

Character briefing – Felix

You are a member of the Sicambri tribe, from the banks of the northern Rhine. Your grandfather was a blue-skinned barbarian warrior, fighting the Romans for his freedom – and being defeated by them. Your people are now a peaceful ally of Rome – a buffer against the wilder tribes further to the east – and many of the young men, like yourself, have signed up with the Roman army. You are about 30 years old. You speak your native Sicambri language and also Latin, both fluently.

The Romans consider your people to be still rather barbarous, and won't let you become legionaries – but you are very useful as auxiliary troops. You yourself are a skilled scout, specializing in reconnoitring enemy positions, studying terrain and weather advantages, and so on. You have more than earned your pay.

Up until this campaign, you'd only served in Germany – but at the start of the year, your unit was shipped over to Britain, together with four legions and a host of other auxiliaries, to suppress the rebellious Catuvellauni tribe and eventually create a regular Roman province here. You were excited – seeing the world was a big part of why you joined up.

Southern Britain is not that much different from northern Germany... but that's good, because it means your woodcraft and rivercraft skills are still applicable. The dark, wet, dangerous forests here are much like those back at home.

You are also skilled with a slingshot – as a boy, you used to hunt birds with it. These days it comes in useful as a nearly-

silent way to kill or disable an enemy, while sneaking about. You suspect it will be needed, on this mission.

To have become accepted as a king by a wild tribe, this fellow Curtius must be quite formidable. He would have had to kill his way to the top, probably. And for sure he won't let go of the power he wields without a fight. And if the Dobunni are anything like the German tribes, then they will fight to the death for him – as long as they retain belief in his divine power.

You are a devotee of the goddess Sandraudiga, 'she who dyes the sand red': her dwelling is an ancient carved stone on the bank of the river near your home. She is a fierce force for justice, but also a loving mother. The Romans think that she is just a local name for Juno, the queen of the gods: but you know better.

Marcus Constantinus: seems like a typical grim old centurion. Probably has no sense of humour at all. But hopefully he's clever, at least.

Gellius Pulcher: a wonderfully handsome physical specimen. If all Romans looked like that, they would have conquered the world by now.

Senovara: as a priestess, you automatically respect her. The gods are strange, over here in Britain, so it's good to have someone with you who knows them.

Civitas: O O

[check off a circle each time you spend a point]