

## **Bartholomew Audry-Regnier-Fulko XVII (but chums call him Bartie)**

Potential fantasy RPG party companion

**Age:** Late-20s, though he seems older

**Racial ID, gender ID, sexual ID:** Human, cisgender male, bisexual.

**Key Visual:** A nasty scar across his throat and shoulder; it's hard to believe it was survivable

**Keywords:** Sensitive, posh, principled, comedic, self-deprecating, avoidant, scarred, shabby

**Motivation / Desire:** To stop a plot being orchestrated by the Cult of Horith (a deity of beasts and savagery) to weaponise the distillation of Bartie's dangerous condition and create a small army by 'infecting' abductees.

**Bio summary and background:** Bartie was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and a target on his back. You see, he has (what he likes to call) a 'little condition'. An uncontrollable tendency to transform into a xacat - a lethal, wildcat-like beast. Knowing Bartie would be carted off by the Snatchers if discovered, the illustrious Audry-Regnier-Fulkos opted instead to make Bartie's childhood miserable. Their sole heir, he was kept sheltered and lonely. Though perfectly versed in the latest reels and colloquialisms, of course, in the absence of genteel hobnobbing.

On his ninth birthday, Bartie transformed and accidentally killed his father. His mother doubled her efforts to seek a cure - or, at least that's what she told him. She actually spent years bringing in 'experts' who caged Bartie, trying to distil the essence of his condition in order to weaponise it. The noble family's funds were dwindling, and Bartie's mother had lined up a customer: the Cult of Horith, whose members have now been abducting unhoused citizens and refugees to 'infect' with the condition.

**Personal quest pitch:** Bartie is found slumped in a drunken stupor in a cosy corner of the Pallid Inn - a rather charming little drinking hole, he thinks, despite its spit-'n'-sawdust reputation. He's a little melancholy. He's caught wind that his condition is spreading, though little does he know his own dear mater is a part of it. He appeals to the player character for help - he'll join them in their main quest if they'll help him put a stop to his condition's spread, and all that entails.

Bartie's sense of self and purpose hang precariously in the balance. How he'll confront his mother's betrayal, the threat of innocent but infected cult victims, the reality of his condition, and his sense of guilt over his father's death all hinges on the player's actions and choices.

### **Dialogue sample - Bartie says hello:**

*With evasive eyes and an anxious handshake:* "I, yes—sorry. Bit out of sorts, y'know. Bartholomew Audry-Regnier-Fulko XVII, at your service. But, please—Bartie, if that's rather a mouthful. Beastly in more ways than one, I'm afraid, ha. Not to mention a rather perpetual disappointment to poor Mater. But a dab hand with a skewering stick, if that's of any use."  
*He gestures with his shabby but sheathed rapier for effect, knocking over a flower vase and tipping water everywhere in the process.*

**Voice quality:** Generally quite soft with moments of aristocratic boldness. Posh accent though not ridiculously or comically so. Precise in his phrasing, though he stumbles and ‘retreats’ to more concise language when his self-esteem is at its lowest or he feels anxious (which is often).

### Bartie barks (what a jolly phrase!)

Selected	Moving	Sneaking	Opening a container
“At your service.”	“Good for the lungs, this.”	“Can’t do <i>this</i> when I’m... y’know.”	“Useful in a pinch.”
“Always on the <i>qui vive</i> .”	“Let us proceed.”	“Just like trips to the larder.”	“Trinkets and baubles aplenty—oh.”
“Happy to oblige.”	“Quite right.”	“There’ll be no hearing this.”	“Only the finest things.”
“Can do.”	“Into the fray.”	“Not terribly becoming.”	“A treat to line my pockets.”
“Your servant.”	“Off we go.”	“Let’s give ‘em the slip.”	“A tad easier than Mater’s locks.”

Greeting (romanced)	Greeting (mid approval)	Greeting (low approval)	Insulting enemy
“What a treat. What may I do?”	“Quite right. Consult away.”	“Again?”	“Enough of this bilge!”
“You have only to say the word, my dear.”	“Rapt and ready to hear it.”	“If you must.”	“Away with you, cur!”
“Ask away, my love.”	“I stand ready. Please, speak.”	“I suppose we have a moment.”	“A pig, ripe for the spit!”
“How radiant you look, sweetheart.”	“What can I do?”	“What is it?”	“And they called <i>me</i> beastly!”
“Ever yours.”	“You wished for me?”	“Speak. But do be quick.”	“Your brain truly is holier than a hunk of Old Cressley!”

Attacking	Near-miss	Requiring aid	Providing aid
“Have at you!”	“That nearly blunted the ol’ bean!”	“Assistance, if you will!”	“Could hardly stand by.”
“Seaspire rules!”	“You just wait until my next funny turn!”	“Spare a pick-me-up, anyone?”	“Now, flourish.”
“Allez, you cad!”	“Heard that one whistle.”	“I’d be much obliged for a lick of aid.”	“I don’t think so!”
“I’ll ruffle your feathers.”	“Not altogether cordial, was it?”	“Not feeling tip-top.”	“Wing mended. Fly, little bird.”
“I demand satisfaction!”	“There’s really no need for this!”	“Help a chap up?”	“I’ll have you fighting fit.”