



# KARIM

## WILDSPEAR

⊗ ♃ ♀ □ ♄ ● ⊙ ⊕ ♂ ♎ † ✕ III ✕ ☆



Tovtaros Tribe .....	8
Son Braggi: Distant .....	14
Son Taros: Respect .....	18
Daughter Erissa: Distant .....	10
Daughter Olenda: Love .....	2W
Son Danwyr: Pride .....	17

### PERSONALITY

Arrogant .....	15
Boastful .....	19
Brave .....	10W
Crafty .....	17W
Dynamic .....	16
Generous .....	17
Honourable .....	14
Loyal To Leader .....	19
Proud .....	17

### FLAWS

Champion of Renown .....	4W
Hate Yelmalions .....	15
Spear Compulsion: Forage .....	12
Spear Compulsion: Sleep Away Hurt .....	18
Secret: Incurable Disease .....	16

### MAGIC & HEROQUEST

Pantheon: Storm .....	19
Great Deity: Orlanth .....	4W
Devotee of Daylanus Thunderous .....	8W
Sense Future Winds .....	12
Sense Heroquest Ritual .....	16
Stare Into Sun .....	17
Sense Bigger Wind .....	14

**Heroquest Gift:** all flames flicker fearfully in Karim's presence.

#### Wildspear, The Spear 'Courage'

Courage of Bear (Owner) .....	4W
Strength of Bear (Owner) .....	12W
Roar of Bear (Owner) .....	17

Bear's Tooth Blade ..... 10W

(Automatic Attack Augment: +3)

Spear always responds to oral command.

### FEATS & AFFINITIES

**Storm 6W 2** (Call Clouds, Gentle Rain, Start Thunderstorm, Storm Voice)

**Wind 15W** (Command Air Daimones, Drive Away Clouds, Raise or Lower Wind, Snatch Breath, Still Whirlwind, Turn Wind, Blow Away Shadows, Blow Out Fire, Push Waves with Wind)

**Fight Elements 8W 2** (Enchant Tin, Fight Darkness, Fight Earth, Fight Fire, Fight Water, Extinguish Fire, Cloud Covers Sun, Spear-Breaking Shout)

**Far Walker 7W** (Walk Without Tracks, Conquer Hill, Sense Animal Ancestor)

### WEALTH

**Rating:** Prosperous ..... 7W

**Weregild:** Thane

#### Items:

The Spear Courage, wrapped in speckled fur of crim marten, adorned with quartz and feathers.

Superior enchanted sword ^7.

Superior clothing, weapons and tools.

Chain and plate armour & shield.

Silver torcs and arm bands.

Riding horse.

### FOLLOWERS

**Wind Daimone: Bluster**

Blinding Hail 4W 2, Thunderbolt 20W

**Wind Daimone: Blow**

Lift Warrior 4W 2, Blow Warrior 20W



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### C ⊕ M B A †

#### Close Combat

12w2

Axe	3
Mace	3
Spear	5
Spear & Shield	5
Sword & Shield	4
Trident	3

+3 Aug.  
+3 Aug.  
^7

#### Ranged Combat

4w2

Spear	sight	3
Throwing Axe	10 yards	3

Armour Rank: 5

+

-

5 4 3 2 1

99	98	97	96	95	94	93	92	91	90	89	88	87	86	85	84	83
82	81	80	79	78	77	76	75	74	73	72	71	70	69	68	67	66
65	64	63	62	61	60	59	58	57	56	55	54	53	52	51	50	49
48	47	46	45	44	43	42	41	40	39	38	37	36	35	34	33	32
31	30	29	28	27	26	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15
14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0		

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“OUR HEARTS MUST GROW RESOLUTE, OUR  
COURAGE MORE VALIANT, OUR SPIRITS  
MUST BE GREATER, THOUGH OUR  
STRENGTH GROWS LESS.”

## KARIM WILDSPEAR

*A Champion's craft is subtly wrought*, as much sheer will and bluff and biting song as force of arms and courage in the fray. For ten long years I have defended my clan against Fire, Darkness and Chaos, against the schemings of Yelmalian and the stormy raids of neighbouring Orlanthi. I have given my all, I have served tirelessly and well. The name of Karim Wildspear is known and feared among all the tribes of the Far Place, and the tales of my deeds are sung at every hearth.

My fame is made even greater by my wondrous spear, The Unity Spear, the **Spear Courage**. One of the twelve treasures of Odayla, I won it long ago in a boasting match with a woodsman midst the rain-swept gors of the Lost Man Wilds. It's power is great, even the little that I understand. And though it makes strong demands upon my very soul, it is a hero's weapon true, and mine to command in the fray.

Ten long years have I served the Tresdarni clan as its champion, famed for every kind of craft, a hurricane in battle and a rushing gale amidst my foe. Ten years and more I have fought with weapons and feats and raw courage, with axe and mace and spear and sword and trident, with the raw power of Daylanus' winds, with boast and challenge and with silence when necessary. Ten long years since I escaped the treachery of Gamla's Leap to lead our depleted fyrd against the spears of Yelmalian. Ten long years since the bloodshed of the Righteous Wind and the victory of Harvar Ironfist, enemy of all free men. Ten long years, and now at last my allotted wyrd is spinning to fulfilment. Soon I will join both lost companions and noble enemies of yore at the heroes' feast in Orlanth's hall.

For I am dying, slow but sure, the signs can no longer be denied. A champion longs for glorious death midst clash of arms, but it seems my final battle may be less heroic, a gradual fading of the breath, a wasting of the muscles, a coughing away of life itself. My strength is fading and death sits in my bones. I am not afraid of him, I have never been afraid of man nor god.

I have kept my disease a secret, shared only by my daughter **Olenda** and the clan healer, both sworn to silence. The winter chill of Dark Season nearly killed me: only by spending it in the solitude of a cult lodge did I hide my weakness from kin. Now, with the new year and the strengthening of the sun, enemies old and new once more threaten the Tresdarni. I have little remaining strength, but even the name of Karim is a bulwark to the free, and the shield of my renown shall endure a little longer.

The wyrd of long years of battle, the hatred of slain foes and the bloody violence I have wrought upon friend and enemy alike hangs upon my chest like a millstone, strangling my very breath. The dead cry out for vengeance and the living watch for







My other sons and daughters ride with me now on common quest. My firstborn, **Braggi**, is a warrior much like me. He is violent and bloody, but has little of the subtlety and craft required of a true champion. His brother **Taros** is a great-hearted, plain-speaking son of the fields, and though he has neither craft nor violence, he is greatly loved in our clan. Taros is a man of peace, and perhaps a future leader, but is peace what the clan requires in this hour? He blames me for the loss of his Yelmalian wife, and who can say it is not so? And of course nevertheless **Danwry**, my youngest, Orlanth to my Umath, a young raider in the first flush of youth, eager to carve his wyrd upon the world. It is Danwry who carries my deepest hopes.

There is **Olenda** of course, my second daughter, a gors-taken huntress who has cared for me through illness and shared my bitter secret these long seasons past. She is always at my side. I owe her more than I can say: she has great sense and wisdom and a wyrd as yet unrevealed.

My children make this journey not so much for our chieftain but for young Danwyr, who wishes to contest the hand of the Danlarni chief's daughter, **Nalda Copperbrow**. I have sworn to pay brideprice if the match proceeds, and will join his brothers and sisters to support and guide him in the marriage quest.

Much depends on the next few days. I must embody the pride and fury of the Tredarni on behalf of my chieftain and my clan. I must prepare a path for peace with honour. I must still the lingering restless ghosts of our bloody past. And when the winds are right, I must make my sickness known to my chief and to my family, and plan for my final passing to Orlanth's Hall. The clan moot will elect a new champion, but my word will count for much. And the Spear... I alone will decide who shall bear it after me. The choice will be difficult. May Orlanth and Ernalda guide me.

### KARIM'S ILLNESS

Your bones ache, you cough blood, the little sleep you manage is haunted by terrifying nightmare. The healers says you carry the breaths of many slain warriors. Your strength is still considerable [16], especially when augmented by the powers of the Spear [Strength of Bear 8w]. The Narrator will roll at the end of every round of sudden action or exertion: there is a strong cumulative chance that you will collapse. Relying too heavily on the powers of the spear to sustain you may in fact hasten your death. Act cautiously and decisively.



# CAMPFIRE WISDOM

☯ ☳ ☵ ☶ ☷ ● ○ ⊕ ☽ ☿ ♀ † ✕ ||| ✕ ☆



## WISDOM OF THE FAR WALKERS

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.

Orlanth so teaches; breathing is the best form of prayer. To act is to pray. To live is to pray.

When Orlanth faced the Water Dragon, He slew it. But when Orlanth faced the Shadow Dragon, he loved its darkness. This is Power, and this is Will.

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

If an Odaylan misses, it means she likes you.

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

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

The day before yesterday and yesterday are not the same as today.

The Wind brings change, and so does the warrior of the wind.

Orlanth learned from his mistakes. That is his greatest power and gift.

Our mistakes are sacred. The path we walk is a wide one, but it twists like the winds, and everything on it is sacred. What we do right and well is sacred. Our mistakes are also sacred. To learn from mistakes is the way of the Storm.

Name is *everything*.

A warrior must say ‘yes’ to life. To all of it.

Think in your stomach. Two bears live there. Their names are Wild and Tame. One is fearful, the other jealous. Listen to them both. Each has its season.

The Rain has many faces.

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.

Never walk away from home ahead of your axe and sword.  
You can’t feel a battle in your bones or foresee a fight.

Cattle die, kinsmen die, all men are mortal. Words of praise will never perish, nor a noble name.

