

**Character Statistics** :

Name : Helexial Vangred O.C.C. : Peasant Hero; Swordsman  
 Alignment : Scrupulous R.C.C. : Human  
 Sex : Male Age : 17 Height : 5'10" Weight : 164 lbs. Exp. P. : 05200  
 H.P. : 17 S.D.C. : 25 P.P.E. : 11 Attacks: 4 Exp. L. : 3

Appearance : Helexial is in his late teens (17 years old). Though he is not anymore attractive than the average individual (P.B. 9) he easily stands out in crowd. This is in part due to his pale blue eyes and his pure white hair. This, along with his often charming personality (M.A. 13), makes it hard for him to go unnoticed. His straight hair is pushed back and comes down to just below the shoulder. He is usually dressed in a wool tunic, work pants, and soft leather boots. Usually he wears a pair of gloves that are cut from the second knuckle down leaving his finger tips exposed. This helps to cushion his palms and the start of his fingers to prevent calluses, but still allows him to keep a fine sense of touch.

He wears a sword belt around his waist. On his right hip are twin Dha swords (0.8 m/3 ft). They have slightly curved blades with an unguarded wooden hilt. The hilt is decorated with carvings of designs that are lined with silver. On his left hip is a Dacion Falx (1.4 m/4.5 ft). This sword also has a curved blade and a long wooden hilt. It looks as if it is very old, though still in great shape. There is also a throwing dagger tucked behind his back. He has a gold necklace tied around his left wrist with the locket slightly dangling.

**Attributes (Adjusted) and Bonuses** :

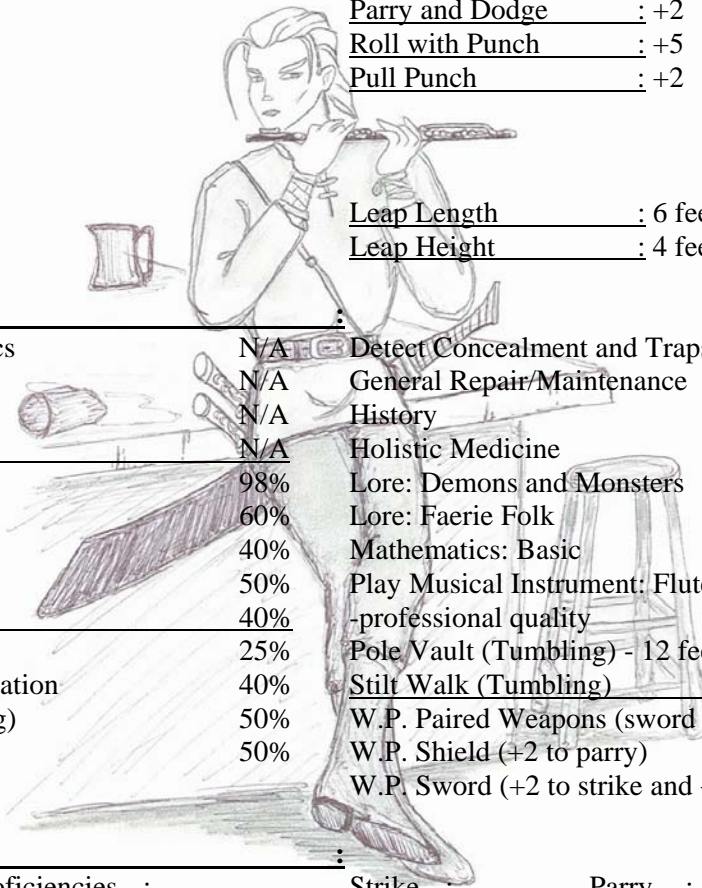
I.Q. : 10 Parry and Dodge : +2  
 M.E. : 11 Roll with Punch : +5  
 M.A. : 13 Pull Punch : +2  
 P.S. : 07 (10)  
 P.P. : 11  
 P.E. : 09 (11)  
 P.B. : 09 Leap Length : 6 feet  
 Spd. : 09 (20) Leap Height : 4 feet

**Skills** :

Hand to Hand: Basics	N/A	Detect Concealment and Traps	45%
Athletics (general)	N/A	General Repair/Maintenance	40%
Running	N/A	History	40%
Tumbling (New!)	N/A	Holistic Medicine	40%/30%
Language: Eastern	98%	Lore: Demons and Monsters	35%
Language: Elven	60%	Lore: Faerie Folk	35%
Language: Hyrulian	40%	Mathematics: Basic	75%
Literacy: Eastern	50%	Play Musical Instrument: Flute	N/A
Literacy: Hyrulian	40%	-professional quality	98%
Archeology	25%	Pole Vault (Tumbling) - 12 feet high	60%
Astronomy & Navigation	40%	Stilt Walk (Tumbling)	60%
Back Flip (Tumbling)	50%	W.P. Paired Weapons (sword and sword)	
Cooking	50%	W.P. Shield (+2 to parry)	
		W.P. Sword (+2 to strike and +1 to parry)	

**Weapon Skills** :

<u>Ancient Weapon Proficiencies</u> :	<u>Strike</u> :	<u>Parry</u> :	<u>Thrown</u> :
W.P. Shield	N/A	+2	N/A
W.P. Sword	+2	+1	N/A
W.P. Paired Weapons (sword and sword)	N/A	N/A	N/A



### Weapons & Armour :

Hero Armour	A.R.: 12	S.D.C.: 100	
Hard Leather (full)	A.R.: 11	S.D.C.: 30	
Hero Shield	Indestructible	(+4 to parry)	15 feet (thrown)
Small Wood and Metal Plated Shield	50 S.D.C.	(+4 to parry)	15 feet (thrown)
Dacion Falx (two handed sword)	3D6	(+2 to strike)	(+3 to parry)
Hero Sword	(1D8+2)x2	(+2 to strike)	(+3 to parry)
(2) Dha (one handed sword)	1D8+2	(+2 to strike)	(+3 to parry)
Throwing Dagger	1D6		40 feet (thrown)

### Combat Techniques :

Body Throw (judo-type flip) inflicts 1D6. In addition, the victim loses initiative and one attack that melee. The character must be unarmed to perform this technique.

Snap Kick inflicts 1D6 damage. A quick kick that is perfect for closed in spaces.

### Other Information :

Money : 176 gold.

Equipment : Two sets of clothing, soft leather boots, a light sleeveless jacket (or long vest that comes up to mid-calf), heavy hooded cloak for warmth, scarf, a pair of thick gloves for keeping warm, a pair of thin gloves with padding on the palm and the finger tips cut off (given to him by his older brother before leaving), sword belt with sheaths, belt purse, blanket (heavy), backpack with a special pouch for his flute, one large sack, (3) small sacks, a pot/bowl/and cup all made of earthenware, (2) 40 foot ropes, 3 treated torches, book (paper, glued, 100 sheets), black ink, a water skin, dried meats and fruits equal to food rations for 3 weeks, and a tinder box. He also has a flute and a gold locket necklace.

Family : He was raised by his mother and father on a farm. He is the younger of two children. His older brother, Larien, and he never got along really well. It's not that one was mean to the other, there just always seemed to be a rift between the two. When he was only 10, his brother joined the palace guards. That was the last the two have spoken face to face. He only knew his grandmother for close to a year when she passed away. Her death hit him fairly hard. Celia Yarsmin, his grandmother's next door neighbor, helped him through a lot of the hard times. The last the two met, she gave him a gold necklace that had a lock of her hair.

Philosophy : "I am who I am and you are who you are. I cannot change that." Before leaving for the palace guards, he asked Larien why he hated him so much. Larien said that he did not hate Helexial, and then said those words. It has always stuck in his mind ever since. He tries not to hold grudges or any bad feelings towards another following that philosophy.

Disposition : Helexial is a rather friendly individual. He likes having fun and playing his flute to help pass the time away when he is not busy with work of some kind. Usually he'll try to do the right thing simply because it is the right thing. For the most part, he is content with his life as a musician/farmer. However, there is a part of him that feels there is something more out there that is calling to him. It is not a feeling of discontent with his current life, but more of a feeling that fate has something in store for him, whether he likes the fact or not.

## History :

From outside of the small and humble home, a woman can be heard screaming pain. The screams had been going on for well over an hour. They suddenly fall silent. Within the home, the light from the candles flicker. A few seconds later, a baby can be heard crying. It had been a long and painful birth. The mother lay exhausted. There were complications in the birth and had it not been for the help of the child's grandmother, both woman and child would have died that day.

The grandmother looks down at the newborn baby. She smiles down at him as she cleans him up. She then passes him over to his mother. Despite her fatigue, the mother manages the strength to hold her beloved child. She smiles and cries tears of happiness as she rocks him gently back and forth.

The grandmother looks at the child who continues to cry loudly. Without taking her eyes off of the baby, she speaks to the mother, "He has strong lungs this one. He'll grow up to be a strong warrior one day; just like his great, great grandfather."

The mother cradles her baby. She looks up at the grandmother, "No. The palace has enough warriors. Let this one be something else. His life should be filled with happiness, not pain."

The face of the grandmother does not change. She responds, "The stars do not tell lies, my daughter. He will be what he must be."

The mother looks down at her son. The fact that he has yet to stop crying worries her. There is the look of love and concern in her eyes that only a mother can have for her child. "Then let the stars be damned. He will be what he so desires, not what fate dictates. Do you hear me mother? He will be what he wants."

The grandmother closes her eyes and nods. Her expression still has not changed. "I hear you quite well my dear, Anarasia. But I fear the stars may have not."

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A young boy runs through the field of crops. He has all white hair, but looks as if he could be no more than 12 years old. The boy holds a small stick in his hands as he runs through the tall stalks of corn on both sides of him. He slows down and soon comes to a complete stop. The boy taps the stick on his shoulder as he looks around. "Hmm..."

He looks at a particular patch of corn and smiles. With great speed, he runs and jumps through the stalks screaming, "Ahhhhhh!!!"

On the other side of the patch there are two even younger looking boys, both of whom are holding similar sized sticks as well. One looks as if he is nine, the other only seven. Both seem startled by the screaming and jump back, the youngest falls on his rear as he loses his balance. The eldest of the three boys starts to laugh as he watches the sight.

The young one stands back up and walks over to the older boy. "Helexial, you jerk." The young lad kicks him hard in the shin.

Helexial grabs his shin, "Ow! Percevus that really hurt."

Percevus responds still frustrated at being scared. He speaks with a lisp due to the fact he was missing his two front teeth. "Therves you right you big meanie. Thcaring uth like that."

Helexial stands tall again and smiles. He touches the nose of Percevus with the tip of his index finger, "Well, you are the ones who wanted to go hiding. What were you going to do back there? Try and scare me, weren't you?"

Percevus, "Well...um...yeth, but--"

The middle aged of the three interrupts before Percevus can finish. "Quiet. We weren't going to scare you. We just wanted to see if you could find us. That's all."

Percevus nods with a childish little attitude. Helexial looks at both of them, "Riiight. Okay. Well then Jaron, I found you. Now what do you suppose we do?"

Jaron and Percevus look at each other and smile. Then they both run at Helexial swinging their sticks. Helexial let's out a laugh as he steps back and starts to fend off against their attacks with the stick he holds in his hand. The three seem as if they are truly enjoying themselves. Suddenly, Helexial turns and starts running away. The two younger boys chase after him shouting, "You coward."

Helexial continues to run and look back, "Come and catch me if you can." There is a playfulness in his voice as he laughs, taunting the two boys. He quickly stops and picks something up from the ground.

The two kids stop as well, both seeming out of breath. Jaron is the first to speak, "So, decided to give up."

Helexial turns and faces them, "Actually, I was just getting this." He holds up a second stick in his hand and smiles. "Now things will be much fairer, don't you think?"

The two younger boys look at each other. There look as if they had just gotten in trouble. From the distance, a woman can be heard calling, "Helexial!"

Helexial looks in the direction of the voice. He then looks saddened, "Aw; it must be time for my flute lessons, just when it was getting good too."

Percevus looks up at the taller Helexial, "Do you really like playing that thilly thing? Beacauhe you thure don't play it very well."

Helexial smacks Percevus on the forehead lightly, "Hey, give me a break. I just started a month ago. And it isn't so bad. Besides, it seems to make my mother happy." He then grins. "And you should see my instructor."

Jaron chuckles at the comment while Percevus stands bewildered. Neither was old enough to fully understand what Helexial was talking about, but Jaron had at least heard enough jokes to find it humorous.

Helexial looks at both of them, "Well you two, I need to be getting home. You should probably do the same. I bet your mother is probably looking for you too. I'll catch both of you tomorrow, right?" Both look at him and smile as they nod their heads. "All right, see you then," he yells as he runs off through the crops on his way home.

Helexial hurries up and runs through the door to his house. He doesn't seem winded in the slightest. "Sorry mom. Is it time for my lessons already?"

His mother comes in from the other room. "Not today sweetie. Today we are going to go see your grandma." Helexial frowns. His mother looks at his face, "Now don't pout. You haven't seen her since you were a little boy."

"I know, but that means I won't get to spend time with my friends later."

"Don't worry. Your friends can wait a few days I'm sure."

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Helexial sits at the dinner table. This is the third day he has been at her house and he hadn't started to like it any better. He waits patiently for dinner to be served. It is more than likely going to still be another 10 minutes or so, but he has little else to do. There aren't any toys and he hasn't met any new friends yet.

His mother looks at Helexial and feels sorry for him. She understands how he must feel, but she knows it is important that he gets to know his grandmother. "Helexial, dinner will be ready soon. Why don't you go and get your grandma. She should be in her room."

Helexial sighs and gets up from the table. He walks over to the staircase and looks up. Even though the staircase only went to the second floor, it was long. The reason for that being how much higher the second floor was compared to the first. It had something to do with an elven design, but he doesn't really care enough to remember the exact details.

He hops up two stairs at a time, jumping to opposite side as he went. It isn't much, but somehow helps to keep him amused. Going up in that manner is fun, but he also found that

rolling down the stairs is even more fun. When he finally reaches the top of the stairs, he turns to the right and heads for his grandmother's room. He knocks on the door, "Grandma?"

The door creaks open and he sees her sitting on a rocking chair, a blanket over her legs, looking out the window at the red sky. He peeks his head in to see what she is staring at, but he does not enter the room. Despite his efforts, he is unable to see anything. "Grandma, dinner is almost ready."

She smiles, "Come Helexial, sit next to me for a moment."

Helexial walks into the room cautiously. It almost seems as if he is afraid that if he's not careful, he'll become old himself. He sits on a small ottoman near the rocking chair. His grandmother does not look at him, but continues to stare out the window at the setting sun. "Tell me my grandson. Are you happy with your life?"

He looks at her. He seems shocked by the question and unsure of how to answer. "Yes, I suppose so. Why do you ask?"

"And this life as a flute player, do you think it will make you happy?"

"I...I don't know. It makes mom happy, so why shouldn't it?"

"Haven't you ever felt like there was something else that was missing from your life?"

Helexial looks away and answers, "I don't know what you are talking about." He feels a shame because in his heart, he knows what she is saying is true. It isn't that he dislikes playing the flute, but there is something inside him that says that there is something more to his life than a mere musician. However, he dares not admit it.

His grandmother smiles amused. She speaks in a humoring tone, "Yes, I am sure that you do not." She then looks over to a chest in the corner of her room. "Helexial, will you please open that chest for me. I wish to show you something."

"Yes grandmother," he responds. He gets up and walks over to the chest. His grandmother returns to looking out the window as he opens it. Inside the chest is a bunch of cloth.

His grandmother says, "Unwrap the cloth."

Helexial does as his grandmother requests and unwraps it to reveal a long two handed sword with a curved blade. He can't help but pick it up in his hands. He looks at it in awe.

She smiles and asks, "Do you like it?" Helexial only nods yes. "It is a rare type of sword known as a Dacion Falx. There is nothing particularly special about the type of sword other than there were never many made. The main reason for that fact is that there are many other types of swords that work just as effectively and its design was found unpractical. However, that one you hold in you hand is very special."

Helexial listens in anticipation of what she will say next about it. She continues, "It has no special powers. It is not specially crafted or anything such as that. No, it is special because that is the sword of your great, great grandfather. He was truly a great man. He was truly special, just like that sword. It was his, now it is yours."

Helexial looks at her, "But how can I..." He stops before continuing his thought. He notices how she continues to stare out across the sky and smiling. Something about that feels reassuring to him. He bows to her. "Thank you, my grandmother."

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The 13 year old Helexial stands in the rain. The rain pouring down on his head helps conceal his tears. It had only been a little over a year since he first really began to know her, but now he feels lost without her. In just that short time, she had such an influence on his life.

Celia Yarsmin watches as Helexial continues to stand out in the pouring rain looking down at the grave of his grandmother. There is a sadness in her heart as she watches. He has been out there for over an hour and hasn't moved. She feels the loss of his grandmother as well. She had lived next door to her for two years, and it was thanks to his grandmother that she was able to meet Helexial in the first place.

She recalls the first time she ever met Helexial. Despite the fact that she was two years older than him, she felt a connection to him. Whether it is feelings of love, or just a strong kinship, she knew that she needed to know him better. It's been a year since that day and she is more confident than ever that she was right. She isn't sure how exactly, but she knows her destiny is tied with his in some way.

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Helexial kneels by the grave of his grandmother. He holds a white rose and places it on her headstone. "I know it is your favorite. You once told me that it was because it was white like my hair and that it always reminded you of me. Now, when I look at one, it always reminds me of you. It's been four years since you passed away, but I still have not forgotten you. I hope you have found peace wherever you are."

He stands and turns to see Celia standing there staring at him. Something about the look in her eyes makes him feel uncomfortable. She was the first to speak, "You're going back home again, aren't you?"

"Yes." There was a part of him that felt guilty for admitting it, yet he couldn't help but tell the truth to her. She is the one that helped him cope after the loss of his grandmother. The two had become friends, but in recent times he hadn't come around nearly as much. And now, once again he was leaving.

"Don't feel bad. I understand." Despite her words, it was clear she was trying to hide her pain. "However...I feel something is going to happen before I see you again."

"Nothing is going to happen to me. I'll--"

Celia places her hand over his mouth. "Don't say what you do not yet know. All that I ask is that you take this." She takes his hand and places a gold locket necklace in it. Helexial looks at it and opens the locket. There is a lock of hair in it. He looks back up at her.

She turns away from him as she speaks, "I do not know what we are, if we're just friends or something more. Things have never really been clear between us. But no matter what we are, I want you to know that I am with you in spirit, no matter what happens." As he takes a step closer to her, she says, "You don't have to say anything. Just take it."

Helexial closes his hand and holds the locket tightly. "I will keep it with me at all times." He turns and walks off.