# THE WANDERER

+1 REFLEX and +1 HP per Template.

Extra Starting Items: Medium iron-headed spear, sand-coloured hooded cloak, red-dyed sash.

- A Secret Society, Survivalist
- B Catlike, +1 Move per Turn
- C Sprint, +1 Attack per Turn
- D Freedom of Movement

### **Secret Society**

You are a member of the Order of Wanderers.

If you are a ruler, this is known to your people. Otherwise, you can choose to be mostly anonymous.

Wanderers live itinerant, rootless existences, if they can. The Order welcomes everyone, especially those who have no home to return to. They either explore outside the City, scout for armies, or patrol within the walls, serving as the Monarch's eyes and ears.

You know a number of secret signs by which you can covertly identify fellow Wanderers.

Other Wanderers will usually side with you in a fight. You have access to a slightly-decayed information gathering network that stretches over the whole City.

You know how to perfectly mimic birdcalls. You can do this to gather Wanderers to meet with you. If you didn't speak **Feather**, you do now.

#### **Survivalist**

You can eat (and survive off) the flesh of cursed creatures without sickening and dying. If you didn't speak **Tracks**, you do now.

You are considered to have the Skills of Wilderness Camping and Stellar Navigation.

### Catlike

You ignore the first **d6** of any fall damage, meaning with preparation and a successful **reflex** roll you can drop 30 cubits harmlessly. You always land on your feet.

You have incredible balance, able to run along anything that'll take your weight, and you can't be knocked over by anything smaller than a horse.

## <u>Sprint</u>

At the cost of **1** Fatigue per round of movement, you can move quicker than a horse in a straight line. You blur at the edges when you do. You have to stop to turn.

### **Freedom of Movement**

You are immune to being restrained, tied up, pinned, grappled or imprisoned. You move through all of these things like dust (as in, your bodyparts briefly become ash). You can walk atop quicksand, snow, and, if you like, water, without sinking into it.

You leave no tracks you don't choose to leave.