

TAROS X-BACK

⊗ 2 4 □ 卍 ● ⊙ ⊕ ⋆ † ‡ ≡ ✕ ☆



Home: Lagerwater Stead, Tresdami Clan, Tovtaros Tribe.

Gender: Male.

Personal Totems: Humped Ox, Storm Horn Bull.

Current Hero Points: 3.

Dominant Emotion: Deep-hearted.

Age: 30.

Keywords: Prosperous Heortling Farmer and God-talker, Initiate of Orlanthcarl the Farmer.

Goals: Build peace between clans, support chief in marriage negotiations, assist brother Braggi in marriage quest.

PHYSICAL

Close Combat (Fyrd Combat)	19
Farming	6W
Make Simple Repairs	19
Manage Stead	16W
Ranged Combat (Javelin)	18
Running	3W
Wrestle	5W

MENTAL

Boast	17
Domestic Animal Care	2w
Dragon Pass Geography	19
Farming	4w
Heortling Customs	2w
Heortling Myth	4w
Know Land	18
Know Local Area	19
Manage Herd	4w
Mythology of Orlanth	4w
Perform Sacrifice	19
Pray to God	5w
Read Bird Sign	18
Recognise Animal	19
Recognise Plant	16
Sense Change In Weather	17
Sense Powers Nearby	19
Speak Plainly	6w
Trade Wisely	3w



RELATIONSHIPS

Twin Birch Bloodline	2w
Tresdami Clan	17
Tovtaros Tribe	6
Yelmalio Cult	14
Barntar Plough Lodge	14
Father Karim: Respect	12
Brother Braggi: Contempt	12
Sister Erissa: Love	18
Sister Olenda: Respect	16
Brother Danwyr: Guide	18



TAROS OX-BACK

☮ ☺ ☼ ☐ ☑ ● ○ ⊕ ☽ ☾ † ✕ ||| ✕ △



PERSONALITY

Fatherly	18
Hand-working	1w
Responsible	17
Deep-Hearted	3w
Pious	17
Humourous	16

FLAWS

Family Reputation	17
Friend to Yelmalo	19
Resent Karim	14
Resent Braggi	17
Peace-loving	17

MAGIC & HERQUEST

Pantheon: Storm	19
Great Deity: Orlanth	19
Initiate of Orlanthcarl Allfather	3w
Barntar Gift: Plough Any Field	4w
Hears call of the gors and it's ancient powers - respects but resists it.	
Resist Call of Wilderness	17

FEATS & AFFINITIES

Allfather 7w (Lead by Example, Protect Home, Silencing Bellow, Summon Family, Protect Fields, Summon Farmhands)

Making 18 (Acclaim Chieftain, Bless New Building, Bless Tools, Oversee Marriage Ritual, Work Hard)

Farming 5w (Control Oxen, Move Stones, Remove Plants, Strong As An Ox, Tireless Labour)

Far Walker 19 (Walk Without Tracks, Appease Wilderness, Sense Animal Ancestor, Commune With Wilderness)

WEALTH

Rating: Prosperous 8w

Weregild: Carl

Items:

Travelling cloak
Superior clothing
Superior horse
Silver jewels and coins
Spear and shield
Silver sacrificial dagger

FOLLOWERS

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

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



FIELD+HANE M⊕+ FAV⊕URED,
⊕RLAN+HCARL'S ⊕WN.
G⊕LDEN MY HARVEST+,
G⊕DDESS GIF+S GRAIN!

BRIGH+ FLARES MY AL+AR,
GREEN GR⊕WS MY FIELD.
S+R⊕NG BULL AND PL⊕UGHMAN
G⊕DI SPEAKS PLAIN.

TAR⊕S ⊕XBACK

I walked the boundary stones of our stead today, in solemn ceremony and ritual, marking and dividing what is wild and what is tame, what is Barntar's and what is Odayla's. Both are true sons of Orlanth Allfather. The rites of my people acknowledge both: land for our steads and the human clans, land for the beast tribes and the ancient powers, set by ancient and enduring covenant. I serve Orlanthcarl and Barntar his son, I order his fields and his gardens, I enclose his green-gold bounty with wards and markers and chants of power. Yet I am a Far Walker, I feel the wildness in me too, and know that it is part of my soul.

So it is I strive to learn the secrets of every type of seed and soil, both wild and tamed, and to read the signs of air and tree, the colours of the wind and all the secrets of bird sign.

As I walked in solemn procession about the boundaries, I caught glimpse of a bear. It watched me, and followed me. I chanted the power of Orlanthcarl, and it turned and fled, yet in my heart I wanted to follow, to run unthinking and unafraid into the trackless gors filled with all its deadly beauty.

These are dangerous thoughts, but I am a man of plain-speaking.

My father Karim is a hero of Daylanus, a champion of the Tresdarni, and the tales of his deeds are sung at every hearth from Alda Chur to Alone. My brother Braggi is a Black Ram weaponthane, praised with the mead cup, showered with torcs and rings of bright metal, and he too no doubt shall one day be sung by the skalds, though as likely in infamy as praise.

And I, the second son, am but a herder and an earth-scratcher, bending my back to the plough and the pole, sloughing through the mud of my fields and meadows, sweating and freezing among my cottars till I sink each day exhausted at my lonely, empty hearth.

It is not easy to be the son of hero, or the brother of one such as Braggi, who hates so loudly and is so quick to kill.

I am no coward - I train with the fyrd, am steady in the shield wall, courageous in the charge, dependable on the palisade. When I am roused to anger none dare face



TAROS STANDS READY,
SHIELD WALL COMPANION.
SOWER IN SEASON,
REAPER IN KIND.

ALLFATHER'S WISDOM
GUIDES HE WITH GOOD WORD.
STRONG BULL OF PLOUGH LAND
MIDD BRIGHT IN MIDD.

me, and by the ruddy firelight of the feast hall I will wrestle any who meet my challenge. For I am Ox, and Storm Horn too. Yet I have never killed a man in anger, and by Orlanthcarl to whom I burn my golden grain I pray that I never will, save only to protect or avenge my kin. Enough blood has been spilled by my blood, and the voices of the dead cry vengeance and ill wyrd.

I will speak plainly: we are Far Walkers all, one blood and one bone. Those who seek to divide us are the true enemy, and they shall bring the curse of kinstrife upon us all.

My ancestors walked the first gifting trail from distant Saird and Bilini, led by a star javelin and a righteous wind. They were the first Far Walkers - men and women from many tribes who worshipped many gods-outlaws and outcasts, adventurers and dreamers, fleeing defeat or persecution or simply seeking a better way. Their gods were Orlanth and Yelmali and Elmal, and together they formed new clans - one blood and one bone, together. What they sought was a place to herd their cattle in peace, to burn their altars in free air, to build new clans in strength and in freedom. They found it here, in this wild and rugged country we call the Far Place, and they entered into covenant with the powers of the land itself, one tribe among many.

Yet from the times of the ancestors, there has been a curse upon our people, the curse of kinstrife. It struck down Taros the Ridgeleaper, first of the Far Walkers, it struck down his sons Vantar and Taros and all their kin. And now it threatens to strike us all down forever, until the last of our steeds lie empty and blackened and the last of our children lie dead, unburned and forgotten save by the wolves and ravens. A evil grows stronger amidst the high glassy towers of Alda Chur, and **Harvar Ironfist** turns lowland against upland, farmer against herder, Yelmalian against Orlanthi and Elmali. In the name of his god he seeks to divide and strike us down. The old ways are forgotten and the new ways sow hatred and harvest death. And we fools do his bidding, though we name him the enemy!

There have always been Yelmalian at our stead. The brave endure here still. Our gods are different, it is true, and they keep to their own lodges and their own quarter, yet they are clan of our clan, blood of our blood. Ernalda unites us all. Now we are told they are the enemy, because a wayward few in distant city have sought to cast down Elmal from his throne. I say to call our Yelmalian brothers the enemy is kinstrife, and kinstrife will destroy us all!



