

Alfritha

- A Thousand Year Old Vampire

Mortals

Mother. She rules the farmstead strictly while father is away trading.

Jarl Thormulf. Has his eye out for me. He is old and scarred.

Arina. My older cousin from the next farmstead over. She is kind to me.

Arbjörn. The Godhi who senses my dark nature.

Johannes. A fence with little honour or charm.

Immortals

The Draugr. An ancient thing from the barrow deep in the woods.

Zora. A mystic stranger from across the eastern sea.

The Gravesmith. A dark wizard of the southern plains.

Skills

~~Run faster than a deer~~

Loved by the sea

Weaving

~~A Terrible Patience~~

Mistwalker

Petty Crime

Resources

~~A worthy dowry~~

My father's old bow

~~A handful of thralls~~

Servitors of the Lineage

Marks

I am cold and clammy like a corpse washed up on a winter shore. I wear thick dresses and furs.

Animals instinctively sense my wrongness. They whimper, huddle and flee from me. I do not see this.

Disemboweled. My stomach is ripped open and my guts would spill out, if not for the crude stitching I have done to myself.

First Memory

I am Alfritha, born on a farm along a briny fjord some time before the thousandth year after the birth of the white christ. I don't want to die here. (1)

I am Alva, a vile and lowly criminal. (11)

Second Memory

Weaving a beautiful tapestry of the stormy seas and what might lie beyond it. (2)

Third Memory

Mother showing me the place beneath the crooked birch where she has buried my dowry. (3)

All of our riches and animals are being sacrificed to ward off the evil. (8)

I become an old god of the black marsh. (10)

Fourth Memory

Arina distracting Jarl Thormulf so I could slip out of the longhouse when he came to propose. (4)

I stalk out into the mists to hunt and escape the dreary longhouse. (7)

Fleeing my burning home, I killed Arina (9)

Fifth Memory

The Draugr came in with the sea mist, dragged me to the shore and drained the warmth and life from me. (5)

The dark woman Zora recognized the darkness that now lives in me. (6)

I cross paths with The Gravesmith and am lucky to survive it. (12)

Diary

As the Jarl and his entourage of fawning locals and unimpressed visitors ride away from the homestead after the awful feast we just held for him, I shiver and make my way down to the shore. I can see how his proposal makes sense for everyone. Our houses would be connected and I wouldn't be lacking for anything. Even if father doesn't return from his voyage we wouldn't be in trouble. But he is

old. He has scars from too many fights, that clearly has done as much damage to his soul as his skin. He seems to care more about my ability to provide him with heirs than anything else.

The sea is a kind mirror for my spirit, flat and dark grey. The clouds are low, dark and dripping tiny beads of cold rain. I lose track of time as I let my thoughts wander out across the leaden water.

At first it seems as if the land and sea are falling away around me and the sky pressing itself down on me, but soon I realize I've been out long enough for a heavy fog to rise up around me. I hurry back along the path I've often walked before, but still manage to lose my way. I walk for far too long, finding the ground much steeper than I would expect anywhere around home.

Too late I realize that I must have climbed the ancient barrow out in the far pasture. It is forbidden ground, and I realize, for good reason. Something stirs inside. I scramble down, trying to get away as I feel the dirt loosen under me and something moving out from inside.



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I wake up panicking in the icy surf and struggle up the sandy dunes, driven by some new, innate animal fear of the lightening sky in the east. I feel the pressure of it on my back, like the breath of the terrible beast that stalked me earlier in the night.

As I exit the dense hawthorn thicket outside our home the sky has turned a bright, hateful yellow. I dive into the dark comfort of the earthen hut of our thralls, rather than risk a second more out in the open, trying to cross the courtyard to the longhouse. The startled thralls shout and beat at me, until I push one away hard enough to crack something inside him. The rest fall into a terrified silence around us for what feels like an eternity. The spell is broken when the injured man coughs wetly and suddenly I smell blood on his breath. I follow the scent down to his dying body and fading, but still vital life force inside it. I curl up around him and feed until I fade from consciousness, ignoring the trembling, tearful eyes all around me.

...



I awaken in chains. Chains that have been staked into the pillars of the longhouse. I am covered in sand and blood. Some of it seems to be mine, but I have no injuries or memories of what might have happened. I see the huskarls all around me, holding shield and spear at me. All are watchful, angry and silent, but I hear many voices outside. Some threatening. Some pleading. Some crying. Then the Jarl strides in through the gates, followed by the Godhi, mother and some of the strangers he brought with him on his last visit. He looks at me with a look of disgust or disappointment, then glances at the godhi who is still babbling at him. The strangers are all shocked, except for one. A short, dark woman in eastern looking dress. She has a small crooked smile and a glint in her eye. She whispers to the Jarl and he nods. They bring in the thralls from night before and she starts questioning them. She demands to know which of them has cursed me and what they has done to me. She calls them liars when they tell the truth. I stay silent. In the end, she convinces mother to let her take them away in order to make us safe again.(6)

*[8: Created **Zora**. Lost **a handful of thralls** and gained **a terrible patience**]*

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Mother keeps me indoors and on a pallet next to the fire. She hangs herbs, carves warding runes and makes expensive sacrifices to try and buy me back from my dark fate. Nothing changes. Father does not return. The Jarl stays well away from us. I become like a forgotten piece of furnishing in the longhouse. I learn when I can slip out safe and unseen. I find it easy to cross the land in silence at night and can swim in the coldest swells. When the fog lays thick I can cross many miles away to feed and kill at other farms and return before the sun burns away my sheltering mists.



[7: Gained **Mistwalker**]

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People have begun speaking of the barrow-curse that has spread on the land. Someone saw the ancient hill broken apart and connected it to the deaths at the farms. So far it has only been a couple of thralls and a sickly child, but everyone knows these things get worse before they get better. Everyone has shunned us, except for the Godhi Arbjörn who keeps coming back to help mother burn more of our dwrindling animal stock and saved up riches in sacrifice. He saw me that night in the hall and knows I am deeply bound to the curse on the land. Out on my nightly wanderings I sometimes

hear people call me “The Barrow-blighted” as they huddle around the fires telling worse and worse stories of what will come.

[7.2: Gained **Animals instinctively sense my wrongness** and created **Arbjörn**]

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I knew my days in the homestead would be over soon, but it still came as a shock when it happened. Jarl Thormulf had grown weary of listening to complaints about dead and sickly thralls and livestock, so of course he passed the blame and stoked the fire. It didn't take long for a mob to show up at our gates. So many angry faces. Friends, family and neighbours all painted in hate and fear. Mother tried to talk them down, but their minds were set against us. We managed to shut the gates before they pushed in, but they simply circled and set fire to the longhouse. As the flames crawled up the walls, something animal inside me took hold and I was able to claw my way up to the rafters and rip out through the thatch. As I slid down, a group of them rushed in to try and push me back into the fire. I tried to break free and tore my way through the crowd in a frenzy. I didn't care who was in my way and how I hurt them. I was nearly free of them as one final, frustrating body came in my way and I ripped it aside faster than I could recognize it. I only recognized what I had done from the look of utter sadness on the face of Arina as she fell back away from me and my way out was cleared. I ran all through the night to try and escape her face and all the other things now behind me.

[14 Checked **Run faster than a deer** and killed **Arina**]

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I run to hide in the deep marshes where our ancestors sacrificed their treasures and thralls. The black muck and thick mists shields me from the hateful sun. I slowly take my vengeance on those who burned my home and ended my family, draining the life from them, their kin and later their descendents. They grow weak and sickly around me. I only bless the family of Godhi Arbjörn. I whisper secrets and twisted truths in his ears and he brings secret sacrifices to the bog. I pay him in gold. First from my dowry, later from the treasures I dredge from my new, watery home. When he grows old, his children take over. They know that the only reason their family thrives is that I choose to make it so. When the old ways are replaced with the white christ, they still perform their black baptisms of their young in my brackish waters. Sometimes I do not return their children, so they will still know to fear me. I am an old god now, like the one who made me.



[13: Lost A Worthy Dowry gained Servitors of the Lineage.]

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The times change and the faith of the white christ strangles this old land. They no longer allow the old ways and my servants are forced to hide their rites and prosperity. Then they come to drain and turn the marshes into farmland. Their faith works to dispel the notion of curses and monsters in the night. And finally once again they bring fire and sword to drive me out. My only hope becomes to hide among them and pretend to be so lowly and vile that they no longer see me. I endure among their gutters, living by gift and theft. I find a man in the night market, who is willing to sell those things I steal from my victims and anything else I might want to get rid of.



[12: Checked A **Terrible Patience**, learned **Petty Crime** and met **Johannes**]

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The fence Johannes and I know not to stay in one place for too long and we travel from market town to market town. I see how much of the world lie outside the lands I stalked for a hundred years or more. We make few friends and many enemies on the road. The mortals are easy to deal with, but in a southern town we steal from something far darker and more powerful. We trick the man known as The Gravesmith and make away with an ancient gold crown, but his dark powers allow him to track us down and he exacts a violent vengeance on us. Johannes is nearly killed and I am disemboweled before we manage to escape. Without our stolen goods, but some kind of alive.

*[15: Gained **Disemboweled** and met **The Gravesmith**]*

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