

ERISSA

SILVER-HERDS

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RELATIONSHIPS

Birth Clan (Tresdami)	15
Marriage Clan (Danlarni)	17
Marriage Bloodline	18
Tovtaros Tribe	8
Ernaldan Temple	18
Women's Circle	4W
Husband: Anatyr the Steady	17
Hate: Havar Ironfist	15
Father Karim: Respect	16
Brother Braggi: Contempt	16
Brother Taros: Love	16
Sister Olenda: Respect	16
Brother Danwyr: Guide	12

PERSONALITY

Surprise Oneself	7W
Competent	3W
Loving	17
Motherly	16
Dedicated	19
Empathetic	6W
Enduring	3W

FLAWS

Disrespectful Laughter	17
Mock Pomposity	18
Family Reputation	17
Wife to Elmali	16
Argue with Braggi	14

MAGIC & HERQUEST

Pantheon: Storm	17
Great Deity: Ernaldal	3W
Devotee of Enferalda the Supporter	4W
Roitina Gift: Healing Laughter	
Raise Spirits	19
Healing Laughter	2W

FEATS & AFFINITIES

Heal People 4W (Diminish Injury, Ease Pain, Prevent Dying, Remove Hurt, Make Less Tired)

Heal Relationships 18 (Boost Confidence, Kiss and Make Up, Prevent Anger, Reach Consensus, Sting Pride, Stop Argument)

Endurance 7W (Bear Heavy Burden, Go Without Food, Ignore Pain, Go Without Sleep, Remain Standing, Survive Battle)

WEALTH

Rating: Prosperous 12W

Weregild: Thane

Items:

Steadmistress to a prosperous Elmali hearth, where she commands unmarried sisters, lesser brides and children.

Silver sacrificial dagger

Copper keys to storehouses

Superior clothing

Silver and gold jewellery

Shoulder Plates 'Endurance' ^4

Lapis Beads 'Come Hither' ^3

PATRONS

Anatyr the Steady: Husband

Influence Ring 5W , Direct Elmali 1W .

Hirila Broadacres: Husband's Mother

Influence Stead 5W , Direct Women 1W .



“THERE IS ALWAYS A LAUGHING WAY.”

ERISSA SILVER-HERDS

The morning sun on Bearwatch reveals a peaceful, quiet stead, home to nearly three hundred souls of the Danlarni clan. Set amidst the craggy uplands of gors and gallt, isolated, well hidden, and well defended, it is hard to believe that the troubles of the outside world could ever intrude here.

Yet intrude they do. The gors is a harsh mistress, unforgiving and brutal. Broo and other, unnamed, monstrosities might spill out of Ginijji at any time. Uz raiders sweep out of the north in Darktime raids. Our Tovtaros king, **Conla Brightshield**, is Yelmalian, and he carries out the bidding of his distant master, **Harvar Ironfist**, to harry and weaken the remaining Orlanthe and Elmali clans of the tribe. Conla is subtle, and measured, but the danger, the peril, is very real. Gagarthe and Yelmalian mercenaries are less subtle, and may bring fire and iron down upon our tula in ambush and in raid. And in this time of greatest peril, as the Yelmalians and Orlanthe and Elmali of our stead strive to live together in peace as we have always done, one body and one blood, our greatest danger comes not from Alda Chur but from a neighbouring, feuding Orlanthe clan.

My clan, the Tresdarni. The clan of my birth. The clan of my father and mother and brothers and kin. Ernalda gifts wisdom, but her sons have no ears to hear.

The feud goes back a generation, and at its heart is a stolen bull, **Two Mountains**, browsing now in the chief's meadow within sight of my hearth. The rebellion of the Righteous Wind brought fire and death upon us all, but the men of the Storm still argue over cattle. It seems they prefer the lowing of their beasts to the wisdom of their women. They raid and they clash and they argue, and Harvar rejoices at every drop of Orlanthe blood.

I came to this clan—my marriage clan—five years ago, to marry the man I love. **Anatyr the Steady**, my husband, is a thane and ring member, a good man, a respected bloodline elder who might be our chieftain except for the god he has chosen to worship. An Elmali chief, even among the most distant gors, would attract the ire and iron of Harvar instantly, a most deadly provocation. So instead my husband serves as loyal dishthane and reeve to **Landos Freewind**, our stormy chieftain, nurturing the surviving Elmali and seeking peace with the remaining Yelmalian kin who also share our stead if not our hearth.

A bride's path is never easy, for she must leave her family and kin to live among strangers. My path was even harder. My father, **Karim Wildspear**, the champion of the Tresdarni, forbade my matching to an enemy clansman, and to defy him was the hardest thing I ever did. And then, as the most junior wife of my new bloodline, I shared a hearth with women whose husbands and brothers and sons had been murdered or bloodied by my own kin.



Yet Enferalda, who I sing before the altars, granted me strength, and patience and above all endurance, and with the birth of my sons I finally won acceptance. By her blessing, I have grown rich in horse and herd and honey hives. I have my own herds of cattle and sun ponies, and my breeding mares are much sought. I have become a woman of influence and power, and a guiding voice in the Womens' Circle, which knows most things and can influence the chieftain and the moot. I am a skilled ceremonialist, and one day I shall be priestess.

And I have made a path for peace between my two feuding clans —the clan I left behind and the clan where I made my marriage bed.

Enferalda has gifted me with some small wisdom, and I use these gifts for my clan as best I can. Yet Roitina, the Laughing Dancer, also touched me in my youth, and her mark is upon me still. The wife of an Elmali thane should be stern and obedient in public, decorous and clement, silent unless spoken too. Such are the ways of Elmal and Redalda. But I was born into a stormy hearth, and formed of a wilder fire.

Saucy Roitina taught me to sing and dance and to do these well—whether the Unity or skirt-lifting dance in the feasting hall or the bee dance to bless my hives in the southern meadow. I love nothing better than a feast and a crowd and a tune. Roitina taught me to raised burdened spirits with laughter, but also gave me the temper to challenge the stupidity of men when required, in private or in public. I am, after all, the daughter of a hero. And as the Goddess proclaims, 'There is always a laughing way.'

I support my long-suffering husband as I can, for his burden is a heavy one. I know that I cause him much embarrassment, and I endure many strong words in the loom house from his hawk-eyed mother. And though I blame the touch of the Goddess, I know in my heart that the dour predictability and straight laced decorum of an Elmali hearth is still foreign to me, and this is my escape and protest. In truth, I miss the openness, the spontaneity—indeed even the arguments—of my father's Tresdarni hearth.

Enferalda has taught me to take on the burdens of others, and this I do without complaint, though often in unexpected ways. Sometimes I surprise myself in what I do, not knowing until later why my twin goddesses inspired me so. For 'No one ever knew what Roitina would do, but she always did it!'

The politics and rivalries of my stead reach back generations, bloodline politics where little is forgotten or forgiven. Three bloodlines strive against the other, for good and for ill. Landos our chieftain leads the **Blue Sword** bloodline, my Anatyr the Three Crest, and the Yelmalian **Yelam Sun Charger** leads the Golden Amber. Landos is a warrior, elected in the bitter aftermath of the Righteous Wind, when a warrior's blade was needed for our very survival. He has served us well enough, but the man has no subtlety, no patience, and in truth relies on my husband for most of the day to day running of the stead. Were he not an Elmali, and were it not so difficult for Yelmalian and Elmali to work together, then Anatyr my husband would

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be chief now to lead us, acclaimed by the Ring and by the moot, a man of subtlety and courage. Instead, Landos endures. Our feud with the Tresdarni might have ended long ago, but for his pride and his avarice for the magical bull **Two Mountains**. If the marriage of the two chieftains proceeds, I do not know if he has the wisdom to guide two clans.

And as for Landos' spoilt, vain, foul-mouthed brat of daughter, that **Nalda Copperhair**, how could my brother Danwyr fall for such as she! He was never the brightest of the litter, but has the boy been drinking muddy water? Is it a week of two full moons? A marriage to the chief's daughter will give him much, 'tis true, but Nalda, my brother's wife?! The boy needs a talking to, and I'm just the one to set him straight.

Soon enough. My entire family journeys here, to match our chieftains and to assist young Danwyr in his quest. My father **Karim Wildspear** leads them. Our last meeting ended in tears and bitter words, but separation has made my heart grow fonder. He is a great warrior, a hero of his people, and in defying him I shamed him. I pray that we can be reconciled, and that this daughter can grant her father comfort at her hearth.

Braggi comes too, that hulking obscenity who takes delights in blood and pain. My contempt for him is no secret, and there is little love between us. He is dangerous and stupid, and we always seem to argue. **Taros** I long to see, I have missed his gentle laugh and his warmth. He has always understood the need for another way. And **Olenda**. She visits sometimes, in her long gorswalking, but she is no longer the sister I once knew. Something has claimed her, and changed her—Odayla or the Lady or something else, I do not know. It puzzles me. And **Danwyr** of course, the youngest of our litter, our hope and delight. He is a man now, he must learn from his own mistakes. His wyrd is bright, but he has fallen too much under Braggi's influence, and must be coaxed to think for himself.

My stead is beautiful in sunlight. Yelmalian and Orlanthi and Elmali live here together in peace, despite our differences. We are all Far Walkers, one body and one blood. Married women from many different clans and tribes have also made their home here in peace. Their children are ours, our future. They are our hope. There is always a way.

Take care of our children. Take care of what they hear.
Take care of what they see. Take care of what they feel.



CAMPFIRE WISDOM

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WISDOM OF THE FAR WALKERS

No one ever knew what Roitina would do, but she always did it.

There is always another way.

There is always a *laughing* way.

The gors protect. The gors provide. In all things, let the gors provide.

The Spear Courage has a secret name that only the Odaylans know.

The clan is everything. The honour of one is the honour of all. The hurt of one is the hurt of all.

If you are life-worthy, you can endure *anything*.

The Lady can never be fettered, but She can be placated.

One's back is vulnerable, unless one has a brother.

The Rain has many faces.

Wisdom is knowing when to speak and when to refrain from speaking.

The Animal Twins, Brother and Sister, entered the Eternal Gors together.

Your soul can only travel as far as your feet can carry you.

The Goddess made time, and she made plenty of it.

If an Odaylan misses, it means she likes you.

‘Violence is always an option’, thundered Orlanth, Lord of the Storm. ‘There is always another way’, whispered Ernalda, Queen of the Earth.

A hero is for fame, not longevity.

Few use the better, if they know the worse.

One's back is vulnerable, unless one has a brother.

Nobody is completely stupid, if he can be silent.

To understand another is wisdom. To understand yourself is a gift of the gods.

