

STION

COMPANION



PART ONE

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Morrie glanced down at Lou, her face illuminated by the flickering, buzzing light hanging over the door to the underground locker room. "Last chance to back out," he grunted, lifting a hand to rake long hair, black as raven's feathers, out of his eyes.

Lou shook her head, ruddy curls writhing around her shoulders like snakes. "Nah. Let's do this." The towering figure at her side nodded, and they closed in on the dressing room in silence.

Rusty Carson was a killer with a very public trail of bodies in his wake. His pro football career had ended abruptly when he "accidentally" snapped the neck of a linebacker on the opposing team. His brief time as a wrestler had likewise come to a halt after two opponents in a televised grudge match ended up smothered under his bulk. After that fatal match, he had vanished. It took weeks to track Carson from Chicago to Boston, where he performed in lethal no-holds-barred cage matches in a makeshift arena under the warehouses along the docks.

Three dead men didn't make Carson a titanspawn. Neither did the nine mutilated bodies police found buried under Carson's home. But Carson's string of corpses definitely called for a closer look.

They approached the door cautiously. The hiss of steam from the radiator inside masked quieter sounds, and Lou tensed as the hairs on the back of her neck prickled in warning.

The crash deafened Lou as Carson smashed the steel-cored fire door off its hinges, and she jerked back from the doorway. The door hit the opposite wall hard enough to embed itself in the cracked concrete. The roar of applause and yells from the arena drowned out the sound. Lou guessed that the audience watching men kill each other wouldn't hear the fight taking place below.

"Fee fi fo fum," Carson sneered, snatching at Lou with callused fingers. "I smell the blood of a filthy, ignorant whore of a Scion. Be she alive or be she dead, I'll grind her bones to powder." Before she could dodge, he grabbed her, yanking out a patch of hair with a laugh. She hissed and kicked him, her foot smashing into his chest hard enough to break ribs. He fell back against the wall and rebounded. His skin bubbled as if he had been splashed with acid, and the muscles underneath bulged and rippled. His dirty auburn hair had fallen out, and muddy brown eyes glowed like splashes of white phosphorous. He pushed himself away from the wall and chuckled at the pair, his knuckles popping as they clenched into fists.

Morrie screamed, the sound shrill and painful as his fingers contorted. Their tips transformed into long, black talons as sharp as any knife. With another croak, he hurled himself at Carson. Morrie slammed into him, claws plunging deep into Carson's blistered hide to rip open his skin and rake at the organs inside.

"Bastard," Carson snarled, seizing one of Morrie's hands and squeezing. Lou heard the bones of Morrie's fingers snap like pretzel sticks. "I'll wear your feathered skull for a hat."

Lou's empty hand curled into a fist. When she opened it again, the glittering shaft of Spear Lúin lay in her hand, its silvery head smoking for a second before it burst into flame. Black blood dripped from the razor-edged metal and she howled, charging the pair of them, her eyes slit in concentration as she drove her father's spear up into Carson's chest.

The killer backhanded Morrie, throwing the taller man halfway back down the hall. Shredded gobbets of liver and intestines dripped from the wound in his belly and landed on the floor, the stench of death and shit filling Lou's nostrils. The flesh around the spear's head burst into flame, and Lou allowed herself a brief, satisfied grin.

"Not good enough, little girl," Carson laughed, then grabbed her and yanked her forward to slam his head into her own. The impact stunned her, and he smashed his fist into her belly, knocking her back before tearing the spear from his chest. She dodged as he threw the weapon at her, but before she could retrieve the spear and rush him again, Morrie blew past her, his whole body quaking violently.

Blood. A fine film of it covered him from head to toe. Morrie's chest had swollen to the size of a wooden barrel, and every muscle in his body was inflated to twice its size. His eyes retreated back into his head, and the hair on his head stood on end, fanning out from his scalp like iron spikes.

Morrie slammed into Carson with a guttural bellow, lowering his head at the last minute to slam head-first into the athlete's face. Carson screamed, flailing at the forest of spines that lanced his eyes, mouth and throat as Morrie ripped at his abdomen, carving out more chunks of his innards with each blow.

Lou plucked the spear from where it had fallen, the bright head burning a hole in the old concrete. She leapt high into the air, flourishing its point downward as she descended. The head bit deep into the top of Carson's skull, driving down through his body with a burning hiss. Carson stiffened as Lou's feet hit the ground. A final gurgle escaped him, and the monster went limp.



Lou wrenched the spear out of the bloody corpse and grinned. She knew most people would have thrown up by now, or fainted, or run away. *But we're not most people*, she thought. *We're Scions, and this is what we do*. Morrie stepped back, shaking himself, clots of flesh dripping from his talons.

"Monster," she teased him, watching as his misshapen body diminished.

"But a useful one," Morrie countered. "You should have learned the *riastrad* a long time ago."

Lou glanced down at Carson's crumpled remains on the floor and shrugged. "If my father wants me to know it, he'll teach me," she said. One clench of her fist caused the spear to disappear. "You feel like getting some dinner?"

He sniffed the air, still heavy with Carson's stench. "Barbecue?"

She covered her wince with a smirk. "Sure, why not?"



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PART 1: THE TUATHA DÉ DANNAN

PART 2: MAINIFESTATION OF ICHOR

PART 3: CELESTIAL BUREAUCRACY

PART 4: SECRETS OF THE WORLD

SCION: COMPANION



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SCION

THE TUATHA DÉ DANNAN

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THE TUATHA

THE IRISH GODS

The Tuatha Dé Danaan ("children of Danu") are the Gods of ancient Ireland, a land with a long history of invasions from outside lands. The Tuatha are warriors, bards, druids and seers, and they esteem honor, courage, intellect, piety, generosity and inspiration. They instill these qualities in the people of Ireland – and especially in their Scions. The Tuatha have given birth to many powerful Scions who have fought the titanspawn alongside the Scions of other pantheons.

HISTORY

The Tuatha came to Ireland from four cities in Tir na nÓg (the Land of Eternal Youth) – Falias, Finias, Gorias and Murias – nearly four thousand years ago. Once they arrived, they decided never to return to their old lands and burned their ships.

When they arrived, Ireland was far from uninhabited. The Tuatha were actually fifth in a line of settlers to Ireland. Some of these invaders were human, while others (like the Tuatha) were more than mortal, ranging from the spirits of the land to the descendants of other Gods. According to the *Lebor Gabala Erenn* (or "Book of Invasions"), the first to settle in Ireland was a race of men before the Biblical Flood, led by a woman by the name of Cessair – supposedly one of the daughters of Noah. The Flood wiped them out, except for one survivor, Fintan mac Bochra, a seer who managed to escape by turning himself into a salmon.

This desecrated area, a land tainted with reeking mud and the decaying corpses of people and animals, gave birth to the fomorians, a race of cruel, hideous and violent Titans that claimed Ireland for their own. Although from time to time the race birthed a throwback that appears human, for the most part the fomorians are deformed and ugly. They are especially skilled at twisting the minds of weak-willed mortals, especially kings and queens, and bending their worship toward darker Gods.

It was over a hundred years before another group of settlers arrived from Sicily and Greece, led by a man named Partholón. These men fought against the

fomorians, even defeating small groups of them. But before they could finish off the foul beasts, Partholón and his followers were devastated by a plague and died within a week.

The third group of settlers in Ireland arrived 350 years later, led by a man named Nemed. The Nemedians also fought against the fomorians with some success, but after having banished the remainder of them to the furthest reaches of Ireland, plague rose once again and nearly destroyed them all. After Nemed's death, his followers were enslaved by the fomorians. The fomorians demanded

tremendous tributes of food and children from the Nemedians, and it took them over 200 years to rise up against their oppressors. While they managed to slay a number of the fomorians, the titanspawn struck back, wiping the mortals out almost to a man.

The Fir Bolg were the next to take Ireland, arriving there almost 230 years after the Nemedians. The fomorians, who had defeated the men of Nemed but massive casualties of their own in that savage battle, remained in hiding. These titanspawn healed and bred and renewed their numbers, waiting for the day to emerge and once again revel in acts of plunder and slaughter.

Their plans were derailed when the Tuatha arrived in Ireland, claiming the land as their own and going to war with the Fir Bolg over control of it. The Fir Bolg found themselves in a desperate position and allied with the surviving fomorians, who were once again strong enough to enter battle. The Tuatha conquered the Fir Bolg, but their war with the fomorians continues to this day.

One of the weapons the fomorians used against the Tuatha was seduction. Many trysts arose between the fomorians and the Tuatha, and some of the Tuatha's greatest members were conceived through these illicit affairs. Lugh was one such example: his father was a son of Dian Cécht, and his mother was Ethniu, daughter of Balor (the king of the fomorians). Bres, who was king of the Tuatha after Nuada, was another who bore fomorian blood in his veins.



The greatest of the Tuatha's battles against the Fir Bolg were the First and Second Battles of Magh Tuiredh ("Plain of Pillars"). Nuada, first king of the Tuatha, led his people during the First Battle of Magh Tuiredh and was victorious against the Fir Bolg. In the process, however, he lost his hand in a duel against the fomorian champion, Sreng. The Tuatha had a taboo against deformity, and no one could serve as their king who was not physically perfect. Because Nuada was marred, he had to step down as king. The Tuath chose Bres the Beautiful, himself half-fomorian, as their next king, but the Gods soon regretted it. Bres favored his fomorian father and compelled the Tuatha to labor as slaves. The Dagda was required to dig defensive trenches around the fort where the king dwelled, and the great bard Ogma spent each day chopping firewood. After seven years, the healer Dian Cécht fashioned a replacement hand for Nuada out of silver, and Nuada was restored as king. Bres was exiled, fled to the fomorians for aid and joined forces with Balor against the Tuatha in the Second Battle of Magh Tuiredh.

The fomorians suffered a much graver defeat in this skirmish than they had during the first battle at the Plain of Pillars. It was during this battle that the first Scions of the Tuatha fought alongside their parents in order to help defeat the fomorians and their spawn. Nuada, the Morrigan and Lugh slaughtered wave after wave of enemy warriors, and Lugh wounded Balor so gravely that he went into a coma mistakenly perceived as death. Lugh also found and fought Bres on the battlefield, defeating him and sparing his life on the condition that Bres would teach the Tuatha certain magics that only he knew. Bres acquiesced and was released, but not before reneging on his promise and once again joined the fomorians.

The fomorians that survived the battle went into hiding, waiting for the day when they would regain their strength and at last destroy the Tuatha for good. The fomorians have vowed never to rest until the last of the Tuatha and their Scions have been destroyed and Ireland is theirs once more. More than a few of the fomorians who survived the Second Battle of Magh Tuiredh still live today, taking every chance to hunt down and destroy any Scions of the Tuatha whose paths they may cross.

RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHER PANTHEONS

The relations the Tuatha have with other pantheons are mixed at best. For example, there were centuries of animosity between the Tuatha and the Aesir dating back to the viking invasions of Ireland, but in recent years the two pantheons have buried the ill will between them in order to better concentrate on killing Titans and titanspawn. Likewise, the Irish

ideals of honor and courage, and their distaste for cruelty and evil, often bring them into conflict with the Atzlánti, whose love of bloodshed and human sacrifice reminds the Tuatha of the fomorians they have fought for so long.

Due to the great distance between Ireland and Japan, the Tuatha have had little contact with the Amatsukami until the last century or so. They often find the Gods of Japan strange, but the Japanese dedication to honor and the warrior's code has cast them in a mostly favorable light among the Tuatha.

The Tuatha get along well with the Dodekathemon, the Pesedjet and the Loa for the most part, although from time to time friction between individual Gods in each pantheon does arise. Generally, when difficulties occur, it tends to happen because the Tuatha feel that the other deities are acting in a less-than-Godlike way, especially toward the mortals that worship those Gods. The Tuatha feel very responsible for their own mortal followers, and it always astonishes them when other Gods and Goddesses treat their worshippers poorly.

ENEMIES AND ALLIES OF THE PANTHEON

The main enemies of the Tuatha are the fomorians, a race of titanspawn native to Ireland. The fomorians are huge, deformed, vicious and hideous in the extreme. Used to dining on human flesh, they know neither mercy nor love. The fomorians' children are also the Tuatha's foes, and the Children of Danu don't waste a chance to eradicate these beasts without mercy.

The Tuatha also fought the Milesians, a group of mighty warriors who arrived in Ireland after the Tuatha. The first Milesians were led by a man named Íth, but this group was killed by the armies of the three co-ruling kings of Ireland: Mac Cuill, Mac Cecht and Mac Gréine. The eight sons of Íth's brother Mil raised a greater invasion force to avenge their uncle, and they landed their ships at County Kerry, managing to drive their men all the way to Tara, the seat of kings. There they were met by the Tuatha, who understood that a war between themselves and the mighty army of the Milesians would tear Ireland apart. The Tuatha struck a bargain: the Milesians would sail their ships a specified distance from the coast while the Tuatha used their magic to raise a vicious storm. If the Milesians could pilot their ships safely through the storms to the shore, the Tuatha would give way, and Ireland would belong to the Milesians. Five of Íth's nephews died in the storm when their ships sank, but the remaining three landed safely, and the Tuatha withdrew from the mortal plane to let Ireland be ruled by men. Today, the descendants of the Milesians have become the people of Ireland, and the Tuatha have forgiven their hostility with them.

THE PANTHEON

Virtues: Courage, Expression, Intellect, Piety

The Tuatha de Danaan were born out of the violent, primal times of early Ireland. They came to power by defeating all who came before them and have guided the people of Ireland for a period of almost four thousand years. When the greatest threats were defeated, they elected to retreat from the World to Tir na nÓg, the Land of Eternal Youth, and guided the people of Ireland from there.

Like the Aesir (whom they most closely resemble and to whom they are in closest geographical proximity), the Tuatha are a noble lot, fierce-tempered and proud. No insult to their honor goes unavenged, and no crime against their people is ever forgotten. Personal responsibility and independence are both of vital importance to the Tuatha. Cowards, weaklings and shirkers are dealt with harshly. Artistic ability is also highly prized among the Tuatha. Music, poetry and storytelling are all respected and valued by the Tuatha, whether the person so gifted is one of the members of their own pantheon, another pantheon or a mortal. Some of the oldest recorded epics found in Irish literature are the stories of the Tuatha and their deeds, especially their war against the fomorians.

Fate is a matter the Tuatha view with equal parts reverence and dread. Unlike other pantheons, there are no deities among them who personify the workings of Fate. Although it may be shaped and nudged with the geasa, all the Tuatha know that no one may escape their fate, and so it weighs heavily on their minds. While hot tempers and quick wits may spur them to impulsive acts, rare is the Goddess or God that undertakes any deed that reflects poorly against them. They know that, at any time, the strands of Fate may twist and bring about their end, and no one among the Tuatha wishes to go to her end with a slate blackened by crimes committed on a whim. This thought is behind the Tuatha's drive during the last few centuries to make peace with other pantheons they had previously fought against.

The main weaknesses of the Tuatha are their overconfidence and their inability to accept that sometimes their goals can be carried out through quiet, discreet methods instead of flashy, loud ones. The Tuatha believe that there is no feat they and their Scions cannot accomplish, even though history can offer up numerous examples to the contrary. Likewise, the ancient Gods and Goddesses of Ireland are not known for stealth, subterfuge or quiet manipulation. Battles were fought with each Goddess and God shouting war-cries at the top of their lungs, and the Tuatha see little reason that things should change.

The Tuatha's Scions these days find themselves seeking out the titanspawn that commit some of the most grisly and appalling crimes against mortals. Serial killings, mutilations, the desecration of holy places and even

genocide are all things that the Scions of the Tuatha seek to end. They understand the toll that such crimes take on mortal minds and souls, weakening the fabric of reality and allowing the Titans a greater foothold in the mortal world. If the Scions can convince mortals to work with them in these endeavors, awakening the heroic spirit in them as they did in ancient Ireland, so much the better.

For the most part, the Tuatha treat their Scions well. While they constantly push their Scions to grow stronger and strive for ever-greater deeds in battle, they are not stingy with praise or gifts. Hospitality is a sacred duty amongst the Tuatha, and they are generous when it comes to handing out Birthrights. Swords, spears and other weapons are the most commonly gifted, but there is no shortage of non-armament rewards, such as cauldrons, harps, steeds and companions. But the Scions must prove themselves worthy of those gifts, and terrible is the reckoning if they do anything to dishonor the Birthrights they have been given. Awful tales have been told of Scions stripped of everything granted them when found guilty of not living up to their patrons' expectations.

AENGUS

AKA: Aengus Og, Mac Ind Og, Mac Og

Description: Aengus is the most beautiful of the Tuatha. His long blond hair, vibrant blue eyes and delicately-sculpted features are enough to make men and women alike swoon in envy and desire. He has the lithe frame of a fencer or gymnast, rather than the heavily-muscled form of his father, the Dagda. Aengus is the God of youth, love and poetic inspiration, and he delights in embodying the first and spreading the other two as far and wide as possible.

Aengus is better known for feats of manipulation than deeds in battle. He was able to trick his father into giving him the Brú na Bóinne, the Dagda's own home, through a play on words. He is associated with birds, especially swans, and the birds that used to circle his head in a rapturous delight at the sight of his beauty have transformed today into the rows of Xs that lovers write to each other at the end of their letters.

In modern life, Aengus can be found wherever he has the greatest chance to inspire love or to prove his wits. He has been the host of a highly-rated daytime talk show and a sex therapist, a high-stakes gambler and a persuasive lawyer.

The Scions of Aengus are always beautiful and in the peak of health. They can be found in any profession where beauty and a silver tongue are in high demand – as attorneys, salesmen, models, actors and politicians. While they are better negotiators than warriors, more than one Scion of Aengus has ended a fight by talking rings around a less clever foe until more physically powerful allies could arrive.

Associated Powers: Animal (Birds), Enech, Epic Appearance, Epic Charisma, Epic Manipulation, Health
Abilities: Animal Ken, Art, Empathy, Medicine, Occult, Presence

Rivals: Aphrodite, Artemis, Hel, Izanami, Tlazoltéotl

BRIGID

AKA: Brid, Bríg, Brigantia, Breo Saighead

Description: Brigid not only fills the roles of maiden, mother and crone, but she is also the patron Goddess to smiths, healers and poets. Worshipped for centuries at the holy well in Kildare by a group of women who tended her perpetual flame, Brigid is associated with both water and fire – and not just the element of fire, but *imbas* (the “fire of inspiration”) that is the life-blood of musicians, poets and storytellers. Brigid is a tall, beautiful woman with hair as red as flames, eyes as gray as smoke and a scattering of freckles across her fair skin. She is stronger than she appears, untiring in the smithy and in battle.

These days, Brigid appears as a doctor, an edgy poet at poetry slams, a worker in a steel mill, a creative-writing teacher helping gifted students and a vet’s assistant. She loves positions where she can inspire people in what they do, whether that might be writing the Great American Novel or simply overseeing the Detroit foundry furnaces for the latest batch of automobile parts.

Brigid’s Scions are usually creative, charismatic, healthy people with an interest in the arts or healing. They tend to be calm, compassionate and good with their hands, with steady nerves and unwavering dedication. Her children serve equally as doctors or sculptors, nurses or musicians, paramedics or poets.

Associated Powers: Animal (Swan), Enech, Epic Stamina, Epic Strength, Fire, Health, Water

Abilities: Art, Craft, Empathy, Integrity, Medicine, Melee

Rivals: Apollo, Loki, Sobek, Tlaloc, Xipe Totec

THE DAGDA

AKA: The Good God, Eochaid Ollathir, Ruadh Rofhessa

Description: Son of Danu, the Dagda is known for his prodigious appetites for food, sex and battle. He had numerous lovers and wives, including the Morrigan. He also fathered Aengus with Boann, Nuada’s wife. The Dagda served as king of the Tuatha after Lugh for eighty years. It was during his reign that the Tuatha faced some of their fiercest battles with the fomorians.

The Dagda owns a number of magical treasures, including a harp that directs the order of a battle, a cauldron that can feed an army and a club that can kill nine men with a single stroke. The Dagda is a warrior, first and foremost, and has been battling the Titans and

their spawn for centuries. He firmly believes that his ways are the best, and if you disagree, he will tell you exactly why you are wrong, whether you are a man or a God.

The Dagda spends a great deal of time in the mortal world these days, spreading his seed and fathering more Scions. Disguised as a mortal, he is as at home in a professional boxing ring as he is tending pigs on a farm. He has been a senator, an Olympic weightlifting champion and a biker either willing to drink you under the table or mop the floor with you. No matter where he goes, he makes friends and enemies in equal measure.

Scions of the Dagda are as larger than life as their father. They are big drinkers, big eaters, big brawlers and big lovers, and their friends rarely have any complaints. Some who favor the Dagda’s guardian tendencies work as police officers and firemen. Others become athletes – usually wrestlers, weightlifters and boxers. Those who inherit his charisma are drawn to more social professions – actors, politicians and salesmen gifted enough to sell steak to a vegetarian.

Associated Powers: Animal (Pigs), Enech, Epic Charisma, Epic Stamina, Epic Strength, Guardian, War

Abilities: Animal Ken, Command, Fortitude, Melee, Presence, Thrown

Rivals: Horus, Huitzilopochtli, Odin, Ogoun, Tezcatlipoca, Zeus

DANU

AKA: Ana, Anu, Dana, Danand

Description: There would be no Tuatha Dé Danaan without Danu. Danu is the mother of the Dagda, Dian Cécht and Nuada, and through them she is the original ancestress of all the Tuatha. As one of the earliest Irish Goddesses, she is associated with the primal waters of creation and the fertile earth of Ireland. She is considered the most powerful guardian of Ireland, and all creatures that live there are under her protection. Most often seen as a beautiful, if somewhat distant, woman with light blond hair and sky blue eyes. There is nothing that happens within her country’s borders that escapes her attention, and no torment suffered by her people is endured without her resilience and guidance.

Danu is seldom seen in the mortal world these days. When she is, it is almost always as a mother figure of some sort – nurse, midwife, nanny, teacher. From time to time, she will take on the role of gardener or veterinarian, but this is rare. She never takes on any role that requires her to cause harm. Her gentle nature abhors violence, and she would rather shield someone under her care from danger by taking attacks meant for them upon herself.

Danu’s Scions are quiet, calm, keen-eyed and patient. Their strength is more often expressed through acts of endurance than violence. Though they can and will fight when they absolutely must (usually to protect innocents), they prefer to follow their patron’s example and refrain from physical fights. Whether running a shelter for battered women, serving as an advocate for

abused children, protesting the senseless slaughter of dolphins in tuna nets or working with environmental scientists to cleanse polluted soil of industrial toxins, the Scions of Danu are among the gentlest of the Tuatha.

Associated Powers: Enech, Epic Perception, Epic Stamina, Earth, Fertility, Guardian, Water

Abilities: Animal Ken, Awareness, Command, Empathy, Fortitude, Integrity

Rivals: Baron Samedi, Hera, Osiris, Raiden, Tlazoltéotl

DIAN CÉCHT

AKA: None known

Description: God of healing, son of the Dagda and grandfather of Lugh, Dian Cécht is best known for his creation of a silver hand for Nuada. The silver hand worked every bit as well as the original, but because the Tuatha could not have a king who was physically imperfect, Dian Cécht's son Miach and his daughter Airmid (other members of the Tuatha with great healing abilities) worked seven years to grow Nuada a new hand of flesh. This so incensed Dian Cécht that he killed his own son and scattered a profuse amount of healing herbs over the four corners of the World.

Dian Cécht usually appears as an older man in his fifties, with long white hair held back by a headband and a neatly-trimmed white beard and mustache. Unlike some of the great warriors among the Tuatha, he is not exceptionally muscular but has the greatest hand-eye dexterity among his companions. His skill with crafting and metalwork can be seen in the silver hand he created for Nuada, and although his skill with medicinal herbs is not as great as his daughter's, he still knows which ones can be eaten, which can be used to heal and which are poisonous.

Dian Cécht does not visit the mortal world as often as some of the rest of the Tuatha. He still broods over his son's death and knows his temper has not cooled since the ancient days. When he spends time there, he is almost always to be found in a hospital, clinic or medical corporation designing new prosthetics for amputees. Whether he works as an E.R. doctor, an oncologist, a virologist or a burn specialist, he labors tirelessly to eradicate pain, disease and suffering wherever he finds it. He is one of the few members of the Tuatha with little skill in the arts of war.

The Scions of Dian Cécht are almost exclusively found among the medical fields. Nurses, doctors, paramedics, orderlies and developers of new drugs are all counted among his children. They tend to be driven and devoted people, all too aware of the damage done to fragile mortals by the titanspawn they fight and ready in a pinch to provide what help they can to their more martial brethren.

Associated Powers: Enech, Epic Dexterity, Epic Intelligence, Epic Perception, Health, Magic, Water

Abilities: Craft, Empathy, Medicine, Occult, Presence, Survival

Rivals: Apollo, Damballa, Hephaestus, Isis, Miclantecuhtli

LUGH

AKA: Lámhfhada, Samhildánach, Lonnbeimnech

Description: The grandson of Dian Cécht, great-grandson of the Dagda and fostered by Manannán mac Lir, Lugh is the patron God of versatility. Although the Tuatha contain many Gods, only the greatest were admitted to the highest levels that ruled over Ireland. Lugh came to the door of King Nuada's hall and was told he could not join them unless he showed perfection in some skill. A warrior, a harper, a smith, a poet, a historian, a sorcerer and a craftsman, Lugh demonstrated each of these talents, only to be told that the King's hall already contained Gods who could each do these things. Lugh asked whether any of these Gods could do all of them and was granted membership. A tall, leanly-muscled man, Lugh is precise in his actions and as swift-witted as he is quick-footed. He is also one of the most charming and handsome of the Tuatha, with a short halo of dark auburn curls and green eyes that are usually full of cheer. Only in battle do they turn dark with steely resolve. Like some others among the Tuatha, Lugh is half-fomorian: his mother was Ethniu, daughter of the fomorian king Balor, and his father was Cian, one of the sons of Dian Cécht.

In modern times, Lugh has appeared as a musician, a soldier, a history professor, an author and a creator of fine jewelry. Even people who meet him briefly don't forget him, and he makes friends with ease.

Lugh's Scions tend to have worked a wide array of jobs during their lives and can draw on a large number of skills picked up at different times. They also tend to be charming, athletic and travel a lot. His best-known Scion was Cúchulainn, probably the most famous hero ever to come out of Ireland. Lugh gave Cúchulainn the battle-frenzy known as the *riastrad* (pp. 16-18), which made him nearly unbeatable in battle. Unfortunately, it also made it impossible for Cúchulainn to tell friend from foe. Since that time, Lugh has taught the warp-spasm to others among the Tuatha, and they in turn may teach it to their Scions.

Associated Powers: Animal (Dog), Enech, Epic Charisma, Epic Dexterity, Epic Wits, Guardian, Health, Illusion, Magic, Sky, War

Abilities: Art, Athletics, Integrity, Melee, Occult, Thrown

Rivals: Loki, Tezcatlipoca, Tlazoltéotl, Kalfu, Set

MANANNÁN MAC LIR

AKA: Mannan beg mac y Leir, Manandan mac Alloit

Description: Manannán was adopted into the Tuatha when the pantheon arrived in Ireland, but he comes from a much older pantheon whose name has been lost to history. He is the God of the sea and the ferryman that conducted the souls of the

dead from the lands of the living to Tír na nÓg. Manannán is also known as a trickster God, whose pranks can be violent enough to cause harm but always teach a valuable lesson. He serves as foster father to Lugh and came to his aid when Lugh helped the rest of the Tuatha overthrow Bres, the corrupt half-fomorian king who ruled the Tuatha after Nuada. Manannán is also associated with horses and owns a magical steed named Enbarr that can cross water just as swiftly as it can race over land.

Manannán usually appears as a white-bearded, hoary old man, somewhat shorter than the rest of the Tuatha, with faded blue eyes and a wry smile. He is fond of seducing young women and has no compunctions whatsoever about taking on a younger, more handsome form to do so. He is an accomplished shape-changer and has been known to assume the form of a woman's lover or husband in order to seduce her.

Manannán has taken to a variety of roles in modern times. As comedian or gigolo, funeral director or fisherman, card sharp or jockey, he is always found with a smirk on his lips, a twinkle in his eye and a spring in his step.

Manannán's Scions are best known for their sense of humor and their quick wits. They come from all walks of life, but large numbers of them gravitate to professions involving the ocean or death. Navy personnel, oceanographers, merchant marines and underwater photographers are as likely as forensic pathologists, gravediggers, cemetery caretakers and even serial killers (who often end up choosing their victims from the ranks of those who serve titanspawn).

Associated Powers: Animal (Horses), Death, Enech, Epic Manipulation, Epic Wits, Illusion, Magic, Prophecy, Psychopomp, Water

Abilities: Animal Ken, Athletics, Brawl, Control, Investigation, Occult

Rivals: Amaterasu, Hades, Hera, Miclantecuhlti, Shango, Tyr

THE ILLUSION PURVIEW

Both Lugh and Manannán are associated with the Illusion Purview detailed in **Scion: Ragnarök**. Storytellers who don't have access to that book can use the "quick and dirty" jotun illusions on p. 270 of **Scion: Demigod** (adding a number of automatic successes equal to the character's dots in Illusion instead of their Legend), or simply ignore the use of this Purview in their cycle.

THE MORRIGAN

AKA: Morrígu, Nemain, Mor-Ríoghain, Babd, Macha, Phantom Queen, the Washer at the Ford

Description: No one who looks upon the face of the Morrigan comes away unchanged by it. Feared even by her fellow Tuatha, her dreadful reputation in battle is legendary. She appears most often as a lean, gray hag with iron strength and a wiry frame, and if she is seen in battle, she is usually soaked from head to foot in the blood of her foes. There are no weapons the Morrigan is not expert with, though her favorites are spear and sword. She can be beautiful, too, as when she appeared to the hero Cúchulainn to try to seduce him before the Second Battle of Moy Tura. With black or red hair and flashing eyes, her enchanting figure in this guise is tied to her role as a fertility figure. She is associated with cattle, a common fertility symbol in Irish mythology, but more traditionally with ravens, crows and other corvids. She can take the form of a crow or raven and is often found flying over battlefields, surveying the damage and descending to feast on the bodies of the dead. Among the Tuatha, the Morrigan is considered their greatest seer, especially adept at predicting the outcomes of battles and the deaths of men in war.

The Morrigan can still be found on battlefields to this day, either as a soldier or as someone removing the dead bodies so they can be tagged, bagged and sent back home for burial. She has been known to appear as a martial arts instructor, a fortune-teller (inevitably seeing gloom and doom for those who come to have her read their cards or their palm), a dealer in black-market arms and an animal rehabilitator working with injured ravens, rooks and crows.

The Morrigan's Scions are among the fiercest, toughest and cruelest members of their kind. Strong, cold and used to both physical and emotional punishment, they can take nearly everything that gets thrown at them and come back for more. Whether they are found in the Special Forces, a zoo's avian exhibit office or at a mixed martial arts championship, there are very few Scions (or titanspawn, for that matter) who can best them when it comes to sheer power, determination and lack of mercy.

Associated Powers: Animal (Corvids), Animal (Cattle), Chaos, Death, Enech, Epic Appearance, Epic Strength, Fertility, Prophecy, War

Abilities: Animal Ken, Brawl, Fortitude, Marksanship, Melee, Thrown

Rivals: Ares, Odin, Quetzalcoátl, Raiden, Tyr

NUADA

AKA: Airgetlám, Elcmar, Nechtan, Nodens, Nudd

Description: The first King of the Tuatha Dé Danaan, Nuada ruled even before the pantheon came to Ireland. Tall, powerful, charismatic and the finest warrior of his people, Nuada led the Tuatha against the

Fir Bolg and the fomorians, and he lost a hand in a duel with Sreng, the fomorian champion. He had to step down as king due to a Tuatha taboo which stated that no man could be king who was physically imperfect. His hand was eventually replaced, first with one of silver by Dian Cécht and then with a flesh-and-blood hand regrown for him by Dian Cécht's son Miach.

Nuada is tall, powerfully muscled and extremely handsome, the absolute ideal of a warrior-king of the Tuatha. He has long blond hair held back from his face with a ribbon and piercing green eyes that can see for miles. He is adept with every weapon and is considered the guardian of all Ireland. Nuada is the ultimate arbiter of justice in all cases brought before him, especially despising those who are cowardly, morally weak and cruel.

In modern times, Ireland has no king, and Nuada is more apt to be found in other venues where justice, leadership and warrior prowess are valued. He has been a prosecuting attorney and a judge, a police officer and a public defender, a politician and a soldier.

Nuada's Scions are likely to follow his footsteps, and many favor the professions of law and law enforcement. They may be found among the members of the armed forces and police officers of many nations. Those of a more independent nature may end up running for public office with progressive platforms, teaching martial arts to disadvantaged people in crime-ridden neighborhoods, joining vigilante organizations that prevent crime in big-city subways or acting as bodyguards that protect women who brave the screaming picket lines at women's health clinics.

Associated Powers: Enech, Epic Charisma, Epic Strength, Epic Perception, Guardian, Justice, War

Abilities: Athletics, Command, Integrity, Melee, Presence, Thrown

Rivals: Apollo, Huitzilopochtli, Loki, Ogoun, Set

OGMA

AKA: Oghma, Ogmios

Description: The creator of the Ogham alphabet that bears his name, Ogma is considered the wisest of the Tuatha. He is the patron of all druids and guides those who devote their life to learning, especially in the fields of law, languages, poetry, art and the sciences. But his talents are not limited to peaceful study: Ogma is equally famed across Ireland for his intelligence and his prowess as a warrior. During ancient times, Ogma served Nuada as his champion and was so strong that he was capable of hurling a massive stone that required eighty oxen to move it. Only Lugh has ever equaled him at this feat.

The son of the Dagda and Danu, Ogma is tall, with hair like pale fire and blue eyes fierce as a hawk's. Rather than the armor of warriors, he is traditionally seen wearing Druidic robes.

In modern times, Ogma can often be found at one university or another. He enjoys teaching history, literature, law and any number of languages, including Irish Gaelic. Though he has lost none of his skill as a warrior, he understands that entering a battle without a strategy is often futile. When he finally steps away from the books, however, he is a formidable foe to anyone he faces.

The Scions of Ogma are known for striking a balance between brains and brawn. They never rush blindly into a fight, but instead plan carefully and pay full attention to every advantage they can find. Those who eschew war for more intellectual paths are often among the finest minds of their generations, making new breakthroughs in archaeology, physics, chemistry, computers, linguistics and mathematics.

Associated Powers: Enech, Epic Dexterity, Epic Intelligence, Epic Strength, Guardian, War

Abilities: Academics, Art, Empathy, Melee, Presence, Thrown

Rivals: Ares, Kalfu, Loki, Susano-o, Thoth

GEASA

The heroes and Gods of Irish legend are bound by *geasa*, taboos against behavior or requirements that they act in a certain fashion. Such geasa are potent things, defining how those entities interact with the World in general. Geasa are defined by two elements: their Type and their Source. The Type tells what the benefits of upholding that geas are and what the penalties are for breaking it. Sources, on the other hand, indicate what form that geas takes — what is expected of one, how one maintains the geas, how one breaks it and how enech is restored when it is broken (see "Pantheon Purview: Enech," p. 18, for more information on enech).

GEASA TYPES

The Type of a geas indicates both the benefits for upholding that geas and the punishment for breaking it. These come in three categories: Token, Potent and Mortal. Note that some categories of geas cannot be taken with certain types.

These geasa often grant bonuses to a variety of different effects, referred to as a Geas Bonus. These bonuses are always based on the Legend of the one bound by the geas, as follows:

Legend	Geas Bonus
2 or less	1
3	2
4	4
5	7
6	11
7	16
8	22
9	29
10	37
11+	46

- **Ability:** The geas-bound character gains a Geas Bonus to all rolls using a single Ability for as long as he maintains enech in that geas: the swordsman's blade swings true, the orator is more moving than ever and the scholar's mind works wonders. Breaking the geas turns enech against the geas-bound's uses of that Ability, however, subtracting a number of successes equal to the bonus originally received. *Token:* Rolls with Ability gain the Geas Bonus as extra dice to roll; *Potent:* Rolls with Ability add the Geas Bonus as automatic successes to rolls.

- **Body:** The geas-bound character heals at a much faster rate. Effectively, each health level the character would normally heal (whether through natural healing or supernatural means) actually heals several. When enech in this geas is broken, however, this ratio is reversed: the geas-breaker heals only one health level after the time or power used to heal several. *Potent:* 2 health levels per 1 health level of healing (1 per 2 when broken); *Mortal:* 5 health levels per 1 health level of healing (1 per 5 when broken).

- **Boon:** The geas-bound character gains a Geas Bonus to using a single Boon for as long as he maintains his enech in that geas. The power that he garners from such a restriction fuels the potency of his Boon directly, gaining a number of automatic successes to all activations of that Boon equal to his Geas Bonus. Breaking this geas is a dire thing, though, for the Scion loses access to that Boon entirely until enech is regained for the geas. *Potent.*

- **Legendary:** Those bound by the Legendary geas regain Legend at double the normal rate for as long as that geas is upheld. Additionally, each time he upholds his geas in such a fashion that his life is made more difficult, or there is some sacrifice involved for doing so, he also regains a point of Legend. Woe to the hero who breaks a Legendary geas, however, for until he regains enech, he loses a dot of Legend, reducing his Legend pool and denying him access to Boons that require a Legend of that level. *Mortal.*

- **Purview:** The Purview geas serves as the Boon geas with one exception: it grants that Geas Bonus to all Boons of that Purview. Breaking this geas, however, denies the hero access to all Boons of that Purview until enech is regained. *Mortal.*

- **Relic:** A geas invested in a Relic grants potent benefits. All rolls associated with the Relic gain a number of bonus dice equal to the Geas Bonus. This includes attack rolls made with relic weapons, but it also includes rolls to activate Boons that the Relic can use. It does not include Boons that come from Purviews the Relics grants access to, though. Additionally, with an appropriate stunt, the hero who incorporates this Relic into an action cleverly can get the bonus for rolls that might not ordinarily get them – describing an enemy's reflection in the gleaming metal of a suit of Relic armor to augment a (Perception + Awareness) roll, for instance, or twirling a Relic necklace coily when making a (Manipulation + Presence) roll. Breaking enech with this kind of geas causes the Relic to become unbound from the Scion; he is treated as though he were not the rightful wielder for the purpose of using it until he regains enech. *Potent.*

- **Resilience:** A hero with a Resilience geas is very difficult to kill indeed. By spending a point of Legend as she takes damage, she can cause a number of health levels of damage equal to her Legend dots to be downgraded by one damage step (from aggravated to lethal or lethal to bashing; bashing is unaffected). When this geas is broken, however, even minor wounds are dangerous: every time the hero takes damage, a number of health levels of that damage equal to her Legend dots are upgraded by one step. *Mortal.*

- **Service:** A hero with this kind of geas has a great deal invested in his duty as a master or leader of some kind, for one of his Followers or Creature Birthrights gain a bonus equal to his Legend to all rolls when obeying his commands or acting in service to him. Breaking this geas shatters the faith and loyalty of those who follow him, however: they cease to obey or follow him until he regains his enech. *Token.*

- **Willpower:** A hero with this geas derives great sense of self and confidence from his enech. Every time he upholds his geas in a situation where it is difficult or causes problems to do so, he regains points of Willpower. However, should he break enech, he actually loses a number of dots of Willpower equal to the points he normally gets, based on the power of the geas. *Token:* Regain 1 Willpower (lose 1 dot if broken); *Potent:* Regain 3 Willpower (lose 3 dots if broken).

GEASA SOURCES

The Tuatha require different things of the World's heroes – those who look to them as a source of inspiration or power must further the interests of the Tuatha. Thus, while there are a variety of general geasa, many of the Irish Gods also maintain their own geasa requirements. Any of these geasa can be taken as Token, Potent or Mortal Geasa.

Many of these Sources have built-in methods for recovering enech (see the “Restoring Enoch” sidebar, p. 14). These must be performed for a certain length of time, based on the Type of geas. Generally speaking, these duties must be performed for one month to restore a Token geas, one season to restore a Potent geas and a year and a day to restore a Mortal geas.

RESTORING ENECH

Once a geas is broken, enech levies terrible punishment on the hero who dares go against its ways. The wise very quickly ascertain what must be done to atone for such foolishness. There are a number of ways that enech can be restored.

Source-Based Atonement: Many of the Geas Sources have a built-in method of atonement. Often, this involves deep immersion in the purpose of the geas, with the intention of learning the lessons that geas has to teach directly and quickly. These are often time consuming, though, and not always practical.

Second Geas: If the hero wronged another as part of his broken geas, he may beg that the one wronged bind him under a second geas in atonement. The time bound by this second geas depends on the Type of the one broken: a month for a Token geas broken, a year and a day for a Potent geas broken and a decade for a Mortal geas broken. The penalty for breaking this second one is more severe: the broken geas can never be restored, and the hero must suffer the associated penalty for the rest of his days.

Questing: Alternately, as appropriate to the heroic tradition, the geas-broken may undertake a quest of some sort. This quest is almost always very difficult and usually guaranteed to involve situations where the penalty for the broken geas comes into play. The difficulty with this route involves discovering precisely what the quest will restore enech — the hero cannot himself decide on this. This quest can be garnered in one of two ways:

- **Oracle:** The character must find a seer or oracle of some sort to tell him what the quest is. Such an individual must look into the flows of Fate to determine what will set enech aright. Other characters with either the Mystery or Prophecy Purviews may use their insight in such a fashion, requiring 5 successes for a Token Geas, 3 successes for a Potent Geas and only 1 success for a Mortal Geas — the more powerful the geas is, the easier it is to pick out what Fate decrees will set things aright.

- **Deity:** Alternately, the character may communicate with the deity or the agent of a deity associated with that kind of geas.

- **Beast:** Those bound to the beast-geas must render care for a specific kind of animal. Firstly, those bound by beast-geas must ensure that no animals of that kind come to harm within his presence — he must prevent anyone from harming those animals. Additionally, though, their care for these animals requires them to take in and care for any animals in need of such, having a minimum of one such animal per dot of Legend in their care at any given time. Allowing something to happen to an animal of that type or neglecting one's wards breaks the geas. The only way of regaining enech is through atonement, though the hero may seek out an intelligent version of the animal to give him such a quest, in addition to oracles and associated deities and their servants. **Associated Gods:** Aengus (birds), Brigid (swans), The Dagda (pigs), Danu, Lugh (dogs), Manannán (horses), The Morrigan (corvids)

- **Blood:** Those bound by the geas of blood cannot turn down the opportunity to bind the wounds and perform emergency first aid on those they encounter who are in need. The only time this is not the case is when the one he would help insists that he not do so, or when the one thus wounded is someone that the oath-bound one is battling (although he must provide such care even to his enemies if he bests them and they live). This geas is considered broken if the hero

sees someone and does not stop to offer assistance with his next available action. The hero regains enech by dedicating his life solely to helping those who are in need of medical assistance. **Associated Gods:** Brigid, Dian Cécht

- **Child:** A Scion bound by the child-geas must never permit a child to be harmed in his presence. This geas is considered broken if the hero permits a child to be harmed or be neglected in his vicinity, even if he is powerless to stop it. The hero regains enech when he sees that the child is safe, happy and healthy again, and the one responsible has been punished. **Associated Gods:** Brigid, The Dagda, Danu, Manannán

- **Dinsenchas:** A hero bound by this geas must spend time in a specific place, caring for it and meditating on the power within it. At least four days out of every month must be dedicated to this endeavor, and failing to do so breaks enech. Regaining enech is simple: the hero must devote time in this sacred place, tending for it and renewing his dedication. **Associated Gods:** Brigid (shrine), The Dagda (community or cultural areas), Danu (places in Ireland), Dian Cécht (forest), Lugh (hills and mountains), Manannán (coastal or ocean), The Morrigan (battlefields), Nuada (places of government), Ogma (places of learning)

• **Duty:** Those bound by the duty-geas must fulfill an ongoing task or duty. This is generally a very involved situation – not necessarily in terms of time (though there is that aspect as well) as much as in what the duty demands. Failing in one's duty breaks the geas. **Associated Gods:** Aengus, The Dagda (guard another), Lugh (guardianship or leadership), The Morrigan, Nuada (leadership)

• **Food:** Those bound by a food-geas are forbidden from eating a certain type of food. This is generally symbolic of the self or a Godly figure, or it represents a sacrifice of some kind. Eating this food breaks the geas. The only way of regaining enech is through atonement, though the hero may seek out an intelligent version of the animal or a spirit associated with the plant to give him such a quest, in addition to oracles and associated deities and their servants. **Associated Gods:** Aengus (birds), Brigid (swans), The Dagda (pork), Danu, Lugh (dogs), Manannán (horses), The Morrigan (corvids)

• **Forbiddance:** A forbiddance-geas prevents the geas-bound from touching a person or thing protected by a given substance or warding token. The forbiddance-geas may alternately protect a place, in which case the one bound by the geas may not enter into that place. The hero breaks the geas by ignoring this forbiddance, touching the person or thing affected (even by throwing something that touches the protected one) or entering into the place thus warded. Serving as protector for the person, place or thing violated restores enech for this geas. **Associated Gods:** Brigid (Brigit's cross), The Dagda (iron), Danu (iron), Lugh (iron), The Morrigan (iron, salt), Ogmá (iron)

• **Guest:** Those bound by this geas must act as the perfect guests, always showing gratitude of their host's generosity by accepting it. Those bound by this break the geas by refusing offers of food, drink or shelter and by violating the possessions and home of their host. Those who break the guest-geas may regain enech by proving they do not take the generosity of others for granted: for the appropriate length of time, they may not eat or drink anything, or sleep in any bed that is not given to them by another. **Associated Gods:** The Dagda, Lugh, Ogmá

• **Handfast:** Those bound by the handfast-geas agree that within the bounds of marriage is true love found, and so will not have sex outside of such an agreement between two people. This geas is broken if the one so bound has sex outside of a union of some kind or cheats on the person he is bound to. The hero may restore his enech by admitting his wrong-doing to his beloved and asking him or her for a task to fulfill to prove his repentance. If his beloved refuses and breaks things off with him, he may not regain his enech until he has found another to love and remained completely faithful with them for a year and a day (regardless of the Type). **Associated God:** Aengus

• **Hero:** The one bound by the hero's-geas must defend the weak. Refusing to do so breaks the geas, and enech is only satisfied once he has spent the appropriate length of time dedicated to some protracted defense of the weak. **Associated Gods:** Aengus, The Dagda, Lugh, The Morrigan, Nuada, Ogmá

• **Hospitality:** Those bound by the geas of hospitality must offer others hospitality when they are in need or when asked. Refusing to offer hospitality to those in need, allowing a guest to go hungry or to rest in anything less than the best comfort he has to offer all break the geas. The host may regain enech by hosting a guest in posh comfort for the appropriate length of time. **Associated Gods:** The Dagda, Lugh, Manannán, Nuada

• **Imbas:** The "fire that sets the head alight" is the poetic euphemism for Brigid's flame, because it is the symbol for creative inspiration. The hero bound by imbas-geas must act as aid to artists, allowing them the luxury of producing. The geas is broken once the artist stops producing artwork for a month or produces nothing but terrible work for a month. Enech can only be regained when the geas-bearer does something to "shake things up," finding some way to reinspire the artist and get her producing for the appropriate length of time. **Associated Gods:** Brigid, Lugh, Ogmá

• **Kings:** Those bound by this geas must never accept someone of less ability as a leader. Accepting the leadership of an unfit individual breaks the geas, and enech can only be regained by proving one's own superiority and wresting leadership of that situation back or lending support to those who are better fit for the appropriate length of time. **Associated Gods:** The Dagda, Lugh, Manannán, The Morrigan, Nuada

• **Lover:** Those bound by the lover's geas must never rein in their great desires. They must pursue those they find comely, working to seduce those they fancy with good cheer and unwavering enthusiasm. Those bound by lover's-geas break the geas by utterly failing to seduce the pretty things that catch their eye, though enech is satisfied if they find a new, more challenging would-be paramour and win them spectacularly. **Associated Gods:** Aengus, The Dagda, Manannán

• **Mate:** Those bound by the mate-geas are forbidden from having sexual relations with a certain type of individual. This geas is broken by sharing their bed, and enech is restored once the character has been abstinent from all sex entirely for the appropriate length of time. **Associated Gods:** Aengus, Danu, The Morrigan

• **Mother:** The Scion must never turn down the chance to assist a mother in need, including taking care of a pregnant woman. This geas is considered broken if the hero permits a mother or expectant mother to

be harmed or go without in his vicinity, even if he is powerless to stop it. The hero regains enech when he sees that the mother is safe, happy and healthy again, and the one responsible (if any) has been punished. **Associated Gods:** Brigid, The Dagda, Danu, Dian Cécht

- **The Skill-Geas:** Those bound by this geas must master a lore or craft and then pass that knowledge on to others. A hero bound by this geas must choose a single Ability. He must then set aside 1 experience point every time experience points are awarded to put toward the purchase of a new dot in the Ability (this is 1 point at the end of a game session, and another point every time the Story Award is awarded as well). Then, once a character with this geas has an Ability rating of •••••, he must find someone to teach these skills to. He must have a class with this apprentice at least once a week. Failing to spend the experience points toward the purchase of the Ability or allowing a full week to pass without a class constitutes breaking this geas. The hero regains enech when he manages to teach an apprentice for the appropriate length of time. This geas name often changes depending on the Ability involved: it has been the Craftsman's Geas (Craft), the Healer's Geas (Medicine), the Ogham-Geas (Academics), the Druid's Geas (Science) and the Scathach's Geas (Melee). **Associated Gods:** Aengus (Animal Ken, Empathy, Presence), Brigid (Art: singing or music, Craft: blacksmithing, Empathy, Medicine, Melee), The Dagda (Animal Ken, Athletics, Command, Melee, Presence), Danu (Animal Ken, Awareness, Command), Dian Cécht (Craft: silversmithing, Empathy, Medicine, Survival), Lugh (Art: singing or music,

Athletics, Occult, Presence, Thrown), Manannán (Animal Ken, Control: boats or horses, Occult), The Morrigan (Animal Ken, Marksmanship, Melee), Nuada (Athletics, Command, Fortitude, Melee, Thrown), Ogmia (Academics, Art: calligraphy, Athletics, Brawl)

- **Sword:** Those bound by the sword-geas must challenge others to duels in order to measure their skills against others constantly; any time the geas-bound encounters someone who may or may not be her superior in battle, she must invite them to at least spar to discover this. Failing to challenge another or having someone interrupt the duel to assist the geas-bound breaks the geas, and enech can only be restored by seeking out one opponent per dot of Legend and beating them in a duel. **Associated Gods:** Brigid, Lugh, The Morrigan, Nuada

- **Trickster:** Those bound by this geas must always seek a way to humiliate the proud and the arrogant. This humiliation must be in scale to the pride and power of the victim in question (and of course, should never end in his death – the dead learn their lessons too late to benefit from them). This geas is broken when the geas-bound suffers a fool to be arrogant without retribution; generally speaking, he must at least begin putting plans into motion within a week after he meets the individual. Enech is restored when the hero pulls a truly inspired and degrading piece of humiliation on a genuinely deserving bastard. **Associated Gods:** The Dagda, Manannán

PURVIEWS

NEW BOON: RÍASTRAD

While the tribal Irish were known as fierce warriors, their skill in battle was not due to canny group tactics, superior formations or battlefield control. Instead, each man in the war-party considered himself a hero on par with the heroes of legend and drove himself to heights of personal courage and excellence at arms. Thus, it is rare for Scions of the Tuatha to learn the War Boon “Battle Map” (though they are not prevented from doing so). Instead, Scions of the Tuatha are far likelier to learn this Boon.

RÍASTRAD (WAR ♦♦♦♦♦)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 3 Legend + 1 Willpower + cost of other Boons and Knacks

The warp-spasm of Irish legend, the Scion with this Boon can channel a potent war-power, breathing in the very fury and twisting unpredictability of battle itself. When this Boon is activated, the body of the hero or God twists and

warps, taking on a truly incomprehensible freakishness. Every nerve quivers with barely-contained violence, and the Scion's body temperature multiplies impossibly. The precise changes that overtake the one seized by the *ríastrad* vary from individual to individual. The legendary Cúchulainn literally twisted about in his skin, the bones of the front of his body jutting out from the back of his skin while one eye sank into its socket. His hair stood on end, creating red spikes topped with small sparks of flame that could set dry grass alight, and his jaws clenched so that it seemed like he might shatter his teeth with the strength of it.

Regardless of the cosmetic effects – which are always hideous and monstrous to behold – the *ríastrad* has the following mechanical effects:

- For each dot in Legend, the Scion chooses one other Boon or Knack that activates when the *ríastrad* begins. These powers must be paid for when this Boon is used – they simply all activate at the same time. Once this roster of powers is purchased, it cannot be changed,

as this is a manifestation of the Scion's divine rage and expresses itself differently for each Scion. As the Scion gains additional Legend, he may add additional Boons or Knacks to his *riastrad*, which grows in accordance with his divine nature (at a rate of one Boon or Knack per dot of Legend gained).

- Any beauty-based Epic Appearance immediately drops to 0 and he loses the use of all associated Knacks for the duration of the warp-spasm. The Scion gains +1 dot of hideousness-based Epic Appearance, as well as the Dreadful Mein Knack (**Scion: Hero** p. 133).

- Any mortal within sight of the Scion is filled with terrible fear, inflicting a penalty equal to his Expression Virtue to all rolls made while remaining in the same battle as the Scion. Mortals who have not been trained for violent situations will flee the scene immediately, and those who have been trained for such situations must each spend a point of Willpower to remain in the area. A successful (Charisma + Command) roll by a leader or figure of authority at a difficulty equal to the Scion's (Legend + Epic Appearance) will prevent such a rout as well.

- The Scion gains three additional dots of Courage and is considered to be under the effects of the Berserker Fury Virtue Extremity (**Scion: Hero** p. 119). The Scion's Intellect Virtue also drops to 0, for he is nearly-mindless with rage and cannot heed the value of learning and wisdom.

- The Scion's DV decreases by 1 per dot in Courage (including the bonus from above).

- The Scion gains a number of successes equal to his (Legend + Expression) to any and all damage rolls made by Brawl, Melee and Thrown attacks, for his strikes are honed to a terrible, gory precision artful in their execution.

- The Scion gains a bonus to his bashing and lethal soaks equal to his (Legend + Piety Virtue), for the faith of the Scion is returned manifold in defense of the hero of the Gods.

The warp-spasm does not end when the Scion is out of enemies: all creatures are imperiled in the face of his divine rage, which lasts until the end of the scene or until he is coaxed out of it by his friends or his primal urges. Those attempting to lure him out of his rage — whether drawing on friendship or trying to tempt him with beautiful women or a wonderful meal — must make a (Charisma + Persuasion) roll, accumulating a number of successes in an extended roll equal to the Scion's (Legend + Courage) x5.



The person attempting this action gains a number of bonus dice equal to the Intellect Virtue of the Scion in the warp-spasm (disregarding the penalty to that Virtue that the *riastrad* inflicts, of course). For the duration of this attempt, however, that character is the warp-spasming Scion's primary target of aggression. Stunt dice should be awarded appropriately, such as the legendary feat of Cúchulainn's allies, who lured him on with beautiful women into water in hopes of literally cooling him down.

PANTHEON PURVIEW: ENECH

Though most modern scholars simply translate this term to mean "face" or "honor," it means so much more — particularly in the eyes of the Tuatha. *Enech* is one's worth, and all creatures, from the most divine to the lowliest of mortals, are beholden to attempt to improve their worth in the eyes of Gods and men. Mere men must constantly work to maintain their *enech* by proving themselves worthy men of honor and skill.

This Purview taps into that force of honor and worth, which is in turn tied into Fate to some degree. Heroes and Gods find that *enech* demands much more of them than of mortals, though its rewards are great as well. Such great folk may be bound by *geasa*, (see "Geasa," pp. 13-16). Godly heritage allows a Scion to tap into this power, to bring low his foes and raise up his friends, but he must forever watch his own behaviors and mind his *geasa*.

GEASA AND THE MYSTERIES PURVIEW

The kinds of twists in Fate that the laying of a *geas* creates are detectable by those who are skilled in the Mystery Purview. A character may make a Mystery roll to detect what *geasa* another character has in place. Reading a Token *Geas* requires three successes, a Potent *Geas* requires seven and thirteen successes will allow the reading of a Mortal *Geas*. If the wielder of the Mystery Purview does not garner sufficient successes to read all of an individual's *geasa*, he reads Token *Geasa* first, followed by Potent *Geasa* and Mortal *Geasa*. He has no indication if there are others present, and subsequent reading attempts must exceed the number of successes gained from earlier readings in order to sense them.

Brehon's Eye (Enech ♦)

Dice Pool: Perception + Empathy

Cost: 1 Legend

To understand the demands of *enech* upon the Scion, she must first understand its demands on those around her. With this power, the Scion assumes a canny and wise attitude, watching carefully and allowing those insights to influence her judgment. The information that comes with this power was of old called *enechsenchas*, or "enech lore," and is often used in later Boons in this Purview.

Once this power is activated, the Scion rolls (Perception + Empathy), adding in any successes from Epic Perception. For each success, he can judge the *enech* of one individual present, beginning with those with the highest Legend. Reading someone's *enech* grants the Scion knowledge of what his highest Virtue is, what his lowest Virtue is and what his Nature is.

This can only be activated once per scene.

Hero's Geas (Enech ♦♦)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: None

Heroes and Gods are held to a greater standard. Because the simple lives of mortal men are no challenge to the *enech* of the entities of Legend, it is only appropriate that they accept greater restrictions and requirements to demonstrate their mindfulness, honor and perseverance. Thus, the greatest of Gods and heroes are laid with *geasa*, prohibitions against specific actions or requirements that a specific action must always be undertaken when the Scion or God is presented with the opportunity.

It is important to keep one's *geasa* secret, for those who know them can use them as a weapon against the hero. The mighty Cúchulainn died by such cunning. When the crafty Queen Medb learned of his *geasa* against refusing hospitality and against eating the meat of a dog, she invited him to a meal of roasted hound, sealing his fate. He died by a spear-blow in his very next battle.

When a Scion purchases this power, he must immediately choose a single *geas*, either one that is general in nature or one appropriate to his divine parent. This is a Legendary *Geas* (see p. 13 for details on this Potent *Geas*). For advice in choosing a *geas*, and the penalties for breaking them, see "Geasa," pp. 12-16.

Additionally, any time the Scion purchases a Boon from a Purview other than his parent's, he may choose to assume a *geas* appropriate to a God of the Tuatha associated with that Purview. Doing so allows him to purchase the *geas* as though it were from his divine parent. Breaking such a *geas*

is a terrible choice, though, for not only does it have the normal penalties for breaking a geas, but it also denies the Scion the use of that Boon until his enech is restored.

Lay Token Geas (Enech ♦♦♦)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Presence

Cost: 1 Legend + 1 Willpower (or 1 Legend + 1 Willpower dot)

With this power, the Scion taps into the potent flows of enech and may levy the expectations of greatness on those around him. This roll is opposed by the target's (Wits + Integrity + Legend), and the roll itself has a difficulty of the target's Legend +1. If this roll is successful, the target is bound by a geas of Token potency for two months per net success in the roll, to a maximum of a year and a day. Alternately, if the Scion expends a full dot (rather than a point) of Willpower, the geas is laid permanently.

The Scion may not levy simply any sort of geas, however. The actual choice of the geas is not up to the Scion, but up to enech itself – the Scion merely draws the attention of enech and acts as the conduit for the geas. The Storyteller chooses a geas that is poetically appropriate for the victim, keeping in mind the most extreme parts of the character's personality (as often exemplified in his highest or lowest Virtues). Thus, a target who has cut a swathe through the innocents around him and discovers that he has a high Vengeance Virtue rating might be levied with the child-geas, where no child can ever come to harm within the Scion's ability to prevent it.

It should be noted that a geas is explicitly not a curse – each geas comes with benefits for those who keep the geas. Rather, the Tuatha consider geasa to be the means by which one helps shape the actions of heroes and legends. They are combination carrots *and* sticks meant to motivate a particular sort of behavior.

Body and Spirit (Enech ♦♦♦♦)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Empathy (Spd 3, DV -1)

Cost: 1 Legend, or 1 Legend + 1 Willpower if used on another

Modesty is never a Virtue to the Scion of the Tuatha. It is an insult to enech – pretending to be something less than you are is as bad as pretending to be something better. Thus, the Scion who uses this Boon chooses to declaim his best attributes and admit to his weakest. The Scion must choose which Virtues he is going to declaim about himself at the time of the Boon's activation. The difficulty of the roll is equal to the rating of the highest Virtue he is invoking, +1 per additional Virtue.

For the remainder of the scene, the Scion gains the following bonuses, assuming the declamation of that Virtue:

- **Courage:** A bonus equal to his Courage Virtue to all rolls using Strength, Dexterity or Stamina.
- **Expression:** A bonus equal to his Expression Virtue to all rolls using Charisma, Manipulation or Appearance.
- **Intellect:** A bonus equal to his Intellect Virtue to all rolls using Perception, Intelligence or Wits.
- **Piety:** A number of points of Legend equal to his Piety Virtue.

A Scion with this Boon may purchase it a second time; doing so allows him to declaim the Virtues of others once he has used Brehon's Eye on them. Of course, to the powers of enech, the Virtues associated with other pantheons are not nearly as enlightened as the four Virtues of the Tuatha. A character whose non-Tuatha Virtue is lauded by the Scion regains a number of points of either Legend or Willpower equal to the rating of that Virtue, depending on the Virtue in question. A character can only benefit from one Virtue-based source of Willpower and one Virtue-based source of Legend from a single declamation:

- **Legend:** Duty, Harmony, Loyalty, Order
- **Willpower:** Conviction, Endurance, Valor, Vengeance

Finally, with the ability to declaim the Virtues of others, the Scion may also cast scorn and derision on those who adhere to the Titanic Virtues who he has used Brehon's Eye on, as follows:

- **Ambition:** Target loses a number of points of Legend equal to his Ambition Virtue.
- **Malice:** Target loses a number of dice equal to his Malice Virtue on all Social rolls.
- **Rapacity:** Target loses a number of dice equal to his Rapacity Virtue on all Mental rolls.
- **Zealotry:** Target loses a number of points of Willpower equal to his Zealotry Virtue.

Bard's Tongue (Enech ♦♦♦♦♦)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Presence

Cost: 2 Legend

The words of the bard are always heeded because he has taken care to see deeply into someone's nature and knows the truth of them. The Scion with this Boon claims part of a bard's enech, and his words about that person are rendered truthful. To be spoken of well by a bard is to excel in life; to be mocked by one is to know scorn, shame and failure.

The Scion using this Boon must first use Brehon's Eye on a target. She then describes either a terrible insult or a glowing compliment for the target. If this utterance refers to one of the target's Virtues in a positive manner (for a complimentary use) or in a negative tone (for a mocking



one), this roll gains a number of automatic successes equal to the target's Virtue. The total successes form a pool, which may be used to purchase individual effects, as follow.

If the proclamation is a positive one, the target may spend his points in any of the following ways:

- To regain a point of Legend (1 point).
- To regain a point of Willpower (2 points).
- To gain a bonus to a roll appropriate to the compliment. "My comrade is a peerless warrior, and a lusty lover to boot!" would be appropriate for rolls involving both combat and seduction, for instance (1 point per +1, to a maximum bonus equal to the Scion's Presence).

If the speech has a negative tone, the Scion may spend the resultant successes in any of the following ways:

- To subtract a point of Legend (1 point).
- To subtract a point of Willpower (2 points).
- To inflict a penalty to a roll appropriate to the mockery. "This fool couldn't sneak his way out of a dark room filled with blind men, nor see the darkness in front of his face while doing so!" would be appropriate for rolls involving Stealth and Perception, for instance (1 point per -1, to a maximum penalty equal to the Scion's Presence).

Lay Potent Geas (Enech ♦♦♦♦ ♦)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Presence

Cost: 5 Legend + 1 Willpower (or 5 Legend + 1 Willpower dot)

This Boon functions as "Lay Token Geas," save that it lays a Potent Geas on the target.

Assumption of the Land (Enech ♦♦♦♦ ♦♦)

Dice Pool: Stamina + Empathy (two Speed 5, DV -2 exclusive actions)

Cost: 5 Legend + 1 Willpower

The Song of Amerghin relates the process called "assumption" best — when the Milesian bard Amerghin first set foot on the shores of Ireland, he sang this song, taking into himself the powers of Eire and making himself one with the land. The Scion with this Boon may do likewise, opening himself up to the unique flows of enech associated with that site and making himself part of it.

The activation of this Boon takes two actions, and these are the only actions the Scion may take. With the first action, the Scion

rolls (Stamina + Empathy), immersing himself in the enech of the site and gaining the *dinsenchas* (“place lore”) of the land he stands in. With his second action, he spends the Legend and Willpower to activate the Boon and spends the successes gained in the first action. The effects gained through the use of this power are as follows:

- The Scion may feel the health of the land, knowing intimately its blights and taints. These could be environmental, spiritual or even Titanic taints, revealing the location of any creature that has Titanic Virtues. *Automatic.*

- Each site has a single Purview associated with it. The factory may be associated with the Fire Purview, the healing glade with the Health Purview and the battlefield with the War Purview. A Scion may use successes to purchase Boons from those Purviews while located in that area. Possession of these Boons lasts for a single scene or until the Scion leaves the area, whichever comes first. *2 successes per dot of the Boon.*

- The site works to defend the Scion. The area is filled with improbable coincidences intended to keep the Scion safe, granting him a DV bonus for as long as he is in the area. This applies even against attacks the Scion is not aware of. *1 success per +1 DV, to a maximum of the Scion's Legend.*

Once a Scion has gained the *dinsenchas* of a place, he may not ordinarily do so again – his “first impression” forms the basis for his interaction with that site from then on. When in that area in the future, the Scion need only take the second action (spending the Legend and Willpower cost for this Boon) to re-attune himself to the site.

The land puts a burden of enech upon the Scion, however – the friendship of the land is never one-sided. First of all, the Scion is constantly aware of any dangers to the land, as though he had used the Guardian Boon Vigil Brand (Scion: Hero, pp. 143-144) on the land itself. Secondly, the Scion receives a Legendary *Dinsenchas Geas* for the site he has bound himself to.

This can only be used in the World or in Terrae Incognita, or in the Underworld and Overworld Realms associated with the Tuatha.

Lay Mortal Geas (Enech ♦♦♦♦ ♦♦♦♦)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Presence

Cost: 12 Legend + 1 Willpower (or 12 Legend + 1 Willpower dot)

This Boon functions as Lay Token Geas, save that it lays a Mortal Geas on the target.

Twist Geas (Enech ♦♦♦♦ ♦♦♦♦)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Presence

Cost: 5-12 Legend + 1 Willpower

So deft is the Scion's interaction with enech that he can twist its flows and eddies around an individual, changing it irrevocably. As long as the Scion knows the full details of one of the target's geasa, he can use this Boon to change the details of that geas. He may change the geas within its

Type (changing one Mortal Geas to another) or within its Source. This costs 5 Legend for Token Geasa, 8 Legend for Potent Geasa and 12 Legend for Mortal Geasa.

The target is not given any indication of the nature of the change. Indeed, those who have been victimized by such a change may not even know it has occurred until they find themselves on the wrong end of a broken geas they didn't even know they had. The Mysteries Purview can be used to ascertain the details of this new geas, however.

Beyond the Ninth Wave (Enech ♦♦♦♦ ♦♦♦♦)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 20 Legend + 1 Willpower

When the Milesians first came to Ireland, the three queens of Eire asked them to withdraw back beyond the ninth wave of Ireland until they could determine the appropriate course of action. Because the ninth wave symbolized the borders of the land, the rulers of the Tuatha could then call upon the powers of the land and its enech to assault the intruders, rather than risking hospitality laws by having the land rise up against those who stood upon it.

With this power, the Scion withdraws himself or another past the metaphorical ninth wave of a Godly power, withdrawing from the enech of that part of the world. In game terms, the Scion chooses a single Purview and removes himself entirely from that concept as it interacts within the world. While he is withdrawn from that Purview, he cannot be affected by the powers of that Purview, nor by effects that are based in it. Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave lasts for one hour per dot of Legend, or until the Scion wills it to end. This Boon may be activated multiple times, at a cost of 20 Legend and 1 Willpower point per activation.

Additionally, the Scion himself cannot use any Boons of the Purview, nor can he benefit from them in any fashion. Only Gods in the Avatar form of that Purview may affect him by using such powers. Those wielding this power may not choose to withdraw beyond the ninth wave of any Special Purview or any Pantheon Purview save the Enech Purview.

These have the following effects, based on the Purview in question:

- **Animal:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of the animal world means that the Scion functionally doesn't exist for any animals at all – they do not see him, nor can they touch him in any way. Likewise, while he can see them, he cannot touch them either. This includes intelligent versions of animals and nemean animals, though it does not include creatures whose forms simply happen to be based on animals.

- **Chaos:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of chaos means that the Scion is unaffected by chaos unfolding in the world. Mobs, crowds, storms, earthquakes and similar situations of chaos manifested in the world have no effect on him – he walks among such situations and the madness parts before him, leaving him untouched.

- **Darkness:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of darkness prevents the Scion from being affected by the darkness whatsoever. It poses no limitations on his vision and does not hide him in the least – he always stands out, perfectly back-dropped by the darkness but very clear within it, as though the viewer were seeing him in full sunlight.

- **Death:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth waves of death prevents the Scion from dying, whether from taking too much damage or having death-inflicting powers used on him. This merely postpones the inevitable, however, for when this effect ends, if the Scion is still under the condition that would cause him to die, he immediately drops dead. Having all health levels filled in as normal counts as such a condition; if a creature that targeted the Scion with an automatic death effect is still alive when this effect wears off, the Scion is considered to still be under such a condition. Creatures of death such as ghosts, vampires, zombies and similar horrors cannot see the Scion.

- **Earth:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of earth allows the Scion to step through stone, soil, sand and metals as though they did not exist. Attacks based on such effects – including hurled boulders and weapons forged of normal metals – simply fail. The Scion doesn't fall through the earth or anything similar if he doesn't wish to. He may choose when the earth acts as a barrier and when it does not.

- **Enech:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of enech grants the Scion immunity to the flows of enech. He cannot violate any of his geasa, and no action he takes will ever violate the geasa of others.

- **Fertility:** Withdrawing beyond fertility's ninth wave allows the Scion to ignore the green and growing things of the world. He does not exist as far as plants are concerned, and may pass right through them as though they didn't exist. Plant-based creatures cannot perceive the character.

- **Fire:** Withdrawing beyond fire's ninth wave makes the Scion or God immune to fire completely and utterly, as though the flames did not exist. He is also immune to the effects of fire in the environment – he breathes smoky air without notice, and surface and air temperatures that might scald his skin or lungs don't cause any discomfort. Creatures made of fire or associated with fire cannot perceive the character.

- **Guardian:** Withdrawing beyond guardian's ninth wave renders the Scion immune to perception by defenders, watchers, sentries, security systems and those things which exist to watch and warn. Additionally, his interactions with others protected by various Guardian Purview Boons do not set those Boons off – he and his actions do not exist for the purpose of this Purview.

- **Health:** Withdrawing beyond health's ninth wave renders the Scion immune to any and all normal biological interactions with the world. Though Gods generally engage in such matters only voluntarily anyway, this effect makes it so that human beings cannot see or interact

with the Scion or God in any fashion, though he is still physically, solidly present. The direct effects of the Scion's presence can still be felt, though, and any environmental effects caused by people can still affect the Scion.

- **Justice:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of justice renders the Scion immune to the influences of retribution and justice. Those seeking revenge against him simply cannot see him, and any actions augmented by the Vengeance Virtue automatically fail against him. Additionally, agents of justice and revenge (from the toughest police officer to the mighty Furies) cannot perceive him.

- **Moon:** Withdrawing beyond the moon's ninth wave permits the Scion to strip influences of concealment and lunacy from his existence. He automatically spots any and all hidden things. In fact, they stand out in his vision more than its surroundings. He is also immune to madness, and those who are insane cannot sense or affect him.

- **Psychopomp:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of the psychopomp eliminates the need for the Scion to actually engage in travel. As a miscellaneous action (with no need to roll), he may simply will himself to be anywhere in the World for the duration of his withdrawal. He must know of the location, however – at the very least, he must be able to point it out on a map.

- **Sky:** Withdrawing beyond the sky's ninth wave grants the Scion immunity to all weather effects and winds. Rain does not soak him, winds do not blow his clothing and he becomes immune to all attacks involving cold and electricity. Air pressure does not discomfit him in any way.

- **Sun:** Withdrawing beyond the sun's ninth wave casts the Scion into eternal shadow, hiding him from the sight of Gods and men alike. By the light of sun or moon, he becomes completely unseen, for those sources of light pass right through him as though he were not there. Only in rooms completely devoid of any trace of outside light will he be revealed. Attacks based in light (including lasers and the like) cannot touch him.

- **War:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of war places the Scion beyond the reach of any and all violence. Moreover, this renders the Scion incapable of inflicting violence himself for as long as he is withdrawn. Scions thus protected also become completely unseen in the middle of battles and conflicts regardless of the size. Because most athletic competitions were intended to keep fighting skills trim in times of peace, this includes sports as well.

- **Water:** Withdrawing beyond the ninth wave of water causes the Scion to not exist as far as water is concerned, and vice versa. The Scion may choose to walk upon the surface of water as though it were solid ground or to walk through water as though it weren't there. All liquids that are not better associated with another Purview (such as magma being associated with Fire) are included in this.

BIRTHRIGHTS

CREATURES

The Steeds of Cúchulainn (Creature ♦♦♦, Relic ♦♦)

Liath Macha and Dub Sainglend (“the Gray of Macha” and “the Black of Saingliu”) are the chariot horses of the great hero Cúchulainn. These horses are swifter and stronger than normal horses and nearly as smart as an average mortal. Before the battle in which Cúchulainn was slain, the Gray refused three times to be bridled and wept tears of blood when the halter was placed on its head, knowing its master would die that day. In that battle, the Gray killed thirty foes with his hooves and another fifty with his teeth. After the death of their master, Lugh removed them from the field of battle before they could be slain.

The steeds of Cúchulainn are so swift that they can run across water without falling in. They are also perfectly trained and will obey any order given to them by their master, no matter the language spoken. The Steeds of Cúchulainn use the horse template (p. 331 of **Scion: Hero**).

In addition to its normal characteristics, Liath Macha also has Epic Strength 2 (Holy Bound, Holy Rampage), Epic Dexterity 1 (Lightning Sprinter), two additional -0, -1 and -2 health levels each, and the following Virtues: Courage 4, Expression 1, Intellect 3, Piety 3. The Gray possesses Legend 2 and is able to use the first two dots of the Water Purview.

Dub Sainglend possesses Epic Strength 1 (Holy Bound), Epic Stamina 1 (Holy Fortitude), one additional -0, -1 and -2 health level each, and the Virtues Courage 3, Expression 1, Intellect 2 and Piety 2. The Black has Legend 1 and is able to use the first two dots of the Water Purview as well.

The Flocks of the Morrigan (Creature ♦♦, Relic ♦)

The battle-goddess Morrigan is known to have control over ravens, crows, rooks and blackbirds, and she uses these creatures as messengers, spies and occasionally attackers. From time to time, she will gift a favorite Scion with a small flock of these birds to be used for the same purposes. The birds are extremely intelligent for animals, and the Scion who controls them can communicate with and command them. Birds sitting on a telephone wire are seldom thought of as unusual, and thus they can eavesdrop on conversations and carry information back to their masters.

Those Scions who receive the gift of one of her flocks from the Morrigan sometimes gain it as a Relic in the form of a small silver pin or pendant in the shape of a raven. When the item of jewelry is taken off and thrown into the air, it transforms into the flock. Scions so gifted may use it to channel the Animal (Corvid) Purview.

The Flocks of the Morrigan are composed of corvids that use the small bird template on p. 329 of **Scion: Hero**, except their Intelligence rises from 1 to 3 (the better to understand the Scion’s commands). They also possess Epic Intelligence 1 (Perfect Memory), Epic Perception 2 (Predatory Focus, Subliminal Warning), Legend 3 and the following Virtues: Courage 2, Expression 2, Intellect 3 and Piety 2. A flock is generally composed of 10-30 birds.

The Hound of Lugh (Creature ♦♦♦♦)

Lugh’s hound is a gigantic war dog. It looks like a massively-musled mastiff, standing five feet tall at the shoulder, with ferocious fangs and a superlative sense of smell. It can track a target through any sort of environment (swamp, forest, desert) and shrugs off wounds in battle as if they were mosquito bites. Not for nothing is this black dog considered to be an omen of doom, for foes spotting it on the field of battle seldom leave the fight alive.

The hound of Lugh uses the dog template on page 331 of **Scion: Hero**. In addition to the normal characteristics, it has one additional -0 and two additional -1 and -2 health levels. It also possesses a Legend Rating of 2, 5 Legend points, Epic Strength 1 (Crushing Grip, performed with jaws), Epic Perception 1 (Predatory Focus), Epic Stamina 1 (Damage Conversion) and Epic Appearance 1 (Dreadful Mien). The hound of Lugh possesses the following Virtues: Courage 5, Expression 1, Intellect 2 and Piety 1.

FOLLOWERS

The Fianna and The Red Branch Knights (Followers ♦♦ to ♦♦♦♦)

The Fianna and the Red Branch Knights are warriors that made up the two greatest warbands in Irish history. The Red Branch existed during the reign of Conochobar mac Nessa (king of Ulster) around A.D. 10, and the Fianna followed Irish hero Fionn mac Cumhaill during the reign of Irish High King Cormac mac Art at the beginning of the third century.

People were admitted to both warrior bands based solely on their prowess in battle. They were expected to be of impeccable honor, skilled with the use of spear, sword and shield, and capable of fighting equally well on foot, on horseback or in the back of a chariot. In earlier times, the majority of both bands were made up of the sons (and occasionally daughters) of nobility, but from time to time low-born warriors who had proven their worth were also admitted (such as Laeg, the charioteer of Cúchulainn). In modern times, followers from either band are as likely to contain warriors born into poverty or middle-class families as they are to contain people from the upper crust.

Members of either band have the Virtues of the Tuatha, with most having Courage as their primary Virtue. Many may be Scions themselves, although often of lesser members of the pantheon. They fight without fear of death or injury, afraid only of losing honor in the eyes of their Gods.

Each dot of Followers after the first nets five Fianna or Knights. The characteristics for members of either the Red Branch Knights or the Fianna are identical to those for the template for the experienced soldier or mercenary on p. 283 of **Scion: Hero**, except that any attempts to use the Enech Purview against either group of characters gain 3 bonus dice.

GUIDES

The Aes Sídhe (Guide ♦♦♦ to ♦♦♦♦)

The Daoine Maite, or the “Good People.” The Gentry. The Kindly Ones. The Daoine Sídhe. The Good Neighbors. All of these are the names given to the aes sídhe, or the “people of the Sídhe.” Whether shining and beautiful or terrifying and monstrous, these are the people beneath the hills, half-divine and half something else. The aes sídhe worshipped the Tuatha before the coming of the Milesians, and when the Milesians won the right to Ireland through iron and blood, the aes sídhe agreed that these fair mortals should have all of the Green Isle above the ground, while that which was below it belonged to them.

Capricious and strange, the aes sídhe withdrew from the World by way of the *sídhe*, the hollow hills that dot the landscape of Eire. Some fled to the bosom of the Tuatha, withdrawing into Tir na nÓg, the Land of Youth where they became more radiant and beautiful. These fairies earned a variety of names for themselves, the foremost among them given by the Scots: “Seelie” or “blessed.” Others, bitter that the Tuatha had given their home away to mortals, fled into the lands where the dead journeyed. These night-haunts and winter spirits came to be called by many names, among them “Unseelie” or “unholy.”

The Seelie are those aes sídhe that dwell in the great court Tir na nÓg. This place is known by many names: the Seelie Court, the Court of Fire, the Beltane Gather and the Clan of Brigid. Though later folklore often talks of kings or queens of the faerie, no one truly rules among the aes sídhe — they simply know their place in the order of things.

The closest thing they know to leadership is among the Tuatha Dé Danaan, who are revered and cherished when they make their rare appearances among the aes sídhe. In truth, the aes sídhe of these lands are free to embrace their own caprice and whimsy, though they tend to comport themselves with honor, bravery and respect.

In contrast, the Unseelie dwell in the cold places of Tir na Marbh. They, too, are known by many names, including the Unseelie Court, the Court of Ice, the Samhain Gather and the Clan of the Morrigan. Though the Unseelie do not despise the Tuatha, neither do they give them anything more than the fear that powerful Gods should be rendered. While the Unseelie are cruel, mocking and hold a dear grudge against mortals for taking their home, they aren’t creatures of the Titans. The majority of the aes sídhe might be called hideous, though there are a number who possess a cold, dark beauty that chills the mortal heart.

Traits: The aes sídhe use alfar stats (see **Scion: Hero**, pp. 296-297), up to and including the weakness to cold iron — the material used by the Milesians to drive them from the green hills of Ireland. Aes sídhe are functionally immortal, outside of violence (or sometimes the death that comes of a broken heart). Additional notes apply, based on whether the aes sídhe in question is Seelie or Unseelie.

- **Seelie:** Seelie aes sídhe hold the Virtues of Expression and Piety in highest esteem and nearly always have at least one dot in Epic Appearance, with a focus on beauty. Many display Boons from the Purviews of Fire and Sky, as well as Sun and Health.

- **Unseelie:** In contrast, the Unseelie value the Virtues of Courage and Intellect, and they always have at least a single dot of Epic Appearance as well, though their manifestations create fear and horror in mortals (whether through a terrifying, grotesque appearance or because of a heart-stopping beauty). Many display Boons from the Purviews of Earth and Water, as well as Darkness and Death.

Elf-Shot: The bronze weapons of the aes sídhe are specially made so to cause paralysis in those unfortunate enough to be struck. These weapons are infused with the legendary glamour of the aes sídhe, distilling the awe or horror their appearances inspire into the golden sheen on their weaponry. Referred to as elf-shot, this power is not part of the missiles themselves, but rather the weapons that launch them. By spending a point of Legend when making an attack roll, the wielder of such a Relic may change the ammunition of his weapon (be it bow or firearm) into a bronze material that glows slightly golden in darkness. Those struck by such a weapon must make a (Stamina + Fortitude + Legend) roll, opposed by the attacker’s (Appearance + Presence + Legend). This is a two-dot power for Relics given to Scions of the Tuatha Dé Danaan and may only be applied to weapons that use the Marksmanship Ability.

Weakness: In addition to the mortal weakness to iron suffered by all elf-folk (as detailed under the description of the alfar, **Scion: Hero**, p. 296), all of the aes sídhe suffer from a Body Forbiddance (Iron) Geas.

Leanan Sidhe (Guide •••)

The feared leanan sidhe, the fairy-lover, is a terrifying muse and mistress. Always of the Unseelie and usually female, these vampiric Good Folk feed on the life of a mortal, siphoning away their health and sanity. In its place, however, the victim of the leanan sidhe gains unprecedented creativity, as the fires of imbas burn brighter within them like a once-covered flame exposed to open air. Leanan sidhe usually choose only a single lover at one time, spending all their time with them. The mortal becomes obsessed with both his new lover and his artwork; indeed, to him, they are inseparable. The victim's artwork becomes transcendent in its beauty, though it is always of a haunting, somewhat melancholy quality, filled with cynicism, misery and shadows.

Traits: The leanan sidhe are aes sidhe with plenty of Epic Manipulation and Epic Appearance.

Supernatural power: *Vampiric Muse:* While a mortal is composing, roll the leanan sidhe's (Legend + Expression). Each success inflicts one health level of bashing damage on the mortal, which heals at a normal rate; however, because the mortal's dreams are haunted by the visage of the leanan sidhe, he can gain no actual rest until the leanan sidhe leaves him alone for twenty-four hours. Each success on this roll also gives the leanan sidhe one point of Legend. Should the mortal ever have seven health levels of these wounds at once, he slips into a troubled dream-like coma for twenty-four hours, during which time the leanan sidhe feeds on a dot of his Willpower (see below). Once the mortal is out of Willpower, he either commits suicide in a spectacular fashion or simply drifts off into a coma, dying on the anniversary of the day he met the leanan sidhe.

Weakness: Leanan sidhe must feed on one dot of Willpower per month while in the World, or lose one Willpower dot of her own. All leanan sidhe are also bound by an Ability (Presence) Imbas geas.

Bean Sidhe (Guide ••••)

Though their name means "fairy woman," not all women of the aes sidhe are considered bean sidhe. Only fairy women who are fascinated with mortal death populate the ranks of the bean sidhe – the aes sidhe are immortal, and so funerary customs, the grief of death and the inevitability of mortality all fascinate them. Each bean sidhe adopts a mortal family and watches them carefully. They take only vague note of the births and successes of those families, however, for it's their deaths that fascinate them.

Bean sidhe cannot help but appear to those families who are about to suffer a death of one of their number – their keening (learned from the Morrigan, who invented the funerary keen) can be heard on storm winds, warning members of the family. The bean sidhe may also appear to the one who is about to die, sometimes as a wailing, ghostly woman clad in funereal weeds or as a washerwoman at a ford, cleaning the blood out of the person's own clothing.

Traits: Bean sidhe have the same traits as normal aes sidhe, though many of them have mastered Boons from the Death and Psychomp Purviews. All bean sidhe also

know the Prophecy Purview, which allows them to foretell the deaths of the mortals of the families they watch over.

Weaknesses: In addition to the typical limitations of the aes sidhe, all bean sidhe are also bound by a Purview (Death) Duty geas, requiring them to watch over and announce the deaths of their chosen family.

The Fir Bolg (Guide •••)

When the Tuatha Dé Danaan first came to the Green Isle from their place of birth, they found the land already inhabited by two tribes of folk. The first were the fomorians, great of size and hunger. The others, however, were the Fir Bolg, the "people of the bags." They were so-called for the small bags made of crane skin they wore around their necks, decorated with the colors and stones of their clans and filled with the tokens sacred to the land where they lived (and their Titanic father, Crom Dubh). Where the fomorians were massive in build, the Fir Bolg were short, with stooped postures from dwelling in the places beneath the earth, where they were driven by the bullying fomorians.

As part of their war against the fomorians, the Tuatha sent mighty Lugh to speak with them, and he dazzled them with his skills and radiant brow. They agreed to help the Tuatha against the fomorians and abandoned the worship of the Titans, siding instead with the Tribe of Danu. In time, the victory of the Tuatha over the fomorians was also the victory of the Fir Bolg, and the two races dwelt in peace for a long time, though the Fir Bolg preferred to remain beneath the earth.

Some of the Fir Bolg came to emulate Lugh, becoming craftsmen with the gold they unearthed and emulating his shining visage and skilled hands. The aes sidhe laughed to see such devotion, and some among the Fir Bolg were called *luch-chromain*, or "little stooping Lugh," for their craftsmanship and love of gold. Eventually, these Fir Bolg (and their Gaelic name) inspired the tales of the leprechaun.

Others among the Fir Bolg regretted their assistance to the Tuatha, remembering other days spent beneath the earth before the coming of Danu's people. These Fir Bolg often fell into drunken stupors, invading the wine cellars of the aes sidhe. Eventually, these clurichaun were banished to the northern climes of Scotland's highlands, where they were known as guardians of wine cellars and little drunkard spirits.

Traits: Fir Bolg are shorter than humans and the aes sidhe, generally standing between three and four feet tall. They often appear somewhat hump-backed, particularly as they get along in years, and prefer to dwell underground. Leprechauns take a great deal of pride in their Craft skills, from cooking to cobbling to jewelry-crafting. They love working in gold and do so often, having accumulated piles of raw gold over the centuries of hollowing out Irish hillsides.

Supernatural Powers: *Earthen Affinity:* As part of their connection with Crom Cruach, through their father Crom Dubh, Fir Bolg have incredible ability to shape and craft earthenworks. They prefer to work underground and are subtle in their artwork. Any subterranean construction

they create completely fails to show up to mortal senses, up to and including cutting-edge seismological technology and other means that would normally reveal caverns and the like. Such approaches simply fail to detect them. Likewise, the entrances into these places are cunningly concealed, such that a mortal may actually watch an entity use one of the passages and still not see the entrance at all, appearing as though they'd simply disappeared.

Weaknesses: Fir Bolg all share a unique weakness: the wish-geas. Each one is bound by some required Duty Geas, often based around protecting something. Leprechauns defend their pots of gold, while clurichauns guard wine cellars. Failing in this task means that the individual Fir Bolg is required to grant a wish to the one who manages to either trick the location of their gold from them or spirit away a bottle of wine without their knowledge. The Fir Bolg themselves do not have the power to truly grant wishes, it should be noted: they must go to the aes sídhe for help in granting these wishes, as both penance and admission of guilt. If the aes sídhe do not have the power to grant the wish, they take the concerns before the rulers of the Courts, and failing that before the Tuatha themselves.

Púca (Guide •••)

Small lying tricksters, the púca (or the pwca, as they are known in Wales) are shapeshifters who taken on the form of either small mammals or horses. Púca of the Seelie play pranks that make others laugh and teach fools and blowhards lessons, while the Unseelie are wicked tricksters whose jokes humiliate and sometimes even hurt their victims.

Horse púca love to lure would-be riders onto their backs; the rider then adheres to the púca and cannot get off before being taken on a wild ride. Seelie púca love to play silly games, such as scaring parents who watch their laughing children ride by on a bucking stallion or dropping an arrogant vicar face-first into the mud, while the Unseelie often end their rides in briar patches or with grievous injuries. A few of the horse púca, fallen to the influence of Crom Cruach, end their rides in ice-cold rivers, where these water-horses drown their riders and consume their flesh.

Traits: Whether in their natural animal form or in their diminutive three foot tall, animal-featured humanoid forms, púca use the stats as per animals of their normal type with a +2 to all Physical Attributes, and Mental and Social Attributes of at least 2. Púca have a Legend of 2 and occasionally develop Epic Attributes. They all bear the Virtues of the Tuatha, save for water-horses and other twisted púca, who hold to the Virtues of the Titans.

Sluagh Sídhe (Guide •••)

The fairy host of the Underworld, the sluah sídhe are not aes sídhe. Rather, they are the ghosts of the Irish dead who have been taken into the courts of the Unseelie in Tír na Marbh. They are dark and ephemeral, like pieces of black veil caught in the wind, and they follow the Unseelie of the Underworld everywhere. Hosts of the sluah sídhe ride the winds on nights of the dark moon, peeking into

windows and listening to conversations, bringing their masters word of goings-on in the World.

Traits: Sluagh sídhe have the same traits as normal ghosts, save for one difference: Their Move and Dash actions can take them through open air, allowing them to effectively flit about in all three dimensions. Additionally, while standing in areas of pure darkness, the sluah sídhe can be seen by those who make a (Perception + Awareness) roll with a difficulty equal to the ghost's Legend.

RELICS

The Cauldron of Dagda

Relic ••• (1 Purview, 1 Unique Two-Dot Power)

The Cauldron of Dagda is one of the four treasures the Tuatha brought with them from Tír na nÓg. The Dagda brought it from the city of Murias. It is known as *Undry* because, when filled with water, it never empties unless the cauldron is deliberately tipped out and drained. The Cauldron of Dagda can produce food in it without any effort, and the amount of food can feed an army. The Cauldron also has the power to heal any wound short of death.

With the Cauldron of Dagda, a Scion may access the Health Purview. The Cauldron also holds a unique power: Once per day, the water may be drained from the Cauldron and, at its owner's command, it will instead fill with solid, nourishing food in great quantity. This food is usually the sort meant to sustain an army of warriors: beef stew, hearty chicken soup or even mounds of ribs smothered in barbecue sauce. Scions have used the Cauldron's powers for more humanitarian reasons as well.

Gae Bolga

Relic ••• (1 Purview, 1 Unique Two-Dot Power)

The Gae Bolga was the spear of the hero Cúchulainn. Crafted from the largest bone in the body of a sea serpent, once it's been thrown and enters the body of its target, the spear opens and dispenses numerous barbs into the flesh. The spear does even more damage when yanked or cut out of the body. Cúchulainn used it on at least two occasions: once while fighting a duel against his best friend, Ferdiad, and another time against his son, Connla, who he had never before met. Both times, the wound inflicted was almost instantly fatal.

Any Scion who possesses Gae Bolga has access to the War Purview. Further, after an attack, the wielder can do the same damage again by successfully yanking the spear out on a successful (Strength + Melee) roll (against the target's (Strength + Athletics) if they resist).

The Spear of Lugh

Relic ••• (3 Purviews)

The Spear of Lugh, or Spear Lúin, is one of the greatest weapons in Ireland. Lugh brought it with him from the city of Gorias in Tír na nÓg, and it was with this spear that Lugh wounded the fearsome Titan Balor of the Evil Eye.

The shaft of the spear is made with oak, and the head is of a strange milky white crystal. Furthermore, the spear's

head drips blood and burns so fiercely hot that, in the past, it would burn down wherever it was kept if it is not submerged in the Dagda's Cauldron. Enchantments have been placed on the Spear more recently, and when not in use by whichever Scion holds it, it is kept in a space outside this dimension. The spear is summoned forth when needed and returned to that no-place when its owner is finished with it. The spear is also capable of hurling attacks of lightning and ice.

With the spear, the Scion who uses it can access the Fire, Sky and War Purviews.

The Stone of Destiny

Relic ••••• (3 Purviews, 1 Unique Two-Dot Power)

The Tuatha brought the Lia Fáil (or Stone of Destiny) to Ireland from the city of Fáilias in Tír na nÓg. It is enchanted to detect those whose destiny it is to rule over Ireland. In the past, the stone would sing if the man who was meant to be High King stepped on it. In modern times, it will sing if stepped on by anyone with the soul and will to lead Ireland out of its troubles. It is also said to be able to restore an aging king to his youth and vitality. The stone that is said to be the Lia Fáil (currently located at the Inauguration Mound at Tara in Ireland) is a forgery. The true Lia Fáil was spirited away by one of the Tuatha's Scions centuries ago, so that it might not fall into the hands of titanspawn.

Any Scion who possesses the Lia Fáil has access to the Guardian and Justice Purviews, as justice and the duty of guarding his subjects are two qualities a true king must always possess. The stone also grants the Health Purview, and as a unique power it will restore someone of advanced age to a much younger state.

The Sword of Light

Relic •••• (4 Purviews)

Known as Claíomh Solais, the Sword of Light was brought to Ireland from the city of Finias in Tír na nÓg by Nuada, who wielded it in many battles against the fomorians. When unsheathed, it glows with a brilliant light that blinds titanspawn and mortals alike. The light also makes it appear that the wielder's hand has been transformed to silver, although this is only an illusion. It is capable of slicing people in half.

Scions who possess the sword have access to the Guardian, Justice, Sun and War Purviews.

Other Relics

Irish history contains a wealth of mighty relics that the Tuatha might provide to new Scions. Some examples include Aengus' sword Moralltach, Mannanan's sword Fragarach and the Dagda's harp Daurdabla.

SCIONS OF THE TUATHA DÉ DANNAN

The Scions of the Tuatha are vigorous folk, given to fighting, partying and lovemaking in equal measure. The following are two sample Scions of the Tuatha: one a Scion of Lugh, presented as a beginning Hero-level Scion, and the other a Scion of the Morrigan, presented as a Demigod-level Scion.



LOUISE “LOU” MACETHAN

SCION OF LUGH

LOUISE
MACETHAN

Louise always knew she was meant for great things. Not because she was inherently better than anyone else. It's just that her mother was a strict advocate of the idea that those who worked were those who won. Talent got you only so far — it was hard work that made someone great.

Still, it helped that Lou was really talented at just about everything she tried her hand at. She excelled academically with hardly any effort whatsoever. She split her time between the gymnastics floor and the stage, loving both of them dearly. When she was sixteen, she competed in the Olympics for the United States, and only the sudden death of her mother prevented her from going all the way to the gold (something she still regrets to this day).

The exposure from the Olympics still did her quite a lot of good, however. By the time she was eighteen, she'd been in multiple commercials, and when her talent agent discovered her singing voice, he quickly flipped that into a record deal. She was well on her way to a life of fame and fortune when Cooshie found her.

At first, the big dog scared her a little, but when she saw how nervous he made everyone else, she was determined to be the one to approach and befriend him. It was a point of pride that he took to her as immediately as he did. Things grew stranger, though, when he led her to the odd fellow practicing alone in the stadium at night. Fortunately, the gorgeous man there turned out to be shining Lugh, her father. He told her of her legacy, and that she was, in fact, inherently better than most. How could she not be, with the blood of a God in her veins?

Her life is certainly more difficult of late, what with battling fomorians and meeting others like her. Still, Lou knows that she's up to the task — after all, she's never met a challenge she couldn't overcome, and this whole Scion thing is just one more challenge. Right?

Roleplaying Hints: Lou is bright and cheerful, though she's not naïve or vapid. She is just happy to meet any challenge head-on and tackle it to the best of her ability. Though she would never admit such, she loves the adoration that others give her and does her best to show off without seeming to show off. On some level, though, her Visitation has shaken her. She can't get rid of the nagging suspicion that all of her victories up until now have simply been because she is better than other people. They weren't her victories — they were her father's. She also finds being around other Scions somewhat disconcerting; it's difficult to shine when those around can do everything with as much ease as she can.

Birthrights: Lou is always accompanied by Cooshie, her pure white Irish wolfhound with red ears (its coloration a sure sign of otherworldliness to those who know their Irish mythology). She always wears her bronze cloak pin depicting a vertical spear behind the head of a dog, usually either at her waist or on her lapel. This pin grants her access to the Animal, Health and Magic Purviews. Her spear is the Spear of Lugh (see pp. 26-27 for more details).

Geasa: *The Bard's Geas.* Louise is bound by a Legendary Skill Geas, associated with her Art (Singing) Ability. She acquired it when she took the Hero's Geas (the second power in the Enech Pantheon Purview). Lou regains Legend at double the normal rate, and additionally regains a single point of Legend each time her dedication to improving her singing skills makes her life difficult.

SCION

H E R O



Louise "Lou" MacEthan
Name

Superstar
Calling

Tuatha Dé Danaan
Pantheon

Player

Competitor
Nature

Lugh
God

ATTRIBUTES

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●●●●● □□□□□□□□	Charisma	●●●●●●●● ■□□□□□□□	Perception	●●●●●●●● □□□□□□□□
Dexterity	●●●●●●●● ■□□□□□□□	Manipulation	●●●●●●●● □□□□□□□□	Intelligence	●●●●●●●● □□□□□□□□
Stamina	●●●●●●●● □□□□□□□□	Appearance	●●●●●●●● ■□□□□□□□	Wits	●●●●●●●● ■□□□□□□□

ABILITIES

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Craft	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Melee	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult	●●●●●
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Art (Acting)	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Politics	○○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Art (Singing)	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Presence	●●●●●
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Fortitude	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Awareness	●●●●●	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Integrity	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Brawl	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Investigation	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Command	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Larceny	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Control	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Marksmanship	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	●●●●●	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Thrown	●●●●●

BIRTHRIGHTS

Creature (Cooshie - large Irish wolfhound) 2
Relic (Spear of Lugh) 3
Relic (Cloak Pin - Animal Health and Magic
Purview) 3

WEAPONS

Spear of Lugh - Acc 7, Dmg 5 L, Parry DV 4, Sp 5,
Spear of Lugh, thrown - Acc 7, Dmg 5 L-P, Rng 10,
Spd 6

KNACKS

Blessing of Importance, Cat's
Grace, Center of Attention,
Inspirational Figure, Social
Chameleon, Untouchable Opponent

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

VIRTUES

Courage ●●●●●
Expression ●●●●●
Intellect ●●●●●
Piety ●●●●●

SOAK

A _____ L 2 B 3

ARMOR

None

A _____ L _____ B _____

HEALTH

0 -1 -1 -2 -2 -4 I
□ □ □ □ □ □ □

LEGEND

● ● ● ○ ○ ○
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Legend Points 9

EXPERIENCE

BOONS

Animal Communication (Dog),
Assess Health, Brehon's Eye,
Hero's Greas, Magic 1

Spells: The Unlidded Eye

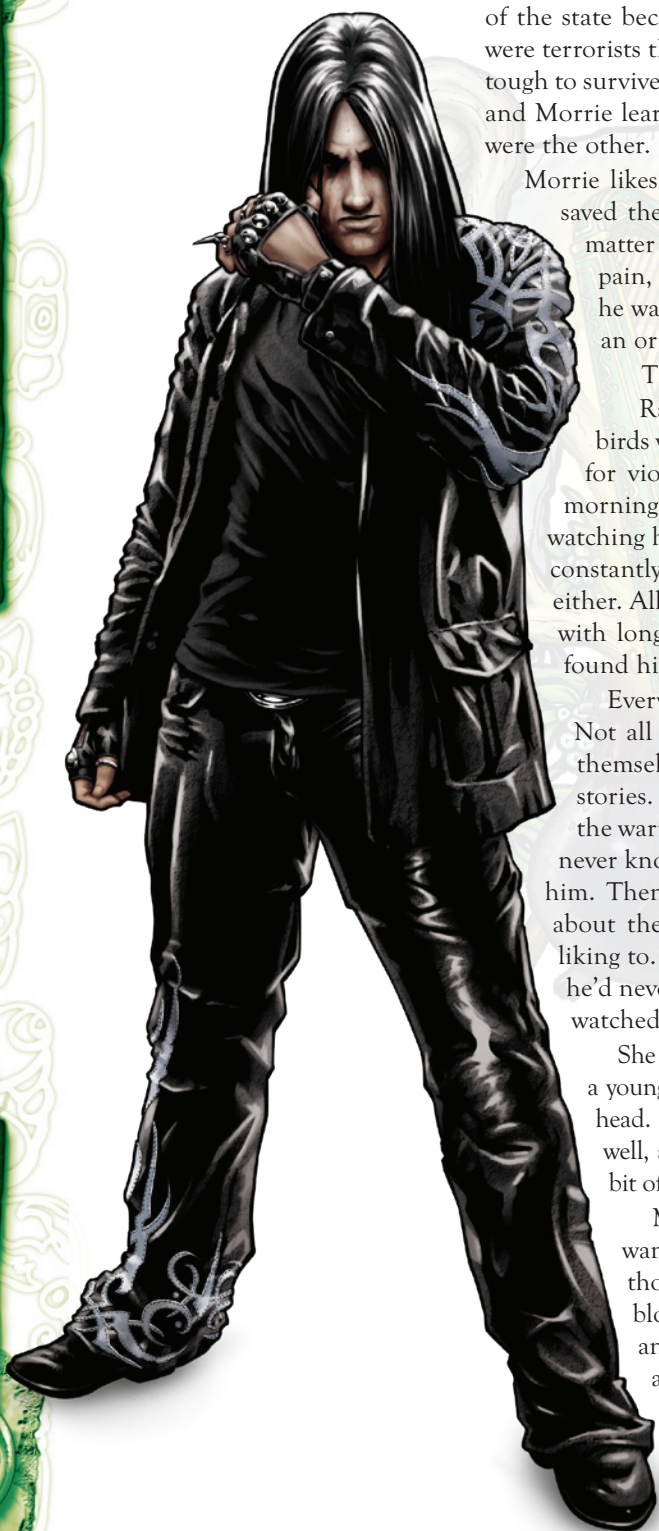
LOUISE
MACETHAN

LOUISE
MACETHAN

MORRIS "MORRIE" CORBIN

SCION OF THE MORRIGAN

MORRIS CORBIN



Morris (who insists that his friends call him "Morrie") has been at this for a while. The Irish have killed one another in the northern parts of the country since before old Patrick brought Christianity to the island. Morrie grew up an orphan, and he knew plenty of kids who were wards of the state because their parents had been killed in terrorist attacks (or were terrorists themselves). State wardships were tough, and you had to be tough to survive them. Most kids in the system are either bullies or victims, and Morrie learned early on that if you weren't one, people assumed you were the other.

Morrie likes to tell people that he was a "heroic bully," the kind that saved the smaller kids from the other bullies. But the truth of the matter was that he was an angry little cuss with a talent for causing pain, and he used it to get his way as often as he could. By the time he was sixteen, he was spending more time in reform school than an orphanage.

That was when the ravens started showing up.

Ravens aren't like other corvids. They're not simply black birds writ big: They're practically raptors in their size and capacity for violence. Something like Morrie himself. He woke up one morning to find a trio of massive ravens perched on his windowsill, watching him like they hoped he was dead. For the next week, he was constantly surrounded by them. He wasn't the only one to notice, either. All the other kids started avoiding him, and he found himself with long bouts of solitude on his hands, long bouts in which he found himself speaking to the ravens.

Everything changed, of course, when they started speaking back. Not all of them, mind – just the three of them who introduced themselves as Nemain, Macha and Babd. They told him strange stories. Old stories at first, about the ancient Phantom Queen and the warriors of Ulster. He recognized the names, certainly, but he'd never known the full extent of the stories until the three ravens told him. Then they told him tales that weren't in any books – stories about the Morrigan and the rough Irish dock worker she took a liking to. About how she stayed with him long enough to know that he'd never be able to raise a boy on his own, and how carefully she'd watched that boy since.

She liked his spirit, the birds said. He was tough and mean, like a young rook himself. He looked like her, they said, black of eye and head. They offered to show him something and led him to the old well, at the bottom of which he found his Birthrights wrapped in a bit of old burlap.

Morrie spent the first several years after his Visitation wandering. He fell in with a variety of biker gangs along the way, though he's always ended up going his own way – his love of bloodshed and violence has made it difficult to remain around anyone, even in such grizzled company as the Hell's Angels and the Pagans. When he achieved his Hero's Geas, this propensity crystallized into a full-on need to seek out skilled combatants and test himself against them.

Late one Samhain night, his mother came to him in her regal aspect as the Phantom Queen. For the first time in his life, Morrie felt something other than belligerence and cussedness — he experienced actual anger. Though she bested him handily, to this day Morrie feels that the most therapeutic thing he's ever done was to attack his divine mother. After she threw him time and again, he admitted that he'd worked it out of his system. They talked long into the cold night about the nature of the World and her expectations of his place in it, and he's wandered ever since as a Demigod, fulfilling that role.

Roleplaying Hints: It's hard not to be jaded about violence when you grew up in the middle of the “Irish troubles” of the latter half of the twentieth century. Morris didn't know anyone who was part of the IRA or anything like that. It might have been better if he had, really — he might have been able to put a face to the tragedy, to personalize it some. He simply grew up with the reality that, at any point, everyone around him might suddenly be dead.

As a result, Morrie himself doesn't hesitate to throw down. On some level, the opportunity to indulge in some sudden ultra-violence is a relief to him. He goes through life with the expectation building in him that everything will go to shit. It makes him jittery and prone to getting drunk. He's most at peace the morning after a big, brutal fight. On those mornings, he almost smiles at his beaten image in the mirror as he tends to his bruises and broken bones.

Birthrights: In the Morrigan's Well, Morrie found a set of biker's leathers marked with intricate white knotwork on one leg and arm (a set of Relic armor that grants a +2 soak above the normal soak of biker leathers). The black fingerless gloves tucked into the pocket of the set act as a Relic granting access to the Chaos Purview, and the small silver raven skull hung on a chain grants access to the Animal and Death Purviews. Shortly after he received his Visitation, Morrie was visited by a bean sídhe named Aithne, who has acted as his Guide and occasional lover ever since.

When he achieved demigodhood, his mother empowered his leathers to better defend him for the tasks she set to him (increasing his Relic-based soak by another +2, for a total of +4), and she gave him the small brooch that calls forth a Flock of the Morrigan.

Geasa: Morrie is bound by his Hero's Geas, which functions as the Legendary Sword geas. Additionally, he and his bean sídhe Guide Aithne are more than simply lovers: they have bound one another's wrists with black ribbon under the Beltane boughs, watched over by a murder of crows. The crows, as a wedding gift, promised that he would find more of them in himself when he called on his crow's blood, but only so long as he held fast to his devotion to Aithne. This functions as a Boon (Animal Aspect) Handfast geas.

Other Notes: When Morrie activates his *riadstrad*, he also activates the following Knacks and Boons at the same time, for a total cost of 12 Legend (+2 Legend/action that Animal Aspects apply): Animal Aspect (Corvids — Dexterity), Animal Aspect (Corvids — Wits), Animal Feature (Corvids), Divine Bound, Untouchable Opponent, Warrior Ideal.

Morrie's use of the Animal Feature Boon is generally used to gain one or more of the following:

- A set of wicked talons (see weapons).
- Hollow bones, which add +3 to his effective (Strength + Athletics) for the purpose of determining how far he can leap.
- Black raven's eyes, granting a +3 bonus to all sight-based Perception rolls.

SCION

DEMIGOD



Morris "Morrie" Corbin
Name

Wandering Troublemaker
Calling

Tuatha Dé Danaan
Pantheon

Player

Cynic
Nature

The Morrigan
God

ATTRIBUTES

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●●○○○○○ ■□□□□□□□□	Charisma	●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□	Perception	●●●●●○○○○○ ■□□□□□□□□
Dexterity	●●●○○○○○○○ ■□□□□□□□□	Manipulation	●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□	Intelligence	●●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□
Stamina	●●●●●○○○○○ ■□□□□□□□□	Appearance	●●●○○○○○○○ ■□□□□□□□□	Wits	●●●●●○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□

ABILITIES

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Craft	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Melee	○○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Art	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Politics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Presence	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Fortitude	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Awareness	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Integrity	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Brawl	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Investigation	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Command	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Larceny	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Control	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Marksmanship	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Thrown	●●○○○

BIRTHRIGHTS

Guide 3 (Aithne, Bean sídhe)

Relic (Silver Raven Skull - Animal and Death Purview) 2

Relic (Black Biker Gloves - Chaos Purview) 1

Relic (Leathers - +4 Soak) 4, Creature 2/

Relic 1 (The Flocks of the Morrigan)

WEAPONS

Unarmed, Heavy - Acc 8, Dmg 8B, Parry DV4, Spd 5

Unarmed, Light - Acc 10, Dmg 5B, Parry DV5, Spd 4

Raven Claws - Acc 10, Dam 7L, Parry DV5, Spd 4

KNACKS

Blinding Vision, Crushing Grip, Damage Conversion,

Devourer, Disfiguring Attack, Divine Bound, Divine

Damage Conversion, Divine Wrath, Holy Bound,

Inner Furnace, Knockback Attack, Knockback Wave,

Monkey Climb, Predatory Focus, Roll With It,

Self-Healing, Supernal Hunter, Untouchable Opponent

BOONS

Animal Aspect (Corvids), Animal Command

(Corvids), Animal Communication (Corvids),

Animal Feature (Corvids), Death Senses,

Enech 1-4, Hornet's Nest, Prophecy 2,

Riastrad, Warrior Ideal

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●●○
□□□□□□□□□□

SOAK

A 3 L 11 B 15

ARMOR

Leathers

A L +4 B +6

EXPERIENCE

VIRTUES

Courage ●●●○○

Expression ●○○○○

Intellect ●●○○○

Piety ●●○○○

LEGEND

●●●●●●●● 36 Legend Points

HEALTH

0	0	0	0	0	-4	I
□	□	□	□	□	□	□
□	□	□	□	□	□	□
□	□	□	□	□	□	□

COSMOLOGY

The cosmology of the Tuatha Dé Danaan is a complex and interwoven one. The interactions between the World, Underworld and Overworld have often been confused in the passing down of mythological and folkloric sources, to say nothing of the kind of conceptual drift that happens over generations.

When the Children of Danu originally came to the World and settled in the land of Eire, they left behind their otherworldly paradise, Tír na nÓg and its four great cities, bringing with them the lesser divinities that would one day come to be called the *aes sidhe*. Eventually, though, the races of men came to Eire with weapons of cold iron, and the Tuatha were impressed with their mettle, their beauty and their love of the Green Isle. They ceded Eire to the Milesians and gave them the land itself while they maintained dominance over what lay beneath it – partially as a means of defending these fragile men from the depredations of the wicked Crom Cruach, the White Worm that lay beneath the ground.

TÍR NA MARBH (UNDERWORLD)

AKA: The Cold Lands, Summer's End

The lands of the Irish dead are a place of autumnal beauty. Mist lies heavily on the ground, occasionally rising up to create fantastic silhouettes in the dying light. The lands themselves seem to vary in climate and season. In some places, it is a deep autumn, with fiery leaves on every branch and the smell of a nearly-ready harvest in the air. In others, it is deep winter, where the wind howls and carries a razor sleet.

But the lands of the Irish dead were not always this way. In truth, Tír na Marbh is not even the proper, ancient name for this place. Rather, Tír na Marbh occupies a portion of the greater realm known as Annwyn, the home of the Welsh dead.

The Secret History of the Underworld

Once, the Irish dead traveled to Mag Mell, the Plain of Joy. Here they lived out their afterlives in peace and prosperity, wanting for nothing. Of course, there was one difficulty – when the fomorians were driven from Eire by the Tuatha, the twisted get of Balor and Cethlenn fled to the Underworld, seeking to follow their creators as best as they might.

Of course, to the dead who dwelt here, the presence of these fomorians was simply the natural order of things. Those spirits who had been warriors in life knew that their defense of their tribe did not end in death.

Indeed, it became more important, for no one could die in Mag Mell. The slavery to and torments of the twisted fomorians could conceivably continue for all of eternity, and that idea was utterly anathema to the freedom-loving dead of the Plain of Joy.

Then, something changed.

The fomorians were not idle in their time in Mag Mell. They were themselves denied the benefits of Mag Mell's immortality, and they were not fools: For each of them that died, there was one less fomorian, so every death was calculated and precise. The Tuatha never really noticed what was going on, noting only that the ghosts of the dead fought the fomorians. If the dead noticed that every one of the fomorians who died did so with a joyful gleam in his eyes and strange markings on his skin, they likely passed it off as simply another mad trait of the twisted monsters who were the enemies of their Gods.

In time, though, this great ritual sacrifice was completed, and something *gave*. A great wintery storm came over Mag Mell, and the dead were terrified, for their Plain of Joy was always on the cusp between spring and summer. When this storm passed, Cethlenn (the mother of fomorians) stood on the Plain of Joy, and the dead were nowhere to be found.

In very short order, things changed. The ritual of the fomorians managed the impossible: It unmoored Mag Mell from the Underworld, cracking the prison of the Titans just enough to allow Cethlenn to escape. Mag Mell itself, cast free, latched onto the pull of the World, becoming one of the first of the *terrae incognitae*. The dead were swept away by the great wintery storm that accompanied that transformation and cast into the Void.

In a panic, the Tuatha called up their allies. While the Morrigan and the other Tuatha associated with the dead traveled into the Void to rescue as many of the Irish ghosts as they could, Danu approached the king of the Welsh afterlife, Gwyn ap Nudd. With her traveled Gwyn ap Nudd's father, Nuada. For nine days and nine nights they spoke behind closed doors in Annwn, the Welsh Underworld; when the doors opened, part of Annwn had already transformed, creating a sanctuary for the Irish dead at Gwyn ap Nudd's command. Once their dead were safely ensconced in this portion of Annwn, which came to be called Tír na Marbh by the ghosts of the Irish tribes, the Tuatha turned their full might and fury to Cethlenn and her get.

For centuries they fought. The Tuatha, though mighty, were hard pressed to match Cethlenn's fury. Her children were seemingly innumerable, and Mag Mell's connections to the World meant that the Tuatha and their *aes sidhe* army had to direct their focus on stopping the fomorians from entering the World as well as trying to destroy them

utterly. Finally, Cethlenn was defeated and bound once more, along with the greater host of her children. She left a gift for those who defeated her, however.

Once the gods realized that they had no idea how to reverse the Titanic magics and shift Mag Mell back to the Underworld, the seeds of Cethlenn's corruption took hold, and those gods who saw the Plain of Joy — now vibrant and uplifting to mortal life — were seized with the desire to claim it for their own. Battles broke out between the Tuatha, the Welsh gods and even the Aesir Gods who saw these lands. Seelie warred with Unseelie aes sídhe over its possession as well, and all might have ended in tragedy were it not for Manannán mac Lir's calm head and wisdom. He bade the gods on the field of battle to pluck the maggots from their brains. To their surprise, they found just that squirming about in their heads.

Manannán promised to hold Mag Mell for all the gods who had any kind of claim to that land, swearing that any of them might take it. He bade Danu to bind him by a geas to that effect, and she did so, proud of his wisdom and clarity. (The rest of the story of Mag Mell is told on p. 116 of *Scion: Demigod*.)

Over time, Tír na Marbh has grown into a strange, dark reflection of Tír na nÓg. Like the great Overworld realm of the Tuatha, the lands of the dead can be divided into four parts, with a single great royal palace in the center. In the case of Tír na Marbh, the Veiled Court (the seat of the Unseelie aes sídhe) sits in the center, surrounded by the four areas, each of which is home to three of the Tribes of the Dead.

The Veiled Court

The Veiled Court is a great Irish *dun*-style keep crafted of black stone and open to the elements. The walls are manned by the sluagh sídhe, the shadowy ghosts of the dead claimed by the Unseelie as their servants. In the center of the court sits the Samhain Seat, a great blackthorn tree that has twisted and shaped itself into the rough approximation of a throne. In this tree, ravens perch eternally and watch what goes on there on behalf of their mistress, the Morrigan, who claims this seat as her own.

Her seneschal is an Unseelie aes sídhe of great power called the Queen of Air and Darkness. Though the Queen of Air and Darkness was once the bean sídhe responsible for keening the deaths of the Irish royal family, that line has long since died out as a cogent entity, and she wears a long black mourning veil for all eternity.

All spirits that come to Tír na Marbh come first to the Veiled Court, whose scholars and heralds declare the destination of those dead into one of the Twelve Tribes of the Dead.

The Twelve Tribes of the Dead

All spirits that come to these lands appear first in the Veiled Court and are then sent to one of the Tribes. The four lands have no names, by compact with Gwyn ap Nudd — he will not tolerate the Irish dead laying claim to Annwn.

Each of the lands has three tribes: a tribe of the Mad, a tribe of the Ancient Dead and a tribe of the Modern Dead. The tribes of the Mad are all made up of ghosts that once resided in Mag Mell and are among those retrieved from the Void. All of them have been driven inexorably insane, and they are terrible, savage creatures who eat the ghostly flesh of anyone they catch, painting themselves in the pale fluids they render from those unfortunates souls.

The tribes of the Ancient Dead are made up of the ghosts of those who died before the coming of Christianity to Ireland, but after the establishment of Tír na Marbh. These men and women are the most like the tribes of ancient Ireland and are careful to welcome visitors appropriately, often going out of their way to save them from the hunting parties of the Mad and guide them to their final destinations. Their bards sing ancient songs long forgotten in the World, and their druids are wise in the ways of the dead.

The final tribes are made of up those Irish who died after the time of Pádraig (St. Patrick), who brought Christianity to the isle. These tribes are often the smallest of the tribes, for the Virtues of the Tuatha were not the Virtues of the White Christ. Rare was the man or woman that embodied those Virtues and reverence of the Tuatha sufficiently to come here after death. Still, the population of these tribes is made up of people who refused to adhere to Christianity. These people either carried forth a family tradition strongly wrapped up in reverence of Ireland itself and the various spirits of that land or perhaps venerated one or more of the Irish saints — many of which were simply new names for old Tuatha Dé Danaan — more than was technically appropriate.

Passages to Tír na Marbh

Passage into Tír na Marbh is a difficult thing to accomplish most of the time. The following methods are used to pass into the lands of the Irish dead.

Tombs and Funerary Architecture: The funerary barrows of Ireland provide access to Tír na Marbh. A creature of sufficient Legend that enters into one of these barrows at night and spends a point of Legend finds himself in one of the subterranean caverns beneath the Veiled Court, welcomed by one of the sluagh sídhe.

Natural Features: Ireland is criss-crossed with sídhe, the strangely round “hollow hills” that Irish

folklore warns are the abode of fairies. Created by the Fir Bolg, these hills do not register as hollow to any mortal methods of examination, nor can their doorways be found. But to creatures of Legend, these mounds reveal their secrets to those who know what to look for.

These *sidhe* are more than simply hollow mounds, however: They are the passages into the Otherworld. From Samhain to Beltaine (approximately the first of November to the first of May), when the Unseelie are given power in the World, a *sidhe* acts as a means of entering the Underworld. However, from Beltaine to Samhain, when the Seelie are given power in the World, a *sidhe* acts as an Axis Mundi into the Overworld of Tír na nÓg (see below for more details). Regardless of where a given *sidhe* would take one, however, they only function during the nighttime hours or during dawn and dusk.

Rituals: The funerary rites of ancient Ireland are not truly known any longer, having been replaced utterly by Christian rites. Such rituals must be researched, as detailed on p. 144 of *Scion: Demigod*.

Times: The veil is parted between the World and Tír na Marbh on Samhain night, the night of October 31st. It remains easy to pass between the worlds from that night until November 2nd, during the nighttime only.

TÍR NA NÓG

The great lands of Tír na nÓg act as the Overworld for the Tuatha Dé Danaan. At the center of this land is the Eternal Orchard, the grove that acts as the court for the *aes sidhe* of the Seelie. This great apple orchard sits on a mist-surrounded island in the middle of a great body of water, from which four rivers flow in the cardinal directions.

These rivers gradually widen as they flow outward, eventually opening so much that their edges meet and completely surround the whole of Tír na nÓg in a great body of clockwise-flowing water.

At their widest, these rivers have a massive island in the middle of their flow, at the very edges of this Overworld. On these islands sit the four Noble Cities of Tír na nÓg: Falias the Great sits in the River of the Boar to the north, Gorias the Shining is surrounded by the River of the Hawk to the east, Finias the Glorious sits in the River of the Stag in the south, and Murias the Rich is in the River of the Salmon in the west.

Though the Gods maintain their halls within the great cities, the cities themselves — populated by the *aes sidhe* and the servants of the greater Tuatha — are watched over by ancient druids chosen from the wisest of the *aes sidhe* priest-savants. Even the Tuatha do not know as much about the cities as these druids, and they often serve as advisors and friends for the Tuatha that make their homes in these cities.

Falias the Great

Falias the Great is a city of ice-green spires touched by frost. White ravens fly among the snapping banners, and the only light that touches it comes from the pale twilight stars above. Dawn in Falias is heralded by the brilliant display of an aurora in the sky.

The druid Morfessa is the regent of Falias. He is an ancient, bearded *aes sidhe* clad in robes of a brilliant white color that reflect the hues in the world around him. A raven sits on his shoulder, perfectly white in color with pale-green eyes, and the two often whisper to one another. He wears a diadem of pale silver on his brow set with a gemstone that is the Morning Star.

Gorias the Shining

Gorias the Shining sits in the east, a city of tall opalescent towers touched with gold accents. In Gorias can be found all the colors of the dawn — sweet dusky gold, the shimmering of rose and ghostly violets. Gorias' natural lighting is veiled and misty, the light of the early morning, and beautiful gold hawks are everywhere.

The druid-smith Esras acts as Regent to the city, though one wouldn't know it to look at him. He is an older *aes sidhe*, with a close-cropped beard and head of hair that are both salt and peppered, with small singed spots from his work at the forge. His forge overlooks the square where the Silent Hero stands. He wears a simple woolen kilt and a leather apron appropriate to his work.

Finias the Glorious

Finias the Glorious sits in the south. Its tall elegant towers of silver, brass and white marble are illuminated all hours of the days and night by the white-hot fires of the summer sun. The night in Finias is short, and the horizon on all sides is touched with a deep red glow, as though great flames burnt just over the hills, waiting to spring up at a moment's notice.

The fair-haired druid-poet Uscias acts as Regent for Finias. He is a veritable priest of the *imbas*, and those who come near him cannot help but feel their own creative urges rise. He is a fair, youthful looking *aes sidhe*, with long blonde-white hair and a smooth face. He wears brilliant colors, and a torc of bronze and silver to denote his status in the city.

Murias the Rich

The regal city of Murias the Rich stands in the west. Its towers are crafted of a deep blue stone, with accents of silver-shot white marble. Twilight reigns in Murias, and the lingering light of dusk is found here. Murias is also called the Sunken City, for it appears

as though its streets are under deep water. In truth, though, Murias is a city with streets of water, and the *aes sídhe* who dwell here pole through its streets in sleek, swan-like white boats.

The healer Senias acts as Regent-druid of Murias. A gentle, bearded *aes sídhe* with hair the color of chestnut, he dresses in simple dark green robes, with a simple torc of bronze and mother-of-pearl his only ornamentation.

The Eternal Orchard

In the center of Tír na nÓg, acting as the wellspring from which the waters of the Otherworld flow, is the Eternal Orchard. A massive grove of apple and oak trees, the Eternal Orchard is home to the *aes sídhe* of the Seelie Court. In its center on a small hill grows a pair of massive trees, one oak and one apple. These two trees have twisted together like a pair of lovers and grown into the shape of a throne. Though this is traditionally called the Throne of Brigid, it is offered to any of the Tuatha Dé Danaan who visit here. At the foot of the throne sits a great well, which any of the Tuatha might use to command a view of anyplace in Tír na nÓg.

The Herald of Spring and Summer acts as the regent for the Eternal Orchard in the absence of any of the Tuatha. He is an ancient *aes sídhe*, a godling in his own right, though not one that has ever traveled to the World. He is incredibly fair to gaze on, and his bright singing voice is the pride of the Eternal Orchard.

Axis Mundi: The Sídhe

The hollow hills of the Good Neighbors, the *sídhe* are the Worldly reflections of the hills upon which both the Eternal Orchard and the Veiled Court are built. There is a season for each, though — from Samhain to Beltaine, a *sídhe* acts as a passage into the Underworld, because the World is given over to the Unseelie to rule in the dark half of the year. From Beltaine to Samhain, however, the same hollow hill serves as passage to Tír na nÓg, granting passage to those who know how to find such things — or are led there by others — to the Land of Youth.

These hills are cunningly constructed by the Fir Bolg, who use their affinity with earth to create luxurious halls that are bigger within than without. Each of these *sídhe* are given to a lord of the *aes sídhe* and his vassals to use as their home while they are within the World. More importantly, though, anyone entering the doorway at night may spend a point of Legend to travel to the Underworld (if it is between the first of November and the first of May) or to the Overworld (if it is between the first of May and the first of November). This is, of course, assuming that the individual in question has the potency to do so, as detailed in **Scion: Demigod** and **Scion: God**.

THE HALLOWS OF IRELAND AS AXES MUNDI

The four great treasures that the Tuatha Dé Danaan brought to Ireland with them from the Four Great Cities are more than simply tokens or pieces of regalia. They are, in a very real way, part of those four great cities. Each of these Relics is also a miniature Axis Mundi tied not to Tír na nÓg as a whole, but to the city from which it was taken: the Lia Fáil is from Falias, the Spear Luin is from Gorias, the Cláíomh Solais is from Finias and the Undry Cauldron is from Murias.

Any god or other creature of appropriate Legend capable of using an Axis Mundi may utilize one of these items. By placing it upon the ground and spending a point of Legend, they are transported to the appropriate city in question. The one so wielding that Relic may choose to take the Relic with him, in which case he must return via one of the normal *sídhe* Axes Mundi of Tír na nÓg. He may also leave the Relic in the World, which will allow him to travel from his destination city back to the World where his Relic is. Of course, doing so means leaving the Relic behind in the World, always a decision of some careful consideration.

TITAN: CROM CRUACH — EARTH

AKA: Most Foul, The Maggot God, The White Worm, The Great Maggot

To the Tuatha and their children, Crom Cruach is everything ill and foul in the world. In many ways, he represents the polar opposite of the Tuatha: He is the World in winter, the earth as a place of death and stagnation without any life save that which promotes rot. This Titan is the madness of the dark and of isolation, a place in which all that is bright is extinguished and made soiled. The Morrigan's wintery aspects are of fertility past its prime or the points in time between cycles of fecundity; the barrenness of Crom Cruach, on the other hand, is all-encompassing and eternal.

Crom Cruach is called the Maggot God because the creeping, squirming things beneath the earth are born of him. The old tribes were cautious when digging in the earth because they knew that, if they dug deep enough, they would find the pale whiteness of Crom Cruach waiting there. Though Crom Cruach is a fallow force, he has many servants. These are not birthed in the way that other Titans create their spawn. Crom Cruach prefers to corrupt where he can, sucking away fecundity and creativity the way a sponge soaks up water and leaving only dry hate and contempt for the living things.

Now that the great Crom Cruach is no longer imprisoned in the deep places of the Underworld, he has risen and laid siege to Tír na nÓg. His terrible bulk stinks of caustic, chemical fumes antithetical to growing things. The very soil becomes sandy and chalky and produces only horrors that hate the Children of Danu.

Favored Purviews: Animal (Worm-like Creatures), Darkness, Death, Earth, Frost (see **Scion: Ragnarök** for more information, or ignore this Purview)

Banned Purviews: Health, Sun

PROMINENT FEATURES

The inner expanses of the Great Maggot are dark and claustrophobic. The air hangs heavy with some kind of chalky sediment, which lines the throat and lungs of those who breathe the stuff for months afterwards. Water is nowhere to be found; it soaks into the strange, dry silt of Crom Cruach's innards almost immediately, leaving no trace of its existence. Unlike many of the other Titans, Crom Cruach does not have discernable locations within its expanses — such things bespeak a desire for self-expression and identity that the Great Maggot does not possess. To Crom Cruach,

THE MATHEAN TEMPLATE

All creatures that dwell within the vast chalky expanses of Crom Cruach possess this template, which derives its name from the old Gaelic word for maggot, *mathe*. Creatures with this template are innately venomous, and though this venom may be delivered by bites or blades, it acts as Titanspawn Venom (Tolerance —, Damage 6L/action, Toxicity 3, Penalty -5).

Additionally, the flesh of such creatures is partially calcified, lending to the development of strangely callused portions that are insensate and tough. This negates all wound penalties and other penalties associated with pain, for such creatures are wholly numb and without feeling. Because they are very nearly all mad (many of them having literal maggots crawling in the soft meat of their brains), they are also immune to powers that inflict insanity on them.

Finally, when killed, creatures with this template collapse in on themselves, quickly drying out and portions of their bodies turning into a fine talc-like powder that explodes outwards with the creature's death throes. This causes a terrible choking sensation that acts as environmental damage (Mathean Death Cloud: Damage 5L/action, Trauma 3). These clouds linger and inflict damage for a number of actions equal to the creature's Legend.

Mathean creatures are immune to Boons from the Death Purview deployed by beings with lower Legend ratings. Attacks based on the Health and Sun Purviews, however, are considered to have the Piercing quality.

there is only dissolution. The Tuatha believe that Crom Cruach will not rest until it has crushed all things into rot and decay. Only then will it be content to cease moving and die itself.

Even now, Crom Cruach brings ruin to Tír na nÓg. A great circle of rotted vegetation surrounds the outer edges of the Land of the Young, and that circle occasionally bulges with tumor-like hills of white chalk. From out of these cancerous carbuncles tear titanspawn horrors and nemean centipedes, worms and other vile things, all intent on feasting on the verdant land. Crom Cruach has completely encircled the Overworld of the Tuatha Dé Danaan, and they fear that he burrows beneath them as well. The armies of the aes sídhe rally strongly, battling the hordes of fomorians that rise from the expanses of Crom Cruach's belly. Every fomorian foot that steps onto the Blessed Land does so at dear cost, but the Children of Danu cannot miss the fact that the foul creatures pay that cost gladly and often.

Sample Passages

The easiest way to travel into the belly of Crom Cruach is by digging into the rotted ground at the edges of Tír na nÓg. Eventually, the ground beneath the digger collapses and gives way, dumping the traveler deep into the stinking expanses of the White Worm.

In the World, a number of barrows on the British Isles are close enough to the chalk layer and riddled with sufficient rot that they serve as passages to Crom Cruach. A traveler of sufficient Legend may enter such a barrow and seal the passage behind him. When the darkness surrounding him begins to stink with a chemical acidness, he has come into the gullet of Crom Cruach.

The body of Terra touches on the expanses of the White Worm as well, and delving into caverns and barrows in Terra's form can lead to the worm-riddled caverns of Crom Cruach's body-realm.

CETHLENN

AKA: The Bane of the Dagda, She Whose Womb Is The Tomb

The Bane of the Dagda and the mother of fomorians, Cethlenn is the foremost aspect of Crom Cruach. Once, though, Crom Cruach also boasted a great champion: the one-eyed Balor, father of fomorians. Together, Balor and Cethlenn ruled the lands of the Green Isle. But Cethlenn is a prophetess of great insight, and she foresaw the coming of the Tuatha Dé Danaan and her husband's defeat at their hands. Still, she did not hesitate when the time came to raise her children-tribe against the fair Tuatha: So proud is the hideous Cethlenn that she would defy even Fate before she succumbed to another force. In that battle, she lost her husband but also struck the Dagda a terrible blow.

With the death of Balor, all that Cethlenn loved has been destroyed. The World holds only cold hate for her now; her children, the fomorians, are merely bitter reminders of what she has lost. Cethlenn would like nothing more than to see Eire sink beneath the waves, and if it can be done by her own hand then so much the better. She is the mother of stillbirths and a creature of rage and jealousy that will not hesitate to cast all of her children into death.

Cethlenn is still served by the fomorian tribes and by her handmaiden, the Cailleach. She also takes great joy in twisting normal creatures — particularly hounds, cattle, swans, ravens and other creatures blessed by the Tuatha — into outright horrors. From the clammy depths of her loins, she can produce fat, white grubs the size of a man's thumb. These things she bids her servants to spread among the foods of such animals.

Once the animals eat the grubs, one in three will be driven mad. They will frenzy, killing and eating one of their own or a nearby human being. When this happens, the affected animal twists and warps, becoming horrible versions of themselves, driven mad by maggots infesting their brains. The other two in three simply go mad, suffering from a species-specific, highly infectious version of mad cow disease.

Cethlenn appears as a hag-like woman, though she is tall of frame and not stooped in the least. Her lined face causes nightmares in those who gaze upon it, and her gray eyes reflect the fear of mortality that haunts men and Gods alike. She is dressed in black, tattered mourning clothing, and her chalk-white skin is bruised by patches of frostbitten flesh.

The Cailleach

The Winter Hag is Cethlenn's handmaiden and foremost servant. Where the mother of fomorians appears as an ancient regal queen, the Cailleach is nothing more than a crooked, twisted hag. The Cailleach's iron-gray hair hangs down in brittle strands, obscuring her face. Her hands are tipped in vicious blue-black cracked talons, and what teeth she has left are terrible fangs made of yellowed ice (which cause her breath to steam in all temperatures as though she were in the middle of a winter gale).

Though her mistress has long been imprisoned with the other Titans, the Tuatha never managed to capture the canny Cailleach. For centuries, she has plagued the Children of Danu and all they hold dear from her terra incognita caverns (accessed from Ceann na Cailleach, or the Hag's Head, which are the southernmost tip of the Cliffs of Moher in County Clare, Ireland).

As autumn fades into winter, she can be found in the waters of the Strait of Corryreckan, between the islands of Jura and Scaraba off the west coast of Scotland. There she creates a terrible tempest that results in a whirlpool from which Corryreckann (meaning "cauldron of the plaid") gets its name. In these frigid, swirling waters, she washes her plaid, which is dirtied with the soil and rains of the previous seasons. By the third day, when the whirlpool calms, her plaid is pure white, and winter truly begins.

The Cailleach bears a staff of old white wood, veined with cracks into which water has frozen. The touch of this staff can cause frost to form on whatever it strikes. She wears a cloak of white fox and wolf fur around her shoulders and a white plaid (a simple woven hip-garment, rather than something in the cross-lined design) around her hips.

Attributes: Str 7, Dex 5, Sta 8; Cha 2, Man 5, App 8; Per 4, Int 5, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 5, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 3

Abilities: Animal Ken 3, Athletics 4, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 4, Empathy 3, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 3, Melee 5, Occult 5, Presence 3, Stealth 4

Supernatural Powers:

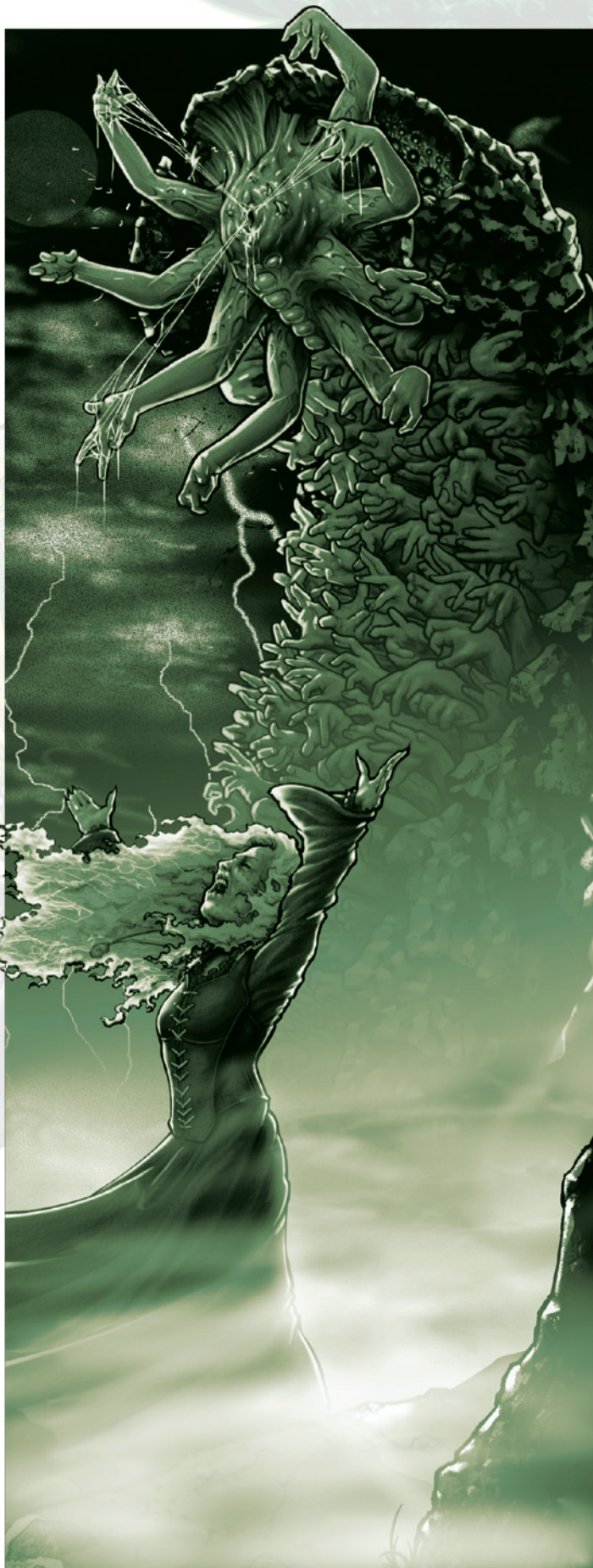
Boons: Animal Aspect (Worms — Strength, Stamina), Animal Command (Worms), Animal Communication (Worms), Animal Feature (Worms), *Blizzard Call**, *Chill the Blood**, Create Animal, Death Senses, Earth Armor, Earth Body, Earth Travel, Echo Sounding, Enech 7, *Frost Immunity**, *Frozen Panoply**, Landslide, *Hrimthurssar's Touch**, Mother's Touch, Night Eyes, Prophecy 7, Safely Interred, Shadow Mask, Shadow Step, Shadow Shroud, Shaping, Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation, Summon Ghost, *Uller's Stride**, Wind's Freedom, Wind Grapple, Winter's Mercy

(Note that Boons marked with an asterisk (*) are from the Frost Purview; see **Scion: Ragnarök** for more details.)

Corrupt Creations: When Cethlenn uses her Create Animal boon to create worms or grubs, the resultant vermin can warp any normal animal of special significance to the Tuatha Dé Danaan who consume them, as described above.

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 5 (Crushing Grip, Divine Rampage, Holy Rampage, Knockback Attack, Uplifting Might), Epic Dexterity 3 (Escape Artist, Lightning Sprinter, Untouchable Opponent), Epic Stamina 7 (Body Armor, Damage Conversion, Devourer, Divine Damage Conversion, Holy Fortitude, Impenetrable, Inner Furnace, Internal Refinery, Regeneration, Self-Healing, Skin-Shedding), Epic Appearance 5 (Center of Attention, Compelling Presence, Dreadful Mein, Lasting Impression, My Eyes Are Up Here, Serpent's Gaze), Epic Wits 3 (Eternal Vigilance, Meditative Focus, Opening Gambit)

Mathean Template: See "The Mathean Template" sidebar, p. 37.



Spells: The Cailleach has all spells of a rating of seven dots or lower.

Join Battle: 10

Attacks:

Claws: Accuracy 11, Damage 11L, Parry DV 10, Speed 4

Clinch: Accuracy 11, Damage 7B, Parry DV —, Speed 6

The White Cracked Staff: Accuracy 12, Damage 14B, Parry DV 11, Speed 5

Soak: 7A/28L/32B, or 11A/36L/40B with the Body Armor and Impenetrable Knacks activated

Health Levels: -0 x45/Incap.

Dodge DV: 13, **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 8, **Legend Points:** 64

Other Notes: The Cailleach normally uses her Animal Feature Boon to gain a +1L/+3B soak, gaining the white, sloughing, rubberyskin of a worm. Through the Assumption of the Land Boon (part of the Enech Purview), the Cailleach has sensed the dinsenschas of several of the sites associated with her, most notably the Ceann na Cailleach, Mt. Ben Cruachan and the Strait of Corryvreckan.

Trophy: If killed, the Cailleach's possessions might be claimed by those who manage such a feat. Her white fur mantle acts to grant access to the Animal (Worms), Death and Sky Purviews, as well as adding +2 to bashing and lethal soaks (though it is not itself armor and can thus be worn with other pieces of armor). The White Cracked Staff grants access to the Earth and Frost Purviews and has the following traits: Accuracy +2, Damage +7B, Parry DV +3, Speed 5

Fomorians

The sons of Balor and Cethlenn, the fomorians are a great race born to a land covered with putrid mud and rotting flesh — the lands of Ireland following the Great Flood. These children of pestilence are warped and twisted, though incredibly strong. They all stand at least seven feet in height and are hideously ugly.

At least, most of them are monstrous in visage. Occasionally, fomorians may produce a child of shining beauty. Such children, referred to as “bright ones,” are invariably the nobility of fomorians, leading their brethren in all things. They are usually quite clever and charming, and many lesser fomorians can't help but wish to do as they command.

Traits: Fomorians possess typical characteristics of the giant template, except that they always have Epic Appearance, with a focus on their hideous features. Their nobility, the so-called “bright ones,” possess typical characteristics of the elder giant template, except that they always have Epic Appearance, with a focus instead on their otherworldly beauty. In all cases, fomorians always choose My Eyes Are Up Here as their first Appearance Knack, allowing them to effectively conceal their otherworldly nature for a time when they move among mortals.

Trophy: As per the giant or elder giant templates, as appropriate.

CROM DUBH

The father of the Fir Bolg is a terrible, broken creature. Dirt-brown skin, a mouth full of rotten, jagged teeth and black rheumy eyes sunk into a skull made of jagged protrusions, he looks like a tremendously tall, humpbacked old man. Of course, this belies the truly deadly strength and horror that is the Crook'd One, Crom Dubh.

In ancient days, Crom Dubh created the Fir Bolg by mixing his blood with the soil of the earth. He rolled the resultant mud into little balls and baked them in the fires under the earth until they cracked open like eggs. Thus, the first of the Fir Bolg was hatched. The Fir Bolg have always regarded their “little bent father” with respect and fondness, even though they no longer serve him.

Unfortunately, Crom Dubh does not see it the same way. He hates that they turned from worshiping him to the fair Tuatha, but he does not blame his wayward children. To him, they are simply creatures — little mud-toys, in fact — and they don't know any better. He reserves his fury for the Tuatha Dé Danaan and the aes sídhe, working against them where he may. Indeed, some legends of the aes sídhe tell that it was Crom Dubh who plucked bones of iron from his body and buried them beneath the earth, poisoning all earthly iron against the aes sídhe.

Creatures

Crom Dubh delights in doing to the Tuatha what the Tuatha did to him: stealing their children. Of all the avatars of Crom Cruach, Crom Dubh is the most likely to lure Scions away from service to the Tuatha. His first and foremost servant in the World is a Scion of Danu named Fodla. Fodla is a maternal woman, rounded at the hip and breast, who he won to his side because of her bitterness against her mother for abandoning her. Fodla believes that the Gods are negligent parents (at best) and knows that many Scions feel the way she does: cast aside, forgotten and alone. Quite skilled with Epic Manipulation, Fodla knows how best to find what it is that bothers Scions about their relationships with their divine parents, and she plays on those doubts. More than one Scion has been lured into her nets to suddenly find themselves working for Crom Cruach against the Tuatha Dé Danaan.

Crom Cruach also uses more than a few nemean creatures, particularly the underground and muck-dwelling types. Occasionally, he will also find a way to unleash such a creature from within Crom Cruach — the World is rarely ready to face off against an albino, nemean lizard.