

TRIUMPH LARP

**Barbarian's**

**Handbook**

**4.0**

## **The Barbarians of Lantai**

A barbarian is a human being in Lantai, recognizable by their barbaric custom, dress, and tribe markings. While technically human, they have eschewed “proper culture” for so many generations that they have developed skills and traits that ordinary humans lack. There are many different tribes, and many different style of barbarian. All share a vision of putting the tribe’s welfare before their own, even though they share the short life span of humans: only 60-100 years.

This handbook, along with the class handbook of your choice, will help you to portray a character that will help drive an epic story which we call Triumph. This game is story-driven, and the more thought given to your character, the better your game experience will be. Welcome to Lantai, welcome to Fairhame, and may you Triumph.

This handbook is not meant to replace reading the manual...in fact, if you’ve not read the rulebook, you should put this handbook down and go do so now. OK...so you are back. Hope you enjoyed the rulebook. Now, let’s talk about barbarians.

### **Physical Representation**

So, what exactly makes a barbarian look like a barbarian? The answer is their barbaric costume and a clearly visible totem symbol. The totem symbol must be represented as face paint representing the tribe’s totem, or a portion of costume and gear that does homage to that totem animal. Costume should look, well, barbaric! Barbarians don’t typically wear refined clothing, and if you choose to do so, you should include some very barbaric piece, such as face paint or a fur that includes the head of the animal. (This can be synthetic) There are no barbarians in jeans and a t-shirt, and they tend to have furs and animal skins as part of their costume. If after your 3<sup>rd</sup> event you do not wear your minimum costume, you can still play, but will receive no Triumph Points.

### **Racial Modifiers**

By choosing to play a barbarian, you receive some advantages and some disadvantages compared to others in the game. These racial modifiers exist to help characterize the race.

Barbarians are strong and hearty, leading lives that deal with the elements of nature every day. As such, a barbarian gains a +1 health bonus every time they purchase the Health skill.

Barbarians may become powerful warriors indeed, with the ability to ignore injuries that would fell a beast. As such, only barbarians may purchase the skill Barbaric Fury.

Barbarians are not refined and cultured, living close to nature, and not to the book. As such, barbarians must pay double the Triumph point cost for Scholar skills.

Most barbarian tribes view magic in a negative light, with the exception of the shamanic powers of nature. As such, a barbarian character cannot choose mage, necromancer, or archer as a class. Barbarians are a superstitious lot, and you should devise some superstitions to adhere to as a Barbarian.

### **Racial Traits**

Each race has its defining qualities, or traits. This includes typical costume, common attitudes, traditions and ways of life, and natural tendencies. By playing to

these traits, you are portraying a fairly typical member of the race. If you choose to ignore these traits, your character is probably quite uncommon...and might even be frowned upon by members of your own race.

Barbarians on the whole are usually distrustful of strangers and members of other races, at least at first meeting. A being must prove one's worth to a barbarian before one can be expected to be a friend.

Most barbarians have at least some distaste for magic, but the divine and shamanic powers are held in respect. Necromancers are usually feared, distrusted, or even hated by barbarians. Beyond these traits, each tribe has its own traditions and mannerisms. To assist in fleshing out the tribal traits, follow this simple formula:

1. Create/discover the concept of your tribe's nature. What type of tribal society do they resemble? What might their typical costume look like? Where are they from in Lantai? What customs and traditions do they have?
2. Choose a spirit totem for the tribe. Note that the spirit totem does NOT have to match a shaman totem. Barbarians could be of the Ghost Horse tribe, the Lynx tribe, the Wyvern tribe, the Sky ponies, etc...
3. Submit what character and tribal background you've decided on to logistics for approval, and be aware that some changes might be needed to maintain continuity.

### **Key Points in Barbarian History**

*(For more specific histories, be certain to check the geography section of the website, and to listen to bards in game...the Dark Times made much of history difficult to find, and the sheer volume of information for the different tribes would be too overwhelming for the scope of this handbook)*

Many millennia ago, the Dream reshaped the world of Lantai. It created the Gods, who lived upon and discovered Lantai's secrets. The Gods, in turn, ascended, seeking a further enlightenment. Some of the Gods gave birth to Children of their own. In time, the younger races were given birth. Humans are one of these younger races.

While other races may have a particular god or goddess who parents them, the humans came to be from the love between Freya and Lugh. The barbarians have grown away from the direct intervention of the gods themselves, but interact with the gods through the spirit totems.

The humans exploded onto the face of Lantai, beginning life in tribes across the Known Lands, and some believe elsewhere as well. Some humans were befriended by other races, and their societies received a "jump start" as they built villages and towns, and learned the ways of agriculture and industry. Others neglected to develop permanent structures, electing instead to keep their tribal nature...these would become the barbarians as time passed.

Each different tribe has its own very unique place in history. It would be nigh on impossible to give details here, or even to effectively scratch the surface. It is up to you and the logistics team to contribute to the history of the tribe you are from.

Remember that the Geography page has some helpful items, but also remember the logistics team can help you greatly.

## **BARBARIAN TALES**

### *The Saga of Macar*

Macar was the biggest and strongest ever among their known histories. But it was not always this way...

Long ago there was a youngling named Ma. Ma was a happy young barbarian who lived with his mother and father and sister on a small farm in a large village south of the new settlement that would be known as Fairhame. Ma's father raised horses for trade and for food and Ma's mother worked with all the other mothers of the village making bread together and sharpening weapons and cooking foods. Ma's sister, Jang, was younger than Ma in only her age and size. Jang was much smarter than Ma yet she was 2 years younger. They fought often, Ma and Jang, and Jang often won.

"Unfair, sister!" Ma yelled, "You always know what I'm going to do next."

"It's not my fault your moves are predictable, Ma." Jang teased back.

Jang was a seer and knew what was coming. Jang cried often while dreaming of her family killed and her brother rising to power. Jang knew the day was coming when her and her brother's world would fall.

At night they came. The beings dressed in black and purple. They came with torches and axes and spears. Rising from bed Ma looked for his sister. Ma heard his mother screaming, and his father yelling at someone outside. Ma ran to the window and jumped down into a large pile of straw. As his feet touched the ground, Ma felt his ankle twist and with a thud the rest of his body crumpled down onto his injured leg. Jang was there with water and herbs and cloth to wrap the injuries. The last thing Ma remembered was see his father killed by a man wearing a white mask. The sword, glowing a dark purple, plunged into the neck of Ma's father.

Days went by and Ma only remembered small bits of what was happening around him. As he hit the ground, while trying to save his parents, his head smashed through a wheelbarrow and now he was slipping in and out of consciousness. At one point, Ma woke up and was riding on the back of a horse. Another time he was next to a small fire. And yet again he awoke to the sound of a whistling he had never heard before.

One day as the light was just breaking; Ma awoke in a bed of straw and feathers. He remembered this place somehow, not by sight, but by smell and by sound. Ma smelled eggs cooking and heard bacon sizzling. He heard the horses sniffing at his window and smelled his uncle's farts all the way from the kitchen.

"Bleh!" Ma said to himself as a horse outside reared up and tromped away. "They don't like the smell any better than me!"

"Wake up! Wake up, lazy one!" Ma's aunt yelled to him from the doorway. "Your uncle, Madh, has already eaten your breakfast and drank enough ale to last 10 men a week. I will make you some more."

"How? Why? I know where I am but how did I get here?" Ma asked.

"All in good time, youngling. Now quickly, get up and get to breakfast if you want any ale before lunch."

Ma came to find out that what seemed to be bandits had invaded his village and destroyed all that they found. They burned every house and killed every horse and slaughtered every person they could find. Ma was told that even now, the bandits were still in his village, sifting through the ashes of the houses and huts and barns looking for something. Something they would not leave without. Ma remembered seeing his father killed. Who was the masked man? What had happened to mother? To Jang? Oh, how Ma wanted to see Jang alive and in good health. How had he gotten on a horse? Who had kept him warm by the fire? Were they all dreams? Ma had lots of questions for his aunt and uncle.

They answered nothing. Ma asked for days, for weeks. Weeks turned to months. Months to seasons. Seasons to over a year. Nothing was said of what happened to Ma's family. Eventually, Ma accepted what he never wanted to. Ma knew that the dead were never spoken of in his tribe. This was the only explanation he could think of.

No one in the surrounding hills nor Ma's aunt or uncle knew of the man wearing the white mask. It tore at Ma. Darkened his heart. He knew nothing of his close family and he knew nothing of how to avenge them.

Ma approached his aunt in the kitchen and began to speak when she said, "I know where you must go, Ma. Follow the setting sun for a day and find Maggie."

"Who is Maggie?" Ma was anxious to know.

"Leave now and do not speak to anyone about whom you are looking for or why you seek her."

"But..."

"Leave now and never return!" And then in an inaudible whisper, "Foul leviathan."

What that, Ma left his aunt and uncle's house and started west. Ma no longer had a child's stature. In his almost 2 years of living with his aunt's cooking in his belly and his uncle's work in his muscles, Ma was now almost 7 feet tall at the age of 13. Taller than every

man he had seen and almost every barbarian. Ma had no trouble traveling over grasses and under trees to find the one called Maggie that his aunt had spoken of.

Ma was just coming out from under the trees when he fell. A huge splash erupted from where he hit the pond and when Ma came up for air he was already laughing at his silliness. Then he heard her voice. It sounded as if it was coming from the water itself, but he knew this couldn't be true. It was a soothing voice that sounded almost like singing. Soothing as the voice sounded, what was being sung was very much not soothing. The singing voice was telling him to get out of the pond.

"Get out of my pond! Damn you, get out!"

As Ma stood up he noticed the water only came up to his neck and he heard the water gasp as he walked to the edge and climbed out.

"You are quite the tall one, youngling. Taller than men! Taller than any of your tribe. Stronger too!" The pond said.

"Well, I don't know about..." Ma was interrupted by a voice behind him. A short white-haired woman half his height was staring at Ma's belly button.

"Shut up! You know nothing!" She yelled at Ma's stomach. She looked up at Ma's face, "Your belly is laughing at you. Now come with me so that we may shut it up!"

In a small hut with no path or road leading to or from it Ma was shoved onto a small wooden stool, which he promptly crushed under his weight.

"Are you Maggie?" Ma asked.

"Of course I am, imbecile! Now eat." Maggie pushed a bowl of sausage and potatoes at Ma and sat down to eat her own.

Over the next 10 years Ma stayed with Maggie, learning from her unusual ways. Ma grew even bigger and stronger. In summer, Ma stacked huge rocks around Maggie's pond so people would stop falling into it. In winter, Ma pulled trees from the ground with ropes and fashioned bridges and roads to the main trails in the woods many miles to the north. Ma learned to use axes to better shape the wood and he learned to use swords to protect the woods around Maggie's house. Maggie tried to teach Ma to read and write but letters were always forgotten by the next day. Maggie showed Ma the ways of his blood and the fury that was hidden within. With his barbaric fury he was able to dispatch grass-stalkers with only his hands and he was able to lift huge boulders from the bottom of Maggie's shallow pond and make it deeper. Maggie seemed to know much about all barbarians' hearts and she seemed to know that Ma was soon to leave her here in the woods to be alone once again.

As before, they showed themselves at night with torches and hate. They burned all the bridges Ma had made for his dear friend Maggie and burned a trail of ash into the woods approaching her home. Ma was awoken by Maggie and soon Ma, with a smallish axe in one hand and a huge black-steel blade in the other, was in the grass field many yards from Maggie's house meeting the bandits in the open.

Twenty black and purple riders raced toward Ma in the field with their weapons drawn. Ma quietly whispered something and then roared a roar never heard in these woods. Night birds flew from the tree tops and wild cats bounded from limb to limb away from the sound of the roar. Dripping red gore from blackened cold steel; all the bandits were dead on the ground. Ma tore through their bodies with his axe, his sword, his hands and his hate. More than half of the twenty horses were missing legs from their huge bodies and the one was frantically neighing while being hoisted above Ma's head with both arms. The horse was thrown at the remaining bandits at the tree line and just as the animal was being released, Ma saw the one in the white mask, and holding to the horses left front and left rear legs the horse was ripped in twain. A huge chunk of horseflesh soared into the trees above the heads of the bandits and as they looked back at Ma, they saw him eating from the rear leg of the animal.

All but the white-masked bandit fled into the ashes from which they emerged. White Mask came forward laughing a deep dark menacing laugh. Atop a beautiful black stallion White Mask looked at Ma and said, "You can not win, young..."

"I am no longer young, masked one." Ma interrupted and looked down at the horse and recognized it as one of his father's breed. Now yelling at the masked bandit, "This was about my family's horses?"

"No, youngling, this was about you," and with a pause, "you, and your sister, the seer."

Ma's eyes widened and with a quick motion he sliced the legs of the horse out from under the masked bandit. Approaching the small man Ma lifted him off the ground by his robe and now screaming, "Where is she?"

Laughing that deep laugh again White Mask then said, "We killed her long ago. She would not tell us what we wanted and so we stabbed her eyes out. All that she sees now is you. All she ever saw was you anyway. She was useless!" As White Mask spoke his last sentence, Ma gripped his neck and made sure it was the last thing he ever said.

As the last bit of life drained from the darkly robed man, his mask fell gently away from its wearers face and before it touched one blade of grass, Ma caught it. The man in his other hand was nothing more than dust on bones.

The white mask, now bearing a slightly yellowish tint, in the blue moonlight, called to Ma. Maggie, coming from stone shadows of her walled in pond, came to Ma and begged him destroy the mask. But, oh, did it call to him. It begged and pleaded with Ma to wear it. Minutes went by and all Ma could do was stare at this mask of power. As ten minutes

passed, the tint of the mask started to fade and Ma simply wrapped the mask in his tattered shirt. Maggie gave Ma one final plea to destroy the mask; not listening to her Ma walked after the bandits that fled into the trees of ash leaving Maggie behind.

Years past and Ma, soon to be known as Macar, was not seen by mortal eyes in Lantai. Ma became myth and legend to many children of Lantai. Mothers told their young ones that they could one day be as mighty as Macar, The Greatest of All Barbarians. Bedtime stories did not last though.

One day, on the outskirts of Barberus, a huge being wearing a white mask and tattered brown pants and shirt with a heavy grey cloak, walked through a settlement of tent dwellers. Nothing was said and yet barbarians from different tents started following the white mask. Leaving children and mothers behind, male barbarians followed. The group of barbarians continued to grow as they started walking north. Leaving Barberus the barbarian horde gained a following of many more barbarians from every village they walked through. Soon, their numbers reached one hundred and White Mask started west.

Into the Savage Lands the group of just over a hundred barbarians went. From time to time Barbarians that approach the western boarder to the Savage Lands will hear a calling from the west. Most escape the call. But a few barbarians leave into the west and are never seen again.

### *The Song of Conn*

Skara Innish he will forever lie,  
Skara Innish where all giants die,  
Skara Innish he will forever lie,  
In the land of our sires the Dragon banner flies.

*The end of a song sang by mothers to sons and daughters.*

Few know the name Conn, but many remember his story. Also known as Conn, The Free One, lived on Skara Innish and is buried there now on the far eastern island nearest to the eastern land. On a grassy hill, covered in a rich green wrap, he was put in the ground facing west over 300 years ago at the end of his too few years.

Conn was born like any other barbarian, if not underweight throughout his childhood and well into his early middle years. Conn grew up with his friend and fellow barbarian, Nock. Nock was bigger and stronger than Conn and pointed it out to Conn most days. This didn't bother Conn, as Conn was much quicker to wit with his mind and his tongue.

A boy and his friend are always together,  
A boy and his friend forever together,  
A boy and his friend are always together,  
In the land of our sires small friends both wore leather.

When playing in the hills one evening, Conn and Nock came upon a sound neither had heard before. The loud cracking noise came from the next hill to the north of where they were throwing stones. As they crept up to the crest of the hill and peered over, they saw something they had only heard about in stories told by drunken uncles and cousins. At first they thought they saw men and then they saw one lift a sheep with one hand and stick an iron skewer through it with the other. The giant then placed the still writhing animal over the fire that four other giants surrounded.

As the animal's wool burned and smoke filled the air, wind took it south and as it passed under Nock's nostrils, he made a sound that started the war. Sneeze after uncontrollable sneeze erupted from Nock as Conn tried hopelessly to cover his friend's face. The giants of course heard the small unnatural noise and, ignoring the now burning animal on its spit, stood and galloped in the direction it came from.

Tumbling over one another as they reached the top of the hill, they found nothing. Looking up towards the reddish-yellow horizon, they saw the two small barbarians running as fast as their young and powerful legs would carry them. As is their way, the giants chased after the barbarians and as they did so they noticed the smaller one falling behind.

The giants came and they wanted more food,  
The giants came and they were in their mood,

The giants came and they wanted more food,  
In the land of our sires where the giants were rude.  
Drooling over Conn's body, the giants saw that when he fell he hit his head on a small earth-embedded grey stone. Conn was bleeding and as he turned over onto his back and looked up, he saw the giants and let out a roar of pain and fear and anger. Startled that such a small thing could make such a noise they all stood upright looking at each other. Just then a rock the size of a man's head was lobbed at the biggest, and coincidentally the ugliest, of the giants. Crushing the giant's oversized right shoulder, it let out a roar of its own. By then Conn had already stood and was running for cover with Nock. As is their way, the four uninjured giants stood there looking at their wounded leader on the ground, and the next biggest of the five picked up an even bigger stone than the one Nock had used and smashed in the head of the giant on the ground, killing him after the fourth blow.

The remaining giants returned to the shore where their second ship was currently landing and more giants were offloading. The giants and the barbarians were now at war. A third ship landed and then a fourth.

Giants came looking for a fight,  
Giants came finding a fight,  
Giants came looking for a fight,  
In the land of our sires tempers ignite.

Over the next 6 years giants pushed their way into the lives of the small barbarians and even smaller men of Skara Innish. Men blamed barbarians and barbarians blamed men for starting the conflict with the invading giants. Each group told the other that if they had together just given food to the giants; they would have left Skara Innish alone.

Conn and his now brother Nock knew they needed to stop the giants that they unwittingly, years earlier, angered into this conflict. Conn devised a way of keeping more giants out of Skara Innish, but it would require the help of the humans. Conn sent Nock on a mission to the human settlements to ask for aid. Nock found only angry men with angry words and women with rocks and old food to be thrown at him. Conn then tried to beg his own people for the same aid and he did little better than Nock. Conn did find one barbarian that would help. Aogh the stonemason was Conn's aging great-uncle and he pledged to Conn that he would help Conn in his doings.

Aogh, Conn and Nock and all their children went about their work. It was not easy but fast work to make the huge pointed stone dragon-scales and set them in the water around the main islands of Skara Innish. Now when new ships carrying giants came to Skara Innish they would tear holes in their bellies and sink.

Having solved that problem, Conn and Nock now had to figure out how to deal with the current giants on their beautiful land.

They have stopped landing on sand,

They have stopped filling our land,  
They have stopped landing on sand,  
In the land of our sires we had the upper hand.

No one has ever heard a giant speak, and in fact no one knows how they communicate with each other. What everyone does know though is that when you hurt or kill a leader, there is momentary confusion and then the next biggest giant will take the leader's place. Conn knew he could use this to his advantage. And once again he sent Nock to the humans to ask for help. This time, Nock was received with smiles and open arms. Most humans still refused to help Nock but one in particular wished to help more than any.

Sarah was her name and she was very much the stout human woman. Nock found her in a tavern in the city of Skara Innish. She was just finishing off her third challenger. Drinking was the game and as Nock took his first step onto the old wooden floor he was whisked over to Sarah's table and after peeling the last man off the stool on the ground, Nock was told by Sarah to sit and have a drink. Pints of ale were set out in front of Nock and Sarah and they both began to drink.

He wondered if she would really help,  
He wondered if he could make her body yelp,  
He wondered if she would really help,  
In the land of our sires he found she was no whelp.

Now with four they set out to kill the giants. All over the island of Skara Innish they set traps to kill the leaders. All but Sarah were wearing Aogh's colors and carried a green and red banner. On the banner was a great red serpent with out stretched arms and fire coming from its nostrils. They waited at their first set trap for the group of giants they saw the night before. The leader plummeted into the hole and was impaled on the dozen spears propped below. As the other four giants looked down at their leader in confusion, Sarah, Conn, Nock and Aogh burst from behind a smallish pile of rocks and ran up to the befuddled giants silently. Simultaneously each giant's throat was cut and then pushed into the pit with their leader.

They knew they had their victory now. One by one, group after group of giants were slaughtered and buried in shallow pits. Other barbarians started helping at this point and within a year, nearly every barbarian on Skara Innish had killed at least one giant. Conn had united the Skara Innish Barbarians and he knew they would soon be done with the giants for a good long time.

Something went wrong and he fell and he died,  
Something went wrong and they wailed and they cried,  
Something went wrong and he fell and he died,  
In the land of our sires he taught us with pride.

It was one of the last groups of giants left on Skara Innish. Conn and his friends were very tired. A year had gone by since they killed their first giant and almost eight since they first invaded. In fact, no one had seen a giant in Skara Innish in over a month.

The pit was set and the giants were walking towards it and the four friends waited in the shadows. When all of a sudden the leader looked down and stared at the pit with its netted leaves covering it. The leader decided to walk another way. Days later the four set another trap and waited. Again, as before, the leader saw the trap and changed direction and walked another way.

After their seventh attempt to trap the giants Conn became so angry that he could no longer control himself. Nock tried to stop his friend but it was too late, Conn was in his fury and was sprinting towards the giants. The other three came bounding after Conn but the leader heard Conn's roar and turned and gripped Conn by the neck. With one quick motion the leader broke Conn's neck as his friends reached the group of giants and dispatched them with swords and axes.

Nock, seeing his brother and life-long friend limp on the ground, lurched into his own fury and launched his throwing axe at the last giant of Skara Innish. Slicing threw the giant's finger and into his neck the giant let out a wet belch and dropped like a log.

Skara Innish he will forever lie,  
Skara Innish where all giants die,  
Skara Innish he will forever lie,  
In the land of our sires the Dragon banner flies.