



# Avalon Characters

## Largo Weatherbee

By  
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Largo Weatherbee, rogue extraordinaire, dashing young halfling about town, and a blight on the fat purses of the wealthy. Well, that's the theory, at least. Usually, Largo's efforts fall short of the mark, sending him off into the sunset, searching for adventure whenever the town watch isn't quite so interested in him...

### Background

Largo's childhood was spent working on the estate of a local respected noble; his family had been working here for generations tending the farm animals and crops. Largo is the oldest of his seven siblings he has six sisters and one brother. During the summer of Largo's tenth birthday the local noble became aware of Largo's passion for horses and for horse riding and offered him a position as a stable hand, Largo accepted.

For a further ten years Largo steadily progressed through the ranks the stables, eventually becoming the estate stable master. The noble pleased with his progression offered him two rewards; the first was finery crafted horse saddle the noble mentioned that it had been passed down from father to son for many generations. The second gift was summer of schooling at a prestigious riding school; Largo could not believe what he was offered but reached out and took it with both hands. During the time at the riding school Largo perfected his riding ability and learnt to perform clever riding tricks.

Sadly when Largo returned to the estate after the summer of schooling he learnt that both his parents had passed away and also that his liege (the noble) was in ill health. Within a couple of months the noble too was dead and as a result Largo and his siblings were homeless.

It was around this time that Largo upped and left his siblings, he was determined not to waste the chance at a good life and disappeared into the sunset, the cloths on his back and his horse his only companion.

Although he manages to acquire quite a bit of loose change on his travels, he never seems to get rich. Celebrating new-found affluence can prove ever so costly but easy come, easy go, as they say.

The interesting and varied life he has led thus far have left him with several scars, and he will gladly recount brave tales of how he earned them to anyone willing to listen. His eyes are deep brown, his grin, wide (when not hidden beneath his beard), and his height of 3' 1" means that he occasionally gets mistaken for a child. This is fine as far as he's concerned, since it usually makes people less careful with their possessions. In fact, he's 49, with ambitious plans already laid for his half-century celebrations.

The politics (and laws) of the Realm hold little interest for this knavish rogue. He'd risk life and limb for fun, friends, or money, but he wouldn't know a noble cause if it fell on him from a great height.



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