

Character Statistics :

Name : Aneles O.C.C. : Psi-Mystic (Level 1)
Alignment : Scrupulous R.C.C. : Human
Sex : Male Age : 19 Height : 6' Weight : 159 lbs. Exp. P. : 00925
H.P. : 09 S.D.C. : 06 I.S.P. : 54 P.P.E. : 54 Attacks : 4
Appearance : He is usually dressed in a full suit of black studded leather. On top of the armour he wears black cloak with silver colored trimmings. The sleeves of the cloak are a bit short and come up only about half way down his forearms. The front of it is typically open which allows you to see the front of the armour and the bullwhip carried on his left hip. He has long black hair that just naturally flows down. It is slightly wavy, but virtually unnoticeable. Parts of it come down in front of his face but does not obstruct his vision or conceal any of his facial features, such as his brown eyes. His hair stretches down to the small of the back. When he travels, he is typically seen using a quarter staff as a walking stick.

Attributes and Bonuses :

<u>I.Q.</u> : 19	<u>Save vs. Mind Controlling Drugs & Potions</u> : +2
<u>M.E.</u> : 14	<u>Save vs. Mind Controlling Magic Charms</u> : +2
<u>M.A.</u> : 10 [16]	<u>Save vs. Possession</u> : +2
<u>P.S.</u> : 10 (11)	<u>Save vs. Horror Factor</u> : +2
<u>P.P.</u> : 14	<u>Save vs. Psionic Attack</u> : 10 or higher
<u>P.E.</u> : 04 [06]	<u>I.Q. Skill Bonus</u> : +5%
<u>P.B.</u> : 10	<u>Trust / Intimidate</u> : 40%
<u>Spd.</u> : 09 (11)	<u>Roll with Punch/Fall/Impact</u> : +3
	<u>Pull Punch</u> : +2

* - The first number is the base roll. The numbers in (parenthesis) are the numbers after adjusted by physical skills and the ones in the [brackets] are the numbers after they were adjusted by the bonus 8 stat points allotted.

Psionic Powers :

Exorcism, Meditation, Mind Block, See Aura, Sense Evil, Sixth Sense, Telekinesis, Telepathy, Teleport Object, and Total Recall.

Magical Spells :

Blinding Flash, Globe of Daylight, Mystic Alarm, Thunderclap, Turn Dead, and Weightlessness.

Weapons & Armour :

Studded Leather	A.R.: 13	S.D.C.: 38
Bullwhip	2D6	
Quarter Staff	2D6	(+1 to strike)
Silver Coated Triple Dagger (Dwarven Quality)	1D6 (+4)	
Stiletto Dagger	1D6	

* - Total bonuses including make of weapon and combat bonuses listed in (parenthesis).

Skills :

Hand to Hand: Basics	N/A	Lore: Magic (general knowledge)	40%
<u>Athletics (general)</u>	<u>N/A</u>	- Recognize Wards/Runes/Circles	30%
Language: Eastern	98%	- Recognize Enchantment	25%
Language: Elven	60%	Mathematics: Advanced	55%
Language: Western	60%	Mathematics: Basic	70%
<u>Literacy: Eastern</u>	<u>45%</u>	Prowl	30%
Anthropology: Humans	30%	Public Speaking	35%
Astronomy & Navigation	40%	Sew	30%
Dowsing	30%	<u>Streetwise</u>	<u>25%</u>
Land Navigation	45%	W.P. Staff	
		W.P. Whip	

Weapon Skills :

<u>Ancient Weapon Proficiencies</u> :	<u>Strike</u> :	<u>Parry</u> :	<u>Thrown</u> :
W.P. Staff	+1	N/A	N/A
W.P. Whip	N/A	N/A	N/A

Other Information :

Money : 15 gold.

Equipment : Two sets of clothing, a nice cloak with hood, leather boots, belt, blanket, backpack, two medium-sized sacks, two small sacks, a water skin, food rations for 1D4 weeks, a pocket mirror, hair comb, and a tinder box. Belt purse, jar (4 pints), untreated torch, oil lantern (6 hours/1 pint), oil (4 pints), parchment (dozen 9x12 sheets), black ink (6 ounces), and (2) crow quill pens.

Special Items : A dwarven quality silver triple dagger that deals an addition 4 points of damage. The dagger is worth 60 gold.

Family : He is an only child and was raised in a small village on the outskirts of the human territories. Both of his parents are still alive, but due to the incidents that happened in his village he will most likely never see them again.

Disposition : Aneles is still hurt from when everyone in his home village turned on him. He debated about living in the wild like the man he met when he was only 7, but in the end he figured that would only be running away. So he decided to move on and learn as much about the world as he can. However, he will avoid revealing his powers to anyone. Even if he does use his powers in front of others, he'll typically try to pretend that he had nothing to do with it.

Brief History : When he was only 7 years old, he was lost in the forest and was helped by a stranger. Though he did not realize it at the time, the stranger was also a psi-mystic. The stranger sensed the gift within Aneles and tried to council him before returning him to his home village. This awoke the dawning of curiosity within Aneles and started him down his path toward becoming a psi-mystic.

At the age of 19, he used his Telekinesis to lift a collapse wagon off of an injured mother to try and save her life. However, this demonstration of unnatural abilities caused the town to fear him and call him a witch. His parents, the woman he loved, and the rest of the town all turned against him. He managed to escape by casting a Blinding Flash spell and fled while they were blinded.

Special Tricks : He has two techniques he likes to use when in combat. The first is more of a trick to try and avoid combat when an opponent seems intent on fighting. He slams his staff on the ground while casting Thunderclap at the same time. The Horror Factor is coupled with his high Mental Affinity to try and intimidate the opponent into backing down. Even if this does not intimidate an enemy, the sound will hopefully draw enough attention to make the enemy think twice (if the enemy favors stealth of course).

The second of these techniques is a combination of two of his psychic abilities. He knows he is not a fighter, so when forced into a combat situation he will often rely on his other powers for an advantage. He begins by teleporting a small weapon, typically a dagger, behind the back of the opponent. Then, he uses his telekinesis to manipulate the dagger to hit the opponent in the back.

Though he finds this technique undesirable due to the underhanded nature of it, he also realizes he stands little chance in close combat. Also, if faced against multiple opponents he will often try to position it right so the direction will come from one of the enemy's own teammates in the hopes of causing inner turmoil within the enemy ranks.

Psionic Abilities :

<u>Healing Powers :</u>	<u>Range :</u>	<u>Duration :</u>	<u>Notes :</u>
Exorcism [10]	Within 8 feet	Instant	(28%)/(21%), prep time
<u>Physical Powers :</u>	<u>Range :</u>	<u>Duration :</u>	<u>Notes :</u>
Mind Block [4]	Self only	(10) minutes	+1 save vs. psychic
Telekinesis [3 small]	60 feet away	(2) minutes	2 lbs or under
Telekinesis [8 medium]	60 feet away	(2) minutes	3-20 lbs (height varies)
Telekinesis [8 large+?]	60 feet away	(2) minutes	+1 I.S.P. per extra 10 lbs
Teleport Object [10]	Touch	Immediate	(50) foot distance, %
<u>Sensitive Powers :</u>	<u>Range :</u>	<u>Duration :</u>	<u>Notes :</u>
Meditation [0]	Self only	Varies	Gain 6 I.S.P. per hour
See Aura [6]	60 feet (visible)	2 melee rounds	No Save
Sense Evil [2]	14 foot radius	(2) minutes	Automatic without I.S.P.
Sixth Sense [2]	90 feet	Until passes	Automatically use I.S.P.
Telepathy [4]	60 feet	(2) minutes	Conditional Save
Total Recall [2]	Self only	Permanent	3 I.S.P. per info block

Magical Spells :

<u>Level 1 Spells :</u>	<u>Cast Range :</u>	<u>Duration :</u>	<u>Notes :</u>
Blinding Flash [1]	60 feet away	Instant	10 foot radius effect
Globe of Daylight [2]	30 feet away	(3) minutes	(12) foot area effect
Thunderclap [4]	30 foot radius	Instant	Horror Factor: 8
<u>Level 2 Spells :</u>	<u>Cast Range :</u>	<u>Duration :</u>	<u>Notes :</u>
Mystic Alarm [5]	12 feet away	(1) year	Alerts despite distance
Turn Dead [6]	60 feet away	Instant	1D6 <i>animated</i> corpses
Weightlessness	60 feet away	(30) seconds	Reduce by (100) lbs

History :

A young boy of only about eight years of age wandered through the forest alone. He had been separated from his parents and was feeling scared and alone. A light drizzle dripped down from the canopy of leaves and branches overhead. His clothes were soaked through from the downpour earlier. He shivered as the cool spring winds pressed his wet clothes against his skin.

He had never been out on his own before. He didn't like it much. At that moment, he wished for nothing more than to be at home with his parents, safely tucked away in their arms. He always felt so safe and warm when they were near, as if nothing in the world could hurt him. But right now he was lost. It was starting to get dark and he didn't know what to do. He had been wandering the woods for over an hour and he still had no clue as to the direction of home. All the trees looked the same to him.

He sat down on a large rock, a rock he could swear he's seen a hundred times since he's been lost. He pulled his legs close to him and wrapped his arms around them. The young boy sat there curled in a ball. This position helped him to stay a bit warmer, but that is not why he did it. He was just a scared little boy who hoped that if he stood like that long enough, everything would just go away and then he would find himself in the security of his home.

A quick series of drops plunked down onto his head. There was a brief pause, then a second series of drops. It turned out that there was a rather large leaf above his head that, when filled with enough water, would dip down from the weight and drip down onto his head. He sniffled, but did not move. He refused to move from that spot until he was found. The drops of rain falling on his head helped to conceal his tears. It felt like an eternity to the young boy, even though in truth it was a little under an hour.

As the sun set, he could make out a fire in the distance. He figured it was no doubt his parents. They had probably been looking for him and made a fire so they would be easier to find. Both of them had to be so worried about him. He quickly hopped off the rock and ran toward the light of the fire. His feet slopped through the mud as he ran. Mud splashed up and on the back of his clothes. He didn't notice, not that he would he have cared.

However, when he got there it was not his parents that he found. Instead, he saw a strange man that he had never seen before sitting by a fire with a small rabbit cooking. The man was wearing a green cloak with the hood pulled back revealing his dirty blonde hair. His hair was pulled back into a pony tail. It was hard to tell how far down it went as the end of his hair disappeared from sight and hid under his cloak. There was a tent set up not too far away.

The young boy fell to his knees. He was ready to give in. It seemed he would never find his way. The man turned to the young boy and spoke, "Hello, lad." He lifted the stick the rabbit was frying on and moved it towards the young boy. "Perhaps you would like something to eat. It might make you feel better."

The boy responded, "What's the point? I'm never going to find my way home. I'm going to be stuck out here forever." He sniffled some more and seemed if he was on the verge of crying.

There was a shocked look on the man's face as he stared at the young kid on his knees. Then he smiled. It was kind of odd to see a smile on his face while staring at a

kid on the verge of a nervous break down. “Well I must confess I did not expect such a quitter attitude from one with the gift.” The man looked at the cooked rabbit and tore a piece off. He chewed the piece as he turned back towards the boy. “What a truly disappointing sight.”

The boy looked up at him. “What do you mean?”

“It is not important. If you are just going to give up, it would be a waste of time to explain it to you.”

“Well I wasn’t ... um ... I’m not giving up, okay? I’m not giving up, so tell me.”

The man chuckled. “So you aren’t. Then take a seat.” He motioned to a rock on the other side of the fire. The boy shivered as he sat down. His clothes were still soaked from earlier and dampness was keeping him cold. There were goose bumps all over the young boy’s body.

The man looked at him and said, “You’ll catch a cold wearing those things.” He stood and placed the stick in the ground near the boy. “Eat. I’ll get you something dry to put on.”

The boy watched the man head into the tent and then reached for the rabbit to take a piece. However, the cooked rabbit was still hot to the touch. “Ow,” cried the boy. He shook his hand trying to get rid of the burnt feeling it had.

From inside the tent called out, “Careful. It may not look it, but it is still quite hot to the touch.”

The boy grumbled for a short time about not being warned earlier. But by the time the man came back out of his tent, he was quick to stop. The man looked at him and threw him a shirt. The shirt was rather large compared to the boy and was easily large enough to cover his legs in addition to his chest. “Now change so those clothes you’re wearing will have a chance to dry off,” stated the man.

The boy looked at the shirt, then back at the man. He seemed hesitant. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to borrow the man’s clothing, but was embarrassed to change in front of a complete stranger. He blushed as he looked away. The man sighed as he observed the reaction of the boy, but turned around without saying a word. The boy was quick to put on the warm, dry shirt. It was a soft cotton material and extremely comfortable.

The man asked, “If we’re going to be spending some time together, I should probably know what to call you. So what is your name?”

“Aneles,” responded the young boy. “What is yours?”

“I abandoned my given name when I started my new life, but you can just call me friend.”

Aneles and man sat by the fire. By now, the sun had completely set and there was a beautiful blanket of stars in the sky. Both sat quiet and staring into the fire. The crackling flames were the only sound by the campfire. It had been this way since Aneles made a comment about everyone having someone who loves them. He didn’t know why that seemed to stop the conversation, but it created an uncomfortable feeling in the air that both could recognize.

The silence just made Aneles feel even more awkward. He looked into the man’s eyes. He didn’t know what he was looking for, it was just a strange compulsion he had.

The only thing he saw was the reflection of the fire in his green eyes. Unfortunately for Aneles, he was still young and not trained into studying the human character. If he had been, he would have seen the deep pain hiding with man's eyes. As old as he was, he was in many ways just a lonely little boy, just like the way he found Aneles.

The silence had gone on long enough and finally Aneles decided it was time to say something. "What did you mean earlier? When you said 'one with the gift'?"

The man stood abruptly. It caused the boy to jump as he didn't know what the man was going to do next. The man spoke, "You'll figure it out on your own one day. Now we should get some sleep. I'll help you find your home in the morning, if that is where you still wish to go."

Aneles responded to the man's comment, "Of course I still want to go there. That is where my family is."

"Very well then," answered the man. He then turned and walked into the tent.

"What about the fire?"

The man waved his hand passed the fire. The flames flickered and then suddenly went out. A puff of smoke rose up from it. Aneles stared at the sight with a bit of amazement. He had never seen anything like that before. He asked, "How did you do that?"

The man answered, "You will understand one day."

Aneles questioned timidly, "Are you a witch?"

The man quickly looked at him and replied without hesitation, "Don't ever say that! Don't even think it." He took a few breaths to calm himself and then continued. "You shouldn't jump to such conclusions so quickly. Things are not always what they seem. Try to keep an open mind and expect new possibilities."

He walked into the tent and lay down. Though he didn't admit it, a large part of him didn't want to take Aneles back to the town. He feared what the fate of the young boy would ultimately be. He wanted to spare the boy from the same harsh fate he himself had suffered, but he also knew that the boy had to make his own decisions. Even though he was just a child, he had the gift. That meant he was old enough to make his own decisions.

After the two woke up, the man quickly broke camp and they set out to find the home of Aneles. It seemed that the man knew where he was going. In less than half an hour, the two found themselves on the top of a hill looking down at a village. The face of Aneles lit up. From his expression, it was clearly his home town. He turned to the man to thank him for all the help. However, Aneles was caught off guard by the almost sad expression of his new friend.

Aneles asked, "Are you okay?"

The man forced a smile, trying to make it seem like everything was okay even though it was clearly not. "Yes. I will be fine." He then knelt down to almost eye level with the small boy. "Try and remember that no matter what happens, you must be true to yourself. Keep your spirit open to new concepts and let your mind's eye guide you."

Aneles stared at him blankly. He was confused by the man's speech. It was clear that the man was trying to tell him something, but what exactly was not yet clear to him.

“Why don’t you come home with me? I’m sure my parents will love to have you over for dinner. They’ll be really happy you brought me home. Maybe they’ll even ask you to live with us.”

The man looked down at him. He was almost reduced to tears. This young boy was still so innocent. He prayed that perhaps this boy would be spared the fate that so commonly befell their kind in this area. He thought to warn the boy, but knew it would do no good. Instead, he simply shook his head no to the boy’s comment. “I’m afraid not. The city is no place for our ... my kind. The forest is my home now. So take care, you’ll be on your own now.”

Aneles responded, “I’m not alone. I’ll always have my family.”

The man simply stood and walked away. He soon vanished in the shrubbery of the forest. Aneles watched him leave. He even thought about following the man to see where he was going to go. But then he looked back down to the town and thought of his mother and father. He ran down the hill as fast as his little legs would take him. He would soon be home.

A 19 year old Aneles sits in a chair in his study. He reads a book written in the Eastern tongue. It is entitled, “Ways of the Arcane.” He wasn’t reading it to try and learn magic, seeing as things such as spells came natural to him. However, he found it an interesting read none the less. The subject itself intrigued him even though he knew that such topics were frowned upon the other members of the town.

There was a knock on the door. Then the door knob started to turn. As the door opened, he quickly closed the book. Aneles turned to see who it was. He stood and said, “Oh, it is you dad. Do you need help with something?”

His father looked at him, “I just came to tell you Lein is here to see you.”

Aneles smiled at the mention of Lein. She had gone out of town for two weeks to help her father sell some goods in a nearby town. But now that she returned it meant that they could pick up where they had last left off. There had been something he wanted to talk to her about before she left, but it had to be done just right. Unfortunately by the time he found out she had to leave for a few days, he didn’t feel there was enough time. So he decided to wait until she returned. Everything was set for that night.

He bowed to his father, “Thank you. Please tell her I’ll be right down.”

His father smiled. He knew what his son had planned. “I’ll tell her right now.” He glanced around the room for a moment and noticed there was nothing on the desk of the study. “Son, if you don’t mind me asking; what were you doing in here?”

Aneles forced himself to smile and responded, “Oh, I had been working on a paper I was writing. But I was having some writer’s block so I decided to put everything away while I took a short break.” It was a feeble lie at best, but he wasn’t use to lying. He didn’t enjoy deceiving others, especially not his family. However, he wasn’t sure if anyone would understand his curiosity.

He waited until his father left the room, then bent down and lifted one of the floor boards. Beneath it was the book he had been reading. It was a year ago that he first discovered the loose board and decided it made a hiding spot. He wanted to check to make sure that it made it there safely, a lesson he learned last month when one of this

teleportation tricks sent an item into a completely different room of the house. Seeing the book exactly where it belong, he gently placed the board back and headed down the stairs to meet Lein.

Aneles and Lein walked down the street of the village. Lein was holding Aneles by the arm. The two felt comfortable and safe within each other's arms. Despite being apart from each other for two weeks, their passions had not wavered in the slightest. It was as if they had never been apart. However, their peaceful walk would soon be disturbed. There was a large commotion from just up ahead.

The two rushed to see what was going on. It turned out that Mrs. Nor was trapped under a cart. Her four and five year old sons were next to her crying. She had been walking them from the store when a nearby cart had broken its wheel and fallen over, pinning her legs. Three men were trying to lift it up, but to little avail. It was clear that they were getting tired. The three of them had been exerting themselves trying to lift it all on their own. It was clear that their bodies just couldn't handle the strain.

People were trying to get more help but it was unsure of how long it would take to gather enough men to lift it. And unfortunately, time was a factor. She was already bleeding and they feared if they didn't get her out soon, it would be too late for a healer to be able to help her. Some of the other people nearby were holding back the two children who had outstretched hands for their mother.

Aneles knew he had to be true to his heart. He couldn't stand by and do nothing when he knew he could help. Aneles pulled his arm free from Lein. She looked at him trying to figure out what he was doing as he placed both of his hands on the side of his head. He stared intensely at the fallen wagon. The wagon budged a few inches. The three men stood back startled as the wagon seemed to almost move on its own. Then, the wagon lifted only a few feet of the ground and floated in the air.

Lein touched his shoulder, "Aneles, what are you doing?"

Aneles shouted, "Don't touch me! Quickly, just get her out of there!"

Lein took a step back from him as she stared at the man she thought she knew everything about. Two of the men quickly ran and lifted up Mrs. Nor. They carried her off and towards the healer. Then the wagon dropped hard to the ground, parts shattering on impact. Aneles fell to his knees exhausted. It had taken all his strength and concentration to hold it up for that long.

He was still inexperienced with his abilities and it was at times difficult to use them. In addition, that was the first time he lifted something so heavy. However, he knew it was worth it if he saved the life of another. He would get over fatigue, she couldn't be brought back from the dead though. And the two kids still needed her. With a little luck, the men would get her to the hospital in time.

Aneles tried to catch his breath as he spoke, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell at you. I just needed to..." He stopped in mid-sentence as he looked at Lein. She had a look on her face that he had never seen before. It was the look of fear as she stared at him. He held out his hand to her as he tried to get up off the ground. His heart sank as she stepped further back. She was so afraid of him that she wouldn't even take his hand. In a soft and gentle voice he called out to her, "Lein." She turned and ran away.

It was night time. Aneles was tied up and being dragged through the streets. His face scrapped along the ground. The people of the town were taking him to the center of town. Since the incident earlier that day, things had just gotten worse. At first people didn't know how to react. But more recently it had been decided that he was a witch and to be burned. He tried to plead with them, but his words only fell on deaf ears. They had made up their minds and it seemed there was nothing he could say to change that fact.

In the center of town, there was a stake raised and lots of firewood surrounding it. He looked towards it from the ground. He was afraid, he couldn't hide that fact nor did he bother trying. It was understandable to be afraid of what was going to happen and only a fool would be otherwise.

They picked him off the ground. His face was covered in dirt from the trip as were his clothes. The fact that he was so filthy only proved to the mob that he wasn't one of them as they took pride in being neat. Of course, it was being dragged which caused his appearance. Had the situation been different, he may have laughed out loud. But for some reason, he couldn't seem to find the humor in it currently.

The crowd pulled him closer and closer to the stake in the center of the town square. He tried to resist, to get away, or just delay them as long as possible, but nothing he did seemed to help. He was overpowered by their strength and superior numbers. His struggling was accomplishing nothing other than further fueling the anger of the mob. Suddenly the pulling stopped. Blocking his path to the stake were both of his parents. Aneles smiled as he said, "Father. Moth..."

He was cut off before he could finish by his mother slapping him across the face. His entire face turned to the side from the force of it. It hurt physically, but not nearly as much as the emotional pain it caused. He closed his eyes as she screamed at him, "Don't you dare call me that! We found the books you have been reading!"

He turned back and looked at her. His voice trembled as he spoke to her, "Mo--mo--mother." He was so overcome with grief that he couldn't get out more than that one word.

His father tried to reason with his mother, "Maybe it is still our son. He seems just like we knew him. We just can't abandon him."

She replied, "Don't be fooled! This isn't our son! This is just some witch! Our son would never have done anything like this."

Tears dripped down the face of Aneles. Had there not been shouting from the crowd, the arguing of his parents, perhaps someone would have heard what he said as he said under his breath, "There is nothing left for me here." His words were filled with the heart wrenching pain that everyone he ever knew and loved had abandoned him.

He held out his still bound hands in front of his chest. No one had taken any notice of the motion, nor had they heard the words he was incanting. A small ball of light formed in his hands. Then it quickly spread out, blinding all who saw it. He ran from his home, from everything he had ever known. That night he left all his possessions behind as he fled. The only thing he took with him was the pain and anguish of what had happened that day.