

NAME: Pavan Haroon ("Breeze of Hope") **NOTE:** "Pavan" is the given name, "Haroon" the family name.

NATIONALITY Tashil

ARCANUM: Insightful (Virtue) - you may activate your Virtue to determine what Arcanum another character has.

YOUR I CHING: **Ta Chuang - the power of the great.** *The superior man does not tread upon paths that do not accord with established order.* Once per story you may raise or lower the Feng Shui rating of a specific location by one. It returns to normal once you depart.

CHARACTERISTICS

BRAWN 2
FINESSE 2
WITS 4
RESOLVE 2
PANACHE 2

ADVANTAGES

Tashila - see below

SWORDSMAN SCHOOL/MAGIC

Tashila - you are part of an order of holy ascetics who strive to attain their fullest potential by achieving higher consciousness so their bodies, minds, and emotions can be unified. You gain the Tashila Skill for free, and gain one rank in Contortion as well. At the end of every round of combat you may reduce the number of flesh wounds you have taken by an amount equal to your Contortion knack. You gain a free raise to resist a repartee action for every rank you have in Meditation. You may also treat any fear causing creature as though its fear rating were reduced by an amount equal to your skill in meditation. This also applies to both positive and negative Feng Shui.

SKILLS

MARTIAL SKILLS

Staff

Attack (Staff) 3
Parry (Staff) 3

CIVIL SKILLS

Tashila

Calligraphy 1
Chanting 2
History 1
Oratory 2
Menial tasks 1
Philosophy: 2
Unobtrusive: 1
Writing 1
Contortion: 3

Feng Shui Shi

Chanting 2
Gardener 1
Interior Design 1
Oratory: 2
Philosophy 2
Meditation: 1

COMBAT INFORMATION

Initiative Roll: 2k2

Soak Roll: 2k2

Dramatic Wounds: 2+2

DEFENSE

Name	Passive	Active
Parry (Gwon)	20	7k4 (plus free raise)

ARMOR

None

ATTACK

Type	To Hit	Damage	Range	Short	Long
Attack (Gwon)	5k2	4k2	-	-	-

BACKGROUND

You are a vigorous man, and have always lived a vigorous life - from a young age you have determined to exercise body, mind, and spirit as one. Thus the life of a Tashila seemed natural to you. Growing up in a monastery, you sought to unite all of your different parts into a unified whole, and after 16 years of earnest and devoted practice you have begun to sense that your goal, though still distant, is at least attainable.

Last year you became aware through your meditations and geomantic investigations that your destiny did not lie in Tashil. Thus you packed your few possessions, and picked up your alms bowl and staff, and began to travel. You gradually moved north, supporting yourself as an itinerant holy man, until at last this week your footsteps took you to the Celestial City itself!

This morning you were sitting in one of the many public squares, discussing philosophy with others such as yourself and sipping tea, when your group was approached by a man in the robes of a priest from Khimal. He entered into your discussion, asking many questions. At first he questioned everyone in the group, but more and more the questions were directed at you! You answered as best you could, but many of the questions were beyond the scope of your knowledge - some of them were even more of a personal nature - your views about the Empire for example. At last the man smiled and informed you that he had come all the way from Khimal seeking you! There was an important task that you were required to undertake - and your presence was required in the Outer Court at once! Though you protested that you were not fit to present yourself, such was the force of his will, the earnestness in his voice, and the power within him that you became convinced that he was telling you the complete truth - you WERE needed, urgently, and time was of the essence. You ran through the streets, following him, and arrived at the palace gates winded. To your surprise the guards stood aside to let the two of you pass. Your companion then explained that he was not simply a priest, but was the ambassador from the High Lama himself to the court of the Empress, and that he had been seeking you for months at the expressed orders of the Holy Man himself! His word acted as a pass that whisked you into the Outer Palace, and you now stand alone in an antechamber, dusty and still breathing heavily, with your few possessions at your feet, waiting for a summons to present yourself. Your companion's words have convinced you though - you are here for something important. You can feel it.