

ANDERS COLBY

SURVIVORIST PREACHER, MICROBURST MISTING

You had another life before the church. A family. A fledgling business in one of the more civilized areas of the Roughts. You had happiness. But that was before.

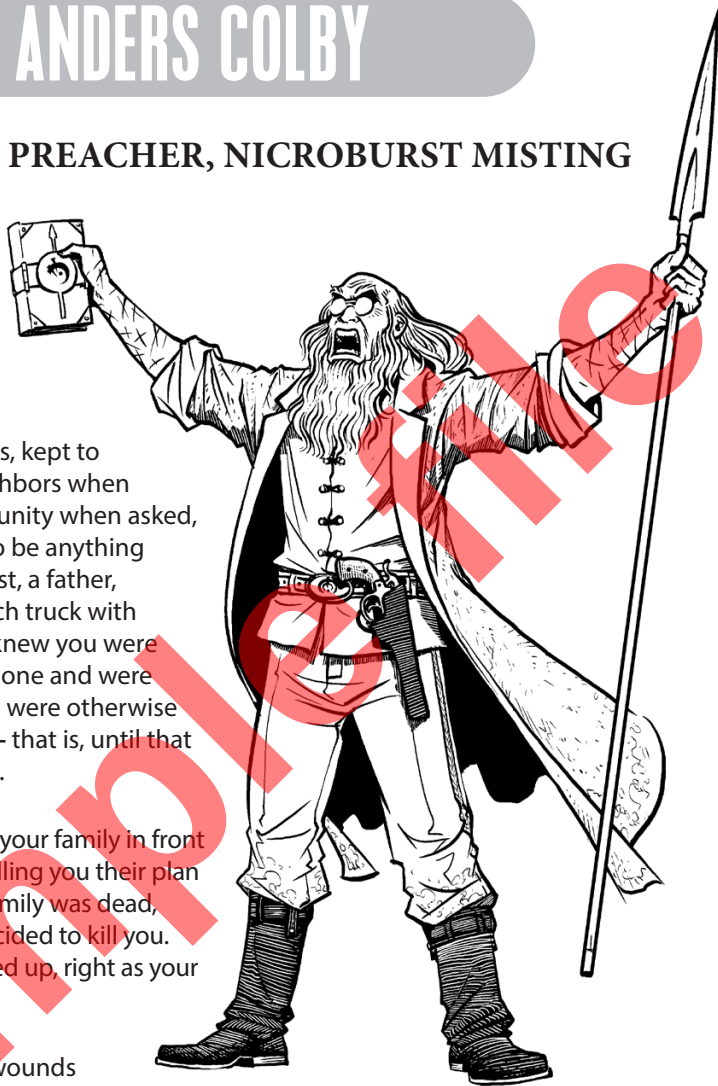
You minded your own business, kept to yourself. You helped your neighbors when needed and served the community when asked, but you didn't have a calling to be anything more than a simple metallurgist, a father, and a husband. You didn't much truck with other Mistings, although you knew you were a Microburst. You bothered no one and were bothered by no one. Your days were otherwise quiet and simple and happy — that is, until that band of Mistings came for you.

They had a plan. They tortured your family in front of you and held you for days telling you their plan and your role in it. After your family was dead, they lost their patience and decided to kill you. That's when the lawman showed up, right as your old life ended.

The doctor who tended your wounds spoke of the Survivor and his resilience even after death. He spoke of the Lord Mistborn and his survival of the flames. You saw the world in a new light. You embraced your ability and took it as your calling. You became a preacher of the Church of the Survivor, forsaking possessions, a family, and the comforts of an easy life. It became your obsession.

That was decades ago. Now, you wander in search of Mistings that can benefit from your Blessing of the Survivor. Those that can help prevent what happened to you and your family by having their power amplified through your gift. This is the new life you have chosen by surviving.

You respect the focus of Parnell and disdain the gray morality of Janella and Grinnel. You've struck a special friendship with Enid, as her lack of Allomancy means she seeks nothing from you; she perceives the world in your same terms.



MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME Anders Colby

CONCEPT Survivorist Preacher

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters CAUSE Bounty-Hunting TARGET Outlaws METHOD Deception

RACE Human SEX Male AGE 63 HEIGHT 6' 3" WEIGHT 183 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

	DICE
PHYSIQUE	<u>2</u>
CHARM	<u>4</u>
WITS	<u>3</u>



STANDINGS

	DICE	SPENT
RESOURCES	<u>3</u>	
INFLUENCE	<u>4</u>	
SPIRIT	<u>6</u>	



RESILIENCES

	SCORE	DAMAGE
HEALTH	<u>5</u>	
REPUTATION	<u>8</u>	
WILLPOWER	<u>9</u>	



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Empower the weak

PROFESSION: Survivorist preacher

SPECIALITY: Allomancy expert

FEATURE: Scarred forearms

PERSONALITY: Firebrand



TRAGEDY

Saw my family tortured and killed... but I Survived



DESTINY

Rediscover the secret of Malatium and someone who can burn it



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Nicrosil</u>	☒ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY	<u>5</u>		<u>Multiple Targets</u>
	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY			



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Obsidian spear</u>	<u>Damage +2; Range: Striking (Close if thrown)</u>	☒
<u>Holy book</u>	<u>A precious volume about the Survivor of Hathsin</u>	☒
<u>Misting pouch</u>	<u>3 charges of Nicrosil</u>	☒
		☐
		☐

"BANDY" JANN GEFFENRY

ROUGHS SCOUT, BENDALLOY TWINBORN



You're the third daughter of a minor nobleman, which basically made you a more comfortable form of livestock. Your parents saw you as an asset to barter off: marriage to some lord as part of a business alliance, followed by spawning as many male heirs as you possibly could.

Because you were a woman. Because you were young. Because you weren't as pretty as the other girls.

Your parents treated you with cold contempt, foisting you off on a series of tutors who taught you how to be a "proper lady." Your father didn't tolerate disobedience, and you watched him routinely beat your older siblings, taking care to hide the marks so they wouldn't show in public. You maintained that façade until just before your 17th birthday...when you ran away from your family's home and never looked back.

It was a hard life in the Roughts, but you relished it. You initially worked on cattle ranches and railroad depots for people who didn't care which gender you were. A lifetime of stifling culture freed your wild side. You could drink and gamble with abandon, curse like a sailor without raising an eyebrow, and even get into a brawl or two if you felt like it.

You now make your living as a long-range scout: traveling to the farthest reaches of the Roughts in search of mining claims, hostile fugitives, new routes through rough terrain, and any other tasks one might pay you for. As a compounding Twinborn, you literally require no food or water to survive, and your Slider abilities give you the edge in any combat situation. You specialize in tracking fugitives, but your real passion lies in exploration. Seeing new places, discovering things no one has ever seen before — things your previous existence would have denied you — is a thrill second to none.

You can't help but resent it a bit when you have to look after the softer, citified folk like Janella, but on the other hand, she's more like you than anyone else in Grinnel's Crew, since you both grew up under the noble yoke. You're not much of a talker, but you came to find you like telling Maedra your story. Perhaps if she puts it in print, other young gals in the cities will see they have other options besides married life. That is, if she'll really listen to your story and actually jot it all down.

MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME "Bandy" Jann Geffenry

CONCEPT Nomadic Roughs Scout

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters CAUSE Bounty-Hunting TARGET Outlaws METHOD Deception

RACE Human SEX Female AGE 26 HEIGHT 5' 3" WEIGHT 135 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

	DICE
PHYSIQUE	5
CHARM	3
WITS	3



STANDINGS

	DICE	SPENT
RESOURCES	4	
INFLUENCE	2	
SPIRIT	3	



RESILIENCES

	SCORE	DAMAGE
HEALTH	8	
REPUTATION	5	
WILLPOWER	7	



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Catch the bad guys

PROFESSION: Scout

SPECIALITY: Expert tracker

FEATURE: Rugged

PERSONALITY: Gung-ho



TRAGEDY

I've never earned my parents' approval or blessing



DESTINY

To catch a criminal they say could never be caught



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Bendalloy</u>	☒ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☐ HEMALURGY ☐ OTHER	<u>4</u>		
<u>Bendalloy</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☒ FERUCHEMY ☐ HEMALURGY ☐ OTHER	<u>4</u>		



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Granger 30-30 rifle</u>	<u>Damage +3; 1 shot; Range: Close / Extreme</u>	☒
<u>Obsidian knife</u>	<u>Damage +1; Range: Touch (Close if thrown)</u>	☒
<u>2x Twinborn's kit</u>	<u>1 bendalloymind (100 charges) and</u>	☒
	<u>Misting pouch with 3 charges Bendalloy each</u>	☐
		☐

ENID BELLFLOWER

LAWKEEPER, GUNSMITH

You weren't especially clever as a child, nor were you attractive or any good at team activities, but you had steady hands and a good eye for detail, so your uncle let you help him around his shop. When you got a little older, you scraped together some coin and traveled to Elendel, where you apprenticed under a man of limited moral integrity, but significant skill. He taught you how to construct guns from the ground up and filled your head with a lot of nonsense about the craft being separate from what your creations did. Sure, the guns killed people — but that was out of your hands. It was a nice story.

While working with him, you crafted sixty-three handguns; they carried both your signature and a number. They were brilliant weapons, with incredible accuracy and all sorts of personal modifications based on custom orders. You were making a name for yourself. That's when you ran into an overworked constable from the inner city. He invited you along to a crime scene, where he showed you the still-cooling corpses of an entire family shot down by one of your guns. A handgun you'd modified to fire just a little quicker, with a slightly faster reload time. "Some of them? The kids? They might have lived if you were just a little worse at your job," he said as he handed you the gun you'd built — pistol number 48. You left Elendel that week, picked up a badge in the Roughs, and fell in with Grinnel and his Crew.

You've since found nineteen of the modified guns you built in Elendel. You'll rest when you have all sixty-three, which is good, since you don't rest at night. You see their faces...not just the family the constable "introduced" you to, but other victims of your murder machines. Sure, some of them might've had it coming, and some would have died anyway, but you're haunted because they died by your weapons. You're pretty sure it's all in your head, but you can't shake the feeling — you can only free yourself from this by recovering all sixty-three guns and destroying them.

Grinnel saves lives. It's as simple as that for you. You've seen him end enough standoffs to know that what he's doing is for the greater good. You'd follow him to the ends of the earth and back. He knows your nightmares and has never once judged you for them. You've got a soft spot for Sperry, but don't exactly know why. Really, he should annoy you, but instead you let him get away with murder.

Well, almost murder.



MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME Enid Bellflower

CONCEPT Gunsmith turned Lawkeeper

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters

CAUSE Bounty-Hunting

TARGET Outlaws

METHOD Deception

RACE Human

SEX Female

AGE 56

HEIGHT 5' 6"

WEIGHT 115 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

	DICE
PHYSIQUE	<u>3</u>
CHARM	<u>3</u>
WITS	<u>5</u>



STANDINGS

	DICE	SPENT
RESOURCES	<u>5</u>	
INFLUENCE	<u>4</u>	
SPIRIT	<u>4</u>	



RESILIENCE

	SCORE	DAMAGE
HEALTH	<u>8</u>	
REPUTATION	<u>7</u>	
WILLPOWER	<u>9</u>	



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Hunt down my guns

PROFESSION: Lawkeeper

SPECIALITY: Gunsmith

FEATURE: Talk with my hands

PERSONALITY: Meticulous



TRAGEDY

My creations are responsible for the deaths of dozens



DESTINY

To hunt down my guns and bring those who use them to justice



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Gunsmithing Stunt</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☒ HEMALURGY ☐ OTHER			<u>Create Custom Ammo</u>
<u>Gunsmithing Stunt</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☒ HEMALURGY ☐ OTHER			<u>Customize Guns (Perfect Balance)</u>



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Sterron 36 (Perfect Balance)</u>	<u>Damage +2; 6 shots; Range: Close / Medium</u>	☒
<u>Heispel Autoloader</u>	<u>Damage +2; 12 shots; Range: Close / Medium</u>	☒
<u>Hollow-point rounds</u>	<u>Damage +1; armor is doubled; 10 rounds</u>	☒
<u>Gunsmith's workshop</u>	<u>Tool; used to make custom guns and ammo</u>	☒
<u>Cart</u>	<u>Common 2-wheeled cart</u>	☒

GRINNEL ENFRAN

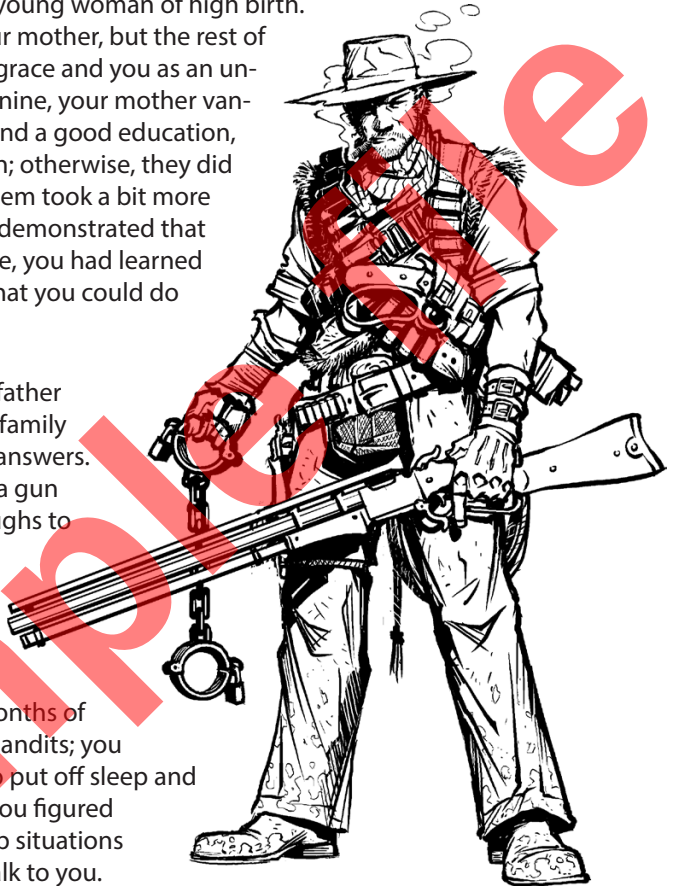
BOUNTY HUNTER, BRASS/BRONZE TWINBORN

You were born out of wedlock to a young woman of high birth. You have pleasant memories of your mother, but the rest of her family looked upon her as a disgrace and you as an unwelcome addition. When you were nine, your mother vanished. Your family gave you tutors and a good education, but only out of a sense of obligation; otherwise, they did their best to ignore you. Some of them took a bit more interest when you were a teen and demonstrated that you were Twinborn, but by that time, you had learned that most of them cared only for what you could do and had no love for you.

When you came of age, your grandfather offered you a minor position in the family banking business, but you wanted answers. You sold your possessions, bought a gun and a horse, and set out for the Roughs to locate your mother. You eventually found her sick and impoverished, robbed and left for dead a year before by a gang of 4 bandits. You helped her as best you could, nursing her through the last few months of her life. Then you set out after the bandits; you learned to use your bronzeminds to put off sleep and keep yourself alert for a fight, and you figured out how your Allomancy could keep situations peaceful and persuade people to talk to you.

At the end of six months, you'd killed one bandit and captured the other three. Along the way you learned to like the money, but you liked the feeling of making the Roughs a safer place even more. You tell yourself that you don't care about your family, but you also know that you want to become famous enough as a bounty hunter that you can ride back into Elendel someday with a fine horse and a finer reputation. Maybe then your grandfather and cousins will look upon you as an equal.

In the meantime, you've become the unwitting leader of a whole passel of miscreants and wanderers. You have to keep a close watch over Sperry, but Enid knows what she's doing and is a real professional. You've got respect for Anders' convictions; if you could be a man of faith and stand up for a principle, you would. But that's not the world you live in.



MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME Grinnel Enfran

CONCEPT Twinborn Bounty Hunter

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters CAUSE Bounty-Hunting TARGET Outlaws METHOD Deception

RACE Human SEX Male AGE 34 HEIGHT 6' 1" WEIGHT 195 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

	DICE
PHYSIQUE	<u>4</u>
CHARM	<u>4</u>
WITS	<u>3</u>



STANDINGS

	DICE	SPENT
RESOURCES	<u>3</u>	
INFLUENCE	<u>3</u>	
SPIRIT	<u>3</u>	



RESILIENCES

	SCORE	DAMAGE
HEALTH	<u>7</u>	
REPUTATION	<u>7</u>	
WILLPOWER	<u>6</u>	



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Prove myself to my family

PROFESSION: Bounty hunter

SPECIALITY: Expert tracker

FEATURE: Calm demeanor

PERSONALITY: Confident



TRAGEDY

Found my mother robbed and left for dead by bandits



DESTINY

To rid the Roughs of organized criminal gangs



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Brass</u>	☒ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY	<u>4</u>		<u>Affect Crowd</u>
<u>Bronze</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☒ FERUCHEMY	<u>4</u>		



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Immerling Multi-Shot</u>	<u>Damage +3; 8 shots; Range: Close / Long</u>	☒
<u>Immerling 44</u>	<u>Damage +2; 4 shots; Range: Close / Medium</u>	☒
<u>Twinborn's kit</u>	<u>1 bronzemind (100 charges) and</u>	☒
	<u>1 Misting pouch with 3 charges Brass</u>	☐
		☐

JANELLA CETT

GAMBLER, CHROMIUM FERRING

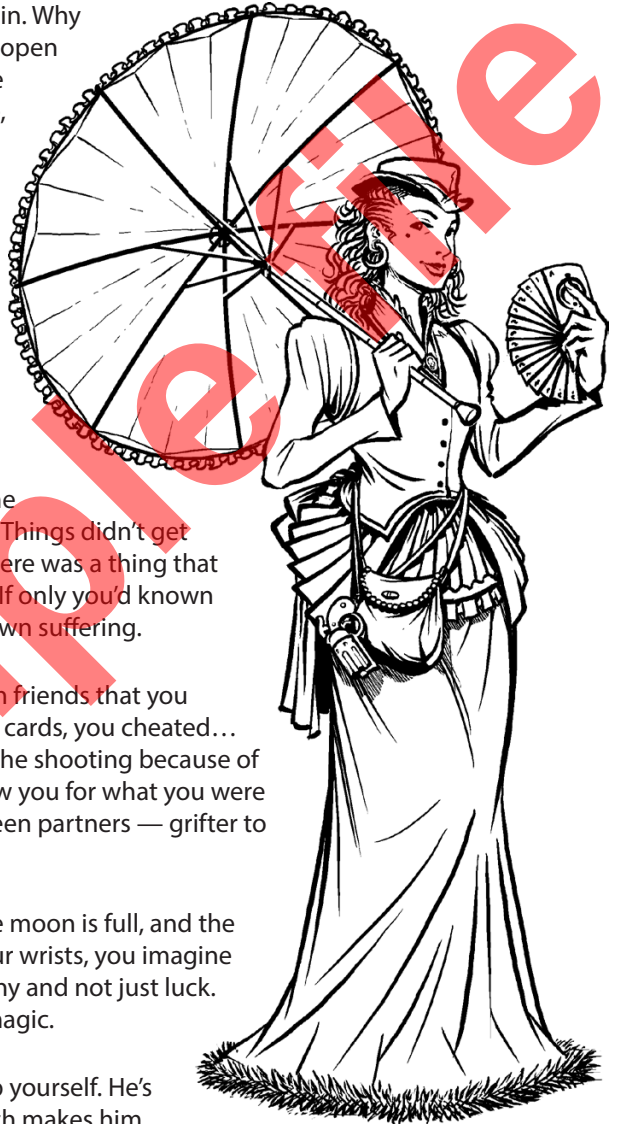
Only once in your life have you cheated at a hand of cards, and you've never had to do it again. Why bother? Close your eyes, and when you open them, the dealer's already given you the winning hand. It's no different with dice, horses, or the flip of a coin. You win at any game of chance man or god has yet invented. The cost isn't so very steep, or so you keep telling yourself, as you lie alone in your bed staring at the empty pillow beside you.

It hasn't always been so easy, though. Your first memory is of your mother, kissing you on the cheek and handing you a piece of jewelry, a polished silver bracelet in the shape of a heart. Then she boarded a train, and never came home. Things didn't get better; throughout your childhood, if there was a thing that could go wrong, it went wrong for you. If only you'd known then that you were the source of your own suffering.

It wasn't until a night out carousing with friends that you learned the truth. You played a game of cards, you cheated... and you got caught. You only survived the shooting because of years of stored luck...and Sperry. He saw you for what you were and got you out of there. Fast. You've been partners — grifter to his skill — ever since.

Sometimes, when the wind is warm, the moon is full, and the Mists curl around your skirt and kiss your wrists, you imagine a love so strong, so pure, based in destiny and not just luck. Maybe this time, it'll be stronger than magic.

You like Parnell — you almost can't help yourself. He's never shown any affection for you, which makes him safe to be around. Maedra tickles you; she's got romantic notions the likes of which you've never imagined and she tells the very best steamy stories. It'll do for you, most of the time, so long as the moon isn't full and the Mists aren't high.



MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME Janella Cett

CONCEPT Troublemaking Gambler

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters

CAUSE Bounty-Hunting

TARGET Outlaws

METHOD Deception

RACE Human

SEX Female

AGE 23

HEIGHT 5' 1"

WEIGHT 115 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

	DICE
PHYSIQUE	<u>2</u>
CHARM	<u>4</u>
WITS	<u>3</u>



STANDINGS

	DICE	SPENT
RESOURCES	<u>6</u>	
INFLUENCE	<u>4</u>	
SPIRIT	<u>3</u>	



RESILIENCES

	SCORE	DAMAGE
HEALTH	<u>8</u>	
REPUTATION	<u>8</u>	
WILLPOWER	<u>6</u>	



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Raise the stakes

PROFESSION: Gambler

SPECIALITY: Defying the odds

FEATURE: Noble mannerisms

PERSONALITY: Self-assured



TRAGEDY

Everyone I've loved has left me behind



DESTINY

To find someone whose love is greater than luck



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Chromium</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☒ FERUCHEMY	<u>5</u>		<u>Lucky Shot</u>
	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY			



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Cohnvave Two-Shot</u>	<u>Damage +1; 2 shots; Range: Touch / Close</u>	☒
<u>Deck of cards</u>	<u>Tool; a gambler's best friend</u>	☒
<u>Metalmind clothing</u>	<u>Formal clothing; stores 25 charges of Chromium</u>	☒
<u>Metalminds (3)</u>	<u>Hold 100 charges of Chromium each</u>	☒
<u>Disguise</u>	<u>Tool; useful for hiding one's identity</u>	☒

MAEDRA DALLEWYL

TRAVELING REPORTER, COPPER FERRING

For the third time today you've forgotten where you put your pen, but no one really minds, because when you need to, you can remember the terms of the mayor's contract with Grinnel, word for word. Being seen as a brittlebrain isn't your first choice, but it's worth it because when you write about the Crew's adventures, you can call on your stored memories to do so with honesty and compassion.

Your parents were both educators, and raised you as a voracious reader. When it came time to choose your path, investigative journalism just seemed like the perfect fit — you've always asked hard questions, and can smell a lie at a thousand yards. Papa said you got that from Mama, but it was Grandma who gave you Ferring abilities. She was a fifth generation Archivist and before she died, she begged you to find a way to keep up the tradition before it died out. She told you it wasn't enough to just tell stories about the intrigues of Elendel anymore; the real stories were out in the Roughs.

So now you adventure, record, and occasionally get shot at, but the stories are worth it. You've collected the religious practices of a (somewhat) civilized koloss tribe, and the memoirs of a lone homesteader who survived in the Roughs for almost a hundred years on her own. You've chronicled heroics as well as some of the vilest acts imaginable, but Grandma would be proud.

Maybe the way Grandma spoke about secrets and family traditions left you with the feeling that preserving these stories isn't just a responsibility, but a sacred sort of duty. So you keep your abilities secret...aside from the chronic forgetfulness, that is. If anyone in the Crew knows, they don't care to say.

You get along well with the Crew. Anders is quite fond of you, and you know you've got his story stored away in your coppermind, but you've forgotten it at the moment. Janella enjoys the spicy stories you've written and you know her story is an especially sad one, but you just can't quite remember why...



MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME Maedra Dallewyl

CONCEPT Adventuring Reporter

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters CAUSE Bounty-Hunting TARGET Outlaws METHOD Deception

RACE Terris SEX Female AGE 24 HEIGHT 5' 10" WEIGHT 167 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

	DICE
PHYSIQUE	2
CHARM	3
WITS	4



STANDINGS

	DICE	SPENT
RESOURCES	3	
INFLUENCE	5	
SPIRIT	5	



RESILIENCES

	SCORE	DAMAGE
HEALTH	5	
REPUTATION	8	
WILLPOWER	9	



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Study the criminal element

PROFESSION: Journalist

SPECIALITY: Lie detector

FEATURE: Excited grin

PERSONALITY: Breathless



TRAGEDY

Kidnapped by koloss as a young reporter



DESTINY

To write the first true history of the Roughts



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Copper</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☒ FERUCHEMY ☐ HEMALURGY ☐ OTHER	<u>5</u>		
	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☐ HEMALURGY ☐ OTHER			



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Terringul 27 revolver</u>	<u>Damage +1; 6 shots; Range: Close / Medium</u>	☒
<u>Pen and blank book</u>	<u>Tool; essential tools of the journalist</u>	☒
<u>Metal minds (3)</u>	<u>Copper; store 100 charges each</u>	☒
		☐
		☐

PARNELL

CITY-EDUCATED KOLOSS-BLOODED SCHOLAR

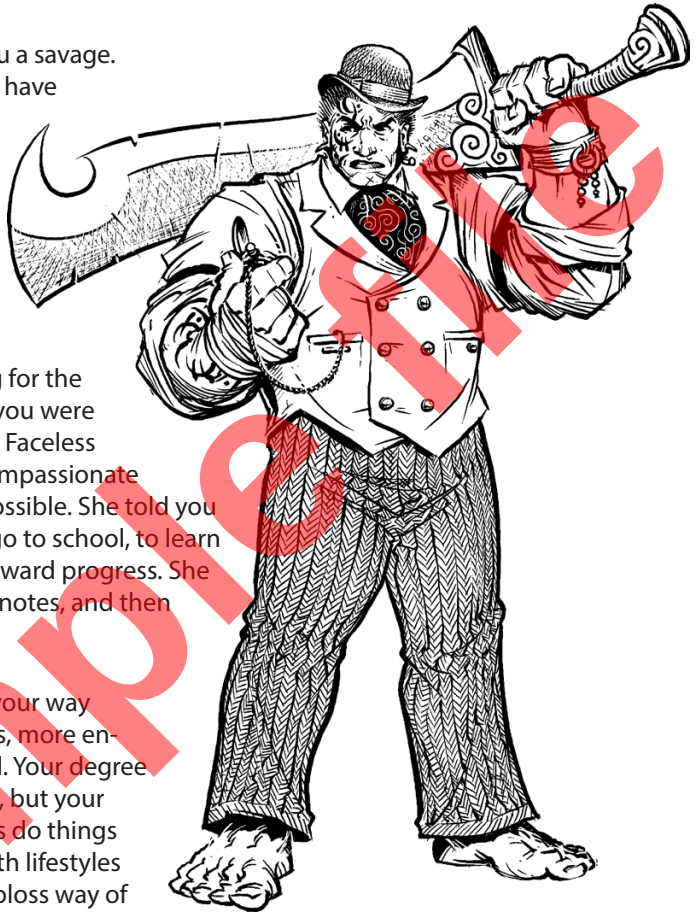
All your life, people have called you a savage. Sure, you've got a temper, but you have a handle on it! Anyway, you're not here to make friends. You're here because progress costs money...and there's no one who needs progress more than your clutchfamily back home.

Years ago, you were just another hot-tempered young brave, raring for the chance to earn your spikes when you were visited by a stranger — one of the Faceless Immortals. She was gentle and compassionate in ways you'd never considered possible. She told you to reject your spikes and instead go to school, to learn and lead your people on a path toward progress. She gave you an earring and a wad of notes, and then vanished. So you went.

Harmony seemed to have paved your way through university. It was, perhaps, more enlightening than it was educational. Your degree is some words on a piece of paper, but your understanding of the way humans do things was enough to help you reject both lifestyles in parts. You realized even if the koloss way of life won't last forever, human society has its own shortcomings. You know your people need another path — one of education, land, respect. Even in the Roughs, those things cost money.

It's difficult to explain to humans what it means to refuse the spikes. Yours is the blood of chiefs, but you'll never be able to make children with other koloss. You'll never have a mate, never be a sire. That pain eats at you. You may shepherd other koloss-blooded some day, guide them into the world of humanity, but you worry it won't be the same.

You have an uneasy respect for what Anders does, though you don't put much stock in his manner of religion. "Bandy" Jann irritates you, sometimes badly, so you try to use her to practice self-control. But Harmony help her if she asks to play with your sword again — even you can only take so much.



MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME Parnell

CONCEPT Itinerant Koloss-blooded

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters CAUSE Bounty-Hunting TARGET Outlaws METHOD Deception

RACE Koloss-blooded SEX Male AGE 22 HEIGHT 6' 10" WEIGHT 275 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

DICE
PHYSIQUE 6
CHARM 3
WITS 5



STANDINGS

DICE SPENT
RESOURCES 3
INFLUENCE 2
SPIRIT 5



RESILIENCES

SCORE DAMAGE
HEALTH 9
REPUTATION 5
WILLPOWER 9



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Lead my people

PROFESSION: Engineer

SPECIALITY: Koloss contacts

FEATURE: Imposing build

PERSONALITY: Hot-tempered



TRAGEDY

I've abandoned my people to live amongst the humans



DESTINY

Bring progress and a better future to the koloss



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Koloss Physique</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☒ OTHER			<u>Surge of Strength (+2d strength rolls)</u>
	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☐ OTHER			



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Koloss blade</u>	<u>Damage +4; Range: Striking / Striking</u>	☒
<u>Pocket watch</u>	<u>A small timepiece that keeps good time</u>	☒
		☐
		☐
		☐

SPERRY ODUM

SALESMAN, GRIFTER, DURALUMIN FERRING

The trouble ain't that you're bad at what you do; the trouble is that you're the best at it! "People is easy," your pappy used to tell you. "You gain their trust, you get their money." So that's what you do — take coin from rubes, dudes, and even verified heroes. No one is too high or too low for your tastes.

Your pappy was the greatest grifter anywhere out in the Roughts and half the city besides. He built confidence and knocked it down as easy as some folks breathe. But what he couldn't do is steal confidence. That's where you blew him out of the water. It's a ruined shame the way he had to take the fall, but at least he's just in prison forever, 'stead of hanged.

Of course, that wasn't what really got you into the Crew. It was Grinnel who melted it down and forged it — you were too good at what you do, and were like as not to end up like your pappy should you stay anywhere too long. He said that what you needed were limits, to do a little good with your Connector skills to keep your neck out of the noose. You were skeptical at first, but so far, it's worked out. A little push and pull here and there, and the Crew at least tolerates your...activities. Plus Grinnel covers for you and keeps you as honest as he can. It ain't a bad deal.

Most men got secrets; way you figure it, your worst and deepest secret is the truth — about you, about your life, everything. You've been at this for so long you don't even know when you're lying anymore. You'd like to have an honest relationship, maybe find a fella who could really see you for who you are with no malarkey involved, but you ain't holding your breath.

The Crew trusts you because they sort of have to, and there are some days you're not even sure if you're running a con on them or not. Aside from Grinnel keeping you true as titanium, you've made quite the ally in Janella. When money is running low, sometimes you and she slip off, do a little side job to raise some capital, and hope for the best. Her lucky streaks are a thing of beauty, but you've had to save her skirt more than once when her luck ran out.



MISTBORN

ADVENTURE GAME

CHARACTER NAME Sperry Odum

CONCEPT Amoral Connector Con Artist

CREW NAME Dust-Eaters

CAUSE Bounty-Hunting

TARGET Outlaws

METHOD Deception

RACE Human

SEX Male

AGE 43

HEIGHT 5' 6"

WEIGHT 220 lbs



ATTRIBUTES

	DICE
PHYSIQUE	<u>3</u>
CHARM	<u>6</u>
WITS	<u>4</u>



STANDINGS

	DICE	SPENT
RESOURCES	<u>4</u>	
INFLUENCE	<u>3</u>	
SPIRIT	<u>2</u>	



RESILIENCES

	SCORE	DAMAGE
HEALTH	<u>7</u>	
REPUTATION	<u>9</u>	
WILLPOWER	<u>6</u>	



TRAITS & BURDENS

DRIVE: Take rubes for all they're worth

PROFESSION: Grifter

SPECIALTY: Silver-tongued

FEATURE: Immaculately groomed

PERSONALITY: Instantly likeable



TRAGEDY

My pappy took the fall that I should've taken



DESTINY

Pull off the greatest con in history



POWERS

POWER	TYPE	RATING	CHARGES	STUNTS
<u>Duralumin</u>	☒ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☐ HEMALURGY ☐ OTHER	<u>5</u>		
<u>Gunplay Stunts</u>	☐ ALLOMANCY ☐ FERUCHEMY ☐ HEMALURGY ☒ OTHER			<u>Quicker Draw</u>



EQUIPMENT

ITEM	RULES	PROP
<u>Cohnvave Two-Shot</u>	<u>Damage +1; 2 shots; Range: Touch / Close</u>	☒
<u>Formal clothing</u>	<u>Tool; useful for blending into high society</u>	☒
<u>Snake oil</u>	<u>Tool; convincing-looking tonic for fooling rubes</u>	☒
<u>Metal minds (3)</u>	<u>Duralumin; store 100 charges each</u>	☒
		☐