

Helg is the forgotten middle child between Sigur and Harsk. Before he died, Sigur was competent with a battleaxe and happy to down beers while bragging of his exploits, so everyone remembered him. Harsk keeps claiming to be good with a crossbow, so people remember him, at least to snigger behind his back -- everyone knows that those "giants" he supposedly killed died of dysentery.

Helg? Nobody remembers him. He's not much of a dwarf. And he sort of likes it like that. Though, he muses to himself, if he were more of a dwarf, he probably would like that just as much as the other bungling dwarves do.

To the extent that Helg learned crafting, it's because he'd rather make something for himself than deal with the gregarious traders in his clan; he's not especially good at it. He'll drink beer, but he much prefers absinthe. He is entranced by law and tradition, but mostly because he abhors the idea of personal mediocrity that goes with following such rules and traditions. He hunts and is willing to make war, but finds no honor in it -- these are means to eke out his living, away from others. He finds the plain-spoken nature of most dwarves betrays their lack of wit. And, frankly, the only reason he can find for maintaining a beard is that it's much easier than shaving, and the little braids on the side are sort of like the elfish henna tattoos that are so cool.

About the only aspect of dwarven honor that he gets, that means anything to him, is their desire for revenge. Sure, the dwarves call it by the name justice, but there's nothing sweeter in dwarven culture than digging into the darkness of one's soul, and using that hate as a fuel.

And though Helg, like other dwarves, makes fun of elves, it's largely because Helg makes fun of everybody. He sort of likes their lonely culture and some of their art; particularly the drow with their whips and chains.

Helg is thoughtful about the gods and what they seek, but largely because he finds them bullies. And, except for a few like Calistria, pretty lame. Calistria has her priorities straight, and Helg offers up some sacrifice to the Savored Sting.

Besides, Calistria's sacred prostitutes, in their black and yellow corsets, and henna tattoos, haven't rebuffed Helg the way dwarf women do. In his darker moments, and he is always in a darker moment, Helg thinks that they probably just find the idea of lying with a dwarf to be particularly exotic and kinky, and that doing so helps avoid pregnancy.