

Clan Storm Feather

From the depths of the forest emerge Griffons with plumage as wild as their clan's namesake. Ruddy and earthen hues mark garments meant for traveling through the foreboding mountains that make up the Griffons' homelands. Gaudy declarations of their clan's superiority fall by the wayside, instead replaced by a friendly conversation about the local weather tables over a pint of frothy ale. But a Storm Feather is not to be trifled with; tools meant for hunting wild game can prove just as deadly when turned on a foe. Few are willing to chase a hunter, for they soon find themselves the quarry to a one-Griffon army.

Smallest of the Griffon clans, and the youngest with an accidental creation by a founder more concerned with proliferation than power, all these brothers and sisters of the woods can trace their lineage directly back to their sire from which their clan takes its namesake, Lord Storm Feather. Few are their numbers but their impact upon society has been unprecedented. In the wake of the destruction of their Goddesses of nature, it has fallen to these select children to serve as a bridge between nature and civilization. They maintain the give-and-take order between the two halves to create a peaceful whole.

But they too take after their founding lord, whom struck a deal with the playful God, Twig. Mischief is sown in their wake as tribute to his memory as a reminder to their fellow Griffons that life is not meant to be taken so seriously. Created long after the Empire had subjugated their kind, they have filled a void in the social fabric of what once made their species whole. It has been spoken with a soft chuckle that a Storm Feather is 'quick to hunt, quick to joke, and quicker to your heart'. Though when prompted by a farmer for the local weather patterns they are quick to lay them out in full, helpfully and truthfully.

As the world has evolved with the introduction of technology from the Empire, designed to make life easier for people of all lands, the Storm Feathers have found themselves in a troubling paradox. What will their place be when magic-fueled circuitry predicts the weather more accurately than a keen set of eagle eyes? Their response has been hostility to the very notion so far. A clan that believes fully in teaching through example, they have chosen to pursue the paths of knowledge set up by their Goddesses in generations past. To the Empire this has made them a difficult foe to track. They are capable of seemingly evaporating into the very forests that they materialize from in horrifying raids that have devastated the Imperial armies and their allies.

Foremost though, a Storm Feather is a protector. For what is a shepherd without a flock? They shall take up the aspects of their dual avian and feline nature. A thorn in the hoof of the Empire until freedom is achieved for all their kind.



What it Means to be a Storm Feather: Your clan is comprised of down-to-earth Griffons, the kind that are unsung heroes determined to bring freedom for all the peoples regardless of where they hail from. Self-sacrifice is the highest calling of a Storm Feather; if one life can be snatched from the searching grasp of Murk, the Griffon God of Death, by charting the weather patterns of a back woods route over months alone, it is more than worth it. Now with the Clans breaking away from the tyrannical hold of the mad Queen-Goddess, it falls upon your clan to shepherd the other Griffons to safety across this perilous chasm. Your eyes shall be the ones that keep a keen watch for danger from within the protective embrace of the woodlands and mountain ranges.

Alignment: A member of the Free People's Alliance, with a leaning towards Neutral Good.

Patron Deities: Heaven Song (Griffon Goddess of Nature), Twig (Griffon God of Mischievousness)

Combat Role: Reconnaissance. Without knowledge of where the enemy has dug in, or where they plan to move to, it is impossible to ambush and flank them. Storm Feathers are called upon to soar solo or in pairs to study the terrain for the other clans; careful thought going into picking the proper battlefield for each engagement. To win the engagement before it even begins is their goal by placing the Alliance's clans in the best position for victory. When in combat, they stalk their prey, only appearing for a moment to unleash a deadly arrow before melding back into the forest like angry wraiths of nature.

Appearance and Facial Marking: A Storm Feather has painted upon their face-feathers a horizontal teardrop the color of a cobalt gemstone. Typically they are the slim from months in the wilderness, with determined eyes, and love of nature hues for their garments. It is rare to see them with any technology. It is almost universally looked down upon by Storm Feathers for making the other clans weak and reliant upon The Empire in their eyes.

Character Creation

Unique Class: May play a Path Finder

Ability Score Bonus: +1 to Integrity on top of regular race stats.

Trainings: You receive free skill training in Nature (+5). Proficient in Military-Grade Melee, Archery and Medium-Grade Armor

Starting equipment: 30 bits, Choice of one Archery weapon, Choice of one Survival equipment, Choice of Light or Medium Armor, Rucksack, a week's worth of rations.

Clan Strength: Guerilla – A Storm Feather gains +2 to all attack rolls when fighting in non-urban areas, such as forests, mountains and caverns.

Clan Weakness: Technophobe – Wearing Spec-Ops or utilizing Devil Coal technology gives a Storm Feather -1 to skill checks.