



Tir Nan Beo – Cursed Lands

Frisii Clan

Part of Dumnonni Chronicles

<http://www.tirnanbeo.com>





Frisii Clan

Introduction

The men of the Frisii are men of flesh and blood. Men of wood and steel. They are brethren. Those are the only things they will ever trust in this life. If ever a song would be sung of their life, let it be of battles won and friends shielded. A Frisiian man likes the ground he walks on, he likes the bread he eats, and he likes the shield that protects him. Frisiian men like things they can touch, for as long as they can touch it, they can understand it. Men should not meddle with things they do not understand, for it is bound to lead to trickery and from there onwards to misery.

It took quite some time for me to grasp how they saw life. They were intimidating, strong men, heavily armed. I could not understand how they could curse each other over dice in the long nights and lock shields the following morning. How the slightest remark could call forth a burning anger that would seemingly split up their warband. But it was simple once you took time to understand.

For the Frisii didn't step through the mist as long ago as others did. And what they found baffled them, for they are men of strong arms and thick skulls. To them, the Fae and wyrd are complicated things, for they do not say what they mean and cannot be touched by hand. Yet the Frisii are completely honest and straightforward. The Frisii believe that a strong lie is a sign of a weak arm. A man will always tell the truth, for honour demands it, and to be caught lying is to dismiss your entire past prowess.

Imagine the feeling that you can trust anybody that everything in the World bends to the same rules as you. If you can take it, it's yours. If he's stronger than you, you listen. Then image being caught up in these lands, where trickery is abundant and you can hardly trust your eyes to tell you the truth. Image the first Fae they encountered.

Thus, all they trust is what they have and what they are themselves. Some would say that it would be wise to adjust. But to the Frisii, that would be to submit to these incomprehensible things. It's not wrong to submit to one who is stronger, as they did with the Romans. But submitting to trickery is a sign of weakness. And the Frisii just can't accept that.

So now they embraced their heritage once more, and harnessed themselves in this concept of honour. Where one's might, one's loyalty, one's trust, can all be found within the battles he has fought. Where one will show, tell and embrace the scars on his body and the stories of his battle. For a Frisii is honest and thus his stories ring true. Be wary of what you say around the Frisii, for to doubt them is to call them a liar and to dismiss all they have done. I once witnessed a night where one amongst them decided his honour greater than another man's, and still shudder when I think of the harsh way they treated him when he was proven wrong. Be sure to have a strong will when you decide to face the Frisii.

In battle, the Frisii are strong and ruthless. To them, the shieldwall and a warrior's discipline are as important as the blood they draw. To fail the brethren next to you is a great dishonour. I've seen them a few times. Once they've rubbed mud on their hands and their shields are locked, the laughter and friendship dies out and only their honour as a warrior remains.

The only things the Frisii hold in higher regards than their honour, are the gods. For





they are the ones that gave the Frisii the land they walk, the iron they wild and the shield that protects them. They gave the Frisii the strength and will reward their honour when the time comes.

Have pity on the Frisii, for they are fighting a losing battle. Strength will not keep you alive here, nor will a thick skull be of much use. The men are fierce, but the question is how far it will get them. One could have high hopes for the women, but they seem obedient and focused on their cooking and the distaff. It's a wonder they've held out for so long.

Woad colour: Blue

Form:



Special Characters

The Frisii may have the following classes:

- Bards
- Healer
- Priests

The Frisii may NOT have the following classes:

- Berserkers
- Ovates
- Shamans
- Wistman

See the TNB Guidelines - Wyrd Users section for more info on Wyrd and wyrd users.





Understand that a Priest is not simply a warrior with a God breathing fire from his neck, while locked with his brethren in a brutal battle. A priest is a man or a woman that has been given a task. A God found him (or her) and decided that this human was perfect (or less than perfect) for the task he had in mind. If the task is being performed a God might grant some wyrd from his own mighty power. A priest in this game is a person who serves a God; by performing a task he has been given. What that task is, is between the priest and his God. The most common task is simply spreading his word, especially where the God is not known yet. If one would not perform the task laid upon him, the God would not be pleased and that is never a good thing. A priest may be a warrior or something else, but in the end he is first a Priest and when people are dying, sick or dead, he has a task at hand, for he is the middleman between the afterlife and the damnation.

In this game the Frisii worship the common Gods they have brought with them from overseas. Though the Nervii and Usipeti are also believers of these Gods, the Frisii are the most fanatic. The Gods we will use are those of the Anglo-Saxon, yet we use but a few of them. This because our UK players will come with a load of Gods and the Menapii have a few of them as well.

A short list (look for the website for more info)

God	Dieties
Woden	Chief God, Wisdom, Leadership, Judgement, Death, War
Frige	Wodens Wife, spinner of clouds, marriage, harvest, the earth, childbirth, home
Thunor	Son of Woden, God of Storm, Lightning and Thunder
Tiw	War, Combat
Seaxneat	God of the sword, family

Brief i.c. history

The Frisii are simple people. They are what they are. You cannot fool the Gods with lies of your person and your actions. They see right through you and so you are what you are and if you want more, be more. The Frisii are hard warriors, known for their heavy warriors and their practical way of fighting. They are known as bitter enemies and great friends. Where you stand depends all on your honour and how you conceal a lie. Most of the Frisii just recently came through the Fairy gates and there are not many of them. They have not thought about it much though, for they believe such questions are beyond their understanding. You do not ask why the clouds are there, you accept it.





Though the Frisii believe they have few rights upon the scale of destiny, they do believe in evolving into something better. They have smiths who make great objects and their warriors ever strive to become better, for the best have the best seats in the afterlife. They also believe that Gods can only see you when you do exceptional things and thus they will not always pass by when something extraordinary is asked for. Frisii are a proud people, a stubborn people, but above all an honest people. They believe that honesty is the way to the afterlife, as well as this life. An honest man is a just man. If you know someone is to be trusted, then you can make arrangements. If however a person is not honest, then why should you trust him, or better still wait for the moment that he betrays you. No, in the eyes of the Frisii honesty is honour and honour is just. In the eyes of the Frisii however, they are the only race who can claim to be honest. Others must prove, individually, if they are trustworthy and when they do, they will find an open place around their campfires.

Honour:

Honour is just, when honour is honest. Lies are the bane of mankind and must be found and rooted out. A lying man is a dead man, waiting for his better to best him, or to punish him. A lie is unacceptable. It is a broken bond between men, a cup of poisoned water, a rusty blade in times of need. Honour is what keeps the Frisii bound. It is something they all have and those who cannot keep it, are either killed, or banished. The code of honour is only preserved to those the Frisii see as trustworthy, all others are treated as if they were a lying bunch of Saxons.

Honour also states that you do not dishonour yourself when you submit to a stronger enemy, for if he is stronger, then he is stronger. This does not mean however that they will submit easily. First battle must be fought, over and over again, until the Frisii know absolutely that they have been beaten. To say you are stronger, just for the saying, is plain dumb. Honour your friends, your clan and especially the one next to you in combat and all will be well. Gods reward those with honour and so the Frisii must show it in abundance.

Battle style

Frisii are ruthless, hard warriors. They use shield-walls and heavy armour to push through every enemy. Their shield-lock is sacred to them and they will do anything to keep their comrade next to them alive. If not a great dishonour befalls upon them and they are forced to make right what is wrong and that is a very difficult road in Frisii society. Frisii are stubborn people and that is shown in combat as well. They lack the ability of fear, as long as the one next to them stands. Priests in their ranks are used to combat any wyrd user they come across, for they have learned that the Gods do not approve on wyrd users on the battle field and as such wyrd users on the battle field are seen as liars. If you cannot see power, then it is trickery and therefore wrong. Pity him, or she who brings wyrd to the Frisii in combat, for they will not relent until this foe is bested.

Though the Frisii use shield-walls, the first rule of combat is practicality. If something does not work, do not use it. If something works, use it. Do not cluster behind your shield when it is obvious





that it does not work. The Frisii like to claim they use their minds first and steel later. It is not uncommon for a Frisii to undo his armour, so he might swim across a river for a fast hit and run attack that better fits the occasion. Know your enemy and use it to your advantage. It is the Honour of battle, to use the strategy best suited for that battle. A war leader is respected more for the minimum loss of his men, then for the great heroic stupidity that cost a dozen warriors. A Frisii must train for every occasion, so he might rise to any situation a warrior can face.

Man and Woman

A simple theme: The Man is the warrior, the better of the woman and though they are accepted to speak their minds (if the moment allows it) they are expected to serve their husbands and betters. To serve a man is quite something, as the men are usually busy with fighting, gambling or drinking and thus it is up to the woman to do the rest. Women are the driving strength in farming and food gathering. They mend the house and see to clothing. They spend the most time in trading with others and pity them if a trade was not successful. No, to be a woman in the Frisii clan, takes a lot of strength, endurance and above all, stubbornness. There are however stories known, that very strong woman rise to a level equal to that of a man, but these stories are mostly, if not all, told by outsiders. One thing is sure though and something worth telling stories off, the times that an outsider tried to make claim on a Frisii woman, was always good for a laugh and a new set of teeth for the male.





Warrior society

The Frisii have a strong warrior society. This comes from the fact that different clans often have quarrels with them that have to do with honour. The Frisii are very emotional about lies and thus they fight a lot, even among the different Frisii clans. They fight and when they do not fight, they are practicing. All Frisii are learned the basics of armour making and weapon use. They learn in an early state of their youth the importance of camaraderie and the benefits of group fighting. This is being learned the hard way. A Frisii child has no simple youth. As soon as you are born, there are many things that people expect from you and pity the child when he does not honour that what is expected of you.

Frisii training begins with practical knowledge. Do not fight with a knife, if you have a sword. Honour is not gained fighting others with the same weapons and armour, just because they lack at. Do not attack alone, if you are with other Frisii. Weaken a Troll before you approach it, but do not believe to have the same strength. This knowledge is of great importance for it teaches the Frisii the way of thinking they are known for. A Frisii child must understand that its life has been given to him by the Gods and to spill it by doing something stupid is not considered thankful.

Just after ten a young Frisii travels to a comrade of his father and there he will continue his training in the arts of war. First a warrior must know how to fight in a line and after that the warrior is taught to fight individually. The group comes first, the individual later, though an individual must be able to stand alone and must know the way of the skirmisher. When a boy reaches the age of seventeen he returns to his father and together they make, or buy his first armour and weapons. After that, the boy is expected to fight many a dual, to improve his skill and to make his father proud. After he has reached a certain skill, his father and some of his comrades may decide he has become a man and deserves to fight with other man.

Religion

The same practicality for war is used towards the Gods. Do not believe you know their thoughts or their actions, for you do not. Honour them, by honouring your life in the way only a Frisii lives. Pray for hope, pray for mercy, but do not expect it to happen. You cannot ask the sea why is sometimes is angry, it simply is. Priests are respected as they are known to be man or woman of honour. What they say must, in all practicality, be done. They are the ones capable to secure a place in the afterlife. They are the ones who bring word from the Gods.

A Frisii healer is often seen as being gifted by the gods. Their power comes from the goodness, or the approval, of their Gods. It is disrespect to the Gods to decline it, even when someone else needs it more. Sometimes this does not feel right, but you cannot know the destiny of every man, so the one being healed might one day be the new king. This is the way of things, the way of the gods.





Though the Frisii respect the gods and the priest and healers, they do not see them as more than the rest. They do however pay close attention to the task those people have and if done strange, they shall react upon it. It is know that the power of Gods can make man and even woman mad and if so, this man or woman must be banished. A cruel fate, but you cannot question the will of the Gods. A Frisii priest still carries the honesty of his clan and will not do anything dishonest, even when asked by a God. This is known by all Frisii and thus the priest is trusted.

