

Vital Stats: "Stern"

Age: 26

Weight: 49kg

Eyes: Brown

Metatype: Troll

Height: 1.78m

Hair: None

Gender: Male

Awakened: No

Primary Role: Close Combat

Secondary Role: Bodyguard

Physical Description:

Stern is a tall, smooth skinned troll. He has two large horns on either side of his head that curve down and around his face, much like rams horns. Stern is very large (8 feet or so), and extremely muscular. He dresses mostly in exercise clothes, or clothes with sports team logos on them.



Word on the Street:

>> Stern's a 'local boy done good'. Former gang banger, got himself out of the gutter and into the pro-bodyguarding biz. Used to work for George 'The Mauler' Thornton on the Seahawks. Not sure what happened, but The Mauler let him go a few months back.

>> K.H.

>> Stern's huge, even for a troll. He's usually pretty even keel, but you get him riled up and he's hella mean. Thornton fired him because Stern cracked him one in the jaw. The boy's got a temper!

>> Arrow

>> George Thornton fired him because he had no more use for him. Stern did more legbreaking for him than he ever did guarding anything.

>> K.H.

>> Stern's a blunt instrument and should be used like one. Use with caution and not near anything you have any interest in keeping in one piece.

>> The Mauler

Personal Commentary:

Look. I'm a Troll, see? I'm obviously not the guy you want bargaining for your payment, I ain't shit when it comes to computers, and I ain't no spellslinger.

You want someone beaten up? Point me at 'em. You want someone protected? Put 'em behind me. I'm a fraggin brick wall.

Roleplaying Notes:

Stern is grew up on the streets, born and raised in a gang, but unlike many of his contemporaries he grew up and got out before he got himself killed, and he's fiercely proud of that fact. He is not callous and, even though he specializes in violence, he is not always proud of what he does... he's just *really* good at it. He has a great respect for human life, and often shows a little bit of regret for his actions. For example, he's quite apt to help the poor slag that he just beat the crap out of get up, dust himself off, and find his brain-addled way into a cab.