

COYDAT

Coydat Smith, born to Phred and Mrs. Smith, was named by his parents after the great hero Coydt Van Hazz. Unfortunately, for Coydat, his parents were stupid hayseeds so they spelled the name wrong. When they realized their mistake, they attempted to rename their vacant son. Much to their chagrin, he liked his strange name, so it stuck. Coydat worked with his healer father for the first sixteen years of his life. Unfortunately, he hated the idea of having to do honest work for a living, so he gained very little knowledge under Phred's tutelage, but managed to laze about the house for three years. What little knowledge he did gain, he tended to keep to himself. Even his best group of friends didn't find out about his experience until one of them was kicked by a cow, ran out screaming in pain, hit a fence, fell into waist deep mud and slop, was bitten by a pig, bumped his head on the fence getting out of the mud and slipped and fell because of the mud. And even then Coydat made him pay for his services. If really pressed, he can be forced to use his abilities. But only if REALLY PRESSED!!! At the age of sixteen, he started wandering. He wandered about for four years doing nothing but sluffing from tenent house to pig farm to thieves quarter to pig farm to whore house to pig farm... anywhere he could get a good nights rest, in fact. He was a slob, too, I should, no, I must say. Why, there was no slovenly trull in the world that he would throw out of bed for eating crackers in front of a puppy. Finally, the slouch decided to try pretending to work. So he became an adventurer. Reading up on the subject (by stealing books from a bag lady) he found the perfect position for himself. But the king already had a mascot. So he settled on a fighter / magic-user. The king awarded him the +1 mace of whatever for leaving his nation. After a few months of adventuring (actually, stealing from more bag ladies) he (he'd probably make a better thief than fighter) gained (the thieves would love him - he could slouch about better than the best of them) enough (he's had all that experience sneaking around behind his father's back to get out of work) gold (he is REALLY lazy) to go to the sleeziest bar (why, he's so lazy he doesn't get up 'till noon or one) in the city of (he would really make a good thief - stays up all night sleeps all day) Drune (he probably wouldn't get up at all if the marts and shops were open at night). But he got kicked out of there (the bar) so he went elsewhere (another bar) in the city (Drune) to find a drink (Dragon's Tooth is his favorite - sloshed not shaken) and a bed (likes mahogeny) and maybe a courtier (a sleezebag slut is more like it! what a slob he is). He finally ended up following a white mouse and a goofy hamster into "The Green Rooster Tail" (if you notice, so did three other people - adventurers if I must say - end up in that VERY bar at that VERY time in there VERY interesting lives which are detailed in a VERY short paper about each VERY character which were written by a VERY great person and humanitarian. Would you please welcome Mr. Mack Trucksh, ladies and gentlemen!!!) were he joined a group of aforementioned characters.