

# THE LABOURER



PlotDevice

*Seven people to do the work. That was all that were left. Two had been taken last season by the Shifters. It was almost a year since the Wyvern was driven from the Mount, taking with it four souls and all their cattle as food. Three more, including Surn's wife, had been lost to the mummy rot when Necron's forces were driven past the Hamlet by the Queen's men. That left seven workers, three men and four women to do the job sixteen had done the year before.*

*There had been nothing Surn could do for his wife. All the priests were serving the Queen's troupes, who had suffered as badly if not worse than the people of the Hamlet had. He did not lay blame. He cried tears in the night when his children would not see, and worked twice as hard in the day, once for himself and once for his lost partner.*

*But it was barely enough. His hands were bandaged, and it had been days since he tried to remove the rags, knowing that when he did, the blood would flow once more. He paused for a moment in his work, laying down the sickle and standing up in the field so as to get a better view of the work they had done so far today. He nodded. They were going well, they would get in before dark. But then something caught his eye.*

*Surn frowned and regathered his implement. There, moving through the long grass. Something large. Something hunting them. He saw Mellern forty yards away, far enough away to present a lone target.*

## Unlikely Heroes Overview

This is a gaming supplement that requires the use of the Dungeons & Dragons Players Handbook, Third Edition, published by Wizards of the Coast, Inc. It uses material from the updated v3.5 revision.

Unlikely Heroes consists of seven character classes developed from the standard NPC character classes in the DMG. These are designed to upgrade the NPC classes to make them on par with the Adventurer classes, but with a difference in focus. The Labourer is developed from the Commoner concept, and with it I hope to redress one of the greatest inequities of the d20 fantasy system.

*He knew if he called out, it might strike rather than flee; it was larger than human, and would probably hold little or no fear of this tiny pack of them. He thought of running. He thought of his children orphaned. He thought of pain and fear and hunger. He thought of death. And he thought of Mellern, fourteen years by his side working the same fields, and Mellern's two offspring, friends to his own, back in the houses. He squared his shoulders, tightened his grip on the sickle, and made himself ready to strike. Whatever it was, it too would know fear today.*

Every menial job needs someone to do it. Economies are built upon the capacity of people to get physical tasks done, and the peasants, workers, drudges or slaves are the cornerstones of any nation. They also tend to be the least appreciated, most