

Scotty Bushell

[\[The Day After Ragnarok\]](#)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Knowledge d6 (Folklore), Knowledge d6 (The Ebony Tarn of Alberta), Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Survival d10, Swimming d4, Throwing d4, Tracking d8

Charisma: +4 **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal, Vow (Minor) (research the scary stuff in the woods)

Edges: Attractive, Beast Master, Charismatic, Command, Woodsman

R Lee Bushell was from Nova Scotia, when there was a Nova Scotia. Most of the island more or less got through the first tsunami, but the island just flat-out froze, pretty quick. Bushell still got himself and his wife out, and as far

as Calgary before things went permanently bad for Canada east of the Rockies. But Calgary's walls are tall, he and his wife have a decent place inside of them, and there's work out there in the Ebony Tarn for a man who knows the woods.

'Scotty' Bushell makes his living today as a scout in the Ebony Tarn. There's decent money in guiding the wildcatters through the increasingly monster-haunted wilds of Alberta, and Bushell has a good name for doing the job and a bit more, besides. He's good with regular critters, and if he lives through the next twenty years Scotty will be an expert on all the supernatural critters, too. He's already started to notice that stuff from some of the wilder folk songs are starting to show up in the woods; noticing that has saved his hide on several occasions, which is why he's now taking notes.

While Scotty Bushell is no slouch in a fight, neither is he particularly inclined towards that sort of thing. No coward, him, but if it's smarter to go around than through, he'll pick 'go around' and make no apologies about it. Unless there's somebody in the middle of 'through' that needs to be gotten out, of course. Then he'll just have to go in himself, and that's the beginning and the end of it. Mind

you, he has every attention of coming right back out and back to his wife; the man's principled, not suicidal.

One last note: most people simply **like** Scotty. To the point where that, while he's never the deadliest fighting-man in the room, the ones who *are* usually think that Scotty is one hell of a level-headed fellow who should be allowed to finish his drink in peace, eh? And that goes double for his dog Woodbridge. That's a damned good dog that Scotty has. Well-behaved, too. Unless he thinks that his master is in trouble.

- Moe Lane

- <http://www.moelane.com>