-Appendix -

PRE-GENERATED CHARACTER SHEETS

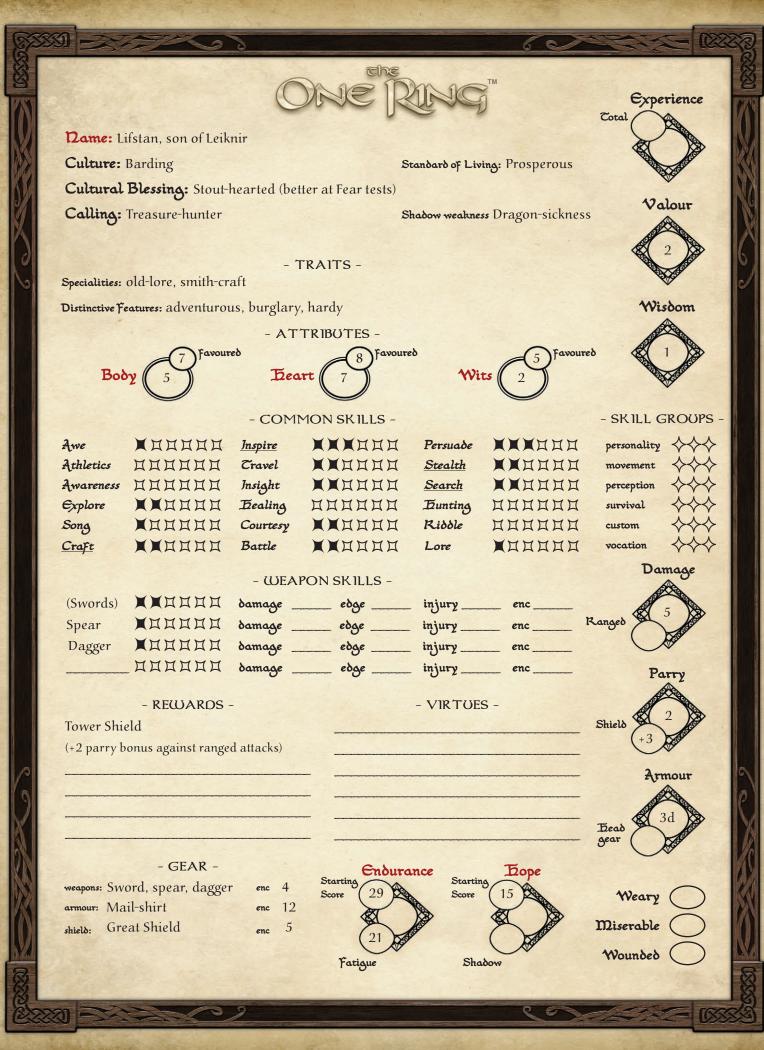


- Bardings -

LIFSTAN, SON OF LEIKNIR

Your father was a smith. When you were a child, the sound of the hammer ringing in his forge was as music to your ears. One day, when the city of Dale was finally rebuilt and the entrance to the Lonely Mountain opened once again, your father brought you to see the forges of the Mountain-folk. There, you have seen the work of the dwarf-smiths of old, a treasure beyond what your imagination could dream up.

From that day you haven't stopped thinking about the vast hoards that lie unmolested in deep places beneath the mountains...





- BEORNINGS -

BERAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

You were born into a family of shepherds and hunters near the eastern edge of the Misty Mountains. Since you were a child you felt a great fascination for the high and snowy peaks, and spent most of your time climbing and looking for new paths over the mountains. After you met Beorn and embraced his cause, you chose to protect any friendly traveller that finds himself journeying through the mountain passes in these times of growing peril. Dame: Beran of the MountainsCulture: BeorningStandard of Living: MartialCultural Blessing: Furious (ignores the effects of weariness when wounded)Calling: WardenShadow weakness Lure of Power

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Experience

Valour

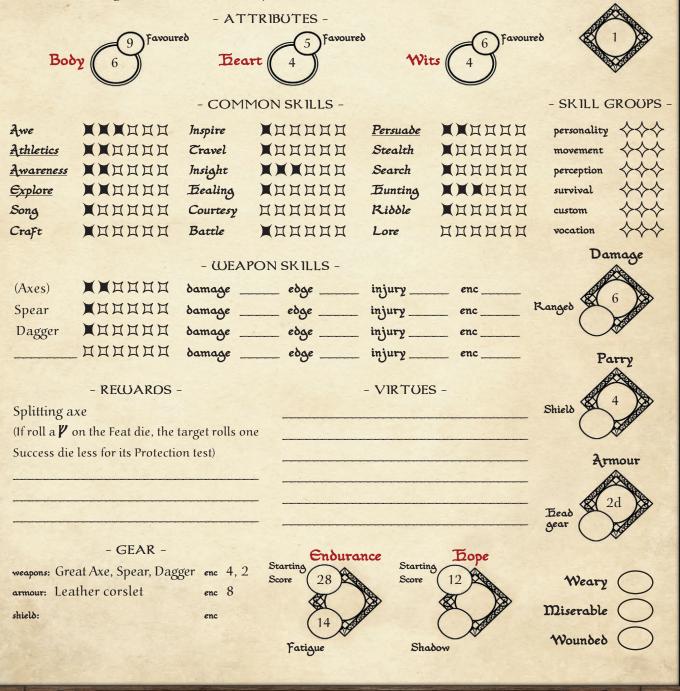
Wisdom

Total

- TRAITS -

Specialities: Anduin-lore, mountaineer

Distinctive Features: grim, Shadow-lore, trusty





- OWARVES of the lonely mountain

BELI

When you were a child, your father went north to find the hoard of an ancient Dragon and never returned. In his absence, you honed your skills preparing to follow him on the road to adventure and now you think the day has arrived to take up the challenge: you are clever, well-equipped and without fear - you are ready to go and seek what secret treasures are still hidden in the remote corners of the world. ONE RING

Experience

Valour

Wisdom

Total

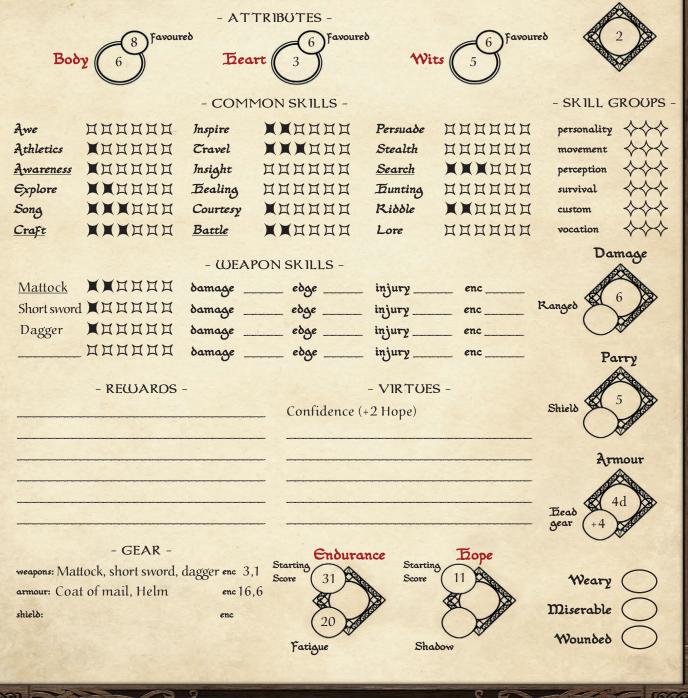
Dame: Beli

Culture: Dwarves of the Lonely MountainStandard of Living: RichCultural Blessing: Redoubtable (substract favoured Heart to final Fatigue rating)Calling: Treasure-hunterShadow weakness Dragon-sickness

- TRAITS -

Specialities: fire-making, tunnelling

Distinctive Features: burglary, cunning, suspicious



- elves of mirkwood

CARANTHIR

Many decades have passed since the last time you left the halls of your King to once again breathe the air of what used to be Greenwood the Great. In the hallowed silence of your underground dwelling you studied the lives of those who fought the darkness before your time, secretly hoping that you would return to see the Moon wane on a world already free from the Shadow. But your dreams were obviously just that, dreams.

What was waiting for you was a place much darker than your King's dusky palace, and it will take more than the red torch-light of your folk to cleanse Mirkwood once and for all. But you have resolved that you can be the light that chases away the shadows, and you will teach others how to do the same.

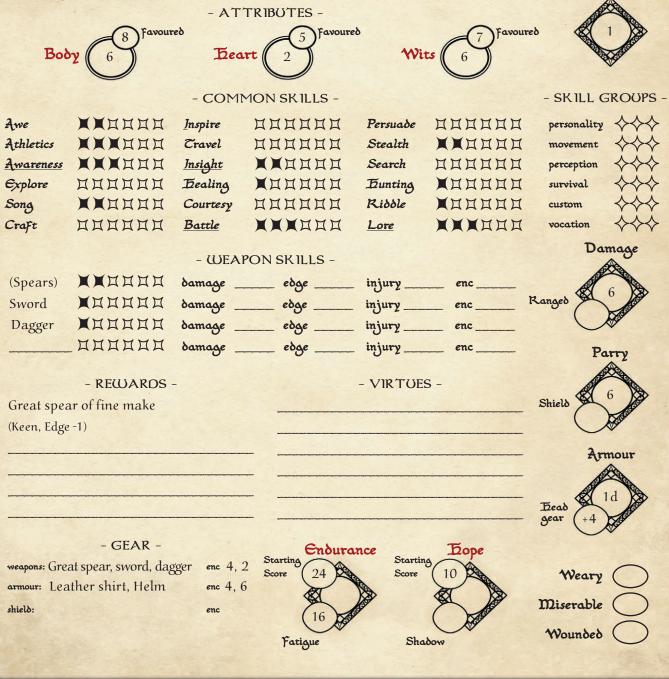
Total Dame: Caranthir Culture: Elves of Mirkwood Standard of Living: Martial Cultural Blessing: Folk of the Dusk (advantage at night, underground and when in woods) Calling: Scholar Shadow weakness Lure of Secrets

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- TRAITS -

Specialities: Elven-lore, Mirkwood-lore

Distinctive Features: Rhymes of Lore, secretive, quick of hearing



Wisdom

Experience

Valour



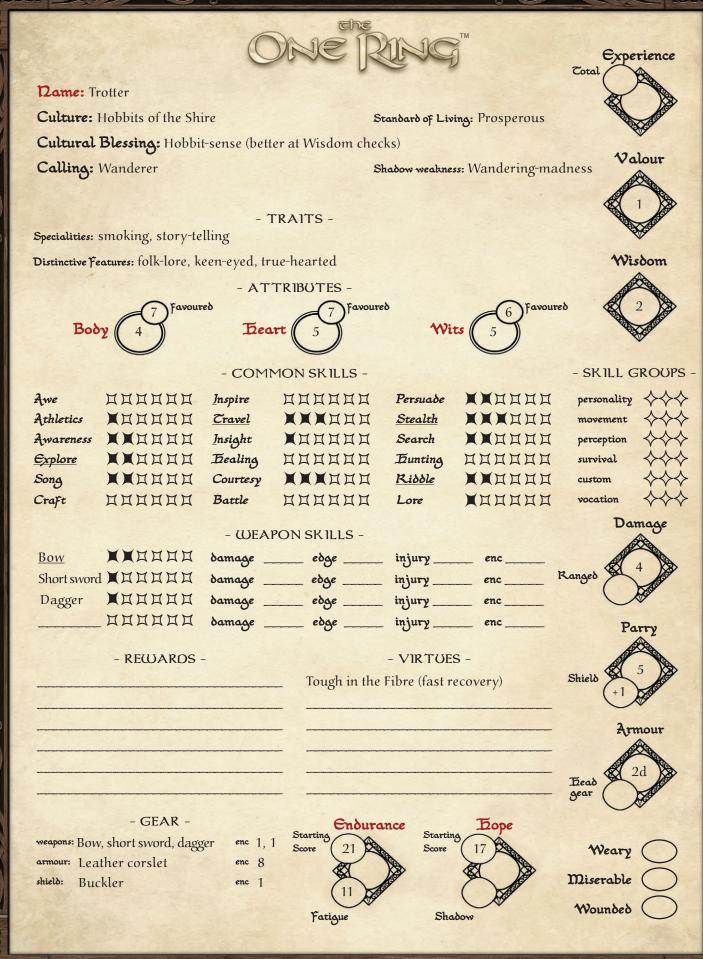
- hobbits of the shire

TROTTER

You left your peaceful life in the Shire when you ran away to find Gandalf, the Conjuror, after he paid a visit to your family at your coming of age party. He tried to convince you to turn back, but as you stubbornly refused, he caught something in your eyes that convinced him to let you have your way. You spent many weeks with him, until he deemed you ready to find your own path.

The dreams you had in the Shire are now your plans for the future: you want to light your broken-stemmed pipe in the halls of Beorn the Shapeshifter and walk side by side with the wizard Radagast in the fenced garth of Rhosgobel, you want to visit the royal palace of Dale and see the throne of the King under the Mountain.

stm ritx ts ritm thmm fit stm ritx ts pitm thmm



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- woodmen -^{of} wilderland

THE BRIDE

You were born west of the Great River, in one of the villages nearest the mountains. You were scarcely fifteen when you first saw him who would become your groom, at a folk-moot held at Mountain hall, in a time when the Orcs were

sorely threatening your people. Only a few months later you moved across the river to be near him, as he was from the folk dwelling in the forest. As you waited for your wedding, you learned how to seek a prey among the trees, and your love for the hunt rivalled that for your future husband.

One night, only a handful of days before your wedding-day, he left with a company of men from the village, refusing to bring you with him and giving no explanations. Only his faithful hound returned, grievously wounded.

When the elders of the village saw the claw marks on the hound they shook their heads, speaking of the dreaded Beast of Mirkwood...

