



50 FATHOMS PRE-GENERATED CHARACTERS

A selection of Novice rank characters suitable for use as PCs in your
50 Fathoms Game

Also available online at the [Savagepedia](#)



This game references the *Savage Worlds* game system, available from Pinnacle Entertainment Group at www.peginc.com. *Savage Worlds* and all associated logos and trademarks are copyrights of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Used with permission. Pinnacle makes no representation or warranty as to the quality, viability, or suitability for purpose of this product.

Sharn Windsprit

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D10, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D4, Vigour D6

Skills: Flying D6, Fighting D8, Throwing D6, Boating D6, Climbing D6, Guts D6, Notice D6, Streetwise D6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Loyal, Quirk – Quick Temper, Vow (major) – Hunt down her family's murderers

Edges: Connections - Smugglers, Florentine

Gear: 200 silver pieces; Rapier, Dagger, Throwing Axe (x2), Flask (bearing the Windsprit family crest), Bedroll

Racial Edges & Hindrances: Agile, Glider, Weak

Description:

Young, flame haired Atani woman with lightly tanned skin. Her attractive features are marred only by the hard set to her jaw. Her dancers poise and a fragile grace can be greatly deceiving to those who doubt her mettle. She prefers light, loose clothing; simple shirts, ankle length, silk sailor's trousers and (when she does wear footwear) sturdy sandals.

Background

When Caribdus started to flood Sharn Windsprit was just a child of five. Her family did not live in the main carroway forests, but a small woodland of the great trees. Their home was one of the first to be threatened by the encroaching waters and her father took the difficult decision to fell their trees and from them build a ship that would take Sharn's family to safety.

The family wealth hired excellent shipwrights. They did their work well and the ship (named The Sanctuary) was magnificent; large enough to accommodate the entire family and a hold full of precious carroway wood, but still sleek and responsive. Sharn's father also hired sailors to crew the ship (the atani not knowing much about seafaring). However one of the shipwrights had spoken of the ship and its cargo and the crew turned out to be a gang of cutthroat's intent on murder and piracy. Within days of setting out for Maroa they mutinied. The family's food was drugged and their unconscious bodies dumped overboard to die. One of the rogues had a touch of decency however. In an attempt to save Sharn from his murderous comrades, he placed the frightened child in a watertight barrel with a flask of water and a loaf of bread. Praying to his ancestors to forgive his sins and watch over the child, set her adrift.

Miraculously young Sharn survived long enough to be picked by a passing ship – in fact it was a smuggling vessel and the crew a motley collection of free spirits made up from numerous races of Caribdus. Despite his occupation the captain, Malcos Mulvin was a good man and took the child in and his kindness and fatherly love helped her recover from her great loss. With no family and nowhere else to go she adapted quickly to a smugglers life and was soon part of the crew. She never forgot her family's fate however and picked up a number of potential leads on their murderers in her travels. When Mulvin retired to the Free Towns Sharn set out to avenge her family, but other adventures keep getting in the way...

Notes

Sharn is tough, independent and feisty. Her time as a smuggler taught her many useful skills, not to mention the value of stout comrades and the benefits of a good sword and a forceful disposition. She still feels the loss of her family, but keeps those feelings buried deep. She felt honour bound not to pursue her quest while she felt Malcos (who she loves dearly) still needed her and Malcos probably stayed in the game longer than he would have because of this fact. Generally good natured, she does have a quick temper that has gotten her into trouble more than once and which can be quite awe inspiring to those who first witness it.

Quote: "Choose shipmate, fight or flight. I can do both, you can do either..."

Cardiff

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D6, Vigour D6

Skills: Swimming D6, Fighting D8, Shooting D4, Boating D6, Climbing D6, Guts D6, Intimidation D4, Notice D6, Survival D6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 6 (+1 w/t rapier); **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Enemy (minor) – Former Shipmates

Edges: Berserk

Gear: 200 silver pieces; Rapier, Flintlock Pistol

Racial Edges & Hindrances: Aquatic, Dehydration, Habit – Unwholesome Appetite, Racial Enemy – Doreen, Teeth and Claws

Description

Young Kehana with dark blue skin that changes to reddish, orange down his back. Unreadable coal black eyes and sharp teeth. His exudes an odd combination of naivety and savagery that many people can find quite disturbing. He dresses (overdresses really) in a garish mismatch of cloths and styles, but fails to look after them giving him a rather dishevelled appearance.

Background

Cardiff (as he is known) was quite young when he discovered a human shipwreck survivor. He had heard of the other peoples of Caribdus but had never seen them; especially the exotic humans that had begun appearing in the world. He was instantly fascinated by the man, especially his cloths and mannerisms and unlike many of his kind did not immediately set upon the scared individual and kill him. In fact he befriended the terrified survivor - as much as a kehana understands the concept - and brought him food (well raw fish). He kept his existence secret for many weeks and learned a great deal about the world beyond his home. However certain changes in his demeanour alerted the others and both he and the human were discovered. The pack instantly set upon the pair. The human was savagely ripped to shreds, but although wounded Cardiff managed to escape. Now an outsider and facing further retribution if he stayed, he left The Flumes.

He swam south, until he spied a merchantman bound for the Freetowns. Catching up with it he climbed aboard. The crew alarmed by the sudden appearance of such a savage creature would have killed him then and there. However the captain - a wily old masaquani sea dog of many years experience - had seen this sort of thing before. He called off his men and once he had determined that the kehana intended no ill, invited him to join his crew. The young kehana thought this 'very civilised' and accepted the offer.

He meant well but his general behaviour did not engender him to the rest of the crew, but he was eager to learn the ropes and tried to fit in. He sailed with them for many months and the crew's fear of him dissipated (though not their disgust). Unable to pronounce his real name, one of the humans aboard jokingly nicknamed him 'Cardiff' (as it sounded a bit like his actual name) and it stuck - he had no idea that they were secretly mocking him. One night in port however the gentle chiding turned nasty. One of the crew got drunk and began goading him. Something snapped in the kehana and he attacked the man in a savage rage, badly wounding him before his shipmates could pull him off. Escaping the vengeful crew and unable to return to the ship, he set out on his own to learn more about the 'civilised world'.

Notes

Cardiff is enamoured with the trappings of civilisation. He tries very hard to 'get it' but is frequently betrayed by his savage upbringing. He will latch on to anyone whom he sees exhibiting sophisticated behaviour and imitate it - at best this usually appears gauche. He is wont to pick up new affectations at the drop of a hat whenever some new aspect of civilisation catches his eye; mixing and matching inappropriately in an effort to appear more cultured. He is often mocked for his attitudes (but only behind his back). Generally he is good natured (for a kehana) but his savage side is never far from the surface. He fights with a dashing, savage exuberance.

Quote: "A gun? How very civilised."

Hoy the Doreen

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D4, Spirit D6, Strength D6, Vigour D6

Skills: Swimming D8, Fighting D10, Guts D6, Intimidation D8, Stealth D6, Survival D4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Deathwish – Warrior's Death, Poverty

Edges: Close Fighting

Gear: 195 silver pieces; Dagger, Spear, Shark Tooth Necklace, Whetstone

Racial Edges & Hindrances: Coup, Racial Enemy – Kehana, Sea Hunter, Semi-Aquatic

Description:

Grey-blue skin, indeterminate age and non-descript appearance. At first glance he seems to be nothing more than another homeless doreen. A closer inspection reveals the many scars that his body bears. He wears a simple loin cloth, a belt with a scabbard for his knife and a small pouch for his personal items. His only adornment is a shark tooth necklace.

Background

Since he was a fry the Doreen known as Hoy had trained to be a warrior of his tribe, helping to protect his people against their enemies and the many predators of Caribdus. A skilled and determined fighter he had killed his first shark while he was still but a youth. When the inundation began and he and his people were driven from their homeland, he was one who sought to protect them on their great exodus.

After their attempts to seek shelter with the kehana ended in massacre, Hoy was one of those who choose to stay behind and head off the pursuing kehana to give time for the rest of his people to escape. He was fully prepared to lay down his life that day, but fate was not to be so kind. The last stand of the doreen was desperate and brutal. The sea turned dark with the blood of the combatants and masses of sharks were drawn to the melee further adding to the carnage. The battle lasted an entire day. No quarter was given by either side, but bravery and courage were not enough, the sheer number of their enemies meant the outcome was never in doubt. Although each doreen sold his life dearly, they could never hope to do anything but slow down their blood-mad enemies. Hoy was badly injured in the turmoil and left for dead. When he regained consciousness he found himself washed ashore on some lonely spit of land along with dozens of corpses - both his friends and foes.

Since that day he has wandered Caribdus, homeless and master less, prepared to lend his knife arm to any who might pay his keep, but never staying in one place very long.

Notes

The fact that he survived where so many of his comrades fell is a source of great dishonour to him. This has prevented him from searching out others of his kind. He seeks a warrior's death, but will not just throw his life away (and therefore bring further dishonour to himself). Although he holds the kehana responsible for the fate of his people he realises deep down who is truly to blame for the demise of his race; the Sea Hags. It would not take much to convince him to join any quest to end their reign of terror and he would happily give his life to destroy them once and for all.

Quote: "That sword will not protect you and I will be looking into your eyes when you die."

Hhuk the Grael

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D4, Spirit D6, Strength D12, Vigour D6

Skills: Fighting D8, Boating D4, Guts D6, Notice D4, Swimming D6, Taunt D8, Tracking D4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 2"; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: One Leg (Peg)

Edges: Sweep

Gear: 249 silver pieces; Grael Battleball, Waterskin

Racial Edges & Hindrances: All Thumbs, Blubber, Dumb, Semi-Aquatic, Size +1, Slow, Strong

Description

Gray-skinned, corpulent build and bulging arms. He has gold caps on his tusks and a multitude of cheap, gaudy jewellery. Generally he wears a sarong and goes barefoot. His peg leg is made of whalebone. As thick as a child's waist and beautifully engraved; it was carved in Arfk by skilled grael craftsman (i.e. worth a pretty penny). He is far too attached to it (ahem) to ever sell it however, as apart from keeping him upright; it is his last real tie with his homeland.

Background

Hhuk's life was much like that of any other Grael; hunting the snow covered lands of Arfk for seals and blue bear. He was perhaps more enthralled by the tales of visiting travellers than he was to listening to the wishes of the elders of this tribe. The pride to which Hhuk belonged was an old and respected one, more insular than others and disapproving of outsiders and their 'new ways', however Hhuk would take every opportunity to hear tales of the places beyond the Cold Sea. Disregarding the wishes of the Elders he signed up to a ship as soon as he was able and set out to see the world. He did not make a great sailor, but his ox-like strength was readily put to use around the ship and his boisterous courage was tested more than once in the treacherous seas and ports of Caribdus.

Life was good until his ship sailed too near the Flotsam Sea. It got caught by a storm of great and unnatural intensity. Desperately trying to make for safe harbour, the ship was lashed by the vicious squall for three days. Many men lost their lives to that rancorous tempest, washed overboard. On the third night a spar snapped and crushed Hhuk's right leg to pulp. The ship had no water mage and before the badly damaged vessel managed to limp to port, infection had set in. The ship's surgeon (well, carpenter) could do nothing but amputate the gangrenous limb.

Eventually returning to Arfk and with no possibility of returning to his former hunter's life (even if he wanted to) Hhuk found cold comfort from his pride. Facing isolation and indifference from his people, Hhuk signed on with the first ship he could and left his homeland once again. Since then he has sailed on many ships with many captains. He has served as crewman, privateer, marine (and once as a pirate). Still an indifferent sailor his great physique means that he has no trouble finding work as a ship hand, strongback, or fighter.

Notes

Hhuk is a doughty companion with an irrepressible lust for life and adventure. His bravery (or dim-witted courage, take your pick) has served him well through the years. He enjoys a fight, but thinks of them rather as a good workout. He is no killer and will not take another's life easily. He will pull his punches if he thinks he will seriously hurt someone, but when he meets an opponent upon whom he can unleash his full strength, he will do so with gusto. By no means a mobile or nimble fighter, Hhuk prefers to let his foes come to him, whence he can proceed to batter them around like nine-pins. If they show reluctance (understandably) he will encourage them with taunts which will usually get a rise (he possesses no great insight in psychology and his language skills are not great, but his very lack of articulation seems to enrage his foes far more than the insults themselves).

Quote: "Hockey-ho little person, Hhuk will not hurt you plenty much."

Safara

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D6, Spirit D8, Strength D6, Vigour D6

Skills: Knowledge - Masaquani D6, Fighting D8, Throwing D4, Boating D6, Guts D6, Intimidation D8, Swimming D4, Taunt D6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: All Thumbs, Heroic, Stubborn

Edges: Brawny, Strong Willed

Gear: 270 silver pieces; Scimitar, Dagger, Whetstone, Waterskin

Description:

Tall in stature, a lean, hard physique and shaved head. Wears embroidered waistcoat, baggy silk trousers with red sash and stout leather sandals. His back is crisscrossed by scars - the long, distinctively brutal marks of the lash.

Background

When Arab raiders attacked his African village, Safara was just a boy. This didn't stop them taking him (and many others) to Algiers to be sold into slavery. Although they could shackle his limbs they could not chain his spirit and desire for freedom. His many attempts to escape captivity proved to be more trouble than he was worth, and having a strong back his masters sold him to one of the Barbary Pirates (and were glad to be rid of the wilful adolescent). For many long years he toiled at the oars of a galley; under the lash of his cruel captors.

Conditions were harsh but he bided his time. Eventually the chance came and leading the slaves in revolt they captured the ship and dispatched its former masters. With a vessel and a willing crew he took up the sword against the Barbary Corsairs. Attacking and sinking their ships, freeing their captives and stealing their gold, he and his crew soon became a legend of the Barbary Coast and the name of Safara was much feared by his former masters.

Although many would later claim the destruction of their troublesome enemy, the truth will probably never be known. While pursuing a rich prize off the coast of Italy the ship was overtaken by an intense storm that seemed to materialise out of nowhere. Their quarry lost, the ship battled against the storm's fury for hours. Eventually however the exhausted survivors emerged to find themselves in the place known as the Devil's Cross. Straining at the oars, through sheer brute strength and courage the crew escaped, battling horrific creatures all the way. The storm and the minions of the Sea Hags had taken their toll however. With the ship slowly sinking and the tiller and sail smashed, the few survivors could do little more than drift where the currents took them. Hunger and thirst would do for the rest of the crew and by the time the ship ran aground on rocks at Brigandy Bay, Safara was the only one still alive (though barely). The pirates helped themselves to anything of value left on the ship, but also took the lone survivor and nursed him back to health. From them Safara learned the truth; that he was no longer on Earth, but like Earth there was still cruelty and injustice and also true evil in this world. He also understood as well that there were opportunities for great deeds and great glory...

Notes

As a child Safara had often heard tales of spirits and the supernatural so was less disconcerted than most to find that in Caribdu these things were very real. The harsh realities of his life have taught him to think beyond the petty attitudes of his time. He loves only freedom, liberty and the courage to shape one's own destiny. Any man (or woman) who stands by those ideals he will gladly count as comrade, no matter their race, colour or creed. He will oppose his lion-like courage against any evil, be from in the hearts of men or from forces beyond... His one weakness is perhaps his pride, which often makes him seem unreasonable and difficult to get along with.

Quote: "Stand aside or be cut down like a dog!"

Likeness: Woody Strode

Edward Van Helgen

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D8, Spirit D8, Strength D6, Vigour D4

Skills: Knowledge - Masaquani D6, Fighting D6, Shooting D6, Boating D6, Knowledge - Tactics D8, Notice D6, Persuasion D6, Swimming D6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 5(+1 w/t rapier); **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Cautious, Code of Honour, Quirk - Fine Dresser

Edges: Charismatic, Command

Gear: 26 silver pieces; Rapier, Dagger, Flintlock (x2), Powder & Shot

Description

Tall, elegant and dashing. Long, dark hair (in the current style) thin well kept moustache, goatee and a charming smile adorn his well proportioned features. He dresses like a dandy (dapper); long coat, waist coat, large hat, boots and knee breeches of the finest cloth and latest style.

Background

Edward Van Helgen was born in Amsterdam in 1646, the son of a wealthy landowner. At the age of eighteen he convinced his father to allow him to enlist in the Dutch navy – using his father's high social rank to buy a commission aboard a Dutch warship. He served for five years in the war with the English until his father's sudden death forced him to resign his commission and take over the family's holdings. In the new climate of trade he was able to revive his families' interests (which had suffered during the war years). He used the profits to purchase a sugar plantation in Barbados, quickly becoming accepted in Bridgetown social circles.

His business acumen meant that the well run estate was soon turning a goodly profit – to the detriment of the plantations of his mostly English neighbours. Their resentment would lead to his ruin. His unscrupulous rivals used every underhand trick in the book and their sharp practice (including passing information on to pirates) soon meant his business interests were quickly diminishing. When he turned to the courts, he found them corrupt and biased in favour of his enemies. With no legal recourse and rapidly facing ruin he decided that if he could not have justice he would settle for the cash instead. Using the last of his fortune to purchase a ship and his charisma and knowledge of his rival's activities to hire a crew with the promise of booty, Van Helgen turned pirate.

For the next few years he and his crew cut a very successful piratical career for themselves in the Caribbean until, in 1682, he was finally tracked down by Admiral Rottingham of the British Navy off the coast of North Carolina - English shipping being a favourite target for Van Helgen and his scallywags. However just as his capture or destruction seemed at hand a sudden and unnatural fog rolled in and seizing this opportunity for escape he ordered the his men to sail straight for it. Little did he realise that he was about to sail right out of this world. What happened next was like a nightmare and at times the crew thought they had sailed into Hades. However under Van Helgen's stout command a few survivors made it out of the Flotsam Sea to start a new life in Caribbus.

Notes

Van Helgen always harboured a secret resentment that his promising career in the navy had been cut short. He enjoyed the freedom of a piratical life (the fact that he was striking at his enemies made it all the more delicious). Now stranded in a new world he has all the freedom and adventure he could crave, without the nuisance of the British Navy to worry about. Not one to take chances, his caution served him well as both a business man and a pirate. He is courteous and somewhat brash, but always the gentlemen – even when robbing you at gunpoint. He considers himself the 'gentleman-pirate' of the High Seas.

Quote: “Stand by to be boarded! And if you all cooperate in a civil manner I promise to have you under way again by supertime.”

Likeness: Richard Chamberlain

Jack Doran

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D4, Vigour D6

Skills: Knowledge - Masaquani D6, Fighting D4, Climb D6, Guts D4, Lockpick D8, Notice D6, Stealth D8, Persuasion D4, Streetwise D6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Illiterate, Poverty, Small (thin)

Edges: Danger Sense, Fleet footed, Thief

Gear: 10 silver pieces; Dagger, Candles (x5), Leather Satchel, Lockpicks

Description

Young, pale and skinny, his body is infused with a nervous twitchy energy. His guileless, eager face is betrayed by certain craftiness to the eyes. His clothing is old and worn (he's working on that) consisting of britches and shirt, he wears shoes when he can afford them.

Background

Jack Doran – 'Jackdaw' to his friends - was (and is) a thief. Like many he was forced to turn to a life of crime to survive in the unforgiving age in which he was born. He made no bones of the fact and was quite happy to steal anything that wasn't nailed down. He eventually 'graduated' from petty thief to a crack 'top-storey man' - having neither the physique (nor temperament) to obtain money with violence. When the Bow Street Runners finally caught up with him he was found with a bag of silverware knocked off from a house in Mayfair. Brought before 'The Beak' he was quickly found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude in the colonies - he at least had the satisfaction of knowing that he was going-down from a proper job, not for stealing a loaf of bread like some.

The conditions aboard the ship were harsh (but no worse than Newgate). Apart from a short, daily excursion on deck, the convicts were mostly kept below and so knew virtually nothing of what proceeded on the ship. So the first that the unwilling passengers knew of the trouble was when the merchantman began to be buffeted by a raging storm. The squall lasted for what seemed like days to those trapped below - they had been kept there while the elements lashed the ship. Eventually the gale seemed to subside in intensity but they had no more idea than the crew that they were now in another world; stranded in the forsaken place known as The Flotsam Sea.

Then the screaming began. Quaking, the convicts listened to the sounds of horror and struggle that reached them from above as the crew were set upon by the hideous denizens of the Devil's Cross. Eventually there was silence. After a fearful wait the survivors were able to force the door and ventured out. What they found was a deserted ship, signs of a brutal conflict and nothing more. Ironically they had escaped the massacre because they had all been locked in the hold, but of the captain and crew there was no sign. It didn't take them long to realise that they had not arrived in the colonies. They salvaged what they could and taking the longboats abandoned the ship. Jack was one of the lucky ones; he made it to the Freetowns. Now Jackdaw is back to his old tricks...

Notes

Jackdaw has adapted well to this new world - after all, compared with a life of hard labour Caribdis isn't that bad. Jackdaw's sense of danger is very highly attuned and probably accounts for his jittery nature and being continually on edge (life as an underdog will do that to a man). Most people consider him to be an inveterate coward; Jackdaw will argue the fact that he simply has a very keen sense of self preservation. Like a rat he will only fight when cornered, generally trying (and failing more times than not) to talk his way out of serious harm. He has also been known to scream like a girl on occasion.

Quote: "Oh, it was yer purse? Now wait, let's not be hasty..."

Likeness: Ewen Bremner

Aubrey Harrington

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D4, Smarts D8, Spirit D8, Strength D4, Vigour D6

Skills: Knowledge – Masaquani D6, Fighting D4, Guts D6, Healing D8, Knowledge – Naturalist D8, Notice D8, Survival D6, Swimming D4

Charisma 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Doubting Thomas, Quirk – values his notebooks above his life

Edges: Healer, Luck

Gear: 275 silver pieces; Walking Stick, Backpack, Bedroll, Blanket, Flint & Steel, Leather Satchel, Map of Caribdus, Soap & Razor, Rope, Waterskin, Notebooks, Quill & Ink

Description:

A man of middling years, distinguished features, high intelligent brow and a kind face. He dresses simply and practically in stout canvas trousers, good boots and cotton shirt - his formally fine clothing is gradually 'going native', as is the man himself. He does try to shave every day however as one should try to keep up appearances.

Background

Trained as a doctor (and a damn good one at that), Aubrey became a ship's surgeon in the British Navy (seeing action at Trafalgar as well as other places). He also received a broad and excellent education in his youth and maintained a keen interest in zoology and biology into his adult years. When the chance came to be chief naturalist on an expedition to South America to gather samples for the Royal Society he jumped at the chance.

The expedition was barely underway however when, responding to the eerie cries of what was thought to be a shipwreck survivor lost in a fog bank, the ship found itself in the midst of a terrible storm the like of which the Captain (of many years experience) had never seen the like of. The ship survived the tempest but when the skies cleared, the bedraggled crew found they were in a place not marked on any charts. Before they could learn the truth their ship was attacked by pirates – some appeared human, some did not... They set upon the exhausted crew and would have massacred them all had they not been driven off by the timely arrival of Admiral Nelson Duckworth and the H.M.S. Justice.

Their ship was escorted to Baltimus and Aubrey could have taken a position with the Admiral (the two striking up an instant friendship) as ship's surgeon aboard his flagship. However the lure of discovery and the chance to document and (by the grace of God) someday present his findings to the Royal Society was too strong. Perhaps rather foolhardily Aubrey opted to become an explorer in this new and alien world, determined to unlock its secrets and record its many wonders.

Notes

Aubrey is fully aware of the dangers he faces exploring the often savage world of Caribdus, but the quest for knowledge must go on. He honestly can't understand why anyone would stand in the way of scientific discovery. Luckily his skill in the medical arts is always in demand and it is easy for him to get working passage on a ship. He is a good and caring man, if slightly foolhardy (as is often the way with explorers). Always a determined rationalist, his disbelief in the supernatural is not so much now a denial that such phenomenon exists, more his belief that there simply has to be a rational scientific explanation for it. He is constantly recording his findings and periodically returns to Baltimus where he gives his precious notebooks over to Admiral Duckworth for safe keeping. Duckworth, having a keen amateur interest in such things, is happy to oblige. Not much of a fighter, the extent of his combat skills generally consists of whacking opponents with his walking stick.

Quote: "Here be dragons..."

Likeness: John Hannah