

# THE DEFIANT ELEMENTALIST

*"You're hardly worth burning."*

## Menelaris Covanalar

Race: Elf

Archetype: Spell Caster

Style: 3

Motivation: Reclaim Power

Health: 6

### Primary Attributes

Body: 3

Dexterity: 2

Strength: 2

Charisma: 3

Intelligence: 2

Willpower: 3

### Secondary Attributes

Size: 0

Move: 4

Perception: 7\*

Initiative: 4

Defense: 5

Stun: 3

### Skills

Skills	Base	Levels	Rating	(Avg.)
Athletics	2	2	4	(2)
Larceny	2	2	4	(2)
Magic/Elemental	3	4	7	--
Melee	2	3	5	(2+)
Stealth	2	2	4	(2)
Survival	2	2	4	(2)

### Talents

**Indefatigable:** 1 extra die when spending Style points on Willpower-based rolls

**Keen Hearing:** +2 to hearing-related Perception rolls

**Musical:** +2 music-related Performance rolls

\***Alertness:** +2 to Perception

**Magical Aptitude:** Elemental

### Flaws

**Unnatural:** -2 to Skill rolls in woodlands, plants and animals receive +1 to attack elves

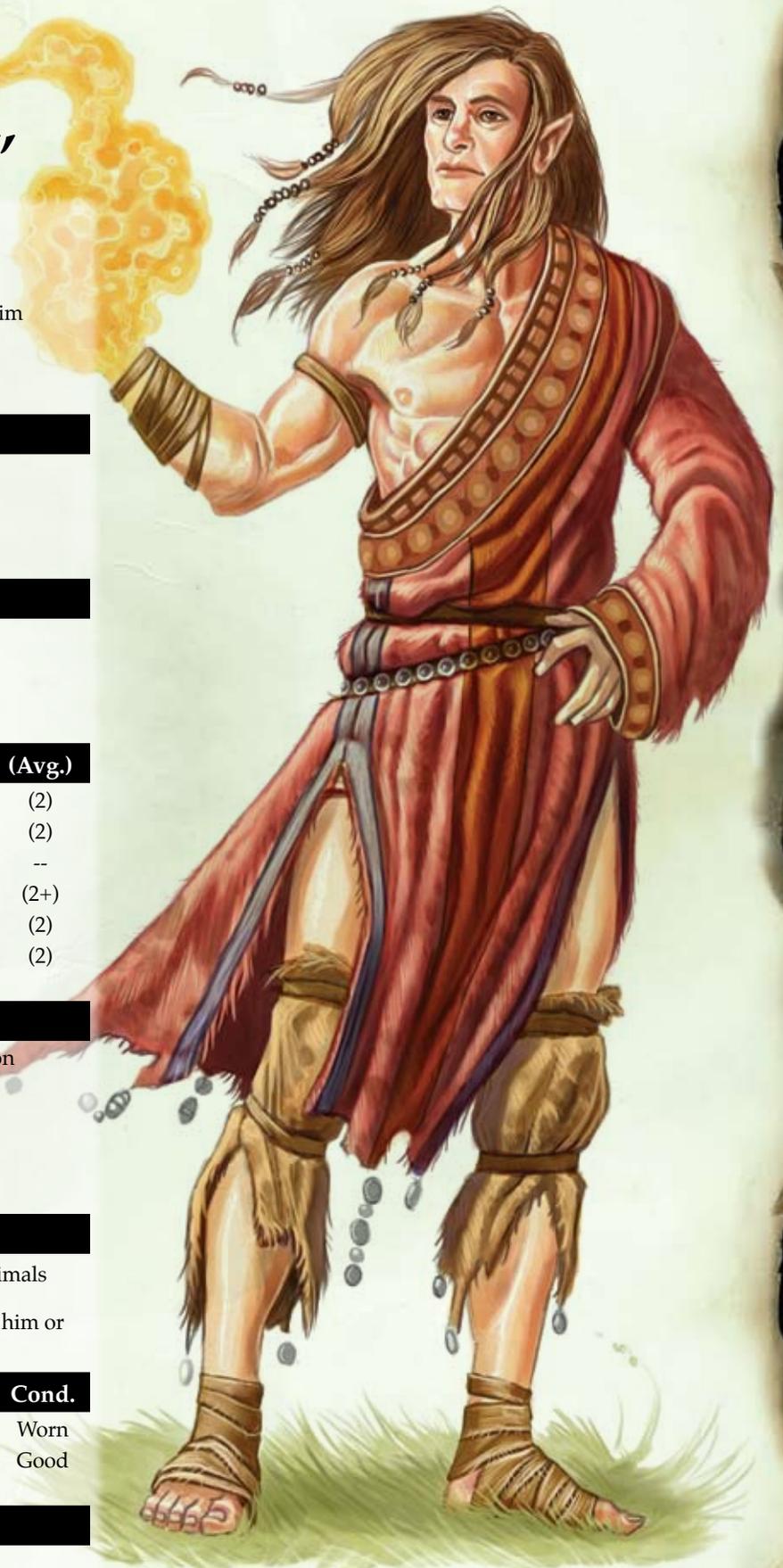
**Condescending:** Receive a Style point whenever it gets him or his companions into trouble

### Weapons

Weapons	Rating	Size	Attack	(Avg.)	Cond.
Axe, Hand	2L	0	7L	(3+) L	Worn
Dagger	1L	0	6L	(3) L	Good

### Languages

Ascondean, Elven



## My Story

I've been spit on, many times — by men, women, and even children — just because of my race. Just because I'm an "accursed" elf. That was Before, when shame burned through me like hot lead. They weren't worth my hate, so I kept it all inside.

Not long before the Apocalypse, the fire came out. A farmer in Cushulain — dreadful place, full of corn-fed bumpkins interspersed with the occasional hayseed ... though far fewer of them now, I'd wager. Where was I? Oh yes, one of Cushulain's finest caught me sleeping in his barn one morning. He started yelling about me cursing his harvest and decided to kick me out, literally. The oaf's manure-soaked boot caught me in the nose. Blood pounded in my ears. It sounded like a stampede, only louder. The pain was excruciating. I cried out in anger and somehow the sound surrounded me in flames. It scared the farmer off. It also burned down his barn. I suppose that made us even.

With trial and error, I eventually learned to summon the flames and the air that feeds them. Before long I had enough control that I could melt a lock without charring the door. The magic let me get what I needed to survive. We elves were scrounging for centuries before the Night of Fire brought the rest of you to our level. Still, I never took more than I needed.

I believe the stories my grandfather used to tell us about the Banishment. I believe Nature took our magic because we didn't maintain the Balance. After all this time, the elves have been granted the Song again. It is a precious gift, given only to those elves, like myself, who are worthy. I have no intention of losing it.

But one day I did. It was gone. I looked up and was almost relieved to see the ominous red sky. Whatever was going on, it wasn't just me — though now I truly wish it would have been. The ground began to shake. Winds I could not control threatened to carry me away. Then fire fell from the sky. I found a farmhouse with a deep, well-stocked cellar and waited to die. I didn't. My magic came back, but it was much harder to coax out. Now it's physically draining each time I cast a spell.

A few months ago I decided to set out. Maybe I had been given the gift for a reason, I thought. Perhaps I was intended to use my magic to help others, though no one had ever helped me. Regardless, I decided to assist the first group of survivors I saw. They were digging out from the deep snows that had buried whatever was left of Scondera.

I called upon the Song and melted the ice and snow away. Flames shot from my hands, melting feet of snow in seconds. The men's eyes got big as they saw me do what would have taken them hours. I started to say "You're welcome," but then darkness closed in on me and I passed out.

I woke up in time to see a shovel hit me in the head. If a couple of the village's less savage inhabitants hadn't secreted me away ... well, let's just say I won't be helping anymore non-gifted ones unless they prove their worth.

## Roleplaying

You are special, and you know it. You are one of the few elves who once again have the Song.

After a lifetime of being put down and seen as lower-class, it's nearly impossible for you not to flaunt your magical power and gloat about the beleaguered state in which most survivors find themselves. It's as if the entire world has been brought as low as the Banishment brought the elves. It's as glorious as it is terrible.

It is difficult for you to help people. You know most of these same people would not have lifted a finger to help an elf in the Before. Still, even your jaded conscience can sometimes be moved by the pitiful plight of survivors. But when you do help, you make sure they know they owe their survival to an elf.

You can earn Style points when your true, condescending, feelings come to the surface.

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