



ALAIN VARCREST

PROFESSION: GUARD CAPTAIN

IMAGE: SOLID LEADER

REPUTATION: DEPENDABLE

in

True Sight

A Simple Communion Story

OH, CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

As the captain of the Guard (not the Army Captain, for heaven's sake!) at Faran's Outpost, you are in charge of helping the governor maintain civility inside the Fortress. You, Alain Varcrest, have a reputation for fairness, hard work and lately...discernment.

Thankfully, Faran's Outpost is not a large place, and very few come so close to the Wolfen's (that mysterious race of wolf-like men who brook no nonsense from humans) Great Northern Wilderness, and those who do are generally looking for a little ... anonymity and quiet to go about their lives. So your job is not very hard – rarely even requiring you to draw a sword (the Boys can take care of that!).

Things are generally pleasant in this quiet corner of the world, and you're more or less content to remain in the stable, peaceful life, spiced with a little predictable danger. That is...

Until recently. There have been some disappearances (not all that unusual). But these have been...too close together, and a little strange – not the sort of people whom you'd expect to disappear. The kind who have a reason to stay. The kind who might let you know if they were going to leave. The kind who definitely wouldn't leave without their things. So you've been ... paying attention.

And now, despite your best attempts to stem the growing tide, there's been a murder – or probably more than one – with very dark evidence indeed. And you haven't any leads.

So the governor, against your advice, has summoned a Witch Hunter.

Of course, he only told you that this morning, with the Hunter due to arrive tonight.

As if that weren't enough to make your palms sweat, there's a few problems. The first is that you're not human. You're one of the shape-shifting race known as Changelings. You have a tell-tale allergy to salt and an aversion to certain spices.

That's not the real problem, though., which is: you're not ... **actually** Captain of the Guard. You're not Alain Varcrest. Of course everyone **thinks** you are, so that's not an issue. And speaking of issues, you've got some serious ones. You see, about a year ago, acting in your capacity as an amateur assassin, you're the one who murdered him.

It was good pay and simple work. The perfect sort of job to begin your exciting new career of meeting exotic people and killing them! The pay was up-front, the hirer anonymous, brokered by one of the Shadowlords in the Western Empire. What on earth a lowly Outpost Guard Captain did to piss off or get the attention of a Shadowlord is beyond you.

You did everything right. You observed the Captain's habits, you stalked him, you read his mind using your Changeling psychic abilities. Late one night, you stole into his room, cloaking your presence from watchful eyes. When he undressed, he couldn't and didn't see you or the knife you drove deep between his ribs. Everything was going so well! Until the alarm klaxon began to ring. And those soldiers were coming down the hall. And the damn captain, this Varcrest, wasn't quite dead.

You panicked. You see that now. You did the only thing you could think of that could save you. You stole his identity – literally, just sucked it right out of his head. Turned right into him. Shoved him under the bed.

Naturally, they thought you were he. Amid the panic, you took his place. Took command. Managed to keep the fort at peace even through the attack of the strange beasts digging up from under the earth.

When the dust cleared, you found you'd really taken his place. Maybe something went wrong, because you were feeling a little like him, thinking like him.... Feeling comfortable in this skin. Feeling like you liked it here & might stay. He had friends. He belonged. No one thought anything more amiss than "I hope he doesn't catch me <insert petty crime here>" about Alain Varcrest. And there was something so strange and so pleasant about that.

You've managed to piece together soldiering. With the help of a faked "serious illness" you even convincingly altered Alain's physical makeup to more closely match your more natural gaunt physique. The weakness left behind by "the plague" makes covering up for your natural lack of soldiery-ness easier.

People seem to like the changes you've made to Mr. Varcrest, and you seem to like the changes he's made in you.

Seems a much more reliable business, this Captaining, than Assassinating, which, let's face it, you apparently weren't terribly good at!

It is with some significant sweaty palm action that you look forward to the coming of the witch hunter. One of the horrors Witch Hunters stumble upon and burn out happens to be Changelings.

You considered leaving...you seriously considered leaving, but...you're not so great of a horseman, you're awfully close to the Wilderness, where the Wolfen have been very active lately, and....

The girl, Elise, who was killed (well, the one whose body was found)...she was a good sort, and you liked her. Alain had been seeing her in a kind way, on and off, for a year before you came.

Some part of you, probably a weak human part from your little "mistake", longs for justice. The Changeling part of you (what did your name used to be again? Oh, who cares...) wants more than justice - revenge. And maybe both of them feel a little put out that someone has thrown a monkey wrench into the quiet little life you barely got to appreciate.

Well, maybe having a Witch Hunter about will be useful. Gods know the local priest, and the fort wizard have so many secrets piled up behind them they'll never be of any use to anyone. If you can just steer the Witch Hunter the right way - once you figure out what that is... maybe it will all work out to that happy ending after all.

SOME KNOWING AND GOINGS ON

TOWNSFOLK

The Mayor - Veritan Brand, and his wife Aphorria

Priest - Claret, and his initiate, Orissen

Wizard - Adept Cern

Medicker - dwarf Bolliber

Owner of the Winter Wolf Tavern (and friend) - Grisson

City Ombudsman - Krellek

THE BOYS (THE WATCH)

Wren - large, strong, simple

Burl - medium, fast, clever

Krunk - dwarven, fat, loud, heavy-handed lawman

Median - tall (for a gnome), silver-haired acrobat, kind and reliable

THE ARMY

Colonel Berndt

Lieutenant Arissa

Quartermaster Bine

THE DISAPPEARED

Elaine the herbalist, and a friend/potential lover. Sadly, she's not missing. she was found murdered in her greenhouse.

Malkrin the jeweler, disappeared about a month ago.

Old Andy who ran the White Bull tavern

Vivaine the painter and her daughter

Karris the gnome potter, about 2 months ago