

# VOLSRING

**“A coward dies every day, the courageous dies only once.” — *The Saga of the Volsungs***

**Quote:** Við erum sannir konungar á fjallinu. Fylgdu okkur með gleyskunn! (We are the true kings on the mountain. Follow us into Oblivion!)

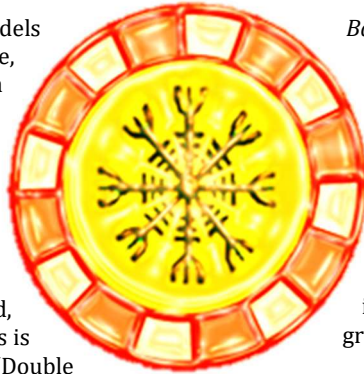
The Volsung represent the purest models of the Ljósálfar (Seelie). They are brave, strong, beautiful, and honest. They are a bloodline descended from Odin himself, and thus they consider themselves far beyond the realms of even the stoutest of other Disir (Kith). They don't have the Ljósálfar legacy and Svaltafar Legacy like the other Alva (Fae) do. Instead, they have a double Ljósálfar Legacy, a testament to their rights to rule, set up by Fate, by blood, by strength, and by their very principles. This is similar to the Celtic concept of the Marcrá (Double Seelie). Most Volsung balk at such parallels.

Yet they do have much in common with their erstwhile cousins the Celtoi-Sidhe. They have a strict code of honor that to which they hold each other, and feel that Jarldom is a right reserved by strength and merit alone. But that commonality ends when one looks at the dubious actions and back-room politicking of the Sidhe. No Volsung would stoop to such trivial means of enterprise, especially those that are duplicitous or underhanded. Things change by action, not diplomatic navel-gazing. And they certainly don't happen by skullduggery.

The Volsung hold themselves and each other to such high standards, because they know that they are better than the other Disir. And when they pass on to the next world, which is always sooner rather than later for the Kith (*See frailty below*) they will go knowing that they made a difference.

**Appearance:** In Mann-Hamr (Mortal Mien) the Volsung are reminiscent of the Celtoi-Sidhe's Fae mien. They have strong facial features with sharp edges, almost crystalline. They have long strong limbs, with tight muscles. There is something timeless, but dangerous about their beauty. In Alva-Hamr (Fae Mien), this is doubly so. Their forms are tall, upwards of 2 and ½ meters, closer to the Trolls than the Sidhe. Their builds are tight and lean; beautiful & statuesque, more reminiscent of dancers than fighters. They keep their platinum glossy hair lengthy. Many Volsung, male or female, weave their hair into intricate braids and pleats. They have fair milky skin, and their eyes are just as pale: sky-blues, lavenders, and even pinks have all been witnessed.

**Lifestyle:** The Volsung remain true to their noble traditions and serve as living testaments to proper decorum befitting the scions of their All-Father Odin. They have a strong sense of justice and merit that they feel sets them above the others. While many of the other Disir may scoff, they can't deny that the Volsung practice what they preach. No Volsung will go back on his word, cheat, lie, or any other actions ill-fitting their place. Life is too short for that.



*Barn Volsung* are taught early, not to take anything for granted. In this they grow up quickly, and rarely see the need to play.

Others may see the little Volsung as cute due to their serious demeanor, the Little Volsung look on these others like they're stupid.

*Vill Volsung* know that time is running out. They love and fight and live with equal intensity. They are waiting for their end and will greet it with honor and integrity.

*Eldre Volsung*, if they make it this far, wonder what went wrong.

**Glamour Ways:** The Volsung regains Hamingja with great feats of bravery, and inspiring those around them to do the same. Life is fleeting, glory is forever.

**Unleashing:** Cantrips cast by the Volsung are accompanied by dazzling displays of rainbow-colored light that dance across the scene. There is a sense of euphoria, if not a grim, but playful, accepting despondency that complements these illuminations.

**Affinity:** Actor

## Birthrights

**First born (*Fyrsta Fæddur*):** The Volsung claim lineage to the Gods, and consider such heroes as Sigmund, Brunhildr, and even Beowulf as blood. They consider themselves some of the first families of creation and trace their line back to Odin and the Aes. This shows in their birthright. They are inhumanly strong, and their presence is just as inhuman. At character creation, the Volsung gain a +2 to appearance and +2 to Strength for free, even if this takes them above 5. They also begin with a willpower of 5, regardless of seeming.

**Glad of War (*Gleðilegt Stríð*):** The Volsung's great strength, combined with their knowledge of their own limited lifespan (see frailty below), makes the throngs of battle seem a welcome place, free of the shackles of reason. During combat, a Volsung can roll his Wits + Intimidation at a difficulty set by seeming. The difficulty of barns is 7, the difficulty of Vills is 8, and the difficulty of Eldre is 9. Each success on the roll is equal to the number of turns a Volsung can frenzy in combat. During these turns the Volsung can ignore all wound penalties, (including those from cold iron) and all rolls used in the combat are at a -1 difficulty. Once these frenzy turns are over, things go back to normal, and the wound penalties take effect.

**Affinity:** Actor

## Frailties

**Death's Chill (*Dauður er Kalt*):** The Volsung Alfar are above the petty apprehensions of both men and Alva. They are dependents of the Aesir themselves, and have difficulty in relating to the squabbling and mewling of mortals. This doesn't endear them to any other kith. They can never have an empathy rating higher than 1. In addition, all social rolls have a higher difficulty set by their seeming. Barns are at a +3 difficulty to all social rolls. Vills are at a +2 difficulty to all social rolls. Eldre are at a +1 difficulty to all social rolls.

**Doomed (*Dæmdur*):** The Volsung are a cursed family. While death comes to all things, it comes to the Volsung in bitter and unexpected means. At the moment one undergoes a chrysalis, his fate is sealed. Death seems to be the hallmark of such great Disir. All Volsung suffer the Frailty of Dark Fate, and all know that the death will be surreal and strange, usually bitter, always with a sense of irony. All Volsung, despite age or maturity, understand their plight, and many even relish it, feeling a martyr's sense of achievement knowing of their demise.



**Asger, Son of Bjorn Tree-Breaker, explains his thoughts while he has the time...**

**Fossegrim:** Ragnorak is upon us, and you want to play with your wet little flute? No wonder we're doomed.

**Huldra:** You have full hearts and strong arms; don't waste them lamenting an empty bed

**Jotuns:** From time immemorial, they have been our greatest foes. I am glad that they still feel the same.

**Kender-Trow:** If only they would use their skills for more than swiping my pocket change.

**Muspi:** I hear they will shatter the Bifrost on the last day. If I'm not dead by then, I should like to fight them...

**Nibelung:** The fattest maggots are the slowest, and when we drag them kicking into the sun, they'll be even slower.

**Norns:** Listen. Obey. That is all to be said.

**Skogkatt:** The Mortals need protection, and we are too busy. I trust no others of the Disir to do so.

**Dokkalfar:** It's a shame. We are so alike; we could have done so much more if only we worked together.

**Sidhe:** The long eared-Celts have long wished to call us kin. They can continue to wish until the end of days, it won't make it so.

**Trolls:** You chose a weaker Jarl.