

“Bjorn Yesterday” AKA Jorund Gustavsson

Not really a Viking at all. More like a time travelling Swedish Chef

You no longer have any idea what’s going on. Your life right now involves all sorts of flashing colored fires in the night, men and women warriors who dress very oddly, and much other oddness. The work of elves or giants, perhaps.

Long ago, you lived in a small village in Scandinavia. You have been told this was some 1000 years ago, which is a difficult amount of time for you to imagine. All you are, at heart, is the youngest son of a fisherman, and you liked that life.

But one day while out at sea, a strange man came hurdling down out of the sky. He landed in the sea near your boat, and when you pulled him out, he was wearing a brightly colored suit and a cape. As you were trying to keep him from drowning, a brightly clothed woman appeared nearby in a puff of purple smoke, just floating a few feet above the sea. She said something in a language you had never heard, and shot some sort of ray out from her wristband. The man, you and your boat were all engulfed in violet energies.

And that’s how you wound up in New York City in the 21st century. That was a few months ago, and since then you’ve been trying to find yourself in the bizarre world of today. In doing so, you initially had some trouble (got arrested at least once for taking things from stores without paying), until you met **Powerbroker**. Powerbroker’s trying to help you out, which apparently means pretending to be a Viking warrior. You never were a warrior, and don’t know how to wield your axe at all. But he says it will help you somehow, so you go along with the plan. Another part of the plan is that your name will now be “Bjorn Yesterday”, though you don’t like that at all. You prefer your real name, and so you try not to answer to this new, fake name, if you can avoid it.

Superpowers:

Something in the time travel left you with the ability to cause it to rain whenever you sing. Even indoors. You can’t explain this at all, and you’re not sure if anyone else can either.

Who you know:

Powerbroker, who does something where your image appears on the magic picture box. This magic means you get to live in nice rooms with fluffy beds instead of out in the gutters. So you allow Powerbroker to do his strange magics.

Roleplaying Notes:

You are a simpleminded guy, who doesn’t understand anything at all about modern society. And **you don’t understand any English at all**. Bjorn likes to think that he does, though, but he always gets it wrong and does something entertainingly destructive.

When you do speak, it should be in a crazy mock-Scandinavian tongue. Try to do your best Swedish Chef impression.

But Bjorn Yesterday is very curious, and will investigate all sorts of things he doesn’t understand: televisions, telephones, neckties, death rays, etc. And he’ll never understand when other people tell him to stop or how they work.