



CHAPTER V : TEMPLATES

These templates are examples of characters complete with histories. GM's can use them as ready-to-go setting characters, or players may want them to get a quick start. Feel free to customize them as needed.

Fighter Templates

Gladiator Template

Your father had been strict and rather closed minded for as long as you could remember. He had a view of the world that refused to acknowledge that your wealthy, powerful family was superior to the plebes by right of blood. The plebeians paid your father respect and he claimed it was due to his 'fair handed treatment' of them. You saw them for what they were, instruments to be used as you wished. When your father sent you to study with the physicians in Athens your teachers seemed to understand your position and realized you were superior. They introduced you to merchants from the east and Aegyptus, who introduced you to the poppy plant. It took you under its spell and by the time you returned to your father in Ravenna you enjoyed it daily. You father disapproved but you laughed in his face. You were your own master and the only one who commanded your destiny.

It was shortly after that that the praetorians found you experimenting on a live slave. The simple minded fools did not understand your greatness. They accused you of indecency and of offending the gods. How dare they! It was then that you turned to your father but he had already turned away.

All too soon the court condemned you to the arena. You could not believe your ears. The public looked on you with disgust in their eyes. The tribunes led you away and before you knew it you were on the block and sold to a gladiatorial school. It all became too real when you felt the burn of the brand marking you forever as a gladiatorial slave. The trainers took bets on how long you would take to die. You were marked for practice of the more experienced gladiators.

They came and took you to the practice arena where everyone thought you would face your death. As you walked into the arena you saw a man bearing a sword and he said to you, "Today you shall not die if you fight well and in my name."

"Who are you?" you asked.

"I am your god now, I am Mithras." You stood for a moment that seemed an eternity. His power seemed to flow into you. You knew a confidence and strength you never had

experienced before. You ran screaming into the arena, froth licking at your lips. The gladiator who stood before you was tissue. They had not even given you a sword but only a wooden shield. Still, you battered the man to the ground and despite his armor crushed his skull. It took four men to pull you off of him. All the time you were screaming to your god how he had made you invulnerable.

As the time passed your skills grew. Mithras came to council you at night instructing you in the art of war. He would protect you in the practice yard and later in the arena when you faced your opponents. No one else could see him but he always explained that away as the special nature you always knew you had. Only someone born with divine power could see a god.

Your career in the arena is only starting but Mithras has promised great things for you in the future. You know what you would like him to command you to do: slay your unworthy father.

Statistics - Gladiator Template

Strength	17
<i>Damage Mod</i>	+ 2
<i>Armor Mod</i>	+ 1
<i>Max Wt Lift</i>	180 lbs
Agility	19
<i>Initiative Mod</i>	+ 1
<i>Unarmed Com. Mod</i>	+ 2
<i>Bonus to Movement Skills</i>	+ 10
<i>Movement Rate</i>	13
Constitution	20
<i>Wt Encumbrance</i>	89 lbs
Dexterity	19
<i>Bonus To Hit</i>	+ 2
<i>Craft Skill Bonus</i>	+ 10
Intelligence	18
<i>Bonus to Intel. Skills</i>	+ 6
<i>Use Magic</i>	40%
Wisdom	10
<i>Bonus to Craft Skills</i>	- 5
<i>Directed Spell To Hit</i>	+ 0
Appearance	16
<i>Reaction Adj.</i>	+ 25%
Charisma	8
<i>Social Skill Bonus</i>	- 15%
Luck	17

Piety	20
Will	20
Defense	19
Level	1
Class	Gladiator
Spirit Points	25
Spell Casting Realm	Tenebrae Magae

Armor - Gladiator Template

Location	Armor	FP
1 - Head	60	15
2 - Right Arm	25	58
3 - Right Shoulder	25	58
4 - Chest	55	15
5 - Left Shoulder	25	58
6 - Left Arm	55	58
7 - Stomach	55	29
8 - Groin	25	29
9 - Right Leg	25	58
10 - Left Leg	25	58

The standard gladiator wears ringed leather with a plate helmet and a small steel shield.

Weapons - Gladiator Template

Weapon	DAM	ATT	+TH	+TD
Gladius	4d6	4	+4	+5
Trident	3d8	1 or 2	+2	+5

Skills - Gladiator Template

Skill	Levels	Final
Acrobatics	3	80%
Acting	1	25%
Armor Use (Leather)	1	40%
Bone setting	1	40%
Dodge	3	70%
First Aid	1	40%
Initiate (Mithras)	2	60%
Parrying (Gladius) 2 parry	3	70%
Shield Use	1	40%
Staff Use	1	40%
Surgery	1	40%
Sword Use	1	40%
Targeting (Gladius)	1	40%
Targeting (Trident)	1	40%

Spells - Gladiator Template

Spells	SP Cost	Range
Stun	3 pts	Sight
Gust	2 pts	100'
Suspension	4 pts	Touch

Legionarius Template



Born to a farming family in the dioecesis of Gallia, you found your childhood was filled with hard work. Not that you minded, you were the strongest in the village festivals and you always won the wrestling contests. All seemed well and you made friends with Tolemos, a legionnaire at the local fort. He taught you how to use a sword and march in formation, carry a shield and all manner of soldiers skills. Your mother did not approve but your father was very proud. He knew that all men should know how to fight.

Your father had always taught all his children that the Romans were here to stay and you might as well get along with them. He was not happy about it but he was also not part of the trouble makers, unlike many of your older brother's friends. It was a cold fall night just after the harvest and the bells started ringing. It could only mean fire. You ran from your bed without even putting on your boots. Fire meant death, whether in your bed or over the cold winter because precious grain had burned, one was just faster than the other. When you got to the granaries a battle was being fought. Men and women of the village fought farmers from the outlying lands. Strangely, the villagers kept the farmers from quenching the flames. Then, amongst the villagers, you saw your brother.

You were shocked. You stood with your mouth open. Your brother knew this would be death for your family. How could he! Anger welled up in your chest. You rushed forward, picked up a rock and threw it. It hit a man, not your brother, and knocked him down. You felt a rush that you had never felt before, not hunting nor in the scraps you had gotten into with neighbor boys. This was power.