

DANWYR

CAN+BE-MOVED!

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Home: Lagerwater Stead, Tresdarni Clan, Tovtaros Tribe. **Gender:** Male.
Personal Totems: Thunder Colt. **Current Hero Points:** 8.
Dominant Emotion: Zest. **Age:** 18.
Keywords: Young Heortling Herder, Initiate of Finovan the Raider, Aspiring Skald and Cattle Boaster.
Goals: Secure hand of Nalda Landosdotter, prove manhood, protect family and clan, secure patron, establish wealth, try not to say or do anything *too* stupid.

PHYSICAL

Acute Hearing	19
Attack	17
Close Combat (Fyrd Combat, Spear & Shield, Sword)	3▮
Dodge	18
Endure Bad Weather	17
Herding	17
Go Without Food	17
Hide In Cover	19
Jump	19
Move Quietly	14
Play Battlepipes	16
Ranged Combat (Javelin, Spear)	1▮
Riding	4▮
Running	16
Sing & Chant	14

MENTAL

Bawdy Limerick (<i>tolata</i>)	19
Boasting Song	18
Brew Woad	17
Cadge A Meal	19
Dragon Pass Geography	17
Heortling Customs	17
Heortling Myth	3▮
Know Cattle	1▮
Know Local Area	19
Learn from Mistakes	2▮



Misquote Myth/Epic	17
Mythology of Orlanth	19
Mythology of Thunder Brothers	19
Play Audience	16
Recognise Foe	17
Sense Change In Weather	17
Mythology of Far Walkers	17

RELATIONSHIPS

Twin Birch Bloodline	19
Tresdarni Clan	15
Tovtaros Tribe	6
Chieftain (Karlii)	14
Obsession: Nalda	17
Enemy: Princeros Tribe	12
Friend: Low Entertainers	17



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Hate: Harvar Ironfist	14
Father Karim: Awe	16
Brother Braggi: Love	18
Brother Taros: Respect	16
Sister Eriisa: Suspicion	12
Sister Olenda: Love	16

PERSONALITY

Active	19
Boastful	17
Great-hearted	1▯
Irrepressible	5▯
Joyful	19
Unafraid	17

FLAWS

Burst Into Song	18
Speak Before Thinking	17
Thick	17
Dislike Women Leaders	12

MAGIC & HEROQUEST

Pantheon: Storm	17
Great Deity: Orlanth	19
Initiate of Finovan the Raider	1▯

Invoke Sacred through story 16

Sacred Gift: Even strangers smile in Danwyr's presence.

FEATS & AFFINITIES

Combat 19 (Aid Throw With Wind, Armour of Woad, Enchant Silver, Leaping Shield, Overbear Foe, Weapon Help, Rolling Thunder, Searing Bolt, Spare Me)

Movement 18 (Burst of Speed, Leap Over Obstacle, Run On Mud, Run Up Cliffs, Sunset Leap)

Raiding 1▯ (Attract Herd, Camouflage Animal, Hide Animal Tracks, Silence Herd Animal)

Far Walker 17 (Walk Without Tracks, Conquer Hill, Sense Animal Ancestor)

WEALTH

Rating: Common 12

Weregild: Cottar

Items:

Bronze spear and sword.
Leather armour & shield.
One star, two clacks and a bent bolg.
Cloak of many colours.
Riding horse: Strolling Thunder.
Battlepipes.
Suitor gift for Nalda (Player's choice)

FOLLOWERS

Riding Horse: Strolling Thunder

Leap 18, Count 14.

Wind Daimone: Whisper

Whisper Secret 18, Flower Scent 14 .



Put me down and I'll tell you! My father is Karim Wildspear, champion of the Tredarni, hero of Daylanus, owner of the Spear 'Courage'. I can chant you from *The Ford of the Three Weapons...*

Who comes, like a stag of the gors, with my kinsmen's herds behind him?
I see his forward spear. Aeolan advance no more!

Yes, that's right, he's in *The Two Mountain Bull Raid* as well, but *Three Weapons* is much better. In that, Karim holds the Danlarni raiders at bay for three whole days...

Karim arose on the rocks. His dark hair flew loose in the wind.
He heft high his spear, his glittering spear,
And he moved to the ford, to the harsh-rock ford
Where the river runs red,
With the blood of the dead,
And his foe they shall pass no more!

Karim rose on the day with songs. He shouldered
his shield to the wind.
He heft high his spear, his glittering spear,
And he rushed, in his joy, to the foe, through the foam,
And his challenge it echoed a third time around
That his foe they shall pass no more!

Yes, that was Aeolan he fought, old Broken Nose from Bearwatch stead. As it happens, I'm going there myself. *Tomorrow*. I'm going to win me a bride.

No, it's true! I swear by any wind you can name. Her name is Nalda. *Nalda Copperhair*. And she's a chieftain's daughter.

Let me tell you about the first time we met. I glimpsed her from afar 'midst the cattle pens at Ironspike. It was the Dark Market, and I was recovering from an unhappy love affair and an even unhappier cattle raid. It was love at first sight.

I knew she was the one for me the moment I saw her. I drew close, wiped the dung out of my hair, and asked politely if we might retire to a haystack for some serious wooing. "Bugger off!", she said, and she laughed. Well I knew then it was going to be a challenge, but like I said, she's a chieftain's daughter. Pure copper and loam she is, and with hair to match. Luckily, I'm a hero's son, so I knew what to do. I told her who I was, and that I would be her Orlanth, and she my Ernalda, and that she had better tell her father I was coming to claim her.

Well next thing I know, her father goes and announces a marriage contest. I've not been able to think of anything but her for weeks.

No I don't have much of a herd, but raiding season is coming on and the lowlands are full of fat Yelmalian. I make mistakes sometimes, but I always learn



from them. I do have my family, and a good name, and a bright future, so with their help I know I can win my Nalda's hand. So off we all go together to Bearwatch Stead for the marriage contest.

We'll all be together again. My father **Karim** of course, he's helping our chief with her matching as well, but it's me he's really going for. He's a hero, a great hero, and I want to be a hero like him, a man he can be proud of. There's my brother **Braggi**, he's a great warrior too, and the best brother in the whole world. And **Taros**, well he's just a cattle man, but he's helped me with my herds. My sister **Olenda**, she's a huntress you know. She's a bit sad of late, and I don't know why. Perhaps she needs a husband all to herself. My other sister is **Erissa**, she married into the Tresdarni, to some stuffy Elmali thane. She's a priestess, thinks a bit much of herself, she does. As Braggi says, a herd led by a mare will always stray. I think he meant Erissa when he said that... Anyways, caused a right ruckus when she married into an enemy clan, she did shamed us all. Father has forgiven her though, I think. I'm not so sure myself.

Well they *used* to be our enemies. Not any more, no. The chiefs are going to marry, and put all the feuding behind us. We're both Orlanthe after all, and have to stand together against the Yelmalian and such. My marriage will help too, but I'd never marry an enemy if my father said no. I'm not like Erissa.

I'm not really sure what the marriage contests will be like. Taros, he took me aside last night, man to man. "Marriage is not just a walk through an open field", he said. "You have to brave the deepest forests." I think he was trying to tell me something, though Taros doesn't have my gift with words. I wonder what he could mean? We'll brave the gors, right enough: it's a long way to Bearwatch!

I know what to do when we get there. I'll do lots of boasting to remind everyone of my family's great name, and impress all the thanes and future uncles with my poetry and tale telling. I may even share a *toltat* or two to spice the ale at the feasting bench. And when my Nalda is won, I will make such a poem of my matching that it will be chanted and sung through all the steads of the north, and *The Wooing of Nalda by Danwyr* will be as famous as that of Heort and Drenya, or Sartar and the Feathered Cow Queen.

I'm the youngest of the litter, just like Orlanthe. And like the Lord of Air, I must woo my Ernalda.

Now Danwyr, a Finovan poet,
Has the gift of a skald and he know it.
He will boast of his cattle,
Chant of prowess in battle,
Till his kin tell him to shut up and go away and watch the herds in the
far northern meadows, and take those blasted battlepipes with him.

It's never easy, being a skald.



