Soldier
BACKGROUND
Jeff

Lawful Neutral
ALIGNMENT

PLAYER NAME

## Half-Orc

RACE

I am Unwavering. The scariest monsters do not faze me.

PERSONALITY TRAITS
Ideals isn't worth fighting for

Never forget enemies that crushed my troops

I am never wrong, even when I am.

## -Darkvision:60ft

-when@ Ohp, go to 1hp once per long rest -on weap crit, roll 1 weap dmg dice again, and add it.
-Fighting style:Defense +1 AC w/ armor
-2nd Wind: BA, regain hp=1d10 +Ivl per long rest
-Military rank: other soldiers will defer to me if lower rank, can get horses/equipment for temp use, can gain access to camps and fortresses where my rank is recognized.

Common, Orc
All Armor, shields, weapons. Land vehicles

B. Axe

Xbow (80/320)
20 bolts
Dungeon pack
Bone dice
Piece of enemy banner
Bedroll
Potion of healingx2
Backpack, Caltrops
(20)



Spell Descriptions

## Pr <br>  <br> 

## Backstory

"Column A, Right Side! Column B, Flank 'em!" I shouted, Amidst the chaos of the war we were fighting in.

This war... This war was the boiling point in the meltdown of negotiations between Baldur's Gate and Neverwinter. The word throughout the higher brass was that there was an assassination attempt on the ruler of Neverwinter.

Needless to say, Neverwinter was less than happy, thinking we, Baldur's Gate, were behind this. That, in and of itself, was absolutely stupid... To think that we would be so underhanded to assassinate someone.... Besides-- The Order of the Gauntlet would be in an uproar!

But, I'm starting to rank... the heat of the battle, ya know?
"Yes, Commander!" Both columns shouted their acceptance of my orders.

And what seemed like an eternity, the battle was finished. Both sides decimated. But as luck would have it, Neverwinter's remaining army retreated, loosing even more than we did.

Then nightfall came. The beginning of the next adventure, as I came to see it. It was a classic ambush, right in our own base camp!

I should have felt that something was off due to the eerie silence, save for the campfire crackling .

But our guards and scouts noticed nothing. Caught us all by surprise. It just seemed like they descended on us out of thin air.

This was truly madness. I picked up my trusty Battleaxe, and charged, screaming, into the fray. As quickly as my deadly dance started, it ended with me... the sole survivor.

Friends, allies, my comrades...
Enemies. All of them slain.
I looked down at the mess of corpses strewn about, sweat mixed with blood running down my face, and realized that in the heat of the fight that I had failed to notice that these new attackers were indeed servants of the Count Strahd.

I raised my battleaxe and severed the head of one of those monsters.

My superiors would need to see this!

A few days later, I had recieved my new orders. I was to be reassigned to hunt down and destroy every last servant of Count Strahd, and even the Count, himself, were I to get close enough to him.

Weeks... Months go by, going from town to town looking for information about Count Strahd von Zarovich

The Hunt still continues as I write this, but I feel this current town I'm in will have the information I seek!

