

SORCERER

Name: Mandek

Nature: Loner

Society: Cult of Isis

Player:

Demeanor: Survivor

Mentor:

Scenario: The Eye of Ra

Essence: Questing

Concept: Vagrant

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●○○○○	Perception	●●●●○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●●●○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●○○○

Abilities

Talents		Skill		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●●○○	Animal Ken	●○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	●●○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Cosmology	○○○○○
Awareness	○○○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Culture	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Enigmas	●●○○○
Dodge	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Meditation	●○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Instruction	○○○○○	Melee	●●○○○	Linguistics	●●●○○
Intuition	●●○○○	Research	○○○○○	Lore	●●●○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Medicine	●○○○○
Streetwise	●●○○○	Survival	●●●○○	Occult	●●●○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Technology	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Numina

Alchemy	●●○○○	○○○○○	○○○○○
Conveyance	●●●○○	○○○○○	○○○○○
○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○○○	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds	Mana Pool	Health
Arcane ●●●○○	○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○	Bruised -0 <input type="checkbox"/>
Contacts ●●○○○		Hurt -1 <input type="checkbox"/>
○○○○○		Injured -1 <input type="checkbox"/>
○○○○○		Wounded -2 <input type="checkbox"/>
○○○○○		Mauled -2 <input type="checkbox"/>
		Crippled -5 <input type="checkbox"/>
		Incapacitated <input type="checkbox"/>

RESONANCE

Dynamic	○○○○○
Entropic	●○○○○
Static	○○○○○

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>

Rituals / Path

<u>The Inner Bubastis / Alchemy</u>
<u>Seb's Seasoning / Alchemy</u>
<u>Ward of Khephra / Conveyance</u>
<u>Neph's Melting / Conveyance</u>
<u>Wings of Horus / Conveyance</u>

Experience

MIANDEK

Background: You didn't have time to react. The army took the village by surprise and everyone was slaughtered. You're not sure why, even to this day. But one thing is certain; you sometimes wish that you had died that night as you were supposed to. There was no reason why you alone survived. Your wife and son had been riddled with bullets and the soldier had shot you in the head with his musket, blowing half your face away. Yet, hours later you clawed your way free from the bloody bodies mounted around you and crawled into the woods.

That night was the first time you had the dream:

You are standing atop a craggy hill; armies standing in each of the four directions that you look. They loose a barrage of artillery to you. You take the painless punishment and remain standing. Then a serpent erupts from ground and coils itself around you. You feel short of breath, you cannot breath. You feel it burrows its head into your heart and you feel yourself grow cold. It becomes a man and he holds two hearts in his hands, one of which he gives to you, the other of which he puts back into his own chest. He smiles a serpent's smile and transforms into a winged beast that flies into the darkening sky. The armies that surround you suddenly look more fearsome, more dangerous. Now you are suddenly afraid, suddenly fearful. And then they attack . . .

. . . You have awoken from that dream in a fearful sweat so many times over the centuries, and yet it has never lost its terror. You healed remarkably with very little scaring, much to your surprise. Not knowing what was happening to you or how you had survived, you hid in the woods, hoping that they wouldn't come after you.

That was in Poland, 1776. For thirty years you drifted through Europe hoping to find something that might offer you an explanation for our condition. And then you discovered magic. You had crawled underneath a stage in Bavaria to sleep and awoke to a lecture in the supernatural arts. Knowing yourself to be somewhat touched by the supernatural you sought this man to teach you more about it. You couldn't explain it then, and you still can't truly explain it now, but you are certain that within the arcane mysteries you may discover a way to save your soul.

One night, you described your dream to Lothar, the man that mentored you in the understanding of the occult. He looked at you with sad eyes and said, "Beware the heartless one, that lives, yet does not live. He will take your soul and you will know a life worse than the one you know now. Only then may you die, but you die damned beyond recompense." Then he dismissed you, telling you that he could not help you find what you truly seek. That was the last time you shared your dream with anyone.

You continued to live as a vagrant, drifting from town to town, from country to country, desperately seeking someone to mentor and guide you. While initially you were angry, you knew that Lothar was right in that he could not teach you. He had helped you to better understand the occult world, but you felt that something was missing.

Then you discovered the Cult of Isis in 1888. They worshiped Osiris the Dying and Rising God. Immediately you could identify with the fate of Osiris and wished to learn more. You have been a member ever since, and strangely no one has questioned your lack of apparent ageing.

While you have found someone to guide you in the ways of magic, you still live life on the street, now with a new purpose, that of watching and listening on behalf of the Cult.

Personal Aspects: Although most of the time you dress raggedly because you do not have any decent clothes, your body is tough and agile. You are sharp-eyed and watchful, although you lack the ability to clearly lead others in action. Physically, you have the appearance of a weathered thirty-something, but in truth you are much, much older. You have ragged black hair and deep brown penetrating eyes. You have a scar across your forehead from the injury that should have killed you so long ago. Your skin is a little tanned from living in hot climates, but your accent has become indiscernible. While you try to be helpful to your associates, and will share what knowledge you have fairly freely, you prefer to keep much of your past secret, and you don't allow others to get close to you.

Opinions of others:

Sherrilyn Sweet: She isn't as sweet as her name implies. There are dark secrets underneath her petticoats. She has her heads in her books too much for your liking.

Charles Forthroy III: He's young and arrogant. You were once. He'll grow out of it.

Elita Fortier: She is bright and dedicated to the Cult. She is by far the most reliable of them all.

Adranio Menendez y de Chavel: A nice enough Spaniard, and a skilled thief. He hides much pain behind his good nature.

Pablo Menendez y de la Fuente: Young, cocky. He's experienced too much crime. His father loves him, but you fear that he may lead his father to trouble.

Lou Macbride: A lawful man, but there is something strange about him. He sometimes seems a little distant. You'd better watch him closely.

Cult of Isis: They have for so long been a home and a purpose, although you doubt that they can provide you your salvation from the dark fate that looms over you.