

# Viking out of water

## Family tradition

“Keep your eyes closed. Don’t want to spoil the surprise.”

Although my brother forces my eyes shut, I can feel the warm outside breeze blow through my clothes. Whatever the surprise, It’s most likely too big to wrap. I uneasily shuffle my feet.

A part of me wishes to take bigger steps, but I’m subjected to the speed of my family.

“Easy now. Don’t worry. Your present won’t run away.”

The sound of a snapshot can be heard closeby.

“Photo for the wall!” Mom shouts.

“

# Summary

**Full name:** Toreinar Westström

**Father:** Arvid Westström

**Mother:** Anna-Lena Westström

**Brother:** Rune Westström

**Sister:** Malin Westström

**Original nomad family:** Valkyrie

**Location:** Fjord

**Date of Birth:** 1476|01|25

**Age:** 42

## Friends:

- S0ng (Kaede Akamatsu): Genius techie who pushed me to upgrade my arms.
- Str1ker (If you don't have a name for him already, I'll give one): Recognised my nomad emblem, offered me a place in his family.

## Enemies:

- Eleanor Skyword: Corpo slut that opened a branch in my hometome, shutting down the Odindome, largest raceway in West-Madia
- R1pt2d3 (Assume you already have a name): Pain in my ass, barely trusts me and refuses any call for aid coming from me.

## Fixers:

- Str1ker
- J3N
- Green Shade
- Great Ben

## Rumours:

- True: Although V-King is associated with Moonwheels, he often rides alone making him an easier target to double cross or someone you can strike a more profitable deal with. (I haven't been double crossed so far, but people definitely notice the fact that my relationship isn't as great as some of its other members)
- Mixed: Valkyrie disbanded after our failed heist. (They did, but many of them are still close to one another. It wouldn't take a lot for them to bring the family back together, but so far there is no one stepping up to the plate.)
- False Alt: V-King lost his arms in a dispute between him and the Moonwheels. They tore off his arms to teach him a lesson. (I was born without arms)

## Hare Psychopathy Traits:

- Impulsivity
- Lack of remorse or guilt
- Criminal versatility
- K
- K

**Message left by my family:**

**Dad:** "Did you hit record?"

**Mom:** "The light is blinking... Yes! It's recording!"

**Dad:** "Happy birthday Tor!"

**Rune:** "It's not his birthday!" **Angrily** "I thought we were celebrati..."

**Dad:** "Shush, don't spoil the surprise yet, your mom has a few things she'd like to say first."

**Mom:** "Indeed I do. It's been 34 years already since we welcomed you into our household."

**Malin:** "Mom... We don't have time for that. Get to the point."

**Dad:** "Do I need to remind you tha..."

**Mom:** "No, it's fine. I do tend to ramble." **Clears her throat.** "Ahem. You're still my little astronaut and one day you will conquer the stars. Life hasn't been fair, but you've always proven to us that with enough determination, you can move mountains. Although our family has many mechanics and engineers, they're no doctors. That's why we've scrambled some savings together to buy you a prosthetic limb." **Audible sigh.** "It's... a start, but if anyone knows how to make the best of nothing, it's you."

**Rune:** "You'll finally be able to drive a car!"

**Malin:** "Or shoot a gun!"

**Dad:** "Masturbate!"

**Mom:** "Embrace us the way you always wanted." **Silence** "You're loved Tor. Don't ever forget that. Nothing can ever put a wrench..."

**Robotic:** RECORDING ENDED

**Story:**

Me, my brother and my sister were hanging at the skate park next to the Odindome when we noticed a Corpo Aircraft flying over Fjord. It wasn't until two days later we were barred access from the skate park as it was claimed by the Skyword family together with the rest of the Odindome. Our nomad family was in an outrage. Infighting happened and accusations were thrown around when the family lead came forward and confessed she gave away the rights for the arena with the promise of salvation.

The city of Fjord had been struggling with resources for a while. Our water wasn't the cleanest, harsh colds ruined most of the organic food and there weren't enough credits around to import most manufactured crap from other places within Madia.

Me and my closest family members expected foul play, so we devised a plan to dig a little deeper into Skyword's office. The day of the heist, my own family approached me and denied me from joining them. They put it up to a vote behind my back and decided that I had to sit this one out, claiming that my disability would prove unreliable for the dangers ahead. With everything I had, I tried to convince them, but they easily restrained me and tied me to a pole. Things were said that day that we can't take back.

My arm malfunctioned and popped off my shoulder, freeing myself just in time to help out. If my calculations were correct, I knew exactly where I could help out. Taking one of our family vehicles, I sped over to the Odindome, parking a little further away. All Valkyries are familiar with the Odindome as many of us have raced and won there. It didn't take long for me to find a breach within the fence, exactly where my family left off. Following in their footsteps I soon found myself in Skyword's office.

This is where everything went wrong. My family changed the plan behind my back and I wasn't supposed to be there. That's when my own mother stumbled into the room. She was keeping a lookout in the getaway vehicle, but left her post as soon as she saw me approach the arena. Before we were able to leave alarms went off and the security system closed off important exits. Me and my mother had to make a run for it, but we were both captured. Even worse, my own mother was shot and I had to surrender. They used us as leverage to capture the rest of my family. If they didn't stand down, my mother wouldn't get the medical treatment she needed to survive her wound.

Everyone besides my mom were loaded in the back of BMPD vehicles and my father refused to talk and scolded both my siblings if they attempted to ask anything. I've pleaded and explained everything, but my father was disgusted. Not only did I doom Valkyrie, everyone was headed for jail and my mother might die. At some point dad exploded and disowned me not only from the family, but from the entire household. Whatever was waiting for us, I would go through it alone.

The rest of the ride was silent. It is uncertain how long we've travelled, but it felt like the sun rose at least twice. It was the last time I saw my family. My belongings were taken and a trial was started. The courtroom was a hellhole. Without a lawyer I couldn't defend myself, but someone like me didn't need defending. Most corpo assholes thought it hilarious, but stupid that someone without proper arms tried to be anything more than rock. Having more than enough, I bit back, but my words were in vain. All they told me is that if I was meant to reach the stars, getting back to where I came from should be easy enough.

Thrown out with my belongings I found myself in an estranged place. First thing I tried was to reattach the arm given, but my frustrations reached its limit when I failed to do so. In a fit of rage I kicked the arm down several flights of stairs where a young woman with above average height and smooth blond hair, reaching just below her shoulders picked it up. She commented on the nature of the device and asked me how I managed to survive this long in

Black Moonlight with such barbaric technology. Not in a mood to receive such criticisms, I slid down the stairs and prepared myself for a fight, but the smooth landing seemed to impress her enough to apologise for her comment. She continued to ask more, but me being distrustful of anyone in this new environment, she was the first to extend an offer. She would offer me actual arms capable of withstanding the new environment if I told her how I came to be.

She taught me a couple of things about Black Moonlight. First and foremost most edgerunners don't share their name, but instead give their handle. S0ng was kind enough to share her personal name as well, but made me swear to keep it a secret. After helping me out she gave me a bill for the arms. Instead of feeling scammed in a situation I couldn't leave, she told me she had a feeling that I'd pay her back someday. She herself couldn't stand corpoes for one second.

Unfortunately that's where her hospitality ended. If S0ng herself wanted to keep living under the roof she lived under for the past 2 years, she couldn't offer any more handouts than she already provided.

With little to nothing to my name, I decided to crash several pubs, looking for work, rumours or anything that could help me survive Black Moonlight. Most people threw me out when they realised I didn't have a single eddie to my name. Best I could do was to find a corner where they'd forget about me for long enough to soak in any information the city had to offer. I received my first warning when a fight broke out between two individuals, but it was pretty one sided. Someone wearing a black cloak showcased superhuman abilities, stabbing his opponent with a knife, leaving the other to bleed out on the floor. Panicked, I tried to hide and avoid eye contact, but it was all in vain. He definitely noticed me. Preparing for the end, he simply held up his hand, palm extended towards me and all fingers extended except for their ring finger. They payed the bartender, whispered something to the man, pointed in my direction, spit on the corpse bleeding out on the ground and left the establishment. Soon after I got myself a drink, unsure what to think about the situation and with a whole lot to learn.

Leaving the local food industry for what it is, I found myself underneath a bridge, ready to spend the night. I wasn't the only one who thought an area away from prying eyes was a valuable location to institute some business. My attempts at hiding were in vain when I caught a drug deal gone wrong. The whole place was a setup and soon I found myself surrounded by a gang, knives at the ready. Asking their questions, they thought I was related to their target and were ready to end my life there and then, but someone by the name of Str1ker recognised the patch on my clothing.

After identifying me as a nomad from outside Black Moonlight, they lowered their weapons. Questions were asked, but S0ng warned me to keep my guard up at all times. Some lying was involved and I gave them the handle V-King, which Str1ker loved even more. When they realised my situation, they invoked the nomad code to help me no matter what even though I had nothing to prove.

They kitted me up, got me to work and took me in. Soon I drove underneath Moonwheels. Str1ker, intrigued with life outside of Black Moonlight, spent a bunch of time with me. Eventually we shared names with one another and I told him about Skyword. Thin as walls may be, R1pt2d3, Moonwheels' leader, overheard our conversation and set up the camp against me. 95% of the camp wanted me out after hearing about my little disaster with corpoes, but a small group of individuals stood by me. Not all of them agreed with my actions, but they knew what it meant to be a nomad.

Not wishing to disappoint Str1ker, I took it upon myself to live outside of the nomad camp, but would keep regular contact. It's where I started my solo smuggling career and plotted my revenge against the Skyword corporation.

After a few small gigs to get back on my feet, I decided it was time to deliver a small blow to Skyword. With the help of both S0ng and Str1ker, I planned a heist to intercept a shipment for the boss, Eleanor Skyword herself. More successful than my last mission, I managed to infiltrate the truck, deliver its cargo to a warehouse owned by Moonwheels, but decided to send Miss Skyword a message. Leaving the vehicle a block opposite of her mansion spray painted with the words: "Valhalla awaits!"

**Extra information:**

- The time frame in the story is a little wonky, but I like to think that I've spent around 6 or more years in Black Moonlight already.