

THE MYSTIC



PlotDevice

Feliss muttered to herself. The people that passed her by tried not to notice her, those few kinder souls sparing a pitying glance or a coin before moving on. She growled or grinned at them, moved not by the actions of those around her, but by some inner monologue. She spat at a noble who deigned to give her a silver coin, then cackled with abandon when a child threw refuse at her. This was a nice village, she thought in a rational moment. No one had beaten her or driven her away, and while the Watch was wary of her, one kind guardsman had pointed her to the abandoned hut where she slept. She might stay here for many months more.

The refuse-flinging child was back. She liked the mischievous innocence, especially at her expense. It reminded her of her own childhood, not so long ago as her face might tell; of dancing in the woods with her sisters, and of things before the Other sensed her mischief and came to her uncalled. She knew what the Other wanted her to do to the child, and through that action what it would do to her. Power, yes, great power it gave, but only to harm.

The child was taunting her with doggerel, stepping into the street and shouting at her. He wasn't looking, didn't see, as the Noble's four horse carriage raced madly down the cobbled road, didn't notice

his life about to be taken from him. No thought, only instinct, as she spoke the Words and raised her hand, her palm

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 Mystic is one of the two classes developed from the Adept concept, this one focusing on divine magic and abilities.

upward. The thrill of the Other's power passed through her. Kill! It demanded. Kill them all! But she held it to her course, a small smile as she triumphed over it once more, keeping it in check. Fires rose up out of thin air, and the horses panicked and veered aside, the wide-eyed driver and passengers hanging on for their lives as the carriage scraped and splintered against the stone walls of the buildings.

The child stared at her in sudden fear, a look matched by the few village folk in sight. Someone called for the Watch. Feliss sighed. Time to move on once more.

Born with a gift, or chosen by the deities as a disciple, some that wield divine magic might come from any walk of life. Without the devotion of the Cleric, they are chosen for a variety of purposes known only to the powers that infuse them. They are sometime