

*Black text is the original concept I wrote for another campaign that never saw the light of day; any individual element is subject to tweaking to suit the tone and world of your game! Red text means notes I've inserted afterwards to ideally give a sense of where and how she might best adapt to fit. I am explicitly wanting to adapt this to the game - so if you're reading this and think you know where in your world she might fit, I want to hear all about your ideas!*

*Árún Freydísardóttir (Subject to naming conventions. She was originally from a Norse pagan-adjacent culture. The name isn't important; the story is, so it'll probably change!)*

### **Backstory:**

*I'm going to delete what I had; I don't think there's a point in specifics for a different setting. Themes are the same no matter where you go, but how you tie those into a person is crucial to adapt to individual worlds. But for very, very broad strokes:*

*-She's of an outcast race (originally a kind of raven mutant, but perhaps something along the lines of a tiefling or drow?) and raised among an enclave of her kind, taking up a few unique cultural traditions and views from her youth.*

*-She lost that enclave (perhaps fled it?) as a young adult, sending her out into a wider world that mostly rejects her.*

*-She struggles to scrape together a living but has dreams of making a new home for herself in this new world.*

**Personality:** *(This is where we get into what I see as the core of the character. The depth put into her personality and themes are the biggest assets this concept brings to your roleplay and storytelling!)*

*-Intelligence & diligence:* These are what make her dangerous. She's quick-witted, adaptable, and cunning (which I'll roleplay to the best of my ability lol). Given enough time, Arun is capable of accomplishing most things she sets her mind to - be it magic, swordplay, or a new trade. She's always working on *something*; practicing her magic or swordsmanship, trying to make whatever friends she can, learning a new skill or maintaining her gear. While her obsessive work ethic has arguably kept her alive, it's a coping mechanism too. At rest, without making progress towards some sort of objective, she quickly becomes anxious and paranoid. Her biggest psychological blind spot is her impatience; a refusal to simply "wait and see".

*-Cynicism & paranoia:* An attitude earned from a lifetime of hardship and struggle, Arun expects the worst from the world. Until proven otherwise, she treats unknown situations and people as a threat by default. Though she'll never let her guard down around strangers, she's *usually* wise enough to hold her tongue. However, on occasion she'll respond with hostility and threats before they're warranted. (Particularly if she doesn't think there'll be consequences for doing it.) For her

comrades and coworkers, she frequently comes off as coldly professional at first, but quickly warms up to people she knows she doesn't have to fear.

*-Pride:* She likes to succeed and hates to fail. She loves to fight, not because she enjoys killing but because she enjoys winning. Forcing others to acknowledge her ability is cathartic. Her attitude isn't wholly unearned; she will complete any assigned task to the absolute best of her ability on principle. But there can be a toxic element to her pridefulness; at her worst she feels her struggles and successes in spite of them put her above other people.

*-Loyalty:* Arun can count her friends on one hand, and she's very keen on keeping them. If you get on her good side she's with you to the end. Currently this is something that applies for Absence, but also to the Kingdom of Avalonia as a whole to an extent. Arun immensely values her adoptive home and takes her vow seriously, far more so than most expect. For as long as the Kingdom makes her welcome she'll make every attempt to act in its interest. *(Obviously the names here are no longer relevant - but the basic point still very much is! Do her a good turn and give her something to believe in and she's ride or die.)*

**Major Themes/Possible development:** *(The other half of the important stuff! I'd imagine these stay fairly close to what exists here, but probably not entirely the same - every game is unique.)*

*-Arun's greatest ambition is to become a vital member of the royal company. While technically a full member of the company, she's more a curiosity of Absence's than a real knight. So, Arun's main goal when we first meet her is to prove her usefulness and secure a place in the royal company on her own merit. (Not to say she's anything less than extremely grateful to Absence for everything and would want to keep a close relationship, but she wouldn't wish to live her life under her patron's shadow.) This means seeking out any chance she can get to make new friends - a rare and precious resource for Arun - and to impress the more senior members of the company, maybe even the King. As I've talked about before, the plotline of going from outcast to bona fide knight is one I'd want to set up here - she has the skill and dedication, but is in an unfamiliar and hostile environment and will have to adapt to thrive. (This is probably not going to translate into a new game, but the basic concept behind it will: an ambition to carve out a new home and make something of herself. A lot of different ways to interpret that home; be it a kingdom, a culture, an organization, or just a found family.)*

*-Arun is an excellent survivor, but her greatest fear is to live and die and not have mattered; for all her struggles to amount to nothing. Arun is very keenly aware that if she died tomorrow that the world would simply forget her. She lost her home and family; one almost-friend who sees her as a curio and an adoptive homeland that hates her. She's haunted by forces trying to change her into something else and rejected by humans who would rather she didn't exist at all. Pride and self-confidence are a psychological necessity to succeed. Deep down, she's driven to become a hero of Avalonia because it might get somebody to actually care about her. Her quest to make something of her life is basically founded on this anxiety - if she can't have a legacy, she wants to at least leave a memory. This is something that's going to be more related to character development than any single plotline, but underpins a good chunk of her mindset and*

*motivation. She could use some friends, and facing/overcoming some of her fears and flaws should make for a good few little stories.*

-The world does not make life easy for Arun and regularly finds ways to fuck her over. She's basically been in fight-or-flight mode for the past half decade, having to work just to keep her head above water. She knows she can't do it forever, and kind of expects that something will kill her before her struggle stops. Very possibly the risk inherent in her work or some fanatical lynch mob, but she believes the fate she escaped at Evermore forest will come to collect someday, somehow. She expects to face her past and intends to fight it, but dares not hope to live through it. *Obviously what that confrontation looks like - and the potential implications of its aftermath, one way or another - are something I'd like to explore longer-term with Arun. (Exactly what it is in her past she's running from is very flexible. The original pitch had it as a very mystical force related to her race, but an entirely mundane one works just as well. The idea is a seemingly inescapable, inevitable portent of doom.)*

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*Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.*

*Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*