

Sergeant Ambrose Cartwright

Human man; 29 years old. Police officer.

You have an average sort of face and an average sort of build, and an endearing collection of freckles. When you are on the job you wear your police uniform.

Traits

- Average **strength** (d12)
- Average **agility** (d12)
- Average **health** (d12)
- Excellent **knowledge of the world** (d6)
- Average **perception** (d12)

Skills

- Has a **friend on every street** (d8)
- **Knows the city** like a local (d10)
- Knows his way around a **crime scene** (d10)
- Has a **pistol**, and practises diligently (d8)

Important equipment

- A Wilbert & Odricsson **pistol**

You have always liked people. This seems to come as a surprise whenever you talk to someone about being a cop—everyone expects you to be jaded by your time in the constabulary. You have found quite the opposite, however—in your experience most people are basically good. It’s just that sometimes they have been led astray by bad choices and need to be reminded to do the right thing.

You think that some of your colleagues are far too aggressive when dealing with the public. You’ve always thought that a kind word and a sympathetic ear can go a long way—you can use them to defuse a tense situation, find information about a crime, prevent a crime entirely, or even persuade a criminal to surrender peacefully. You like to think that your consistently friendly approach makes it easier for the public to trust you and the constabulary in general, and that’s something that all police officers should aspire to.

You have friends throughout the city—people with whom you have built up a certain rapport. You like to keep tabs on how they’re doing—you always make a point of asking about their families and business ventures. In exchange, you are often the first person they come to if they become aware of a problem that warrants the police’s attention.

You do of course occasionally encounter bad apples who are completely unreasonable. For those times you have the backup of your less patient colleagues, as well as your trusty pistol. You practise diligently—you would be horrified if you shot a bystander.

You were called in to the station very early this morning—apparently there’s been an arson attack on that little illithid temple in Larch Avenue. Their presence in the city has always been the source of some friction, but this seems a rather disproportionate first salvo in a religious disagreement—not even a brick through a window as a warning? You’re worried that the Temple of the Sun has crossed the line into incitement with some of their recent sermons.

Commander Rose wants you on this case to put people at their ease, and when you heard about the rest of your team you could see why.

Your fellow investigators

Special Detective Lisstree Serthalen: this drow works for the police as a contractor, and is often called out for the most dangerous cases. Her presence here is worrying. What’s even more worrying is the woman herself—you’ve heard that she used to be some kind of assassin in the underdark, and some of her tactics are—to put it mildly—not really considered legal up here. You hope that you can provide a moderating influence, but you’re absolutely terrified.

Warrant Officer Zhushessash “Zed” Xashtli: thank goodness there’s at least one normal person on this team. You’ve worked with Zed on a couple of cases before. They’re not what you would call a people person, although they’re friendly enough with other yuan-ti—but you have a good working relationship. They’re a forensics expert, and spend most of their time in a lab at the station, tinkering with things or pouring chemicals on corpses.

Acolyte Velaro: an illithid. You’ve never met an illithid before, and you must confess that you find the prospect daunting. Apparently it was... created from the body of a suspect who was badly injured during the attack. You hope it wasn’t someone you knew—that would be terribly awkward.