

## **Character briefing – Marcus Constantinus**

You are Italian, but not Roman: you grew up on a farm near the city of Parma in the north of the peninsula. You had no wish to work as a farmer all your life, and the army provided a path to Roman citizenship: you just had to serve for twenty years, and you would retire as a citizen with a grant of land and a generous pension. Those twenty years, all spent with the Legio II Augusta, are nearly complete: the conquest of Britain is your last campaign. You are aged about 40. You speak Latin, and a few pieces of Germanic tongues (mainly swearwords)

Most of your career has been spent in defence of the Roman provinces of Germania Superior and Inferior – repelling German barbarian attacks from across the Rhine, and occasionally crossing it yourselves to punish particularly troublesome tribes. You've done well, without distinguishing yourself remarkably, and have risen to the rank of fourth centurion within the legion.

You've been assigned to this mission because you know Curtius, the rebel soldier. You were comrades – friends, even – once. He joined the legion a little after you, but seemed to get promoted rather faster, thanks perhaps to his greater willingness to say what the officers wanted to hear. At the time of his defection, he was serving as a tribune, one of the most senior officers advising the legion commander.

Curtius was always cynical about Rome's 'mission to civilize' – he felt that it was right for strong nations to enrich themselves at the expense of weak ones, and there was no need to put a moral face upon it. He was brave, but no more so than was required: he was always first in his own priorities. But he was a good soldier, and good comrade. You can't understand why he would turn his back on Rome in this strange way.

You pay due reverence to all the Roman gods, especially Apollo, who brings light. But to tell the truth, you are not especially religious. It seems to you that people usually have to do most of the work themselves, rather than hoping the gods will sort things out for them.

**Felix:** he seems like a capable scout. As a German, he can't really be relied upon, though. He's not much better than these British barbarians.

**Gellius Pulcher:** his intensity worries you. You've known plenty of keen young soldiers like him, and most of them got killed.

**Senovara:** you understand why she is necessary, but you don't trust her for a moment. She'd probably stab you as soon as your back was turned.

Civitas: O O O

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