Scorpkings Clan #78000

Background:

The Scorpkings began as a small group of no-name desperate scavengers and opportunistic raiders, many of them former slaves. Some time in [beginning of season 1], they were hunkered down in the rubble of the old Tor fort during a days-long sandstorm. Trying to move some of the rubble around to make a shelter, they uncovered the top of a collapsed stairwell [alternative: they discovered someone trying to leave a secret entrance]. They made their way down the debris-strewn stairwell to find a well provisioned and abandoned dungeon. [alternative: there was a small group of exiled or self-exiled nobles down there with their servants].

They claimed the dungeon as their own, and with the wealth that they discovered and a safe, hidden refuge, they were able to grow in wealth, strength and number. Often clad in scorpion armor made from their nearest neighbors and source of food and chitin, they became known as the Scorpkings. This, along with the scorpion theme of much of the Tor riches they found below.

Through challenge and manipulation one of the cells' heads declared himself King of Scorpions and has come to hold sway over the other groups, ensuring that any cell-leaders that don't follow him meet some cruel end or 'accident.' Although his claim is firm, there are some cells who still prefer to operate more independently and seek refuge in the dungeon only in times of need or to trade.

Beast Master
78202 - raider half-elf male [beastmaster] [simraider_boss] [scorpkings] [s1]

This heavily scarred male is built lean but strong, evidence of a life accustomed to hard labor and violence. His sun-darkened skin, especially around the face, neck, and arms, speaks of long hours spent under harsh conditions beneath the harsh rays of Suk-Krath. His eyes, set in a tired but determined face, express an unyielding determination, and his straight-backed posture and ready stance suggest a long history of disciplined training.
(borsail tattoo)

the [brutish|beastly|towering|bulky|muscled|bury],
[battle-scarred|one-eared|broken-nosed|black-braided] male

78200 Dwarf Tank
78201 Human Archer
78202 Breed Boss
78203 Raptor
78204 Tok

Raptor (grunts)
78203 - raptor lizard striped sand [tamed_beast] [simraider_brute] [scorpkings] [s1]
a [burly|thick|scrawny|muscular|short|scartorn],
[sharp-eyed|bold-striped|mace-tailed|spike-tailed|cruel-taloned|razor-toothed] raptor

78204 - a mangy, silty-brown gortok - gortok brown [tamed_beast] [simraider_grunt] [scorpkings] [s1]
a [drooling|bristle-furred|mangy|spotty|lop-eared|one-eared],
[light|yellow|stoney|silty|dark|sandy]-brown gortok

Looking a little better fed than its wilder kin, this brown-furred gortok stands strong and lean, and tugs restlessly at its harness. Its head is large and neck thick, baring its sharp yellow teeth at the slightest provocation, and its legs are almost comically long and thin in comparison. On occasion, it makes an eerie sound somewhere between a yelp and a howl as it sniffs around in search of prey.

Raptor:
- [AI_SLEEP_LDESC]
rests here gnawing on a large femur.
- [AI_REST_LDESC]
sniffs the ground, tugging anxiously at its leash.
- [AI_WORK_LDESC]
watches the area with cold, slitted eyes.
Tok
lies here grooming itself.
watches the surrounding area with hungry eyes.
sniffs the ground, tugging anxiously at its leash.

Guards

(Archer)
This battle-hardened woman carries the weight of countless trials in her lean, sinewy frame. Her body, marked by deep scars that crisscross her skin, tells the story of a life shaped by relentless struggle and survival. Her complexion, a deep, weathered bronze, speaks of years spent toiling under the merciless rays of Suk-Krath. Her eyes, set in a face both weary and resolute, burn with a fierce, unyielding resolve, and every movement she makes is purposeful and poised.

the [lean|svelte|tall|bulky|muscular], [battle-scarred|one-eyed|bent-nosed|crimson-braided] woman

Shield/tank
the [stumpy|blocky|veiny|cadaverous|brown],
[brutally-scarred|bow-legged|flat-nosed|battle-tattooed] [male|female] dwarf

This battle-ready dwarf carries the signs of countless struggles in their short, wide-set frame. A map of crisscrossed scars, some fresh and still healing, cover every inch of their dark, sun-weathered skin, a stark reminder of the harsh, unforgiving wastes. Their eyes, intense and focused, burn with an unwavering resolve, and every movement speaks of single-minded determination for some unknown purpose.

- [EQUIPMENT2]
3 78118
5 78117

78117 - 'harness rugged chitin-plated beast [s1] [beast_armor] [scorpkings]'
Short description: 'a rugged, chitin-plated beast harness'

Rugged, doubled-over raptor hide has formed into several interlaced straps with bone friction buckles in place to allow this harness to be fitted for animals of varying shapes and sizes. The largest of several scorpion shell plates has been shaped into an arch to protect the back and sides of the beast, while smaller ones are covered with a long slot in each end to allow them to slide up and down the leather straps for optimal comfort and protection without sacrificing the flexibility of the assembly.

78118 - collar rugged chitin-studded leash [s1] [beast_armor] [scorpkings]
Short description: 'a rugged, chitin-studded collar and leash'

Shaped from a wide, rugged strip of doubled-over raptor hide, this thick collar looks well made despite its rugged appearance. It has been reinforced all over with jagged chitin studs to help add to its protection or perhaps simply intimidate anyone staring down the beast that wears it. Upon close inspection, two large bone friction buckles can be seen beneath an overlapped flap of the same protective hide. A long leash of the same striped yellow leather has been woven through it for a secure grasp and three narrow straps hang down with smaller buckles to be secured to a larger harness.

Campfire
78119 corral bone leather-lashed [scorpkings] [simraider_campfire] [s1] [MARKKU]
Short description: 'a leather-lashed bone corral'
Plural Short description: 'leather-lashed bone corrals'
Long description: 'A leather-lashed bone corral has been set up next to the campfire.'

The corral is a rugged, roughly-constructed structure, assembled from long lengths of bone, their surfaces still white and unweathered. Each bone has been lashed together with raw leather cords that are tight but uneven, still carrying the faint scent of fresh hide, crisscrossing at haphazard angles, securing the bones with a sense of haste rather than precision. It appears recently built, with little regard for permanence or aesthetics.