Rin Northfell

The jovial Phoenixborn of Phoenixborn of Frostdale, Rin first appears in The Frostdale Giants, and has re-appeared for a fight in The Frostwild Scourge.

Rin Northfell
Art from The Frostdale Giants



Alternate art full bleed

He is straight-forward, though usually relaxed and a big enjoyer of life and battle.

History

Rin was a Phoenixborn who enjoyed the powers bestowed upon h

In 2005, he visited Silverwood, and met Maeoni Viper. They had a date at her palace, and that night, Rin dreamed of them embracing passionately, then it turned violent and he consumed her ashes. That same night, he fled, and back in his homeland, resolved to be the winner of the collection.

Recently, the Frostwild Scourge appeared near his home, and he has joined forces with Aradel, Koji, and Lulu to destroy it. He and Lulu do not agree on exactly how this should be done.

With the Blight of Neverset's appearance, he and the other Phoenixborn appear to have been triumphant over the Frostwild Scourge, as he has journeyed to Neverset and reunited with Maeoni.

Conjurations

Like his spells, his conjurations are generally robust and as large as his spirit. His Frostback Bear is a staple in nature decks, and, though vulnerable to his own Ice Traps, Ice Golems still pack a punch. He also has a unique conjured alteration, the Ice Buff, to protect his allies and conjurations.

He also shares a conjuration, the Adaptodon, with Lulu.

Card apperances

- Freezing Blast
- Rin's Fury
- Ice Adaptation

- Clashing Tempers
- Shattering Fist
- Charge Fist (Frostwild Scourge Mighty aspect)
- Frost Bulwark (Frostwild Scourge Storm aspect)
- Embrace

Quotes:

- “Don’t worry buddy, I got your back.”
- “I’m trying not to laugh at how serious you look.”
- “Your toys are boring. Let’s play with something else.”
- “Toughen up and kill something, would ya?”
- “I’m going to straight-up slaughter you!”
- “The North incarnate.” + “I’ve got giant ice bears, and it feels good saying that.”
- “I do not take friendship lightly.”
- “Cold beats ugly every time!”

Short story

I remember when I first heard Alibrimbor's prophecy. I was drunk in a Gorrenrock brothel, and when I heard those fateful words, I laughed and threw my cup at the messenger who was interrupting my fun. The notion that my blessing could be my doom seemed so absurd, but perhaps if I had been sober I would have thought about how my dreams had started to turn strange. Perhaps then I would not have been so quick to scoff. But I have never been one to dwell overlong on serious matters.

Later in the fifth year of two thousand, I was a passenger on a boat that took port in Silverwood, and there I met Maeoni Viper. How could I land in that city and not seek out the Viper? Arranging a meeting was more difficult than I expected – she had little interest in seeing me. When I finally saw her, and heard those first words fall from her mouth, I was immediately overwhelmed by the tremendous presence the woman possessed. I fell in love with her then and there, though I'll admit falling in love has never been too difficult for me. We shared an awkward lunch on a patio outside her home. She was all formal pleasantries, and I played the bumbling, fawning fool. Me! But such was my unexpected love for her that I could bring none of my charms to bear.

That night I retired to a room her servants prepared for me. I had no interest in exploring the city's nightlife. I lay in bed and fell asleep thinking of her exquisite face.

But I did not sleep easy.

In my dream our bodies were entangled in a lover's embrace, my mouth tasting hers, and my dream self had lost all his awkwardness, and she was good and truly mine. But the dream changed in that way dreams do, the shift coming so subtly that it is impossible to identify, and suddenly we were not entwined in love, but in murderous violence. She screamed as I dug my clawed hands into her flesh, and from out of her burst fay fire. The flames licked my body, but they did not scorch or

burn, but filled me with euphoria, and I tore her asunder like a dog rooting for a buried bone. Her wailing reached a terrible pitch and the fire consumed the last of her. I sucked my breath in with a mighty huff, and the fires filled my lungs. Maeoni was naught but hot ashes, and these I rubbed into my flesh with manic glee.

I awoke in tears and sweat, and instantly recalled Alibrimbor's prophecy. Suddenly my youthful frolics seemed so pointless. The future did not seem so sweet.

That night I fled Silverwood in shame. I made my way back to Frostfell[1] and let the stinging cold there freeze away my feelings. And while I found some solace, the cold could not keep the dreams from coming. I have not always been a good man, but I have striven, in my own way, to do good.

But now I see that such concerns are for mortals. For the children of the Phoenix there can be no peace, no solace. These people were my brothers and sisters. I have fought by their sides. I have loved them. But gods save me, I see what is coming, and so help me, I am going to kill them all.

Rin Northfell
Frostfell, 2009

Footnote
1: Not sure if this is suppose to be Frostdale or not.

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