

## **Njora Bjatney**

### **Level 20 Norse Hero**

#### **Stats**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pts
4	6	4	4	4	3	6	4	10+3	7	8+1	8+1	107

#### **Equipment**

Double handed sword and shield

#### **Background**

Njora has come, quite literally, a long way since her coming of age in the bleak and quite frankly boring village of Helmfirth.

Completely unimpressed with the, in her opinion, pathetic example of manhood she was expected to be married to, Njora soon became known as a troublemaker. Not content with the daily hum-drum existence of running the homestead, disciplining the slaves and mending the fishermen's nets, Njora soon came to the conclusion that it should be her wearing the trousers. Despite the fact that she cut a faintly ridiculous sight marching about her business, sporting her husband's ill fitting britches (which had a tendency to bunch up into a wrinkled mess about her lower legs), there wasn't a soul in the village brave enough to even dare a smirk at her expense.

And so it came to pass that one day Njora, much to the relief of her downtrodden husband, wrapped up what she considered to be her sword, hitched her britches up one last time and left. It was a time of exploration and colonisation with many enterprising and often clinically insane Norsemen signing up as crew for the long voyage to the fabled land of Lustria. Njora had no trouble finding a place on one of the long ships, despite a small misunderstanding between her and the captain over the issue of cleaning, cooking and mending the sails...

To Njora, Lustria represented a new life to be lived on her terms. She would be free to seek out fame, fortune and her saga would ring out through ages to come. Little did she expect that the same prejudices would be waiting for her in the even more squalid and humid environs of the main Norse settlement of Skeggi. She was back to square one and what was worse, there weren't even any slaves to flog.

Things came to a head shortly after she had humiliated the entire council of Elders during the annual harvest celebration. Smarting at the implied insult of being requested to freshen the council's flagons with ale, Njora proceeded to procure an axe and began to hack at the huge Hogshead that towered over the banqueting tables. The squealing and rending of wood splitting down the grain under enormous pressure was the last sound some of the more infirm council members heard before being overwhelmed by a deluge of shattered barrel slats and most of the year's supply of beer.

This was the last straw and Njora was banished from the settlement and cast forth into the jungle to fend for herself. Where many might have quailed at the dangers that lurked round every corner of the hungry forests, Njora saw that her moment had come. Stopping only to retrieve her trusty sword, she marched resolutely off in search of adventure.

It wasn't long before the fiery Norse woman realised that she was by no means the first of her kind to suffer this fate. As she penetrated deeper and deeper into the fetid jungle, her brightly striped britches reduced to a single tattered rag of a loincloth, she happened across another settlement... run entirely by women.

Yet it wasn't that strange culture of Amazons, who the menfolk rightly feared, with their crumbling cities, great temples and technological weapons. The long, low huts had instead an unmistakably Norse flavour to them, as did the aromas of ale and roasting meat that wafted from their direction. Njora gazed at the sight and smiled - here was her home, among the outcasts of the Norsemen - the Womenfolk too strong-willed for their husbands, too feisty for the berserkers and more adept with a sword than the Bondi could tolerate.

Njora was welcomed in and, as time passed, she rose in prominence amongst her new kin. Her deeds brought these dispossessed women much renown and the men of Skeggi trembled to tell of her wrath. With the slaying of one of the great beasts of the forest and taking its pelt as her own, Njora Bjatney secured her place as Matriarch of the Valkyries of Lustria.