

BRAGGI

HAIL-BLAST

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Home: Lagerwater Stead, Tresdarni Clan, Tovtaros Tribe.

Gender: Male.

Personal Totems: Thunderhead, Cloud Hawk.

Current Hero Points: 4.

Dominant Emotion: Hatred.

Age: 32.

Keywords: Heortling Weaponthane, Devotee of Ereltharol the Black Ram. Secret Member of the Righteous Wind.

Goals: Protect bloodline and clan, support chief in marriage negotiations, assist young brother Braggi in marriage contests, increase reputation, secure inheritance rights to Spear 'Courage' from father.

PHYSICAL

Acute Hearing	2▯
Climb	19
Close Combat (Fyrd Combat, Spear & Shield, Sword).....	18▯
Endure Weather	4▯
Farming	17
Fight In Rain	9▯
Hide In Cover	18
Rain Dancing	20
Ranged Combat (Javelin, Spear).....	1▯
Riding	12▯
Running	1▯
Sneak	19

MENTAL

Dragon Pass Geography	3▯
Heortling Customs	19
Heortling Myth.....	3▯
Know Local Area	4▯
Mythology of Far Walkers	3▯
Recognise Foe	18
Stay Awake	19
Ambush	4▯ 2
Spot Ambush	19
Mythology of Heler	8▯
Predict Rain	17
Rally Warriors	18
Strategy	18



Midnight Raid	1▯ 2
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RELATIONSHIPS

Twin Birch Bloodline	14
Chieftain (Karlil).....	16
Tresdarni Clan	4▯
Supporters	16
Tovtaros Tribe	8
Hate: Harvar Ironfist	12
Hate: Bigger Wind	15
Father Karim: Resent	18
Brother Taros: Contempt	12

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Sister Erissa: Contempt	18
Sister Olenda: Suspicion	12
Brother Danwyr: Guide	18

PERSONALITY

Boastful	3▯
Brave	19
Loyal To Leader	7▯
Reckless	17
Fertile	20
Honest Violence	6▯
Ambitious	18
Self-Serving	2▯

FLAWS

Hate: Danlarni Clan	12
Hate: Yelmaliens	16
Drunken	3▯
Lecherous	19
Argue with Erissa	18
Dislike Women Leaders	17
Dislike Women	16
Secret Member of Righteous Wind	19

MAGIC & HEROQUEST

Pantheon: Storm	17
Great Deity: Orlanth	1▯
Devotee of Ereltharol the Black Ram	3▯
Bluefoot	4▯2

Heroquest Gift: Bluefoot - Has survived the Far Walker quest, and always goes barefoot on tattooed feet, leaving no tracks in earth or snow or mud.

Ereltharol Secret: Last Drop 14
Invisibly escape from Combat in sudden drenching rain or mist.

FEATS & AFFINITIES

Black Rain 4▯2 (Chilling Rain, Demoralise Enemies, Extinguish Fires, Soak Through Anything, Turn Earth Into Mud)

Clouds 3▯2 (Call Clouds, Command Cloud Daimon ritual, Fly up to Clouds, Walk on Clouds)

Rain 2▯2 (Call Hail, Obscure Daylight, Call Cleansing Rain, Call Fertile Rain, Call Flooding Rain, Command Rain Daimon ritual, Stop Rain)

Far Walker 12▯ (Walk Without Tracks, Conquer Hill, Sense Animal Ancestor)

WEALTH

Rating: Prosperous 5▯

Weregild: Thane

Items:

Iron sword and shield
Weapons and tools
Chain armour
Silver torcs and arm bands
Superior clothing
Riding horse
Superior spear ^3

FOLLOWERS

Awakened Shield: Thunderoak
Shout 16▯, Block Missile 12▯

Rain Daimone: Pelt
Blind Foe 16▯, Douse Torch 12▯



CLOUD-BORN AND STORM DARK,
BLUE MAN OF WATER,
WAR-READY BLACK RAM
HAIL CAST HIS GREETING!

SILVER-TORC SPEAR THANE,
HARVEST OF EVENING,
NO SHELTER PROTECTS YOU
WHEN BRAGGI COMES REAPING!

BRAGGI HAIL-BLAST

Terrible the fury of the wind, wild the blast of the lightning, harsh the storm as it beats in fury across the tree-bent gors! More terrible still is the gelid darkness, the black rain that chills your soul and freezes your fingertips, the icy hail that blinds and beats you down. Such is the cloud-born terror, the Black Ram, brutal and deadly, Ereltharol Heler-Born. Such is my master. I follow in his ways, and I pile high the enemy dead upon the altars of my god. I, Braggi Hail-Blast, blue-skin champion of hail and rain and cloud, cloud hawk, thane-fierce defender of my clan, master of the ambush and the midnight raid. The Black Ram lives in me, and those who cross me die. I am not adverse to killing, and I laugh long and hard in the moots of the lawspeakers. The Yelmalians fear me, and hate me, but our steeds remain free, and the wind flies unfettered across the ancient gors.

I am hail-born.

I am a proud man. The hills of my homeland rise wild, as does the pride of men to match those icy heights. The humble die in these hills. A hero knows how to boast.

I am rain-strong.

I am a man of honest violence and strong emotions, ambitious but not overly so, and I have given much to serve my bloodline and my clan. I am a loyal weaponthane to my chief, even though she is a woman. I wear her torc of silver, and I bear iron for the sake of all my blood. I allow no man to step in my shadow.

I am cloud-clad.

I am the son of a hero, and have grown to match my famous father **Karim Wildspear** in arms and in fury. If I do not have his wiles and craft, for all my unrecognised striving, at least I have his courage and cunning in arms, and when the



day comes that I take up his spear I shall be as great a hero as he, renowned in song and story among all the bloodlines of the north.

I am the bellowing ram of the gors.

And I shall be the Spear Holder, Spear-Ram of Heler. It is the spear that I desire above all else, the Spear 'Courage', fabulous gors-gift, and I have given much to prove myself worthy to bear it. My bloodline may not think me worthy of leadership, but they know full well who is it that keeps Ironfist and his minions from their gate. They might shake their heads when my year marriages fail, and whisper of my love of mead and lechery and my childless hearth, but they also know to gift me with armbands of curling bronze and tin and silver. Only my father dare speak openly to me.

My father. Karim. And him I have always obeyed. Always. Whatever the cost.

Not that I am without my supporters. I know who to trust and who to gift, and who I can rely on for work that must be done in secret. There are those that would follow me gladly. The chiefs and elders of my clan play a slow and cautious game against our Yelmalian king and his Churian masters, dancing and feinting as though they can delay the final reckoning. Our ancestors the Far Walkers were of stronger stock, men of action, proud in word and deed. They forged this land with their bare hands, led by a star javelin and a Righteous Wind.

And the Righteous Wind blows still. We who follow that Wind strike in secret against Yelmalian and their families, cloaked by the powers of our cult, hidden by the gales of our god. We will drive them all into the lowlands, or slaughter them in their beds. We do not shirk from our sacred task. Yet we must work in secret, for many of the Storm dare not face the brutal truth. We must kill, or we will die.

Heler is my refuge, and my strength. In Heler I wait for the heredom that will be mine. Heler knows the true man, the whole man, and Heler leads me down a path of my own making.

And when the Spear is in my hand, sign of my father's blessing, the bellowing ram shall fly forth to smite the enemies of my kin. Brutal the black ram, and loud his bleating. Harvar and his minions and the traitors of the plains shall feel the icy spear-hail of Braggi. Soft-gold Yelmalian is a curse that must be cut from the living flesh of our people.

But for now I must focus on other matters. **Karlii Ravenbrow** is our new chieftain. She seeks a husband to share her lonely duty - for what woman can truly lead a clan? - and has chosen a chief of the Danlarni to warm her bed. It is a shame and a shambles that a woman should lead us, for a herd led by a mare will always stray. I hope this Danlarni chieftain **Landos** has the strength to lead two clans. A matching will end our long feud, true enough, and the Danlarni are strong in the shield wall. As a clan weaponthane, I accompany Ravenbrow on her journey to Bearwatch Stead, as does Karim our champion, my father.

And others of my hearth. My youngest brother, **Danwyr**, has taken to find himself a bride, and has chosen the chief's daughter **Nalda** as his to win in marriage contest. He has called on his family to assist him in his quest, and so we ride together.



