

Lisset

Clan Eagle Warrior

by Xhilipepa

The Steppes wind blew cold.

It ruffled her feathers, and chilled her nares. She preened herself absent-mindedly, then returned to her long vigil. A boring job, but one of the clan had to do it. And it was helpful - why just last mooncycle Tallek had pre-empted one of the barbarian raids. It was a beautiful sight to see - the clumsy human warriors charging into the gorge, ready and willing to destroy all that was theirs. Then, finding nothing of any value of worth, let alone any living thing in the valley, they continued through the narrow crevasse to another eyrie. And the trap was sprung. As water over the top of a fall the eagle people had cascaded on eagle-feathered wings, swooping down on the hapless barbarians below. The eagles were predominantly a peaceable race, but living on the Steppes of Norsca added a certain need to life - the need to protect oneself, the need for food, the need for warmth, the need to deter would-be raiders. But never the need to kill. That was not their way.

A shrill cry brought Lisset out of her reverie. She looked up abruptly, ever alert. A wheeling kestrel, nothing more - a animal cousin enjoying the strong gusts of wind present, enjoying the thrill of the flight. It stood to reason that after a certain number of flights, the rush would leave, and flying would be as normal as walking. But it never was. Maybe it was the human in her, but flying never got ordinary. To feel the wind under your feathers, supporting you firmly as a mother cares for her children, bending to your whim. The timeless age of the glide, the carefully rehearsed precision of the landing. Lisset had won the last year's midwinter games with a spectacularly neat one point landing from a 500 foot fast glide. Her mate that year, a mottled gray called Merrin, had impressed everybody with an equal length straight drop, only to stop 3 feet from the ground. He had come a close second. The eagle people envied their namesakes for the power to fly - they could but glide.

No, flying never lost its thrill. Lisset thanked the day she had been born into the Clan. Her mother a russet, her father an impressive gold, she had inherited much of their looks. When time came for her Choosing of her colour, she chose a plain silver with black tips for her wings, and a crest to match. No doubt this year she would get to choose between the males courting her attentions-

Screams. Agonised screams. Eagle's screams. An eternity held in a single note echoing behind her. Clash of metal on metal, dull thump of metal in flesh. Screeches of battle, screeches of anger, screeches of rage. but most of all, screeches of pain.

Lisset turned, dreading the scene. With eagle's eyes she looked, and with eagle's eyes she saw. The destruction, the terror, the atrocities. And it was her fault. She, Lisset, had been so self-involved, so lost in her reveries that she had allowed a group of barbarians to evade her sight. They had capitalised on their fortune. As she took to the air she did not know reason, only guilt, fear, and anger. She did not know how many eagle people were still alive, and it was her fault. The barbarians had been thwarted before, every time - but the eagle people relied on the element of surprise. They were thin boned, they had muscles built for gliding, not fighting. And violence was not their way.

With a screech of challenge, she crested the rocky outcrop between her and the camp, and not pausing to see the damage, she dove to the attack. Nothing could stand in the way of her rage. She slashed, clawed, tore, bit. For seeming hours she fought, until no barbarian trespassers remained. She had slaughtered the remainder of the band alone. Then she looked around.

Frozen tears shattered on the cold rock. A dark shape flew and wept. The Eagle Clan was no more. And the reason flew, flew far and fast, wishing only to escape any place of scant recognition. But all who would recognise were dead. She had killed - it was not their way. An eagle passed her in mid flight. To her grief-deranged mind it seemed its eyes accused. She wept, and turned south. Any sight of an avian reminded her. Blood and feathers, blood and feathers on a cold rock floor....

Lisset, Clan Eagle Warrior

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	5	0	3	3	2	7	1	9

For Hire

Lisset, although grief-stricken, can still tell between good and evil. She is available to hire to any warband exempting Undead, Skaven and the Possessed. 60 GC hire.

Rating

Lisset increases the warband's rating by +25 points.

Equipment

Lisset is armed with a pair of Eagle Clan claws. These work identically to Skaven fighting claws. She also wears a crest and

feathered wing-cloak.

Skills

Lisset has the following skills: Unstoppable charge, Dodge, Lightning reflexes, Scale sheer surfaces.

Special Rules

Feathered Wing-Cloak

This is the device the eagle people use to glide. If Lisset starts her movement on a raised level eg. on top of a building, she may glide a distance of up to 18" down to move or charge. If she is on the ground she cannot use this skill. She may not follow a route that requires her to fly upwards at any point (ie. she may not glide downwards, then up over an intervening building then down again). Her glide need not be in a straight line. The cloak, coupled with her phenomenal reflexes and speed means that if she falls while climbing she can slow her fall - halving the strength of any hits suffered as a result of falling.

Guilt

Lisset suffers from terrible guilt. If the opposing warband includes any birds of any kind she must take a Leadership test every turn or flee.

Wanderer

Lisset does not know or care where she goes. However, she does continue to roam, maybe in the hope of salvation of some kind, or maybe in the hope of a quick death. Whatever the reason, she will only stay with a warband for one consecutive battle.

Eagle's Sight

Lisset spots people hiding from twice her initiative range away. Additionally, she can fly above the ruins after a battle searching for wyrdstone, allowing the warband to re-roll one die in the exploration phase.

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Xhilipepa

"Thou Shalt Not"

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