

# How to Play a Great Fighter



**Avalon Games**





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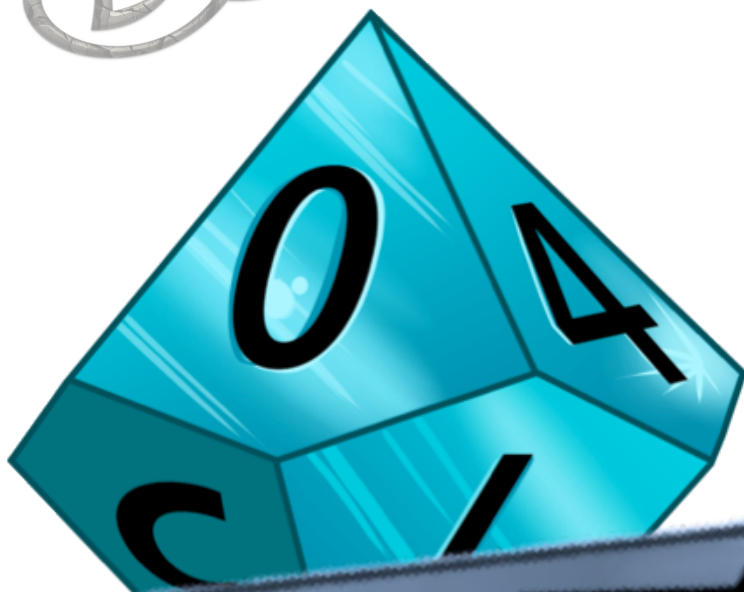
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## Liberal Riches, part 2

Liberal Riches is a little story that will incorporate all of the “How to Play a Great “ character books but told from the different roles they each served in the heist - remove this note

Past the big tunnel with the white cross and the frost from the underground chill; three doors down the unlit corridor, he took a left at the first sign of lantern light and the last door on the right. He still stunk of the thick mucus that the lower sewer tunnels coughed out all over him and he wondered if he would have to burn his armor after the heist was done to ever be able to forget the stench. Actually he thought, as vile as the smell was, it was also interesting. It reminded him of head cheese mixed with the rancid perfume of worm ridden fish entrails by the docks where he grew up. The hint of dung and something almost like...he stopped as he was readying to open the door to the vault and realized as interesting as the mystery smell was, dwelling on it may not be a very good idea. Being covered in sewer slime already reminded him of home and if the rest of his party saw him cry again he really wouldn't ever be able to live it down.

With sword drawn and his body poised to throw his weight into the heavy iron wood door, he took a moment to wonder why he was the one who got stuck taking out the best trained guards in the castle. He also returned to the smell and wondered if he could talk the cleric into exercising the wreaking goo from his armor instead of having to burn it. After standing in front of the heavy wooden door with three heavily armed and well trained guards behind it, considering how funny it would look to see him shaking blessed water over his filthy breast plate, he heard one laugh through the door and suddenly remembered why he was the one stuck with these kinds of jobs.

The door gave way and swung wide with his meaty body lunging forward. He blindly thrust his sword through the air and metal met flesh with a wet grinding sound. The so-called heavily armed and armored guards were half drunk, stripped down to their breeches and enjoying their own festivities with a couple of wenches. Somewhere amidst the humming swings of steel and hot wet splashes of blood and gurgled screams, his mind returned to a vision of the cleric dousing his armor in holy fluids only now the fluids were pink and came from watermelons. The grinding cutting sound of his carving knife matching his blade strokes in kind.

Standing in a bloody mess, disemboweled steam pluming around his head he took a breath and looked around at the gore. Yeah, this was why he always got these jobs, he didn't mind. He even liked it...he could smell the sewer slime again and grunted.

Sifting through the bits and pieces on the floor and walls, he found the iron key ring and unlocked the metal vault inner door. The gears inside creaked and cracked as they clacked into place. He could hear his companions coming down the corridor, well, he hoped it was his companions. They had at least sent him here to get covered in the lopped off pieces of guards and would expect to see it, but more guards might actually try to attack him instead of being smart enough to run away screaming.

Without surprise, the sneaky one was the first through the door and the first thing out of his mouth was a smarmy crack about why the wenches had to die as well.











## Archetypes



What is a fighter? You can answer that question as simply as asking it, but you never really feel satisfied. Fighters are supposed to encompass the way of the warrior, those who live and die by the sword, the monsters who burn villages to the ground and even the humble samurai on bent knee before his charge. So when you ask “what is a fighter?” just understand that the question is what needs to change, not the answer.

What is a fighter to you? Is the fighter a force for good? Does he live by the way of the sword, knowing only honor and remorse without regret or love? Or is the fighter nothing more than a magnificent brute? What the fighter is to you is more than what the fighter will be to anyone else.

What can you really say about a man or woman who has spent a better part of their youth or even their lives training to beat the snot out of their opponents or just kill them outright? Beyond the archetypes that you may or may not expect, a life lived bathed in the blood of your enemies damages you. Killing, no matter the motivation, no matter how just and righteous the slaying happens to be, taking a life takes something away from you inside. Like living with a hole in your heart, the fighter finds himself beset by a kind of longing; the need to fill a hole that can never be filled.

Let's examine some of the archetypes of the fighter, some of the stereotypical ways that people will build and play them. This will help to ease you into some other perspectives and hopefully some new ideas.

The bully is what many people envision when they think of the fighter. He is brash, careless and harsh.

This kind of fighter will be the center of attention with skills sharper than his blades and a nasty inferiority complex to make him always lust for more.

Playing the bully means that there will be some things you do as a matter of principle and many other just because you're a jerk. Leaving an enemy alive is never an option, unless he has a comparable force at his disposal that is; in which case running is always an option you'll never admit to.

Vigilantes are another great example of the fighter. In modern times we would expect them to be akin to the caped crusader, or the brooding dark hero who exacts final judgment on wrongdoers and in many cases these stereotypes fit the bill; but not always. This case in particular where the vigilante is someone who has seen a need and taken action is different. This kind of vigilante is no skulking murderer; he or she is righteous and proud of their exploits. Like a strange manifestation of Robin Hood, the fighter vigilante seeks to bring a determined, but not excessive justice to those who would do harm to the downtrodden.

There is nothing as reliable as the honor of a man whose loyalty can be bought with money and so is the mercenary. Mercenaries are strange creatures indeed for some are honorable and chaste, only taking on contracts and oaths they care to follow through with while others are simply greedy warmongers who would slit the throat of a child if the purse had sufficient rattle to it. Regardless of their passions, the mercenary has been and will always be a necessary evil to all countries and causes.

The lone samurai is a warrior of truth and pride that fights for a cause long since abandoned by many others. These fighters are often the most persistent source of valiance and self-sacrificing glory. They are used by storytellers to rally people to a just cause or by players to keep a group united and in defense of each other.

