

Paul- A convert to the faith from The Mountain People.

Paul grew up in a remote village in the mountains. His people worshipped a powerful spirit named Son of the Morning. His father and mothers were the leaders of the village and he would go out on raids with them from an early age. At the age of 14, Dogs came to his town to defend their towns and cleanse the village of demons.. Thinking fast, he grabbed his family's sword and shotgun and slaughtered them all. He took their coats and stored them away. In one of them, he found a book of life. He began reading it, mocking it at first, but then it hit him. He saw his sin. It was in this moment, at the age of 16, he began a Faithful. He grabbed his things, the sword, the shotgun, and the coats of the fallen dogs. Telling no one, he left under the cover of darkness and moved to a town of faithful. There, in celebration of his new life, he changed his name to Paul. He has yet to tell anyone his real birth name. After 2 years of faithful service and tithing to the church, he was selected to be a Dog by the steward.

Equipment:

Excellent Cavalry Sabre: 2d6

Big Shotgun: 1d8+1d4

Bloodstained Book of Life: 1d6

A book of life stained with the blood of it's former owner.

Bloodstained Dog Duster: 1d6

A bloodstained white leather duster

Has a very extravagant gold trim and pattern

A faded dog logo is on the front

Pockets. Everywhere.

It has a massive stitch in the back where it was sliced open

It was once an excellent duster, but has faded over time

A faded stitching of the mans name is across from the dog logo, you can't make it

out

1d6 Horse

Stats:

Acuity: 3d6

Body: 5d6

Heart: 2d6

Will: 5d6

Traits:

I am excellent with melee weapons 2d10

I am a good shot 1d6

I am vulnerable to demons 1d4

I am very intimidating 1d6

I am knowledgeable about demons 2d4

I am a wicked sinner and incredibly mournful over my past life 1d4

I gained the trust of my fellow dogs 1d6

Relationship: 3d6 1d8

The Dogs I killed and those I didn't: 2d6

Mountain People: 1d8

Tarendale, the faithful village I fled to and served at for 2 years: 1d8

A small village close to the mountains, but far enough way to not be targeted in raids. There was a carpenter, a midwife, A church, A town-hall, School house, Market, and tavern.

Samuel (The gay guy) 1d6

Accomplishment:

I hope that I gained the trust of my fellow dogs