



Georg de Montfort

Character Name

Justin Barnett

Player

Human

Race

Medium

Size

49

Age

Male

Gender

6' 1"

Height

248 lbs

Weight

Average white

Complexion

Pelor

Deity

Portly with old strength

Build

Deep brown

Eyes

White bowl cut, balding on top

Hair

Right

Handedness



Appearance

Georg is a tall man who moves with a great deal of purpose. Though overweight now, it's evident that he was once quite strong - he has the build of a wrestler, or a trained soldier, all covered in years of good food and little exercise. His hair is starting to give up, and while he's still got the remnants of an old bowl cut, most of his white hair is now situated at the sides of his head, around the back of his scalp, and on his arms.

He generally wears an unbleached robe of plain fabric, tied below the paunch with a simple rope. On special occasions - such as holy days that call for public interaction - he wears a pure white robe with a yellow stole draped over the shoulders. While the robes cannot hide his size, they do cover his fading muscles.

Personality

Cheerful and devout, Georg strives to be a model of Pelor's kindness and love, treating those around him with compassion and respect. He is generally jovial and friendly, though he finds it all too easy to sink into periods of melancholy and depression.

A longtime pacifist, Georg has found great comfort in tending and healing the injured and sick. While he doesn't tend indiscriminately - refusing, for instance, to tend to an enemy in battle - he regrets the loss of any life.

Georg enjoys good food, old books, and the feel of a smith's hammer in his hand.

Traits and Habits

After years of duty as both a soldier and a monk, Georg is an early riser, preferring to greet Pelor and the dawn each day. He is compassionate and charitable, generally going out of his way to aid the unfortunate.

Allies, Friends, and Family

Common Acts and Sayings

- "I am merciful, just as the Sun of Mercy shines on me."*
- "All light comes from Pelor."*
- "Bring strength to the weak."*
- "A starving man is not a wise man."*
- "Good food is sustenance for the soul."*
- "We all bear Pelor's gift, which we carry into darkness."*

Enemies and Rivals

Background

Born to a soldier and a blacksmith's daughter, Georg was a bright, charming lad who idolized his father. When the elder Montfort was injured stopping a robbery just before Georg's 14th birthday, the young boy soon took up arms as part of the local guard to aid in providing for his family. When war with humanoids came to the region, he left the guard for the military, becoming a soldier in his home's darkest days.

He rose through the ranks quickly, his natural skill with a hammer, insight into his comrades, and sense of duty earning him advancement after advancement. After the wars, he continued serving his nation as an officer, helping to ferret out information about the traitorous nobles who had instigated the humanoids so as to advance their own station. And so he fought again, against his fellow countrymen.

After securing the safety of the status quo once more, Georg fell into the daily grind of a soldier in peacetime, and found more and more time to reflect upon his actions and the world around him. Sickened at having killed, in some cases, men he had once before fought alongside, he left the military with an honourable commission, and spent the next four years drinking his way out of his depression. As a plan, it failed spectacularly.

Eventually, however, he awoke one morning underneath a pew in a church he'd crawled into for sanctuary, and stayed to listen to the sermon. As the priest of Pelor spoke of the compassion and love man must hold for one another, Georg stood transfixed, and that very day he turned from the bottle and to the Sun God, joining a monastery outside the city, where he could learn, once again, what type of man he was.

That was nearly two decades ago, and during that time, Georg has done well. As an ordained friar, he meditates on the word of Pelor and tends to the flock whose needs are more than what the local churches can handle. As a member of the monastery, he has turned his slight skill at blacksmithing - learned as a boy at his grandfather's forge - into a boon for the locals, smithing small necessities such as pots and pans, enjoying the feel of metal in his hands serving a common, everyday purpose.

Little shy of nine years ago, his devotion to the monastery was rewarded as he was made Sacrist, given the responsibility of tending the library as well as maintaining the buildings. His keen mind worked served him well in this capacity, and he's been one of the better librarians and caretakers the monastery has seen in more than a century. Still, after twenty years of peace and quiet, he's beginning to wonder if, perhaps, he could bring greater good to the world by leaving his monastery.



Kuven ir'Talan

Character Name

Justin Barnett

Player

Human

Race

Medium

Size

29

Age

Male

Gender

6' 2"

Height

185 lbs.

Weight

Light Tan

Complexion

Sovereign Host

Deity

Hardy and resilient

Build

Brown, weathered

Eyes

Dark, very short

Hair

Right

Handedness



Appearance

While not a bad-looking fellow, Kuven certainly can't be called attractive. It's been years since he bothered to shave regularly, and his eyes are often sunken beneath dark patches that reflect his trouble sleeping. The toll his dragonmark is taking on his body is more directly visible in the often-disturbing physical troubles he's suffering - it's a rare time when he doesn't have a set of boils, fingernails falling out, or long-since faded scars oozing and reopening.

Under the grit and troubles, he has a square face with dark eyes and short-cut hair. When healthy, he sports the light tan common to most Brelish, and is more apt to smile than his usual, more dour look. He wears a suit of chainmail kept in good repair and covered by a faded white and navy tunic. The "Brelish Blue" of his outfit has long since turned a dingy gray, and even in the heat of the southern nation, he usually wears a cloak and longer apparel to conceal his dragonmark.

Personality

Kuven was once a charming, keen-minded lad his father would have been proud to inherit the family name. He had a wry sense of humor and an innate knack for setting people at ease and comforting those most troubled around him.

That changed with the development of his dragonmark and years of living in fear of discovery. Now, Kuven tends towards the blunt and abrasive, happy to keep people at arms-length... or further. He prefers to consider himself "removed" from the day-to-day lives of those around him, though he finds it hard to ignore his natural inclination to help the less fortunate. With his few friends and allies, and on good days, his natural self almost manages to reassert itself.

Traits and Habits

Kuven may have convinced himself he doesn't care to go on living, but he's afraid of dying to some degeneration caused by the dragonmark he carries, and so he spends a significant amount of time each day testing his memory and intellect, followed by an extensive exercise regimen. When left idle, he tends to pick nervously at his fingers and arms, always afraid of what new disfigurement he may soon sport.

Allies, Friends, and Family

- **Stend ir'Talan:** Kuven's father is a cousin to the king of Breland and a powerful noble in his own right. He is disappointed with his eldest son's decision to abandon the family.
- **Kusir ir'Talan:** Kuven's younger brother once worshipped his older sibling, but was still young when Kuven turned inward, and their relationship has never been the same. Kusir is happy that he's apt to inherit more of the family power.
- **Leise ir'Talan:** The youngest ir'Talan, Leise still thinks the world of her older brother, and wishes he would spend more time at home, though she respects his choice not to.

Common Acts and Sayings

"Tower Spit!"

"Like watching the tago."

"Dreams don't put swords in the hands of soldiers."

Background

Born in 969 YK, the eldest son of Stend ir'Talan Duke of Vathirond and Marquess of Brey, Kuven was expected to inherit the privileges and responsibilities of a cousin to the Brelish throne. The first decade of his life was a quiet one spent with his mother and her family, as his father was often at court - especially after the massacre of Brelish forces - and Boranel's son - in Marguul pass in 970 YK. Stend had been one of the few generals against the assault, and in the wake of Boranel's anger over the invasion, Duke ir'Talan was one of the only remaining noble generals of any significant influence in Brelish affairs.

Spending time with the Lady Emmalina d'Cannith ir'Talan meant that Kuven was brought up in an environment that focused on learning, invention, and arcane discovery, which influenced many of his interests as a young man. The frequent forays to House Cannith holdings both in Breland and Cyre meant that he developed a respect for his artistic neighbours. When his younger brother, Kusir, was born in late 973 - an ill child - Kuven became his protector and tutor, and the two boys were fast friends. They were also fond of their cousin KAY'S CHARACTER, though she was something of an odd child by their reckoning.

When the fragile peace Boranel had been fostering crumbled in 976, the family home of Vathirond was the target. As the Brelish army rallied in Stariluskar and prepared to take back the border city, Kuven, Kusir, and their mother were sent to stay with family across the Cyran border - all understood that a Cannith forgehold was the safest place for those who could warrant an invite, as the neutrality of House enclaves was unquestioned by any of the nations. While their lands were secured again by 977, it would never be a home again - their mother had died of complications giving birth to the third ir'Talan child, Leise. And Stend himself was seriously injured in the fighting, ensuring he would never again be able to march on the field of battle.

Now effectively forced to remain at home as he spend over a year recuperating, Stend spent his time well - getting to know his boys as people for the first time, and caring for a daughter he doted upon. Delighted at the quick minds and brave Brelish spirits that both boys displayed, he began to supplement their traditional lessons with those of politics and battle, as well as their duty as nobles to support and protect those in their care. As the boys matured and grew, they learned that they complimented one another exceptionally well - Kuven gifted with an open spirit that drew people to him, as well as a knack for quick-thinking and battlefield tactics, while Kusir was better at sustaining broader friendships and large-scale tactics. Kusir's childhood ailments waned as he entered his teens, and the two spent long hours sparring and training together.

As Kuven reached his mid teens, he began preparing in earnest for a stint with the military - tradition within both his family and that of most Brelish nobles. During a training exercise in the southern hills that brought the boy and his trainers in contact with a band of Darguun raiders, his life changed. The guards felled by hobgoblin arrows and approaching goblins looking at a prime slaving opportunity, the stress of the situation ignited something dormant in Kuven, and he reached out with his fear and desperation, burning away at the minds of the slavers. And across his shoulder and back, a writhing maroon mark seared itself into his flesh.

Aware of what he had developed - an aberrant mark - and terrified of what it meant (years in a House holding had exposed him to a significant amount of lore regarding dragonmarks, as well as an understanding of how the houses generally reacted to Aberrants), Kuven spent the next year or so in seclusion, shirking his duties and spending much of his time in study, requisitioning arcane tomes and old journals as he tried to determine a course of action. When he at last despaired of removing the mark, he determined he would have to give up on the life he'd expected - he couldn't afford his mark to become known publicly, and besides... he didn't expect to live to an old age bearing it, anyway. Without explanation to his father, he enrolled with the common Brelish infantry on the Droaam border in 988 YK.

Over the decade since, he has served throughout the military, with a stint in Cyre shortly prior to the Mourning. After the war he enrolled with a mercenary company in Sharn rather than returning home, sending only a curt letter to inform his family he was still alive once a year or so.