

Thorkelin's– Players Guide.

*"I have seen the darkness that threatens these lands.
I have sworn by my blade to stop them rising once again."*

The World of Skara.

This Players Guide is designed to give you a feel for the basic world setting, some of the geography, history and knowledge your character knows (It is by no means set in stone).

It also contains some basic information on your character and rules you might find useful. It is not essential to memorise it, but please keep it handy for the game.

Introduction.

You earliest memories are that of an ever changing horizon, you were once a Kaupmadur, a member of the trading class who travel the paths between domains. Your entire life for a long time was riding the route between Storfald, the city of Eastern Landing and the various southern domains, travelling as far as Falun, and then back again, a journey that took almost a year to complete, few nights of which were spent in any city. After all, city folk always will remain suspicious of the traders, though without them they could not exist.

You have no true memories of your parents, but the man who raised you as his own was the leader of the train, Finvild taught you all that a trader knows, the love of the road, far from the control of petty Lords and corrupt Brethren, how a true family cares for each other without relying upon outsiders. It is not an easy life, the wild is a dangerous place, and all Kaupmadur's from young to old learn to fight, beasts, brigands and worse stalk the trails. With such horrors a loss of men and new arrivals are not uncommon, so it was no surprise that your train often took ownership of slaves and others looking to flee their old lives and prove their new purpose, however it is rare that a child is taken up by a Kaupmadur train. When Wulfgar arrived, you could not fathom why Finvild had agreed to his purchase. He was a doughy whelp of a boy, far too young to do any real work, but hearing of his family's slaughter, your heart warmed to the boy. You took the younger boy under your wing and taught him all that had been passed on to you. You built his muscles by making him a loader, taught him how to fight with blade and spear, and soon the two of you became close as brothers. When Wulfgar won his freedom, Finvild offered him kinship of blood and the three of you became true family, and for a time all was right in your world.

Your world came crashing down in Storfald. The city of white marble, where man had first set foot on this isle is run by the Brethren and the devout are everywhere, however in the shadows known to a few there are places a real man can indulge in pleasures normally forbidden. You were at one such house, relaxing before your next trip out was due to start, others from the train where with you, but some, such as your father where at the warehouses preparing for the trip out. As you retired for the evening your brother must have slipped out, and returned back to the warehouses. When you had finished your evening's entertainment, you returned to your wagon, assuming he had passed out in the arms of some beauty, and you remember laughing and joking with your friends as you walked the dark streets home, ignoring the looks of disgust from passers-by at your crude jests and songs.

Your world came crashing down when you saw the door of Finvild's caravan open, and Wulfgar step out, bloodied blade in his hand. Time stopped as your eyes locked, and you saw a feral rage in his that you have pondered over ever since. Without a word, he turned and fled into the night. You raced to the door of the caravan and found inside Finvild and another, butchered. Why had Wulfgar done this? What had Finvild done, other than offer him a new life, a better life. Blood demanded an answer, and you grabbed your weapon and tried pursuing the man you believed once to be your brother.

Here your rage and anger blinded you, and running through the streets of Storfald, weapon unsheathed done nothing but anger the Brethren who took you bodily to a cell after you refused to yield in your search. In the morning an unnamed Brethren came to your cell and informed you that the man killed along with Finvild was working with the Brethren, and organising the transport of a relic from Storfald to the domain of Falun in the south. The relic had gone missing the night that your brother had killed your father. Had Wulfgar killed your father for material gain? It seemed unlikely, but what reason could there be to kill a man who had helped provide a new life for you? Despite your questions and protestations they refused to give you more information, and questioned you for days regarding the theft. They seemed not to care at all about the deaths, but did not believe you that somehow the train as a whole where not involved in some elaborate ruse. Finally sick of their accusations, you told them that you would track down Wulfgar and return him to the Brethren, that you would forswear your Kaupmadur life until you could return him and the stolen item to them. Finally under sworn oath, and a mark upon your wrist, you were released.

Taking Finvild's caravan, you washed the blood from the floor, and travelled south, sure your brother would stick to the routes you knew well, unsure of how you would react when you found him, a strong urge for vengeance, tempered by the need to know a simple why...

It was outside the city of Kiruna in the domain of Falun where you were approached in the night by the devils. They cried for you to halt, masked warriors on horseback, eight of them all well-armed. You would have turned, reared your horses to flee, however one called out for Finvild. As he approached he declared that he was Khem, the contact of Othil, and he was here to take possession of the item that you had stolen from the Brethren. Knowing now the identity of the slain man, you told this Khem that this Othil was dead, Finvild with him and the item stolen. The whole situation was rapidly degenerating, and now the other seven had circled the caravan cutting off your escape. Khem however held up his hand and stopped his warriors advancing and demanded your identity. When you identified yourself as the son of Finvild, he seemed to relax, and asked once more for the item. Again you protested your innocence, but these masked men seemed to not believe you any more than the Brethren of Storfald. Khem ordered his men to take you, and unable to resist their strength, you were quickly subdued.

Tied up on the floor of your fathers caravan, you watched as two of these masked riders took their time tearing the structure apart, one, a woman, soon found a secret compartment beneath the stairs of the caravan, one you had never seen before. Inside, wrapped in a purple velvet cloth was a golden orb, covered in runes about the size of your fist. She smiled, and left, before the one calling himself Khem returned.

"Well done my devils," he spoke, "with this the fall of Falun is one step closer, Lord Ziu will be pleased. Take the orb to Bodun, and then take care of this one; ensure that he talks not of this."

The woman approached you, pulling down her mask, so you could see her baleful smile as she raised her dagger, and purred, "With pleasure..."

You kicked out wildly, attempting to escape your fate, and smashed over a lantern of oil in front of her.

She leapt back snarling, the flames preventing her from reaching you, however tied as you were there it seemed certain you had traded one death for another. The 'devils' left the caravan, and laughing one belted the horses, who, still tied to what was now becoming a burning coffin lunged forward with no control of the reigns. The caravan plunged into the woods, the fire behind them driving the horses mad and urging them faster and faster, unheeding, uncaring.

Some god must have smiled on you that night, as the horses reached a blind crest, and uncaring plunged over into a ravine. Images of falling, flames, pain and shattering impact are all that remain. You awoke with dawns light, burnt, broken, but alive, the caravan shattered around you.

A new quest in your mind, you saw no choice, you travelled south as fast as you were able to speak to the Lord of Bodun, warn him of what was coming. The Lord, a noble man of intelligence known as Theldred took your warnings seriously, having apparently previous warnings, and asked for your aid in defeating this cabal. He told his family that you were a warrior from a noble family sent to be a SwordThane, and advisor and bodyguard to him. Soon you were accepted as one of his house, and for a year now have been at his side, wondering why the devils have not yet struck.

Then the bandits began attacking the rich Orchard lands under Theldred's dominion, and together you rode off to respond to the attacks. It turned out to be a trap especially for Theldred. You became separated in the turmoil of combat, and saw the bandit leader, a tall willowy man appear as if from nowhere arrow taugt upon his bow. The crystal head of the arrow glowed sickly as it flew straight into your lord's unprotected flank. Distracted by his fall, your own opponent struck you a glancing blow on your helm, the thick metal probably being all that saved your life. As it was the blow knocked you to the ground, darkness pressing in on you as you sank into the cold of unconsciousness.

When you awoke, you found your head still in one piece, your eye gummed closed with your own blood and a roaring in your head from the wound you had received. Fighting to your feet, you found that you alone had apparently survived, your Lord's body lying with the arrow still piercing his side. As you approached him however, you saw that he breathed still, shallow and faltering as it was. You could not rouse him to consciousness, but when you heard footsteps approaching you readied your weapon, determined that you would die protecting him.

Out of the woods came two warriors, bare skinned, covered in sigils marking them as belonging to the god Atenios. One you had never seen before, the other, of all wonders was the young Wulfgar, transformed into this warrior, this hulk of a man. A look expressed the knowledge that words would need to be said, however Lord Theldred needed help. The farm of Odger was nearby; he had stout walls, and was a firm friend of Lord Theldred. Together the three of you made a litter and dragged your injured Lord to Odger's, your head slowly getting worse and worse as you got nearer. When tall wooden gates where in sight, you finally let go, and collapsed again into the darkness.

When you next awoke, it was in a warm bed, fragrant herbs hanging above you, and clean bandages over your wounds... One of Odger's women looking after you informed you that today others had come seeking word from your Lord, who still had not recovered from his poisoned wound, and that if you were strong enough they wished to speak with you...

History as Thorkelin knows it.

"In the beginning there was empire, vast and unchallenged stretching from sea to sea across a vast land mass, apparently big enough that no man could travel around it on horse in his lifetime. Different races ruled together, the humans with other races long forgotten to us.

The problems came when those we ruled with where turned against us by a crafty demon known as the Ebon. Who the Ebon was, or indeed what race he was from is not recorded. Overnight our people where turned upon, cast down and enslaved. Mass exterminations took place, and the flame of our race flickered and appeared to be blown out.

Then Askan came, a proud noble born warrior, who refused to submit. He rescued us; taking those of us he could, rescuing those who were strong, taking traders, warriors, wanderers and healers. He crafted an army to try to free our people, but years of covert war finally convinced him that it was futile, outnumbered by the vast unassailable enemy, he was finally convinced our only chance was to flee, to go into exile.

Thus the great exodus began, fleeing from the known lands into the uncharted regions. We found heroes, devils and more but we survived the journey, eventually finding a way through the unassailable sea of storms to our new home. Askan was always at the front, guiding us, through the five decades of the journey, refusing to die until his people where safe. In deference to the leadership of this wise warrior we called ourselves Skaran, followers of Askan. Some took this further and began to secretly worship the warrior as a god made flesh, something he himself always scoffed at, but for a time these where few and quiet in their worship. As the previous darkness the Ebon had sprung on is, we ignored these fanciful folk, mistaking the danger they would eventually pose.

We arrived on the isle, and built Storfald, the city of eastern landings, Askan himself did not live to see its completion, but did watch the first groups leave the city to form the northern domains. His bones are buried today underneath the city where he landed. As the years passed, those who worshiped him gained more and more power, eventually seizing control in the name of their god and becoming the corrupt and misguided Brethren we know today. Sick with how these petty lords where carving up power, some left and returned to the life they had known on the road, they became the traders, the Kaupmadur's.

Soon the Brethren pushed their lust for power too far, and one of the domains revolted against their corrupt rule, however by then their power was too great. The domain was utterly destroyed; the people forced north into the wild mountains where they bred with the native creatures, barbaric and undeveloped as they were, and become the Orcad who claim dominion of the north to this day. Since then few have had a chance to stand against the Brethren, and wars between domains have occurred, but always the Kaupmadur travel between city and town, domain and village the life blood of the Skaran, and the last true free men.

Skaran Society

While living in Skaran society it is important to realise the differences between social ranks. The ranks do vary depending upon a multitude of factors from the sex of the peoples involved, to the Domain in which one resides, however the basic view of social ranking is as follows.

Slave > Freeman > Thane > High Thane > Lord > High Lord > King.

While all who are pure Skaran born are born Free, criminals are often punished by becoming indentured for a period of time to suit their crime. Others sell themselves into slavery for a period to help provide for themselves or their families. Owning a slave is considered a charge of honourable trust, and the one who owns the slave must ensure their living in return for their labour.

Another unique trait to Skaran society is the simple fact that in theory at least, none may obtain rank just through the privilege of his birth. Recognised as a failing from the last days of the Great Empire, those who wish for power must prove to their superiors their worth for the task.

It is important to also realise that not everyone fits neatly into these organised structures, and some different groups have slightly differing titles for these social ranks. A Kaupmadur might be considered a Freeman or even indentured Slaves, while the Caravan Leader is likely to be considered equal to a Thane.

The Kaupmadur.

The Kaupmadur are basically a society of traders who travel from city to city and domain to domain. They alone are the ones who have the maps of the wilderness, and then only their own trade routes. Without them travel between cities is often treacherous, and trade is almost none existent.

The Kaupmadurs are based around individual groups known as families. They work much like a guild, but membership is for life, and once you join you can not leave except through bloodshed. Once you have left however, you may never re-join or join a different family.

Unlike most of the Skaran people, they have little time for the play thing of honour, and are capable of being quite political and devious.

There are six main family routes operating at the moment across the Skaran Isle.

The Seven as Thorkelin knows them.

The Skaran worship the Seven Gods, and for most faith is an important part of the culture.

Alvandia - The River.

*Alvandia created everything; she is the Goddess who created us all.
She is above us, and rarely answers our calls.*

Askan - The Storm.

*Askan was a man, now worshiped as a God, and is the one who saved us first from the Ebon.
He is a strong warrior with a spear of lightning and no mercy for his enemies.*

Atienos - The Wild Rager.

A bull of a man, wild with rage, Atienos was a wild man who was the only one who could out fight Askan in combat. He is now worshiped as the god of Nature, and it is said he creates many wild beasts to test his followers.

Elangtia - The Great Gift.

Some say she was the wife of Askan, and born of a people who first tamed horses. Some say she was the first Kaupmadur, angered by those who pissed on her husband's legacy. She is now worshiped by many Kaupmadur, and any who treasure horses.

Lagetan - The Bloodied Rune.

A scholar, it was rumoured he predicted the truth of the Ebon, but only Askan headed his words. He had power over the supernatural, but his mistress nearly killed us all. He is worshiped as a god of knowledge and magic.

Korandia - Mistress of Ravens.

The mistress of Lagetan, she was driven mad by the Ebon and sought to destroy us all. Only Elangtia's plea kept Askan from killing her, but truly those who worship in her name are deranged. She is worshiped as a goddess of luck, ravens and madness.

Ogimos - The Final Watcher.

Where this figure came from is unknown, but it is rumoured he comes for when called, and always death is by his side. Impersonal and the final warden of the line between worlds, ignore him till he comes for you.

Races of the Skaran Isle as Thorkelin knows them.

THE SKARA. [Skar-a]

The main people of the campaign, the Skara are a race of humans who dominate the Isle. They are roughly five to six foot in height, and fair skinned. Most believe they are the chosen of the Gods.

THE ORCAD. [Orc-ad]

Those who were driven by the Brethren over the northern mountains and forced to breed with the barbarians who lurked there, they no longer resemble the Skara. While still humanoid in appearance they are slightly shorter than the Skaran's. Their skin is dark in colour and they often have long lank hair, normally black, though red and white are also in evidence. They have powerful jaws, and some have pronounced tusks. Some work as mercenaries and some accompany the Kaupmadur, especially in the northern lands.

THE KHUZD [Kuz-ud]

These traders recently appeared from over the sea, and have many unique items for trade. They deal with only the Lords and High Lords directly, and have yet to make a deal with any of the Kaupmadur families. All of the families would give much for an exclusive licence to trade their trinkets and treasures. They are short, stocky with grey glistening skin with no hair. They have armour made of segmented plates created using a technique unknown to us. They are hardy and strong, and usually only speak through their leaders. While you have only met one once, you were not lucky enough to deal or speak to that one.

THE MELLAI [MEL-E-I]

These creatures are rumoured to live in the deep woods, yet you have not yet seen one on your travels, however your father refused to travel through their lands. They are rumoured to be beautiful, bewitching and you have only heard tales of beautiful females, who can bewitch men into never leaving their lands again with their powerful and strange magic.

THE UERCO [ur-co]

These creatures of living rock are rumoured to live in the northern mountains, but honestly, are they anything more than children's stories?

THE SKRATTA [Sk-ra-ta]

These vermin are found everywhere, and will sometimes try to raid the caravans when they stop for a night in the wilderness. They are short (about 3 foot high maximum), and have earth coloured skin. They are bald, producing no hair, and often naked, or wearing rags, and you'll never find one alone.

Thankfully they are easily distracted and scare with ease. They like shiny things, but prefer meat over most treasure; however they are a little more intelligent than most people give them credit. At the end of the day they are survivors.

A Cutdown Geography of The Skaran Isle as Thorkelin knows.

The Isle.

The Skaran lands are basically a large landmass surrounded by water, with several smaller isles. A mountain range rings off the North Western corner of the land and it is here that the **Orcad** have their tribes.

Sea of Storms: This whirling living sea surrounds the entire Skaran Isles. There are rumoured to be pathways through the storms, as evidenced by the appearance of the Kuzud.

Storfald: Known as the city of eastern landing, it is here the Great Exodus ended, and the King and the Council of Brethren reside. Here most of the Kaupmadur families have their main bases. There are rumours that Askan is buried underneath the city in a vast hidden crypt.

Nordun, Torsang, Borslang, Enbacka, Milsun, Falun.

The six domains of the Skaran, Each of the domains are governed by a series of Thanes, Lords and finally the High Lord. Each owes allegiance to Storfald, and quite often not necessarily each other...

Falun: The domain the adventure takes place within. While over three hundred years old it is still the youngest of the seven domains of the Skaran, and is located on the southern edge of the Skaran lands. It was created almost two hundred years in the past, and has expanded to three main cities, farms and small villages. It has a rivalry with Nordun, and is often allied with Torsang, however, this has never broken out into more than a few mercenary skirmishes in the wild for various trinkets of the Lords.

Falun City: The principal city of the Falun domain, here resides the High Lord. It is set on the crux of a river branch, and the current High Lord has done a good job maintaining the domain from here for the last thirty years.

Bodun: The southern most city of Falun and the smallest, it is a small fishing and trading port, and nearby hosts a large group of farm lands known as the Orchards. Often they trade the catch from the sea across the rest of Falun, and their salted fish travel far north. The Lordship of Bodun was contested about twenty years ago, but the winner, your Lord Theldred has done much to expand trade to the Kaupmadur's.

Vaderson: This small isle to the south of Bodun is being built upon by the order of Lord Theldred who is bringing in the strong white stone from Borsang to create a watch tower here. He has told you it is to keep watch on the arriving Kuzud vessels, and is being built under the advice from the Brethren Sherard. What this waste of time is really for, and why Sherard insists on its creation is something you have not found out.

The Orchards: This strip of Orchard farms runs for acre after acre, over twenty different settlements across the southern cliff of the isle all under the dominion of Bodun. The farms in this area is incredibly rich for trade, as flax, meat, fruit, alcohol, and some of these products command a high price across all of the Isle. They always have demand for metal and stone tools as there are no local sources for these items, the white stone from Borsang sells well here for making presses and mills, and the tools designed by the engineers of Nordun are valued.

Kiruna: The second of the three cities of Falun, here three of the Kaupmadur families maintain their merchant house, places that work as stop houses for the caravans and storage sheds as well as places of political power. While they dominate much of the city they are technically free from the rule of the local Lord.

The Wilderness: It is worth noting that most Skaran, cowardly city dwelling wretches that they are, will not venture the wilderness without care. Life in the wilderness can be dangerous, short, however with the right training and the Kaupmadur are the true masters of the safer, (there are no safe), roads in the wild. Of course, venturing off these safer paths, and you get what you deserve.

Some people Torkelin knows.

Wulfgar (Dan)

Once your brother and now somehow transformed, will you once again become family or will your paired destiny end with a darker conclusion...?

Skard.

A rageblood, a religious warrior who your brother now calls master, you know little of him, and trust him less, but for now he seems to have similar aims to your own.

Lord Theldred

Lord Theldred has been Lord Governor of Bodun City for twenty years, fighting off a rival to his rule, as is common in some of the smaller cities. He has asked you to be a SwordThane, a bodyguard to him, and aid him in the protection of his city and its environs. A good man, though you find his trust in the Brethren Sherard somewhat bizarre, given his apparent intelligence.

Lady Estrid.

The Lady Estrid, a beauty with a flame of red hair is Lord Theldred's daughter. While you have not had many dealings with her, she has kept a careful eye on you, and has even challenged you once or twice, and is not as trusting of your word as her father. She is passionate, quick to anger and slow to cool, yet seems compassionate and intelligent just like her father.

Brethren Sherard. (Ben)

Your Lord's own 'spiritual advisor', Brethren Sherard has been told by Theldred that you were from a local influential family, so he doesn't have your Lord's complete trust. He is zealous, and a fierce man. He has stirred up fears in Theldred about the Kuzud, and talked him into creating the tower on the isle of Vadersen, an obvious waste of money and resources. Why? Is he somehow connected with Lord Ziu and those who attacked you on the road? Either way he has some influence with Theldred and his family, so for now you will keep your concerns to yourself and keep a good eye on him.

Odger.

A land owner, who owns his own small farming commune in the eastern edges of the Orchard Lands, Odger is nothing if not friendly and welcoming of guests. He is a typical Skaran, hard working, God fearing, and honourable to his duties.

Fighter Powers Sheet

Role: Defender.

Thorkelin was trained as a warrior on the road as a Kaupmadur, and is used to drawing enemies to him and away from the weaker members of his train. His fighting style is as a defender, he has good armour and a lot of hit points so he can take a lot of punishment, He is very skilled with his weapon, and its long reach combined with his ability to mark and flank foes are very useful in combat. He should be at the front of any attack, drawing fire, heaping out punishment and helping defend the weaker members of the party.

Power Source: Martial.

Thorkelin has become a master of combat through endless hours of practice, determination and the constant training and use of your skills that you have received throughout his whole life on the road.

Armour Proficiencies:

Thorkelin is trained in fighting wearing Cloth, Leather, Hide or Chain armour.

If you don't armour you have not been trained in you take a -2 penalty to all attack rolls and -2 to your reflex defence.

Weapon Proficiencies:

Thorkelin is trained in all simple and military weapons.

You can use any weapon without proficiency, however when wielding a weapon you are proficient in you gain the weapons proficiency bonus (normally +2 or +3) to your attack rolls.

Class Features.

Combat Challenge

You have a knack of controlling any fight in which you are part, and drawing your foes attention to yourself. To represent this, any time you attack an enemy (ranged or melee, hit or miss), you can mark your foe.

You can mark multiple foes, but only one mark is allowed on a target at a time, (the last placed mark remains).

Any foes marked by you in combat must target you as the target for their attacks or take a -2 penalty to their attack rolls.

In addition any foe adjacent to you who attempts to move away from you, you can make a free basic melee attack against.

Combat Superiority

You can add your wisdom bonus to any opportunity attacks, any foe hit during an opportunity attack loses their movement at the point the attack hits. If they have any actions remaining they can use these to make a move.

Fighter Weapon Talent: Two-handed Weapon Talent.

Due to your training with two handed weapons, you gain a +1 to hit with any two handed weapon.

Feats.

Action Surge: You gain a +3 to your next attack when spending an Action Point.

Weapon Proficiency (Great Spear): While using this traditional Kaupmadur weapon, you gain the proficiency bonus to your attack roll. (+3)

Polearm Flanker: As you are so skilled using your Great Spear, you can flank any foe from a square away from them.

Skills.

You are trained in Athletics, Endurance, Heal & Streetwise.

Quick Play Rules.

The Basic Mechanic.

Roll 1d20 add Modifiers, and see if you beat the target number.

Combat Quick Rules.

Before Combat: Roll your Initiative.

Roll 1d20 add your Initiative mod from your character sheet, highest goes first.

On Your Turn.

1. **Take any ongoing damage.**
2. **Take your actions.**
3. **Make any Saving Throws.**
4. **End your round.**

On your turn you make take the following four actions.

Standard Action

Most basic attacks, taking a Second Wind, or Charging an enemy are examples of a Standard Action.

You can trade for either a Minor or a Move action.

Move Action

Make a basic move, run, or standing up after being knocked prone.

You can trade for a Minor action.

Minor Action

Drinking a potion, voluntarily dropping prone, dropping a weapon.

Can not be traded in.

Free Action.

Make as many as the DM will allow.

Attacks.

Basic Attacks.

Basic attacks work by you rolling 1d20 adding your Strength / Dexterity Modifier (Depending on melee / ranged and weapon), adding any proficiency modifiers (you normally get a +2 to hit if your trained with a weapon).

A hit deals the weapons damage, plus normally your Strength modifier.

Powers.

Your powers cover some special moves you have learnt, but use these as guides. If you want to try something, try it!

Powers are split into At Will, Encounter and Daily.

At Will powers can be used as often as you like.

Encounter powers normally can be used once per encounter, and you get them back after a short (5 min) rest.

Daily powers can be used once and then you need a good eight hours rest to get them back.

Power types tell you what the power is and what you need to do it.

Most of your powers are 'Arcane', magical in origin, some have 'Implement' meaning that if you have a magical Implement you can use it's bonuses to help you increase the power, 'Thunder' & 'Lightning' are damage types, and certain creatures are more or less vulnerable to these.

Most powers tell you what damage they do on a hit as 1[W] meaning it does the weapons normal damage.

2[W] means you roll the damage dice twice, and add together, 3[W], three times normal damage and so on.

Some powers, (normally Daily powers) can deal damage, or have special effects on a Miss. Make sure to read the power to be sure.

Defences.

You have four defences, Armour Class, Reflexes, Willpower and Fortitude.

This is what the enemy targets to hit you, and assumes you are dodging and so forth.

You can increase these by spending a Standard Action to go Total Defence.

Holding an Action.

To hold your action, you must declare what will trigger your action to start, i.e.: I want to charge the enemy when they move past that rock. If you do this you can interrupt an enemy's action. If you change your mind, or alter your trigger, you can still act when you wish, but if you go on the same initiative as an enemy you go after them.

Critical.

On a natural 20 on any attack, you automatically deal maximum possible damage.

Some powers add dice to criticals.

Saving Throws.

A saving throw is normally rolling a 11 or above on a single 1d20 roll.

Movement.

Moving up to your move value is a move action.

You can run (move your value +2 sq) as a move action, but you grant Combat Advantage to all enemies.

You can charge or bull rush if you have at least two sq between you and your target as a Standard Action, gaining a +1 to your attack roll.

Action Points.

You start play with 1 action point, this resets every extended rest.

You gain action points in play after every two encounters.

Spend it to gain either a extra Standard, Move or Minor action on your turn.

Death, Damage & Healing.

hp: *Your hit points are your life force, when they hit 0 or less you go unconscious.*

Bloodied: *When you drop below ½ your maximum hp you become bloodied. Some powers trigger only on bloodied creatures.*

0 hp rule: *When you drop below 0 hp, keep a track of negative hp, as If it drops below your bloodied level, your dead. However all healing works as if you where on 0 hp, you don't count negative points.*

Healing Surges: *You have a number of healing surges you can use per day, you only get these back after extended rests. Some powers activate these to help heal you.*

Second Wind: *Once per combat, you can spend a Standard Action to use one healing surge.*