

# Dura

Many **scars** are spread across your olive skin. Both fresh and old ones, as well as a few, shallow wounds not yet healed. You wear **heavy armor**, made of scales of obsidian, but it is damaged and falling apart in several places. It has been patched several times with scrap metal, purple, thick hair and other biological material. Likewise, you carry an oversized, **curved sword**. It feels familiar, but a bit clumsy in your hand. The blade jagged and uneven, and there are remnants of foul-smelling flesh still stuck on it. It seems more suitable for mutilation than for cutting. In your armor are hidden knives, caltrops and more.

You barely feel your legs. If it's legs at all. Something slimy and strong keeps you upright.

You feel surprisingly **optimistic**, considering your situation & surroundings. You are used to the danger and there is a **hope** burning in you yet. You often help the others, keep the group together and get them marching on. Yet there is also a creeping agitation in your body. A **trauma** that has not been treated and is poised to resurface.

## The Others

**Shai** seems competent and driven. The most reliable person in the group. Still, you do not completely trust him. A bad feeling in your gut **warns you against him**.

You feel even worse about **Alri**. She is only a child, an innocent. You feel you should protect her, but it does not seem necessary, with her uncanny strength. She looks so different from the rest of you. There is something **wrong** about her.

**Eto** seems like a sympathetic person, but he is **weak** and scared. You would like to help him, support him when he falls, but respect him, you do not.