

HIGHLY CLASSIFIED!

This is for eyes only
HIGHLY CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Contained within is sensitive information relevant to the interests of the military serving under the Princesses.

It is of utmost important this does not fall into the hooves of those that would seek to use it against the established order.

I just want you to know this was an absolute bitch to get ahold of. You're an asshole for sending me on this little 'errand'.
I will be expecting double the pay we agreed on, else I'll drop a copy of this off at the post office. It won't be pretty, I promise you that.

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Sovereign Kingdom of Equestria Royal Winged Forces
In Reply Refer TO

Hah, what a joke. More like military dictatorship kingdom.
FBSB23-02

From: Iron Feather, Director of Mercenary Liaisons
Ass

To: Commanding Officer
Cloudsdale Flight Academy
Equestria

Subj: Records in relation to the arrest and detainment
of Mercenary 462I for Incident FBSB23-02.
More than 50 ponies died in this 'incident'. It's better known as the
Pillage of Palamare.

Sir, I have included the transcript of the interrogation and dossier on Mercenary 462I, birth name: Winter Gale. Please reply with official orders on the fate of the prisoner.

This usually means whether there should be a trial before the
execution, or to do it quietly.

Transcript Begins Here

-Iron Feather enters interrogation room-

-Mercenary 462I attempts to stand and salute-

Iron Feather: At ease. Rather, you're not even
supposed to salute me. You're not a standing
member of the military.

-Mercenary 462I awkwardly stands for a
moment before sitting back down. visible
bruises. Sounds like they had her in there for at least a week.

Mercenary 462I: Sir, I can explain.

-Iron Feather looks through a manila folder
for a few minutes in silence.-

Iron Feather: Designation Mercenary 462I.
Birth name, Winter Gale. Species, Griffon. Age,
29.

-Iron Feather shifts through a few pages
loudly-

Iron Feather: Top marks in your flight class.
Three pages of military honors...



I included one of the award pages mentioned in the transcript. Not sure if this is really needed or not, but I wanted to cover all my bases.

LIST OF MILITARY HONORS

**-Hypernia Royale
finalist: E.D. I386**

Griffons force their kids into hand-to-hand tournaments at the age of 13 as a rite of passage kind of thing. I hear death is common. Being a 'finalist' means you lived.

**-First Place in POWER
Flap Performance: E.D.
I392**

**-Acceptance into the
Griffon-Pony officer
exchange program: E.D.
I396**

Ponies don't like non-ponies in their military. I bet they gave her a hell of a time...

**-Allowance for the
formation of the
Broken Claw Mercenary
Battalion.
Specialization in
reconnaissance and
early field ordinance
delivery.**

Being a merc is a dream come true for a griffon. The military life with private-sector pay. Wonder where the hell everything went wrong for her.

Iron Feather: I see

-Winter Gale points at the map.-

I could not find the pages after the Military Honors. I'm assuming this is from a separate interrogation during the time they had her in custody.

Shitty map of Equestria is shitty.

Winter Gale: We had set up preliminary defenses here, as instructed. Early reports coming in from patrols in the field placed the enemy strength at about 200.

Iron Feather: But the ~~Redacted~~ s forces were at ~~Redacted~~ in size, correct?

~~Redacted~~? Nothing but secrets and lies!

Winter Gale: Yes, sir. Something like that I ken.

-Iron Feather takes a long puff of his cigar. Winter Gale continues to eat her hunk of bread ravenously.-

Iron Feather: Tell me about the attack.

Winter Gale: As I said, we had set up fairly standard defenses for an enemy nearly triple the size we originally thought. A log palisade with a burning trench on the inside, so we could have our back to a wall. Fairly standard

-Winter Gale clears her throat.-

Military stuff

Winter Gale: It was exceedingly cold that night. Our feathers were freezing together with the moister flowing in from the nearby sea-line. Most of the villager from Palamore had volunteered to stay and shore up our defenses. We had given out spears and leather coats, but time didn't permit for even basic training.

-Winter Gale holds out her talons wide.-

Winter Gale: I was on the second line of the palisades, a good position for an officer. That's when they struck with metal shells filled with explosive compounds. All I saw was my second in command, Galehn implode in a ball of fire. We were completely caught off guard; we only expected lightly armed pegassi with melee weaponry.

-Iron Feather slams his hoof on the desk.- Gross!

Iron Feather: Don't try to rationalize pulling out of a strategically important position without permission! Perhaps you'd like to try my assassination services on this guy...

Winter Gale: I was TRYING to save lives. What could possibly be worth sacrificing an entire village for?

Immediate Notice Regarding Prisoner Escape

Regarding the escape of Mercenary 462I.

**DO NOT ATTEMPT TO APPREHEND.
EXECUTE ON SIGHT IN
ACCORDANCE WITH EQUESTRIA
MILITARY LAW AND HX-44
REGARDING DERELICTION OF DUTY.**

*Hey man. This one's on the house.
You're welcome.*

Prisoner Information

Name: Winter Gale

Designation: Mercenary 462I

Unit: Broken Claw Mercenary Battalion.

Sex: Female

Species: Griffon

Age: 29

Build: Muscular

Eyes: Blue

Defining features: Blue and black head-feathers, blue markings around eyes.

Background



Monsoon – Gale's Brother

Not particularly strong for a griffon, Monsoon was the runt of the hatchlings in the family. In a culture singularly focused on strength and contests, this griffon found himself naturally at a disadvantage. However, Monsoon was gifted with the intelligence often compared to their trickster god, Pied-Feather, by his parents.

Dark, speckled plumage and a deep-hued coat of fur mixed with his dour personality set Monsoon apart from his brothers and sisters. All except Winter Gale, who found her younger brother's perceptual stream of distaste for all things endlessly amusing.

Through their youth, it was not an uncommon sight to find the two together as Gale frolicked and Monsoon schemed. There was obvious affection for his sister, but she was ultimately a pawn in his grand designs as the unintelligent, brutish protector on who's coattails he would ride to prominence.

When the Rite of Passage came upon the siblings, a giant weeklong gladiatorial tournament with huge casualty rates to weed out the weak, Monsoon manipulated the Old Ways' laws and convinced his sister to marry him, much to his personal disgust.

The plan worked; the Hegemony was forced to allow Gale to compete on her brother's behalf. Monsoon would have surely perished, but he thanked his own brilliance rather than Gale's tremendous strength. He fully intended to have the marriage annulled before he had to consummate it.

For once though, Monsoon had sorely miscalculated Gale's infatuation with him. Threatened with the prospect of having to live without her brother near, the griffon attempted suicide in the only honorable way for her species – fighting a dragon to the death.

Panic mixed with guilt spurred Monsoon into action without forethought, for once in his life. He happened upon the scene of Gale armed with their father's spear and scathed armor battling a dragon four times her size. Burned, bloodied and with a broken claw embedded deep into her thigh, Gale was quite passed out from pain.

To this day Monsoon has never revealed how he drove the dragon away. When asked on the subject, he claims that Gale woke up and in a half-dazed state had finished the job. Of course this had launched the lass into the officer program from sheer fortitude. And Monsoon got his wish of being in the safety of his sister's shadow.

Recent History - *Due to Gale being charged with dereliction of duty and fleeing, Monson has been tapped as the natural choice to hunt her down. Whether he fully intends to carry out the contract or not is still highly in doubt.*

Rite of Passage

Up until age 13, a griffon is considered a child and a non-combatant in tribal struggles. But upon that day they turn 13, a griffon is sent to the Hegemony for a year-long course of intensive body training, indoctrination of fealty to the ruler ship and battlefield tactics.

Upon completion, a weeklong grand tournament is performed - griffon is pitted against griffon, captured adolescent dragons and pony prisoners shipped in from Equestria condemned to death. If a griffon lives, they have the feathers about their eyes painted with the symbolic symbols of their clan. From here, seven years of compulsive military service is initiated.

For a culture so singularly focused on war, there is little room for artistic advancement; though ironically, bardic priests known as The Speakers garner the greatest respect from the griffons. Their words are the living recollection of their species as a whole, and whispered rumors say the gods themselves speak through these honored souls. Even the Hegemony publically pays fealty to these lone wandering griffons that only seem to speak in veiled riddles. To insult a Speaker before a griffon is guaranteed death.

The Hegemony

The griffons, despite being clan based, disparate in location and a client-state of Equestria, still possess a surprisingly unified governing body. Made up of the heads of each clan, they rule from their seat in Canterlot under the eyes of the Princesses’.

In the past, insurrection from nationalistic leaders of the griffons have made a permanent campaign of soft-tyranny necessary to maintain control of the population. Propaganda, secret police, and blood-sports, such as the Rite of Passage, keep the clans at each other’s throats and off the Hegemony.

It is not uncommon for two clans to go to war then ally against another in the span of a week. All of this pent-up rage is a boon to Equestria, ensuring it has a steady stream of trained, militaristic shock-troopers to fill the ranks of its volunteer army.

It is often said when a pony dies in war, a nation mourns; when a griffon falls, their clan proudly sings. The Hegemony supports this love of the state over all. But it is whispered the gods and their Speakers do not like being ignored.

The Clans, their markings and specializations.

Storm Feathers - Blue, sideways raindrops; scouting/ battlefield prep
(Gale's clan)

Lion Hides - Brown, lion teeth; Shock-troopers

Whip Tails - Tawny brown, brush; air cavalry/transportation/
supply lines

Blood Hearts - Red, dripping; medical/ prisoner care

Ground Thumpers - Black, box; siege engineering/ demolitions

Soft Paws - Purple, half star; espionage/ assassination

Rend Talons - Silver, claws; general infantry

Eagle Eyes - Yellow, loop; artillery support

Salt Crests - Green, wave; Navy

Steel Quills - Silver, lazy slash; harriers/flank protection

Mana drinkers - Dark blue, swept back iris eyes; anti-magic

Marrow Eaters - Cream, vertical line; psychological/ terror troops

Broke Wings - Pink, circle with 3 spikes to right; aerial combatants.

Military

The griffon nation is unique in that it both furnishes troops for its patron state, Equestria, and yet possesses its own national army. In the national military, each clan provides specialized forces that work alone in their own units.

More than once a clan was absent, so their peers filled in the role (such as needing a wall demolished), only to have the clan arrive late. Upon seeing their role stolen, a second bloody battle breaks out amongst the clans. Only the arrival of a member of the Hegemony can quell inter-clan hostility at this point; usually with very public executions and mock trials.

When the Equestrian army levis griffons, they do so through an intricate system. First, the very best the clans have to offer is brought in for leadership training via an officer exchange program. Next, they are licensed to form mercenary groups that operate through contracts provided by intermediary Equestrian liaisons.

This amount of effort is for numerous reasons. It is not feasible to integrate griffons into a volunteer pony force; explosive confrontations often arise around these predatory creatures at imagined slights and perceived verbal insults.

Another is the famous strength and stamina of the griffons. If they were attached to an Equestrian unit, they would lose out on flight hours and delegated to being little more than pack mules. And probably the strongest argument by the nervous courtiers in Canterlot is the near suicidal tendencies of the denizens of their client-state.

It is not an uncommon sight to see one of these massive beasts work themselves up into a frenzy, strip clean their armor and wade a bloody path into enemy lines, only to survive and feel like they failed. This "Blood Dance" as they call it, is terrifying and has been known to send entire ranks of enemies into flight at the sight of a griffon undoing armor clasps.

The gods, and the Expulsion

Unlike the ponies, the griffons are not ruled over by their gods. The Hegemony's efforts mixed with the powerful support of the Princesses ended this more than 500 years ago, with the forceful expulsion of the griffon gods and the deaths of those that refused to leave. This event, the Expulsion as it's called still aches within the collective minds of the species.

Each god is a virtue or quality given living form. Some pony theologians have mused that each god of the griffons' that perishes removes that embodied tried from the collective race. This would explain the careful selection of which deities perished by Equestria for the patron state's own ends.

The remaining gods have vanished, but with near limitless power, it is not difficult to believe they continue on. Though their arms are entirely inscrutable to all but their Speakers.

The Speakers

These mysterious griffons are equal parts living myth and mere mortals. Due to the nature of the griffon lifestyle, few make it to old age. But Speakers appear to be positively ancient. Raspy voices, grayed fur and blind eyes are contrary to the seemingly boundless energy they have.

Unique amongst griffons, they do not wear clan markings about their eyes or seemingly possess a name. There is no knowledge of the number of these wandering souls, but their purpose is singular – protecting the Old Ways before Equestria dominated their nation.

A speaker receives ultimate respect and even protection from the Hegemony; a standing bounty of 50,000 bits, despite being a staggering amount, has never been collected for the assassination of a Speaker. Quite remarkable for a people that seem to only prize coin, violence and fame.

Speakers choose their protégés seemingly at random. Old forms appear in the depths of the night to beckon young griffons to follow. So far, no one has dared decline, nor ever returned.

The Old Ways

Before Equestria made itself known to the griffons in its holocaustic fashion, these creatures lived in populace monasteries atop their massive mountains. There were no clans; each monastery was a small piece to an intricate societal structure.

The griffons lived and worked side-by-side with their gods that were tremendously numerous. Balance in all things was highly sought after, along with knowledge and earthly delights. Such a society produced a massive amount of painfully catalogued laws that responded to breeches of conduct with equal parts justice and mercy.

To prevent corruption, all judgments were handed down by a council of gods – beings incapable of change in their very nature. Now, only the Speakers know of the Old Ways, something every griffon innately craves for deep in their collective unconscious.

It is whispered by particularly fervent believers of the Speakers that there are rituals that can bring back the dead gods. However, when asked, a Speaker will grow deathly silent upon the subject.

Gale's Mercenary Code

- *Do not kill innocents.*
- *Honor all agreements, even to personal detriments.*
- *Honor all contracts. If unfair or tricked into one, still honor. I only have myself to blame for failure to see through the ruse.*
- *Tell the truth. Lies beget lies.*
- *Care for others without expectations of reciprocity.*
- *Kill enemies mercifully.*
- *Collect trophies for honor. Addendum: No pony body parts as per agreement with Whisper Blossom.*



Winter Gale

3 Female Griffon

Widdle Wuna

Spirit of Contest

Ability Scores

Racial Bonus	Base	Modifier	
1	5	6	Strength
2	4	6	Integrity
	2	2	Knowledge
-1	2	1	Resilience

Morale Points

Max HP 18

Current Morale Points

Secured Wind ☐

Death-Saving Throws ☐ ☐ ☐

Conditions

8 Scared

4 Morale Surge

12 Surges/day

Surge Used

Action Points

Action Point Effects

Reactions

11 Initiative (Dex mod + Energy)

5/5 Speed (Base + Armor + Magic)

4/6 Great Movement

Platemail

Passive Insight

Passive Perception

Immunities, Resistances, etc.

Defenses

21 Armor Class

10 5 6

Feat Enhancement

Magic Points

Max Magic Points

Spent Magic Points



Basic Attacks

SpearHead

10 2 2 1

1d6 + 3 Damage

1d4 + 1d6 primary stat + 1/2 level



Skills

	Trained	Bonus	1/2 Level + Ability	Armor Penalty	Result	Skill Modifiers, Notes, etc.
Acrobatics	<input type="checkbox"/>	5	(know)	-2		
Arcana	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	(know)			
Athletics	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	12	(str)	-2	2	
Bluff	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	(friend)			
Diplomacy	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	(friend)			
Dungeoneering	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	(know)			
Endurance	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	(know)	-2		
Heal	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	(know)			
History	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	(know)			
Insight	<input type="checkbox"/>	3	(know)			
Intimidate	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	13	(str)		4	
Nature	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	(friend)			
Perception	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	7	(friend)			
Religion	<input type="checkbox"/>	2	(know)			
Stealth	<input type="checkbox"/>	5	(know)	-2		
Streetwise	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	9	(friend)		2	
Thiery	<input type="checkbox"/>	5	(know)	-2		

Race Features

h Size

Territorial, Lionhearted, Efficient

Hereditary, Siege Commander

Class Features

Other Notes

Scroll-O-Graphic kind

Go-Getter

Ace High

Other Combat Modifiers

Opportunity Attacks

Combat Advantage

Combat Notes