the blood of strange beasts and beetles' wings. The usual stuff. Then about six years ago he stopped coming, said he had something big to do, something that would shake the world. Must have been that metal giant that I saw in the square."

Other people mention that the iron giant had flown roughly north east. None seem particularly surprised or perturbed that such an event had happened.

A merchant, newly arrived in town from Fenswick, mentioned how she had seen something large and black fly overhead as she travelled on a barge into the city. "At first I thought it was a dragon but then saw it had no wings. It was heading south east towards the broken lands when I lost sight of it."

If the PCs visit Ferdynand in the gaol they will find him sitting morosely in a cell.

"Thank you for offering to help me." He begins. "I have spent the last six years of my life building my Gargantoid and for what, nothing. The council of mages says that now the war is over they have no need of such things. I said that the war could start again at any time and it would also be useful for putting down the humanoids in the Broken Lands but they disagreed. Too unreliable, too risky. I was just going to have a quick drink then go home but one drink turned into another and you see the result. Much of my wealth and magical devices have been spent in the creation of the Gargantoid but I will share what I have with you if you can find it and bring it back to me. I have to stay here until my case is tried and possibly longer if the judgement goes against me."

If the PCs ask how the Gargantoid works Ferdynand smiles. "I have to have some secrets. If you want to know how to control it, sit in the large chair and put the helm upon your head, most of the time it will then obey your instructions. If you have no other choice, smash the large ruby under the crystal dome, this will cause all the weapons wands to explode, you will have to be quick as you will only have a few seconds to get clear."

If the PCs ask how it is armed he will reply. "It can cast fireballs, lightning bolts and magic missiles. If you don't want to use magic then pummel your foes with its fists. As you know it can fly, but it can swim almost as well."

The Search for the Gargantoid

SCATTERED CLUES

The PCs may already know which way the Gargantoid flew in from conversations with traders in the market. If they don't then they will have to ask around. Traders and travellers will have seen the construct flying towards the Broken Lands but none have seen it land. Eventually they will find someone who will have seen it flying south. Once they have discovered the rough direction that the Gargantoid flew in, read the following paragraph.

You take the Nyra road south from Glantri city. Like most roads in this part of the country it is flat and well paved allowing you to make good time and before nightfall you arrive in the village of Nyra. There is a strong smell of freshly hewn timber coming from the recently constructed palisade. A wooden gate stands open but is guarded by a pair of archers on a wooden platform. Two pike men stand to attention before the gate and order you to halt. "Who are you and what business do you have in Nyra," shouts the first when you are two score yards from the gate.

As long as the PCs respond quickly the guards will let them through. If the PCs mention the Gargantoid the guards will make a warding sign and mutter amongst themselves. "We saw something like what you described. It flew south, towards Ellerovyn and the Broken Lands. What is it, some invention of the orcs and goblins?"

The guards are there to give warning if orcs or goblins attack. Such raids are common as several tribes of humanoids dwell in the hills and forests nearby.

The village has a single inn, The Falling Star. It used to be called the Ogre's Head but was renamed after the meteor that crashed to earth creating the huge crater a day's ride or so to the west.

The innkeeper is a lean, jolly fellow who is willing to listen to the PCs story and tell a few of his own. Orc and goblin raids have become more common in recent weeks but so far they have been beaten off by the villagers. They have sent for aid from the nearby Fort Monteleone but so far no aid has been forthcoming.

He didn't see the strange flying creature but heard people in his bar talking about it. They say it was flying south west to Alebane, the ogre king.

At sundown a brass bell is tolled and the gates of the village are shut and most people return to their beds.

A BROKEN NIGHT

Just when night is at its darkest the brass bells start's tolling in the centre of the village. The innkeeper hammers on your door. "They are coming! The orcs and goblins are attacking again! Can you aid us?"

When the PCs emerge into the night they can hear drums being struck and see the glow of flames from outside the palisade.

"There are more of them this time!" the innkeeper looks worried, very worried. "Is there any aid you can offer?" a young man introduces himself as the captain of the village militia. A smith by trade he looks strong but pale with fear. "I don't think we can hold them off for long."

The village militia comprises a dozen men and women. The smith should be treated as a second level fighter the others as first level each with average hit-points. They are wearing leather armour and wield an assortment of weapons. The smith's weapon is a normal sword in good condition. The others are old and should be treated as normal swords, axes and maces with a -1 to hit and damage.

The Battle for Nyra

The attacking horde is composed of ten orcs and eleven goblins. Three of the goblins are riding dire-wolves. They are led by a Rhuun Short-leg, an ogre with a pronounced limp. Rhuun is tall, a giant amongst his people, standing over 10' tall, he will order half the orcs to attack the main gate while the goblins scale the palisade. Once the gates are opened he will lead the remaining orcs and the goblins on wolfback through. The goblins are armed with daggers and short bows. The orcs are armed with axes. Rhuun is armed with a large spiked club. He wears a shield on his left arm.

Three rounds after the PCs are awoken the first 1d3 goblins jump over the palisade. Every 3 rounds thereafter other 1d3 goblins climb over. The orcs will break down the gate after 2d4 rounds unless they are stopped. The wolf riding goblins will try to shoot any guards on the gate.

Rhuun will retreat when he sees that he is bested. For example if he takes more than 10 points of damage or more than half of his troops are killed. He will order the goblins wolf-riders to harry the PCs while he and the rest of his troops retreat.

Each of the goblin bodies has 2d6 silver pieces in a sour leather pouch mixed with coarse maggoty bread and dried meat. Each of the orcs have 3d8 copper pieces in a pouch. Rhuun has 60 gold pieces in his pouch.

The tracks left by Rhuun are easy to follow even if none of the PCs have a tracking skill. They lead back to a camp, half a day's journey away. If any of the attackers survived the battle they will fight to the death here.

The tracks lead to a small box valley in the hills. Amongst a stand of straggly trees you find a few hide tents, the stink of orc and goblins wafts towards you on the wind.

A search of the camp reveals a chest containing 900 gold pieces, 2000 silver pieces and 7 gems (3 x topaz, 3 x garnet and 1 x quartz).

THE ORCS HAVE IT

After the defeat of Rhuun's Raiders the people of Nyra treat you as heroes. You are not allowed to leave until a feast has been held in your honour, the whole village turning out to salute you. The following day a dust-stained rider gallops into town and leaps off his horse, throwing back his hood as he does so revealing the fact that he is an elf.
 "Is there a stable here? I must have a fresh horse I make for Glantri at best speed." The elf is hoarse and looks tired, fit to drop.

If the PCs ask what is his hurry he will look impatiently around before answering.
 "I have a moment or two then I must go. I come from the tower of Ellerovyn, my master saw a strange iron craft fly, yes fly, past his tower the day before yesterday heading for the Broken Lands. It must be some new devilry of the orcs, they will use it against us and we will be destroyed."

If the PCs explain what has happened he will not be mollified.
 "That is of no consequence. It is obvious that orc spies within Glantri have stolen this contraption and taken it to the Broken Lands. It must be retrieved. I will continue to Glantri to speak to the council, head south, south east when you cross the river, follow the Ellerovyn road through the forest then make for the forked peak of Mount Masharz that lies on the border with the Broken Lands, that is where the craft was headed.

As soon as the elf (Morondor) gets a fresh mount he will leave.

A ferry plies the waters of the Red River from Nyra to the Eyrendyl Forest where a broad track heads roughly south east. Interspersed with the oak and elm are stands of copper beech and silver birch, giving the wood a bright magical air.

The track soon emerges from the forest onto the Ellerovyn plain and here a track runs south towards the tower of Ellerovyn while to the south east you can see the forked peak of Mount Masharz.

The land starts to become more rugged with sparse scrub and wind blasted trees capping low rocky hills. As you crest a ridge you see in the wide dale below a strange sight. A long furrow has been gouged into the earth and trees have been shattered and ripped from the ground. At the far eastern end of the valley you can see a huge, black metal figure lying facedown amongst the detritus of shattered trees and ploughed earth. Around it are a group of orcs about a dozen strong. Steam rises from the figure and some of the broken trees are burning. It fits Ferdynand's description of the Gargantoid.

*The orcs are a scouting party sent out to see what has crashed by their clan chief Oggrud the Stout. As yet they have not sent anyone back to the clan encampment to report. The leader of the scouting party will send two orcs back to the encampment in 1d4+1 * 10 minutes unless combat starts in which case he will order one of the orcs back for reinforcements. The orcs are armed with short spears and battleaxes. Each has a small pack with flint and steel, dried meat and 3d8 copper pieces in it. If an orc makes it away he will return with 3d6+6 orcs including Oggrud in 1d4+1 hours. Oggrud and the orcs will arrive in 3d6+2 hours in any case.*

INSIDE THE GARGANTOID

The Gargantoid lies face down in the earth; its head is partially buried but appears not to have suffered much damage from what appears to have been a crash landing.

A secret door detection check will reveal a well hidden hatch in the small of the Gargantoid's back.

If the PCs open the hatch without knocking or making some sort of signal, the person opening the hatch is struck by a pair of magic missiles and a crossbow bolt.

“Don't try anything. We will strike you down where you stand.” A voice cries from beyond the hatch.

Inside the body of the gargantoid you can see three figures, two young men and a woman. The men are wearing the garb of students at the Glantrian magic college while the woman has a tabard bearing the college crest. At her feet lies a crossbow, in her hands is a long sword which she is waving in your direction.

The occupants of the gargantoid will take a little persuasion (as for the skill at +3 difficulty) to be convinced that the PCs are not orcs in disguise or there to steal the gargantoid.

“It was just a prank. We had just finished our exams and we had had a few bottles of wine. We saw it parked outside the inn and we just wanted to look inside. Then Luc put this helm on his head and said, ‘Let's go kill the king of the orcs!’ The door slammed shut and it took off. We got thrown to the floor and the helm got broken. We dare not touch anything and then the gems on the panel started to flash and we crashed into the ground. What are we going to do?”

A close inspection (magical engineering or an intelligence (at +4) check) will reveal that the helm is not broken, just disconnected from the console. If it is plugged back in it will be possible to control the gargantoid but it will not rise from the ground as it is partially buried. It will take 1d6 hours of digging to free it from the ground.

Commands such as ‘Return to your master’ or ‘Return home’ will take it back to Ferdynand's laboratory in the Colossus Mountains. ‘Glantri’ will take it to Alexandra Plaza where Ferdynand left it. Other commands will have to be judged by the DM.

Destroying the gem will cause the Gargantoid to explode sixteen rounds later. Everyone within 240 feet will take 60d6 points of damage with no saving throw (20d6 from each of the three rods). Everyone within 1000 feet must make a saving throw vs. spells or take 2d4 points of damage from the falling debris.

RETURNING HOME — BY AIR

Flying back to Glantri is an experience, frightening and exhilarating in equal measure. It is rather cramped inside the cockpit. It seems to have been designed for 3 small people but you all manage to squeeze in though it is very cramped. It seems to take very little time before the Gargantoid sets down.

Ferdynand's Laboratory

If the PCs have commanded the Gargantoid to return home then they will land on a rocky ledge outside a sheer cliff several hundreds of feet above a lush valley. They may not know it but they have landed outside Ferdynand's laboratory. They will not be able to gain access without the mage's signet ring and password which he shares with no one. One of the students will suggest that they should return to Glantri instead.

Alexandra Plaza

When they land in the busy plaza in Glantri a large crowd will soon gather. Members of the city guard will take some persuading as to what has been going on. A successful *Storytelling*, *Persuade* (at +2) or *Intimidation* (at +6) will be needed to get the guard to allow them to pass or accept their story. Ferdynand will be released as soon as it can be proved that the disturbance was not his fault. He will reward the PCs with a pouch of eight pearls and will enchant an item of armour or a weapon belonging to each PC. The enchantment will give a +2 bonus against constructs. A small stylised cog will appear on each enchanted item.

Appendix 1 - Monster Statistics

THE BATTLE FOR NYRA

Location	Num.	Monster Name	AC	Thac0.	Max. HP	Cur. HP	Move	Attack 1	Attack 2	Attack 3	SvAs	Mor.	EXP.
Nyra	1	Goblin	6	19	2		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	2	Goblin	6	19	1		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	3	Goblin	6	19	1		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	4	Goblin	6	19	1		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	5	Goblin	6	19	4		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	6	Goblin	6	19	7		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	7	Goblin	6	19	1		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	8	Goblin	6	19	1		90'	Short Bow (1d6)	Dagger (1d4)		NM	9	5
Nyra	1	Goblin – Wolf Rider	6	19	1		150'	Short Bow (1d6)			NM	9	5
Nyra	2	Goblin – Wolf Rider	6	19	6		150'	Short Bow (1d6)			NM	9	5
Nyra	3	Goblin – Wolf Rider	6	19	4		150'	Short Bow (1d6)			NM	9	5
Nyra	1	Dire Wolf	6	15	33		150'	Bite (2d4)			F2	8	125
Nyra	2	Dire Wolf	6	15	19		150'	Bite (2d4)			F2	8	125
Nyra	3	Dire Wolf	6	15	23		150'	Bite (2d4)			F2	8	125
Nyra	1	Orc	6	19	3		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	2	Orc	6	19	8		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	3	Orc	6	19	7		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	4	Orc	6	19	7		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	5	Orc	6	19	7		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	6	Orc	6	19	5		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	7	Orc	6	19	6		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	8	Orc	6	19	6		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	9	Orc	6	19	2		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	10	Orc	6	19	6		120'	Axe (1d6)			F1	8	10
Nyra	1	Rhuun Short-Leg (Ogre)	5	16	26		60'	Club (1d6+2)			F4	10	125

Ferdynand's Gargantoid

Location	Num.	Monster Name	AC	Thac0.	Max. HP	Cur. HP	Move	Attack 1	Attack 2	Attack 3	SvAs	Mor.	EXP.
Crash site	1	Orc Leader	6	18	8		120'	Axe (1d6)+1	Spear (1d6+1)		F2	8	20
Crash site	2	Orc	6	19	8		120'	Axe (1d6)	Spear (1d6+1)		F1	8	10
Crash site	3	Orc	6	19	8		120'	Axe (1d6)	Spear (1d6+1)		F1	8	10
Crash site	4	Orc	6	19	8		120'	Axe (1d6)	Spear (1d6+1)		F1	8	10
Crash site	5	Orc	6	19	7		120'	Axe (1d6)	Spear (1d6+1)		F1	8	10
Crash site	6	Orc	6	19	4		120'	Axe (1d6)	Spear (1d6+1)		F1	8	10
Orc Battle Group	1	Oggrud the Stout	5	16	15		90'	Greataxe (1d10)+3			F4	10	75
Orc Battle Group	3d6+6	Orc	6	19	8		120'	Axe (1d6)	Spear (1d6+1)		F1	8	10

Appendix 2 - Treasure

<i>Location</i>	<i>Notes</i>	<i>Treasure Description</i>	<i>GP Value</i>	<i>XP Value</i>	<i>Taken By</i>
Nyra: Rhuun's Camp	Chest of coins and gems	900gp, 2000sp, 3 topaz, 3 garnets, 1 quartz	2910	0	
TOTAL			2910		

Appendix 3 - Story & Role Playing Bonuses

- Returning the Gargantoid to Ferdynand intact: 10% bonus to awarded XP
- Destroying the Gargantoid to prevent it falling into orcish hands: 5% bonus to awarded XP
- Letting the Gargantoid be captured: -15% penalty to awarded XP
- Saving the village: 10% bonus to awarded XP

Appendix 4 – Important NPCs

LEO DU CHAPEAU

Male Human 3rd level Magic User

Stats.

Str: 12; Dex: 9; Con: 11; Int: 11; Wis: 9; Cha: 10; HP: 9;

Spells

1st: Read Magic, Magic Missile*, Light*, Detect Magic
2nd: Knock, Mirror Image*

Skills

Language (Gargoyle), Navigation, Leadership.

Items

Silver Dagger, Bone Dagger.

CLAUDE MICHELLE

Male Human 3rd level Magic User

Stats.

Str: 7; Dex: 11; Con: 12; Int: 11; Wis: 9; Cha: 8; HP: 6;

Spells

1st: Read Magic, Magic Missile*, Shield, Charm Person*
2nd: Web*, Entangle

Skills

Military Tactics, Mimicry, Profession (Stable Hand), Snares.

Items

Silver Dagger, Staff.

GISELLE LE DUC

Female Human 3rd Level Fighter

Stats.

Str: 10; Dex: 14; Con: 6; Int: 9; Wis: 15; Cha: 12; HP: 8;

Skills

Shipbuilding, Ceremony (Faunus), Mountaineering, Piloting (Galleys).

Items

One Handed Bastard Sword, Silver Dagger, Bola+1, Two Handed Sword+1, +3 vs. Lycanthropes, Splint Mail, Shield