

Rodrick Algard

Year of Birth

811 AGW - 841 AGW (30 Years old)

Birthplace Kurleigh**Eyes** Brown**Hair** Black with some grey**Height** 5'2"**Weight** 133lbs

Growing up in the slums of Kurleigh Castle, Rodrick Algard has few opportunities given to him in life. As one of many children to a tavern wench, with his father being anyone of the many drunks, soldiers, or sailors who passed through the tavern doors, there were no titles, wealth, or status awaiting him. Growing up Rodric would spent what free time he had in the day roaming the streets with fellow lowlife children, while at night he would help serve at the tavern he grew up in: The Drunken Swan. The Drunken Swan was not known for it's warmth or hospitableness, and it's patrons, even less so. Any night the tavern would be filled with cut-throats, criminals, and gangsters. Despite his best efforts Rodric would often hear snippets of criminal endeavors, masterplans, and job offers as he served and waited tables.

It was in this tavern, Rodrick slowly became familiar with the subtleties, nuance, and ways of the criminal underworld. As he became older he began getting offers to participate in these criminal dealings. The jobs started off small, be a lookout for a small robbery, trail a target to figure out where they live, but eventually got larger. Rodrick quickly saw that these criminal enterprises offered him more opportunity than The Drunken Swan ever could; and he found he was adept at it. He became familiar with robbery, smuggling, and grifting. Soon he began to establish a small name for himself among the local crime syndicates; though he never fully joined any of them. Eventually he even developed his own network of trusted colleagues that he would call on, and that would call on him for jobs.

"It's easy money, we get in, we get out" Cybrus had said. Cybrus had worked frequently with Rodrick on various jobs and had become a close and trusted friend. "Basum here has the means to get us in, and then the money is al ours". Basum worked for the local Baron Von Orin, a wealthy but not well liked noble in the city. As a trusted advisor to the Baron, Basum had access to the entirety of Von Orin's manor. He had approached Cybrus with an offer. If they could get into the manor themselves he would meet them at the Baron's vault and open if for them. After that they would all escape and share the wealth (Basum had planned to escape the servitude of the Baron and start a new life in the country with his share). Despite his unease about the job (Rodrick had never done a heist of this magnitude to someone as powerful as the Baron), he agreed.

The night of the heist, Cybrus and Rodrick met just outside of the estate. They managed to make their way into the main lobby. Cybrus has offered to stay in the entrance to keep a lookout for any guards while Rodrick met Basum in the vault. Rodrick had avoided any guards or sentries he saw, and quickly found Basum at the agreed upon location. He lead Rodrick to the vault. "Should take

me no time to open it" Basum said and began working on the locks. Not long after, Basum opened the vault door. However guards quickly swarmed the room from the way Rodrick had come. Startled, Rodrick began to try and fight his way to escape. However, was soon overwhelmed and was knocked out by one of the guards.

He awoke on the floor, with guards leaning on him. Standing over him and looking down was a well dressed man in dark clothing: Baron Von Orin. "What happened to the others" Rodrick said, careful to not divulge who or how many were with him. "That's of no concern to you, your present predicament should be of more concern to you" the Baron replied. He then went on to admit that he may have an opportunity for a man of Rodrick's skills. The baron was an enthusiast of the occult and dark forces. He used his wealth to scour the world for artifacts for his collection. He had heard rumours of dark and unearthly mysterious forces in the Province of Prathia. "What I want from you is to go to Prathia, and steal anything you might find related to the dark forces" the Baron said. "What does the job pay?" Rodrick replied. The Baron laughed; "a man in your predicament has little room to bargain. Either you can do this task, or I can report you to the city watch for thieving and murder." The Baron quickly took a small knife from within his clothing and slashed the neck of one of his guards and threw the dagger beside Rodrick. "The city watch does not take kindly to murderers". Horrified by what he saw Rodrick reluctantly agreed to help the Baron. "Excellent, now before you go", the Baron knelt down near Rodrick's face and held an open hand towards the side of Rodrick's face. Suddenly an intense burning sensation occurred on the side of his face, and a dark tattoo emerged along the same side. "A mark for both yourself, and my men to know who you serve; and should you choose to deviate from our agreement", the Baron made a quick motion with his hand and the intense burning resumed. "Do not underestimate both my power and reach" The baron said. With that the Baron left and the guards removed Rodrick from the estate.

Rodrick went back to his meager dwellings, packed his things and made his way towards Prathia with a head filled with questions: "what awaited in Prathia, what was the Baron looking for and why, and who (if anyone) had betrayed him to the baron?"

Rodrick perished with his questions unanswered at the hands of the Dracolich Abazu in a crypt beneath Duskview.

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