

Kudret the Untouchable

Race: Sand goblin; **Hometown:** Hufrah, City of Idols (Caliphate of Al-Shirkuh); **Occupation:** Entrepreneur and self-appointed crime lord; **Religion:** Faithful (Tamarri)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Banned Edges, Delusional (Minor: thinks he's a crime boss), Greedy (Minor), Overconfident, Small, Untrustworthy

Edges: Beast Bond, Camel, Followers (five trained monkeys)*, Sand Walker, Sneaky

Languages: Beduan, Holy Tongue, Sandspeech

* *This breaks the rules as written, but fits the characters background. Replacements must be found or purchased in game.*

BACKGROUND

Kudret was born in the slums of Hufrah, just another of the wretched sand goblins who infest the city like rats. While he could have spent his days scavenging for food and engaging in petty larceny, Kudret was born with a natural talent for handling animals and an entrepreneurial streak larger than his sizeable hump. Naturally, neither talent was put to honest use.

His first business venture was as a rat catcher. He even went so far as to join the guild. That came to an end when it was discovered he was taking rats from the sewers, slipping them into people's houses, and then charging to remove them. Next he opened a sheltered for stray dogs, which he financed by begging for donations to his worthy cause. That ended when it was discovered the animals weren't being retrained and sold to passing merchants, but were in fact being butchered and sold to street vendors as goat meat.

Undeterred by the beatings he received from angry customers and the short stays in prison at the emir's expense, Kudret went back to the drawing board. A game of chance (duly rigged) with a drunken merchant resulted in him gaining possession of five small monkeys. After dismissing thoughts of turning them into a dancing and acting troupe, he decided to train them in the arts of picking pockets and burglary. Largely unimaginative, Kudret named his new "thieves' guild" the Five Tails.

Though they couldn't carry much, between them the monkeys delivered Kudret enough dinars a day to make his life more comfortable than he had ever known. At last he could afford to eat and drink food he hadn't dragged out of the gutter or stolen from a market stall.

His miniature crime spree happened to coincide with a spate of more audacious robberies committed by a thieves' guild. Kudret caught wind the authorities were after a major criminal gang, and promptly leapt to the



conclusion they meant him. Rather than panic at the thought of being hounded by the city watch, Kudret's heart was filled with pride—he had made it as a criminal mastermind! He laughed out loud when the emir announced the capture of the thieves responsible the robberies, for had arrested the wrong men.

Thinking it best not to tempt fate, Kudret packed up his guild operations, such as they were, and decided to move on to new pastures, where his (imagined) reputation as a major crime lord would not hamper his larcenous activities. His route has left behind hundreds of trivial acts of theft the authorities have failed to notice.

DESCRIPTION

Kudret's hump is especially large. When empty, it flaps about like a deflated bladder. When full, it gives the impression he is carrying a large sack on his bag. He's under the impression that crime lords need to display their wealth. Since he's relatively poor, he makes do with copious amounts of tacky costume jewelry. His prized possession is a gold ring that hangs from his nose.

MANNERISMS

Kudret likes money, especially money he doesn't have to work for. Fortunately, he has his monkey minions for exactly that purpose. Despite being no more than a petty thief, Kudret has come to believe himself a major crime lord. He tries to lord it over the rest of the party, who he refers to as his minions (or henchmen, if they're useful to him).

Although Kudret suffers from overconfidence, it extends to his "minions" as well—he'll offer their services to any interested party for the right price. He always asks for cash up front, but does so promising great results. That way, if his minions fail at the task he does not go out of pocket.

Effendi Baligh ibn Tawfiq

Race: Hadaree; **Homeland:** Balyana, City of Reflection (Al-Wazir Sultanate); **Occupation:** Noble; **Religion:** Devoted

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Arrogant, City Dweller, Stubborn

Edges: Command, Filthy Rich, Noble

Languages: Al-Waziran, Holy Tongue, Jinn

BACKGROUND

Baligh was born to money—lots of money. His father made his fortune through his glass quarry in the Mirrorsands and a string of glass-blowing shops. Hardworking, he built up the business from nothing over the course of his life, and was rewarded with the title of pasha. His son, however, is a waste of good flesh.

The son of a pasha, Baligh acts like his father is the Sultan. He's obnoxious, lazy, and spoiled. Sadly, by the time his father realized these unsightly traits they were thoroughly ingrained in the boy. Still, he set about trying to make something of his son. He placed him in charge of one of his smaller businesses, but had to step in to save it from bankruptcy. He sent him to university, only to have him return with marks so low they made a sand goblin look like a genius. He cut off his allowance, only to reinstate when his wife stepped in on behalf of her cherished son. His friends and peers joked he even contemplated hiring an Assassin to rid him of his troublesome offspring.

Faced with the prospect of leaving everything he had spent his life building to his son, he finally took matters in hand. He gave Baligh a choice—either he went out and made a name for himself, or he'd leave his businesses, fortune, and title to Baligh's cousin. Given the pair had never seen eye-to-eye, the boy simply couldn't tolerate that thought. To make matters worse, his father cut off his allowance. Baligh actually still receives his sizeable annual stipend (more than many small towns produce in a year)—his mother makes sure of that.

So it was Baligh left Balyana. Not that his passage went unnoticed—he rode through the town in his finest robes, acting like a heroic general leading his men to war. His mother secretly sent three bodyguards and two servants to wait for him outside the city with orders to watch over him. Baligh has been gone six months. In that time his bodyguards have died and his servants have deserted. If it wasn't for a party of adventurers rescuing him, he'd have died of thirst waiting for someone to bring him a cup of water.

Baligh is no hero, though he might yet become one. What makes him bearable to his comrades is his huge wealth. It's just their unfortunate fate that they have to tolerate his petulance and stupidity.



DESCRIPTION

Baligh has more money than sense, and he likes to display his wealth. His outfits would cause eyes to bulge at the Sultan's palace, and are completely ill-suited to the desert he is (temporarily) forced to call home. He wears so much jewelry he actually jangles when he walks. Even his weapons are bejeweled almost to the point of being impractical as instruments of war.

His prized possession is a magnificent "ruby," which sits in the center of his silk turban (from the Jade Empire, you know). It's actually made of glass—a former servant stole the original and substituted the fake years ago.

MANNERISMS

Baligh tries his hardest not to do anything for himself. He isn't lazy—he just doesn't see while he should dirty his hands with any form of menial task when there are peasants available to wait on his every whim. Similarly, his stubbornness is born from the belief that he, as a noble, knows what's best, and peasants, who are incapable of having any good ideas, should keep their mouths shut. In Baligh's eyes, anyone who isn't a noble is a peasant.

He is effeminate in his behavior. He once ran screaming from a battle so his manservant could clean a spot of blood off his clothes. He positively hates the desert—it's full of sand, ignorant people who don't understand a word he says, and dangerous beasts.

Having no real concept of money, he readily hands out pouches of coins to people he meets. He isn't being generous—his largesse is so people will remember his importance, and, more importantly, go and buy clothes that don't stink.