



Name: Davalia Thousandfoe; formerly Davalia Succorsap

Nicknames: Davi, The Black Rabbit

Age: Rather young for a viera - about 45.

Race: Viera

Gender: Female

Class: Lancer/???

Orientation: Angry.

Family:

Irjala Succorsap, mother, deceased

Reyr Succorsap, father, deceased

Roska Succorsap, eldest sister, deceased

Valdis Succorsap, elder sister, deceased

Kaldi Succorsap, older brother, deceased

Ljot Succorsap, younger sister, deceased

Yngvil Sapbearer, aunt, deceased

Marja Sapbearer, elder cousin, deceased

Geirrun Sapbearer, younger cousin, unknown but presumed deceased

Affiliation: Succorsap family (birth to early adulthood)

'Jaska's Jumpers', Dalmascan resistance fighting group, early adulthood

Dalmascan resistance, but not under purview of any particular group - until arrival in Eorzea.

Skills:

- Forest tracking and basic trap-making (snares, pits)
- Forest survival, including foraging, camp-making, etc.
 - Mushroom identification (of Dalmasca)
 - Basic herbal remedies (of Dalmasca)
 - Some of these are viera wood-warder knowledge - from her brother Kaldi
- Basic cooking and processing of foraged food
- Kallu palm wine making
- Appam-style flatbreads, made with a starter from palm wine
- Woodworking and whittling - creating spears, especially
- Guerrilla unit tactics, within a forest/jungle setting
- Archery - sharpshooting from a distance ('one shot only', not good for real thick of it battle)
- Fighting with a lance or spear
- Basic infiltration and stealth - no proper cat burglar, but good at identifying weaknesses in patterns, especially in Garlean style guard patrol patterns.
- Rudimentary tattooing in stick-and-poke fashion.

Personality: A young firebrand of a viera whose temper is definitely her greatest weakness. She often ends up sticking her (stiletto-heeled) foot in her mouth, or simmering over grudges. But that aside, if you win her loyalty - hopefully by convincing her to look before she leaps and/or punches - she will be fiercely and outspokenly on your side. Davalia doesn't have the usual viera reticence; if anything, she could use lessons in how to be much more taciturn instead of launching into arguments. Away from such high-emotion situations, it's easy to see that Davalia is being angry from a place of deep hurt and sorrow, and that she's simply not good at not being angry. Outside of using that as her coping mechanism, she's just not quite sure how to be. Someday the exhaustion and grief is going to catch up with her - but for now, she's still trying desperately to outpace it. She has, simply, a lot of anger, and not a lot of places to put it.



Appearance: Tall and muscular, with many scars. Long blond hair, black at the tips of her furred ears. Grey eyes and ruddy, deep skin; she usually wears kohl around her eyes at the very least. She has a rather impressive set of scars and marks:

- Facial tattoos in grey-white. A traditional design, professionally done.
- Her right ear has a notch cut out of it from an injury (now healed).
- Scarring on her right shoulder, front and back, moving downwards on her back. Some scars are much older than others; some are relatively fresh. Typical of arrow-wounds or of where Garlean bullets may have been dug out with the flat of a blade.
- Large scar on her side. Probably one of the best-healed, obviously having been stitched together semi-professionally at some point. From her days as part of the Dalmascan resistance.
- Another large scar on her thigh, semi-recent, though healed. This old injury causes her to limp somewhat, but not enough to give her much pause.
- Over this scar, a roughly-done tattoo [of a design that some viera consider a sort of spellcasting](#). The design is supposed to be one that opens locks or fetters - in this case, apparently the limp being the fetters she is being freed from.

History: Davalia was born to a rather well-to-do family of Rava viera, as much as those can happen, under her original surname of Succorsap. The Succorsap family ran a small palm orchard, and although they worked hard, they were solidly in the middle class by their well-run trade. Succorsap orchard not only provided the area with several varieties of kallu, a type of

palm wine, and vinegar developed from the same palm sap, but also was a joint business with a bakery. The fermented sap, with its naturally-gathered yeast, was a prized ingredient for making appam-style flatbreads in the region. It was said that some viera were happy to travel from five villages over just to get this yeast dough starter (and a couple of bottles of kallu wine and palm vinegar, as long as they were there, of course).

Davalia herself had a quiet - downright idyllic - childhood. Her mother Irjala and aunt Yngvil raised her with a strong sense of work ethic, as they did her sisters Roska, Valdis, Ljot, brother Kaldi, and (girl) cousins Marja and Geirrun. Although their upper-class wealth meant they could enjoy some luxuries, her mother impressed on all of them that everything they enjoyed came through two things, and two things only: the grace of the divine forest, and hard work. They saw their father, Reyrr, only a few times, but Irjala and Reyrr maintained a perhaps typical successful viera marriage, passionate and caring despite being emphatically long-distance.

Davalia was the next-to-youngest, with her brother Kaldi older than her, and the youngest Ljot just behind her. Kaldi had a keen mind, but was often sickly during his childhood; when, at thirteen, he was confirmed to be male and taken into the forest, their mother was quietly beside herself with worry - and Davalia was right there to be fussed over and given that attention. So she was, if anything, perhaps a bit spoiled, with both so many older cousins and siblings.

But like the rest of Dalmasca, her life radically changed when the Garleans invaded. The Succorsap orchards were identified as a key military target in their region, with the Garleans reacting to the name and thinking that it was a source of importance for healing properties. Their father Reyrr apparently harried the Garlean forces near single-handedly for malms alongside Kaldi before it became clear the orchard falling was inevitable, and they came to warn the rest of the family. Her aunt Yngvil led her two daughters away to try and get out first while the rest of them prepared; an hour later, the Garlean unit commander was at the orchard gates, taunting them with Yngvil's head (and with his jeers about how he had taken Marja alive and was looking forward to 'playing' with his 'new pet'). Reyrr and Irjala made sure their plan was sound - and sent their children away as they made their last stand together. It was perhaps an unseemly and shocking thing to other viera, to hear of a couple fighting back-to-back, but their names were whispered as near-legend for the next few decades, with Reyrr dying in Irjala's arms, and her following soon after, but not before they had led many of the Garlean troops into their aging warehouse and set the entire thing ablaze.

Davalia had to be dragged away by her sisters as she, at fifteen, screamed to be let go so she could stay and fight.

Kaldi's keen mind served all of them well, as he had taken to his new role with singular dedication. He was able to teach his sisters much of how to survive as a wood-warder - in the jungle with no society to help sustain you. But the Garlean occupation continued, swift and bloody. Kaldi was the next to fall, holding off Garlean scouts so his sisters could escape from their momentary refuge of a cave camp.

And again, Davalia had to be dragged away, even as Kaldi - shot thrice in the stomach, unable to stand, bleeding out quickly - told them to run while he got off a few more arrows.

Dalmasca's resistance began, and then quickly crumbled. This did not stop the sisters from joining one of the many informal resistance units, taking up guerilla warfare to harry and punish the Garlean troops in their work. The area they worked in, under a charismatic viera leader called Jaska, was an area of frustration to the Garlean rulers for a good twenty years. "Jaska's Jumpers" is where Davalia feels she truly grew up - as part of a resistance movement, going from place to place, always never-quite-safe, striking from the shadows.

But after those two decades, the group's luck changed. They found themselves pinned down. Davali's oldest sister Roska had died just months before, as the Garlean troops truly put them on the back foot. After three months under siege - when they barely had enough food for one - finally, Jaska gave herself up to negotiate peace for the rest of the unit, despite fierce protests. Davalia herself was only persuaded to not fight to the bitter end for the sake of her younger sister Ljot, who had contracted a fever, and her remaining older sister Valdis persuading her that if they went peacefully, they could acquire proper medication.

The group was marched to Lea Monde, and forced to watch Jaska's public execution. But they tried for the next few years to live in the peace Jaska had bartered for them, flung into the capitol of Dalmasca Inferior. The other viera living there were at least able to help them find work, although as suspect non-Garlean citizens, this meant hard labor. Davalia nonetheless grit her teeth and did so. Ljot's fever developed into a chronic illness - one controllable with costly medicines, but barely so. The two sisters were happy to quietly dine on thin rice gruel as long as it kept Ljot healthy, however.

The peace in Lea Monde was not to last forever. Approximately two years ago (from Shadowbringers), an older Garlean commander was stationed in Lea Monde; he saw Valdis working hauling cargo, and asked if her parents were Reyr and Irjala, owners of a "patch of jungle some savages might call a palm tree orchard". Valdis lied, saying no, and the man backed off - but not before explaining that he had been one of the survivors of that assault. Three days later, he returned - leading a cowed and broken cousin Marja, who had spent the last thirty years as an inherited 'pet' for the Garlean. He asked Marja if Valdis was the daughter of Reyr and Irjala - and Marja spoke the truth. Valdis was taken into custody, and their small apartment was ransacked, meager savings and medicine alike taken as 'contraband'. Valdis was hung three days later, under the excuse of the medicine's illegality. It was clear to everyone that her death was a warning to the viera there, to keep them afraid and off-balance, by showing that you could die at any moment to fulfill old grudges. Davalia only was kept in check by her little sister's begging. Although Davalia immediately flung herself into all labor she could find, trying to make money, begging and borrowing, it was still not enough to buy Ljot's medicine before her next attack. Less than a week after she lost her elder sister, she came home to find that Ljot had died, alone, writhing in pain, and crying for her to be there.

Davalia, predictably, snapped.

According to Garleans, the next five months in Lea Monde were one of fear, with a serial killer striking out from the shadows, breaking into the homes of top officials and slaughtering them, their families, and their guards before morning. The jobs were both meticulously planned and terrifyingly full of improvisation - one was murdered with a chandelier happening to fall on him, another, carved with the ornamental sword above his bed. But the killer remained elusive. There were no clues besides one guard, still barely alive when the scene was found the next morning, managed to croak out that it was a viera. The press in Lea Monde went wild with this detail, calling the killer the Black Rabbit and breathlessly stirring up Garlean citizens with fear.

The last job was the one where Davalia was finally caught. She worked her way up the chain of command to the old commander who had recognized her sister - one Elisus rem Aeger. Descending on his house in the middle of the night, she worked her way up from the basement, suffocating the servants, killing guards as she went, before finding her cousin Marja in the locked room where she was kept as prisoner. Marja openly wept in relief at Davalia being there to kill her, and they even reconciled, at the last moment, Davalia holding Marja even as she drove a dagger into her cousin's back to release her from her torture. Marja gave her the information she needed to defeat the special locks in the rest of the house, and she continued to work her way up.

But she did not count on Elisus's wife, Cassa, being up with their infant child in the middle of the night. She sloppily assumed that Elisus slept alone, and moved in for the kill. Her scream, as she saw from the doorway, woke her husband, and she ran to get more guards as Elisus and Davalia grappled.

Elisus was overheard to say, in his last moments, as Davalia had him pinned down and was reaching for the small knife in her boot: "If you kill me, girl, the whole Empire and its thousands will be your enemies!"

"Then I will have the thousand foes," Davalia declared before opening his neck with her knife.

Although the guards came too late to save Elisus, they came in time to hinder Davalia's escape. She was taken into custody alive, as the Garlean administration decided it was important to show the city that the Black Rabbit had been caught, was executed in front of them, and was not immune from Pax Garleana. She apparently howled her fury at her guards until her voice was hoarse, and refused to eat anything, drinking only water, for the two days before her scheduled execution.

On the way there, she seemed to go peacefully through the streets - until she saw a split-second chance. According to witnesses, she escaped by headbutting one guard, kicking her foot and using her shoe like a stiletto knife to gore open the thigh of another (thus making

him bleed to death within minutes), and dislocating her own shoulder in order to get out of her bindings and grab the gunblade of a third. She then bolted, managing to get out of the city and into the jungle wilderness - but rumor says that the last guard who was in her way nearly had her, until she bit out his throat like a wild animal.

Shoulder dislocated, its arm broken, limping from an arrow in her leg, Davalia somehow managed to survive in the jungle, but knew she was a wanted woman. She bolted north, and some of the rebel factions there agreed to at least give her momentary shelter, but not for long. She knew that she was wanted desperately by the Garleans for her specific crimes. Eventually she brokered a deal with one of the rebel groups - supplies and information if she agreed to draw attention, in this case, by being seen going onto a ship headed for Doma. She managed to barely be one step ahead until she arrived in Kugane, where as soon as the Sekiseigumi were in front of her, she outright laughed and taunted her Garlean pursuers.

The Sekiseigumi gave her a very plain and reasonable warning once informed of her crimes. They would not act to enforce Garlean law. However, "you don't have to go home, but you can't stay here" was in full effect - they would only act on what they considered to be Kugane's business, but if she stuck around for too long being a liability, then she would become Kugane's business to be dealt with. She took this surprisingly well, and thanked them for the civilized warning.

Two weeks later, she was on a boat out of Kugane, but not before a minor Garlean official mysteriously ended up strangled to death in his Kugane apartment.

The Black Rabbit now finds herself in Eorzea - tired, threadbare, tense, but still standing. Eorzea is somewhere that, for the first time in a very long time, is not somewhere ruled by Garleans, under Garlean occupation, or otherwise with the Garlean army breathing down her neck. It isn't perfect safety, but it's something Davalia has not been under for a very long time. But even as she finds herself clumsily thrust into an odd respite, Davalia Thousandfoe knows her hunt is far from over.