Abigael Aidelbaum is a female elf who is 130 years of age. Even though she has left her adolescence behind, she still retains much innocence in her face. However, this is broken by her piercing eyes of blood red; a deep enough stare can curdle the stomach of any man, save Vincent Longborn. Her hair is long, golden and free flowing at contrast to her skin. Pale, and at places shadowed with light hues of grey, her skin has lost its colour from many a night stalking creatures and people in the darkness of night. A pleasant enough face, described by many as “average”, her smile is surprisingly soft but alongside her eyes it can be mistaken as a malicious grin. Her dexterous hands never stay still but flit between a small pouch upon her waist and a dagger as if anticipating a surprise attack; this may have to do with some trauma suffered as a young elf-ling.

There appear to be many cuts and slashes in her armour telling a harrowing story of battles, forgot to all but Vincent and herself. The elven armour is a shade of deep sea blue which reflects very little light. What once was a fine smooth finish has become a series of dents and marks. Her green woollen under-tunic is rough as though crafted by someone with little knowledge of how clothes are sewn and stitched. The breaches follow similar patterns and have worn down to a state at which they are barely suitable for her long treks. Although they are fully covering her, they no longer offer very much protection against the cold. Two small features still seem to remain of her past, one a small silver ring which seems to bare the elven script for “Aidelbaum” upon its exterior, the second her shoes, although worn and beaten, appear to have been the shoes of an older elf. Even though they have been worn for a long time, they seem to glow as if enchanted with a low level endurance spell.

Azril Goldoath

Azril Goldoath is a middle aged 3’9” dwarf. His face is gruff and has lines of weariness beyond his age as though he has suffered toil though his service to Quantarius. Although he is not from royalty his family are fairly well off, as all lower class dwarf families are, in comparison to humans of similar class. His hair is a fine silver but with strands of gold and copper entangled within his unkempt beard, which is neigh the same height as he is. Mismatched eyes of silver and gold were the sign that he was to be a cleric of the god Quantarius. Due to being a cleric he bears a symbolic necklace with a chain of silver and golden links that reach around his thin neck. This necklace holds a coin, one side golden the other silver, of which there are no markings upon either side; Azril has a different side face forward each day and if forgets balances the act out by facing the second face for the same amount of time.

His clothes are made from fine materials silks, furs and linen. His shirt is red linen with gold and silver embroidery entwined with small gems upon the hems and buttons. The collar has been fashioned from two furs, one from a rare silver elk and the other from an even rarer golden otter. His leggings are a sea blue, not as dark as Abigeals armour, but more of a royal blue used by humans. These are rather plane and show much wear but even more care and have been re-sewn in places such as the knees. Along his arms he has scars and old wounds as though he either has punished himself or has been punished for previous insolence towards his god.

Vincent Longborn

Vincent Longborn is a very different beast to his companions; he has a smooth and young complexion with some light tanning from its exposure to the sun. He’s fairly good looking, a strong jaw and deep brown eyes, which many women have got lost and entranced by. Between his nose and upper lip is a fine and well kept moustache, one that would be particular of WW1 English generals. Strong arms are covered with tattoos of different symbols which few outside the Longborn family know how to read. Big hands which are rough with use, grip the hilt of his sword and his belt; not in a menacing manner but a more regal pose. Under his armour he bares few wounds but the wounds he does have are part of his great story of heroism and championship.

He usually wares full plate armour carefully crafted from some of the finest iron in the land. It does not bare his families mark but does have an inlayed silver pattern of leaves and a growing tree directly between where his two pecks would be. The greaves are plate at the fore and chain in the rear allowing for swift leg movement when needed. His belt is crafted from fine leather and has been extremely well cared for, which is very surprising considering the ordeals Vincent and Abigeal have endured together. The buckle is silver and clasps though a leather loop at the other end of the belt with a hook; Vincents own idea, so that he can easily equip it if attacked at night etc. His boots have seen the worst turmoil of all his gear, worn beaten and slowly falling apart they are near the end of their life.