

THE BARBARIAN MAJOR

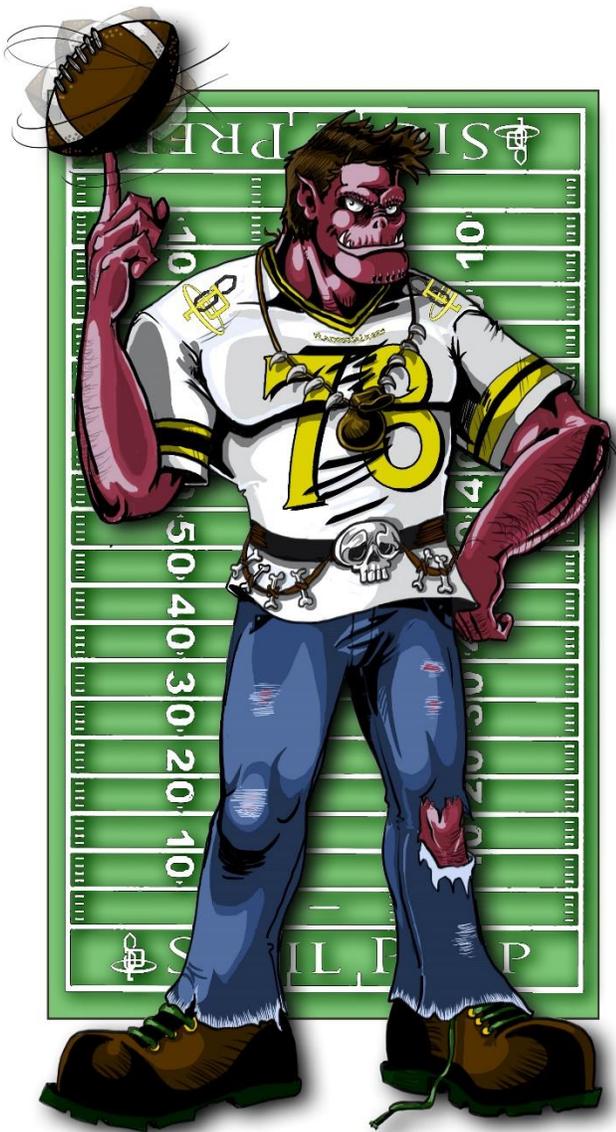
The Barbarian program is designed for students who are looking for the brute force solution to adventuring. Bash it and smash it, let the rest of the party worry about the puzzles and traps. During the course of this program, you will learn to channel your aggression into amazing acts of violence, as well as learning to get as good as you give.

Barbarism is not for the weak at heart, nor is it particularly for the weak at biceps. You won't

have a lot of reading and essays to worry about, but you're going to be doing some heavy lifting. And heavy hitting. Generally, expect things to be heavy.

Very few of your mandatory courses require textbooks, so you have that going for you. Meanwhile, you will probably spend more time in the infirmary than your peers in other departments.

All students enrolling in the Barbarian major will need to select an elective path which will guide your training. Most of these will also involve hitting.



BARBARIAN FACULTY

DEAN OF BARBARIANS

GROGNARD THE

GATEKEEPER (Human, no pronouns in bio)

Dean Grognard is a short-tempered and unpleasant wall of a man. He was barbarianing in a day when young barbarians didn't need to *learn* how to barbarian, they just knew. When they wore loin clothes and furry boots and nothing else (and a real man didn't need clothes at all, ya buncha pansies), and if you weren't six foot six, forget it! Stay home and gather firewood to cook the twenty elks he brings home.

Don't worry, though. Even if you look like Conan and kill our own food despite the cafeteria being right there, he'll probably still find some reason not to like you. You're younger than him, after all, so there's got to be something you're doing wrong.

Grognard is close to seven feet tall, and broad enough to get stuck in a door. He walks around shirtless, an uncountable number of scars visible on his chest, arms, stomach and legs. He only wears a loin cloth because the administration makes him. He only wears boots because they keep it too damn cold in here.

CORE FACULTY

BANFEL MANY-ARROWS (orc; he-him)

Descended from one of the greatest orcish tribal leaders in Faerun's history, Professor Many-Arrows is a man of few words, speaking mostly in short, dismissive sentences and grunts of disagreement or approval. He has little interest in social interaction, but a strong passion for teaching combat. He can bark out instructions and tactics with the best of them. The more he barks at you, the more promise he thinks you

have. If he thought you were bad, he'd just quit paying attention to you.

Many-Arrows is tall and wide-shouldered, hairy over most of his body. He has a tattoo of his tribal icon on his upper left arm. The tip of his extruding right tusk is chipped off. Although he has a reputation as irritable, in truth his face is normally neutral. It's rare to see him smile.

DA'VORAL TETHKAN (aaracokra; he/him)

Although quite skilled in combat, instructing in both archery and warhammer, Professor Tethkan's best courses are *Fundamentals of Danger Sense* and *Feral Instinct- Development and Use*. He is frighteningly aware of his surroundings. Not a note is passed or a rumor whispered in his class without his awareness. So much as start to doodle in the margins of your notes, and he'll shriek out an eagle-like cry that startles classes six doors down the hall. You will pay attention, young man.

Like most aaracokra, he rarely wears clothing, but he does wear a tie to work, because he's a professional.

EMILY SKIMBLE (swiftstride shifter; she/her)

Sometimes Professor Skimble sits upright on the corner of her desk while lecturing; other times, she perches. In a crouch. Her behaviors are a mixture of formal and feral; she has a crisp, proper British accent (or rather, an Eberonian accent that sounds like BBC English), but a very feline set of mannerisms that occasionally break through her posture.

Students wouldn't peg her as a barbarian at first. She's usually neatly dressed, with her long hair in a neat bun and rectangular glasses perched on her nose. She has a very polished posture and a swift stride that indicates a no-nonsense educator, but sometimes if annoyed or

startled, she'll spin and drop to all fours with a snarl. Occasionally, she'll brush a stray strand of hair aside by first licking the back of her hand and sliding it back in a catlike manner.

As a shifter, she has a light covering of fur even in her most humanoid form, and a catlike nose and rather sharp canine teeth, all of which become more pronounced as she enters a berserker rage. Students who take her lecture classes think she's sexy; students who take her combat classes are scared.

RED SONJA (human; she/her)

Born centuries ago in Hyrkania on the world of Hyboria, Sonja became one of the greatest swordswomen of all time, and gained a reputation unparalleled on her world aside from the barbarian Conan. She was the only champion of her world to join the Circle of Eight Hundred, the massive gathering of mortal heroes who banded together to combat the lich-turned-elder-god Vecna at the end of the Vecna Wars, and only returned to the mortal world a few decades ago.

Sonja has adapted well to the present day, and often comes to class in jeans and a leather jacket, riding to school on a motorcycle, which strictly speaking is illegal on the streets of New Sigil, but who's going to tell her that?

She is fierce and no-nonsense, but simultaneously good-humored and clever. She's as likely to chuckle and nod at a witty rejoinder from a student as she is to chuck her desk across the room at a backhanded comment. She's a woman of great passions, and all her emotions are felt to their fullest.

Despite being centuries old, she looks to be in her thirties, a side effect of her Circle of 800 membership and time fighting outside of the mortal realms. She has long red hair and green eyes, and a near-perfect physique.

(Red Sonja is owned by the estate of Robert E. Howard and Red Sonja, LLC. She had a D&D presence in 1986 in the adventure Red Sonja Unconquered. Her usage here is unofficial and specific to this setting and is not indicative of any canon interpretation.)

SPECIALIZED FACULTY

BORLAND "GRIZZ"

GRISWOLD (Human werebear; he/him)

Path of the Totem Warrior program coordinator
Professor Griswold is, like much of the barbarian faculty, a large man at six-foot-three. His musculature isn't sculpted like some of his peers, but he is, instead, more barrel-shaped. But there's no doubt he's a mountain of physical strength.

As a werebear, he is able to turn physically into a grizzly bear. He is jovial and has a deep laugh that shakes his entire frame. But he can go from a raucous laugh to a serious glare in an instant, and then back again with a wink. He keeps a twelve-pack of beer on his desk (during lectures) or in a cooler (during practical training), which he works his way through during class. No, he doesn't share them. But he's more than willing to join students at the pub later.

He has a thick, full beard and a hairy chest, and his voice can carry to the far end of a lecture hall even at a whisper.

LOGARD BADGERCLAW

(Dwarf; he/him)

Path of the Berserker program coordinator
He's the best he is at what he does, and he ain't very pretty. Professor Badgerclaw is a gruff, foul-mouthed dwarf who makes a show of being aloof and temperamental, although he has a strong protective streak that led him to teaching. He'll often have a particular student (a PC if applicable) whom he'll take under his wing and become extremely defensive of, in a mentoring way.

He'll go on long sabbaticals, during which even the other faculty doesn't know where he is, and the class will be stuck with some substitute who doesn't even know the first thing about swinging an axe or channeling rage. But he'll come back, say some vague things, and

go right back to teaching as if he hadn't missed a beat.

Just under five feet, and broad-shouldered, Badgerclaw keeps his beard much shorter than most dwarves, but is also considerably hairier, body-wise. He combs the hair on his head into a bizarre, owl-like shape for some reason nobody understands.