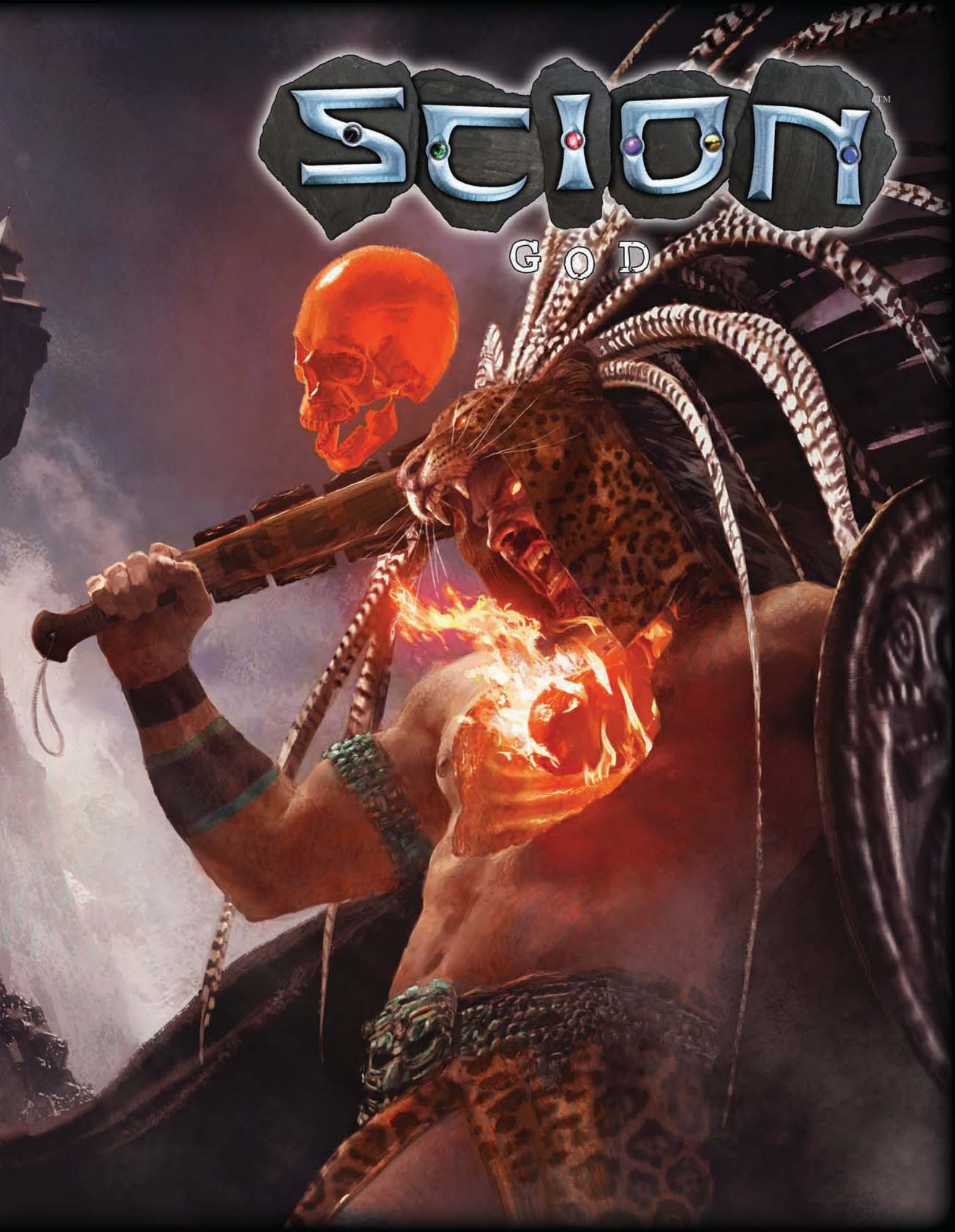


SECTION

G O D



OUTRIFUL CHILDREN

GESTURES

The young Goddess going by the name Black Water reclined in her father's sitting room on a cushion of oyster-flesh in a shell the size of a tasteful sofa. She sipped green tea from a whalebone cup, sucking the drink across the pressure differential that held the hot beverage within the container. A supple byssus layer on the bottom of the cup clung to the delicate saucer when Black Water brought them together, and another layer on the bottom of the saucer held both dishes to the glass-topped table when she set them down. Within the table was trapped a pocket of fresh air, and within that pocket burned lines of magical fire. The lines imitated brushstrokes that formed the kanji for the master of the house, impetuous Susano-o. The fires would burn eternally, never dimming and never eating the fresh air in their container. They lit up the sitting room with a warm, cozy glow. Black Water wished only that the fire's glow could warm this place so far beneath the waves. Neither the ocean's crushing grip nor its impenetrable chill bothered her, but a fire's cozy warmth never went amiss when one enjoyed time at home with family.

"More tea?" Black Water's mother, Sakura, asked. She sat up from her own oyster-shell couch and peeled the teapot off the tabletop. She held it over Black Water's cup, her pale fingertips ready atop the rubber-sealed plunger. "Is it cold?"

"No, Mother," Black Water said. She smiled. "I have plenty, thank you."

"Do you need more honey?" Sakura half stood, aiming herself toward the kitchen. "I still have some packets left over from those cases your friend had delivered."

"I have plenty," Black Water said, her smile growing wider, wilder. She tapped the rim of her cup and murmured conspiratorially, "I have plenty here, plenty in my home on land, plenty in Takamagahara, and waiters all but throwing it at me in my favorite restaurants. Honestly, I think I'll never need to reach for another packet of honey again."

Sakura stopped and turned back toward her daughter. "I see. And your friend made all that happen?"

Black Water nodded.

"He must be quite fond of you."

Black Water's head tilted, and she breathed out a small, wistful sigh.

"I don't think so, Mother," she said. "We haven't spoken in a long time. Not since... since the trouble in Atlantis, I think"

"Did you part badly?"

"No. No worse than any other time. But we never made arrangements to keep in touch. We spoke with consequence so rarely to begin with. It would have been awkward for both of us."

"So why the honey?" Sakura came back across the sitting room and sat beside her daughter. "I've wondered ever since that girl with the fish tail came here with all those boxes."

Black Water thought over her response. She pulled her teacup loose from its saucer, raised it and let it go. It hung at perfectly neutral buoyancy, spinning like a prayer wheel when she tapped its side.

"It was a gesture of gratitude," she told her mother. "Donnie always preferred to make strange, large gestures instead of saying simple things."

"Ah," Sakura said. "Americans. Sometimes they don't seem to understand anything."

Black Water smiled once more, though the smile didn't reach her eyes. "Never the right ones."

A long, quiet moment passed. Black Water toyed with her teacup, setting it spinning then letting it roll down the back of her hand. She hadn't been one to fidget before she'd left home, but then she'd never been quite so busy as she was these days. Moments when she could sit with her mother in this underwater palace were rare and precious. Unfortunately, when



those moments came—squeezed between the last World-shaking assignment and the inevitable next one—stillness was in short supply. Black Water was restless in body and spirit. It didn't help that she could feel her mother's tension through the woman's slim frame beside her on the half-shell couch. Sakura's fingers lifted from their prim fold on her lap and inched toward Black Water's own knee as if to pat her reassuringly. But then the sheer audacity of such a gesture, of a mortal thinking to touch a God's flesh and bestow comfort, interposed itself between the two of them and sensible order was restored. Rather, the semblance of order, as both women sat together fidgeting and saying nothing to one another.

"You know," Sakura said at last, "I thought I was so clever the day I realized how much you liked honey as a little girl. You never actually spoke about such things." She looked at the sandy floor and drew a line across it with the end of her split-toed sock. The hem of her dress followed sluggishly. "Do you remember?"

Black Water looked back into the past—before Sakura had vanished, before Susano-o had claimed them both. The warmth that had been guttering inside her flared once again, lighting her eyes with mirth. "I do," she said. "I thought I was even more clever, I remember, when I said, 'So Zatoichi can see after all.'"

"And we giggled like two children."

"We had to leave the lunch counter," Black Water said. "They said you were letting me behave too badly to be out in public. Remember what they said?"

"You were snorting like a barbarian," Sakura supplied. "The man behind the counter called you a little piggy *iteki*."

Black Water chuckled at the memory. Then, for no better reason than she needed to hear her mother laugh, she put her teacup over the end of her nose like a pig's snout and snorted three times. She'd done it at the lunch counter all those years ago when the cook had gotten onto her for misbehaving,

and it had driven the younger Sakura into hysterics. This time, the magic wasn't quite as potent as it had been once upon a time. Black Water looked at her mother and found her mother staring in wide-eyed, open-mouthed astonishment.

"Oink?"

That did it. The dam burst, and Sakura was young again, crowing and laughing and even snorting, all decorum abandoned. Her cheeks burned red with embarrassment, and the house kami slid open the seaweed-paper screens to investigate the commotion. She collapsed against her daughter, who laughed just as hard, and they clung to each other howling as neither of them had done since that day all those years ago. When the house kami were satisfied that no one was being butchered alive, they retreated to give the women some privacy.

By degrees the women calmed down and lay back in their broad pink cushion, looking up at the polished coral of the ceiling. They breathed heavily, drained, and said nothing for a while. Finally Black Water spoke.

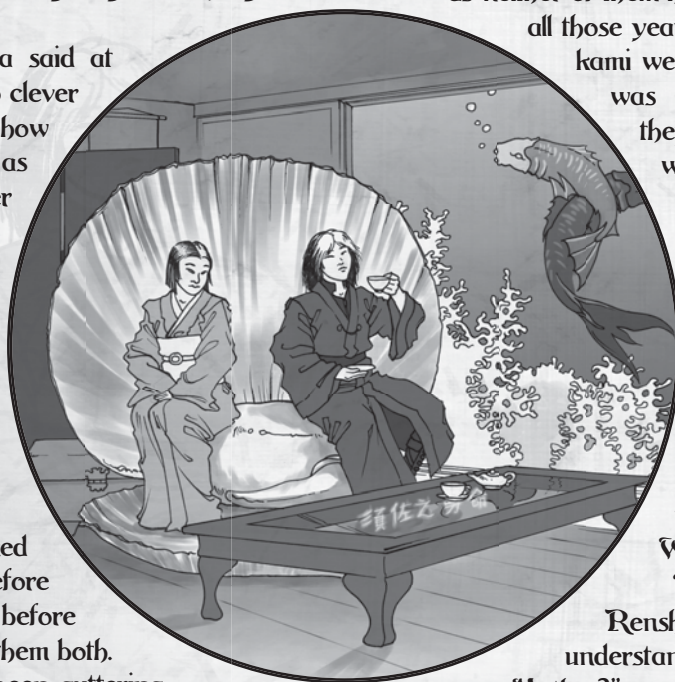
"I suppose Mister Renshoburo didn't really understand us either, did he, Mother?"

"You still remember his name," Sakura mused, impressed. "No, I suppose he didn't." She took a deep breath. "But he didn't make us leave because we were misbehaving, that was just a convenient excuse. I'm afraid I wasn't very popular in Shirahama."

"I know," Black Water said. "I remember."

"I miss those days when you were little," Sakura said. "I live in a palace now with servants always underfoot. I can look out a window and see wonders no woman on land could ever dream of. I live in the home of Susano-o himself. But still those years when you were little—when you were the little snowflake in my pocket—those were the best years of my life. I miss them. I miss... I missed so much."

Black Water could think of nothing to say. She rolled on her side and put one arm across her mother's body. Sakura clung to it with both



hands, and in that gesture, all that ever needed to be said between them was said. They could taste each other's tears in the water, and each one said more than a thousand poems. That moment sewed the perfect past together with the uncertain future, and in it, stillness and clarity enveloped them. The moment couldn't last, but it was enough to sustain them for now.

"Daughter!" a gruff voice called out from across the sitting room. "Daughter, you have a job to do. Where are you?"

Black Water kissed her mother on the cheek and sat up on the couch. Opposite her, the ancient tsurugi sword known as the Kusanagi rose from among Black Water's belongings and floated point-down. Coiled protectively around the blade was the weapon's familiar old kami, a spirit-serpent with eight heads and eight tails. Seven of the kami's heads bobbed and wove among each other, tasting their surroundings with their forked tongues. The eighth head stood straight and perfectly still in the center of the other seven, and it wore no serpent's face. Instead, its face was that of Black Water's father, Susano-o.

"Snap to it, daughter!" he said. "I haven't got all day."

"Where are you?" Black Water asked out of old cell-phone reflex.

"Never mind that now!" her father thundered. "I've got a job for you, and time's wasting. A friend of mine lost something very important to him. He's tired of looking for it himself, so he's called in an old marker I owe him. Understand?"

Black Water looked back at her mother, who sat up and showed her a look of infinite patience. "I have one question first..."

"Make it quick! I have an important engagement in Soku-no-Kumi to get to!"

"If this is your debt your old friend is calling in, why am I—"

"Time grows short!" Susano-o cut in, his eyes darting straight into his confabulation zone. "Don't worry, the Kusanagi's kami knows where to take you. Do this well. I'm counting on you."

With that, Susano-o's visage disappeared, and the eighth snake head appeared in its place. The other heads all stopped politely ignoring it, and all eight heads looked in unison at their true owner.

"My father told you where he wants me to go?" Black Water asked them.

"Yes, Mistress," the snakes replied.

"I should be going, then." Black Water re-sheathed her blade as its spirit withdrew. With a look back at her mother, she said, "When Father calls, what choice have you but to do as he says?"

Sakura stood and bowed her head, her face glowing with motherly pride in the cozy firelight. "You understand things very well."

The rest of Black Water's belongings came to her on invisible currents, garbing and arming her. She smiled once at her mother and returned the bow with overflowing humility that wasn't proper from one of her high station. "Thank you for the tea, and your time, Mother. I'll come visit again soon."

"Do," Sakura said.

Black Water bowed one last time and left the sitting room. Patient kami slid open the screens and pulled them shut again behind her.

"Make us proud, my little snowflake," Sakura said.

REVELATION

The God who had once been only Horace Farrow—now called Harsihar after his father—strolled across the dusty surface of the moon in the company of slim, gray figures. The figures wore colorless jaguar warrior garb, though they carried no weapons. They led him to an imposing step pyramid standing above the Sea of Tranquility, with a cavernous doorway arch carved in the front, and a broad ritual area on top, dominated by a stone altar.

"The master of the estate waits by the altar stone," one of the servants said when the party paused at the base of the pyramid. The noise punctuated a long, silent trek across the gray desert. "There are stairs to either side of the door, other staircases within, and an elevator in the center. Which would—"

"Couldn't I just go straight up?" Horace asked. "Wouldn't take as long."

"As you wish," the servant said. "You are welcome in the master's house."

Horace tipped his Stetson hat and launched himself straight up, kicking a cloud of gray dust up in the moon's weak gravity. He rose high enough to see the unfiltered sun just rising above the lunar horizon and flew toward the top of the pyramid, trailing the ends of his time-worn jacket like a kite's tail. He came down behind the master of the estate, who sat on the edge of the altar watching the elevator doors.

"Housekeeping," he said, startling his host. "You need fresh towels?"

The master of the pyramid turned and came around the stone altar that separated he and Horace. He was tall and slim-shouldered, though strong muscles stood out on his bare arms and torso. Fine black hair hung down past his shoulders in the front and back, and his severe, angular face was clean-shaven. He wore a jaguar-skin loincloth, held in place by a broad belt clasped in steel. On the center of his belt hung a skull mask with a turquoise band over the eyes and bulging orbs of polished obsidian set over that. The mask's jaw hung open slightly.

"Hey, Aaron," Horace said. "Long time no see. Did I startle you?"

"Aaron..." the master of the pyramid said. "No one's called me that in quite a while. Should I take that to mean you'd prefer I called you Horace?"

"Always," Horace said. He grinned, and Aaron returned the expression.

Aaron came out from behind the altar and approached his old friend, walking with a barely perceptible limp. The two of them shook hands.

"How you been, Doc?" Horace asked. "How's the foot?"

"Not bad," Aaron said, shrugging. "It doesn't hurt like it used to."

"That's good."

Aaron nodded. He tapped his chin then pointed at Horace's chin with the same finger. "Growing the beard out, I see."

Horace tugged self-consciously at the long hairs hanging there. "Yeah, thinking about it. I'm considering braiding them out when they get long enough."

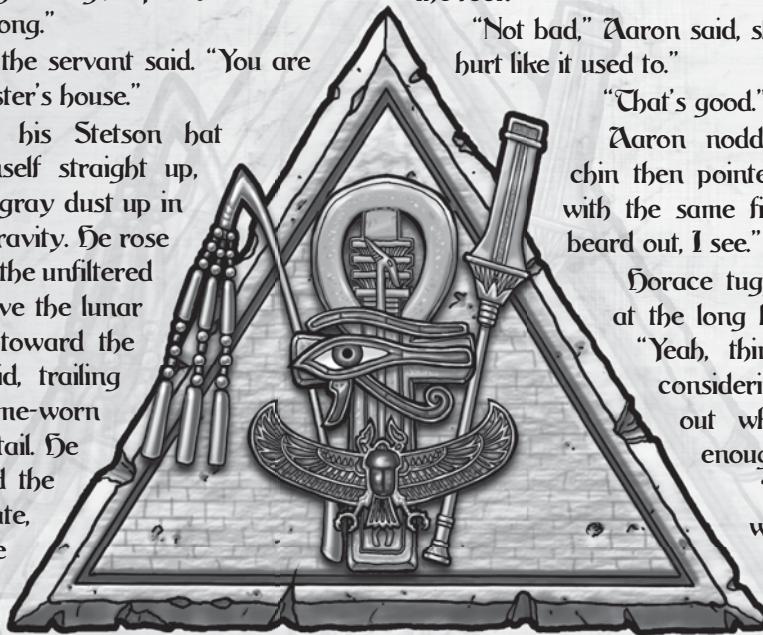
"Ah," Aaron said with a hint of a smirk. "Not thinking of dating for a while, then, eh?"

"Har har."

Aaron chuckled, which drew a grudging and chagrined smirk from Horace, and the years of distance between them didn't seem quite so long as they'd seemed the day before. Aaron limped back to the altar and sat on the edge of it. Horace knocked some of the dust off his lindworm-skin boots with the brim of his hat. As the harsh lunar sun rose behind them, it glinted off the gold of the Falcon Amulet on his hatband and the golden Eye of Horus design on the stone orb in his left eye socket.

"So have you heard from any of the others?" Aaron asked. "I've been a bit out of touch myself."

"Yeah, some," Horace said. "Brigitte calls every now and then to chat. Yukiko's dad keeps her pretty busy, so I haven't heard much from her. Eric asked me to help him take care of some business with his granddad, but that was probably a year ago. Maybe two now... Damn."



"And Donnie?"

"Yeah, right."

The two men shared a small laugh at their mutual friend's expense, tinged with a hint of melancholy.

"And then there's you," Horace continued, coming to sit on the stone altar beside Aaron. He tried not to notice the deep stains on the rock's surface. "How you been getting along?"

"Well enough, I suppose," Aaron said. "It's been a busy year, what with the war on. A lot has happened."

"Wars are like that. I guess you know that better than most of us."

A long moment passed, and neither man said anything. Aaron looked down, idly tying imaginary sutures over an old scar on his right leg without looking. When he caught himself doing it, he looked out instead at the infinite black of the lunar sky with a million stars in it. The sun behind him threw his shadow into sharp relief on the bloodstained stone around the altar. Horace watched his old friend, waiting for him to speak. And waiting. And waiting...

"Something on your mind, Doctor?" Horace finally asked. "Don't think I'm ungrateful for the invitation to see your new place, but you don't look like you just wanted to catch up on old times."

"I don't have the look of a man who needs help moving a sofa, then?"

"Or a Chac Mool or anything. Nope."

Aaron sighed. "You're as perceptive as ever. And please accept it as a compliment when I say I'd rather not talk about this with anyone, but since I feel I must, I choose you."

Horace untangled that sentiment carefully and nodded.

"You see..." Aaron worked his jaw, trying to begin what appeared to be either an awkward or a painful subject. "It's..."

When he faltered and stalled out again, Horace took the initiative. "What's going on, Aaron? Is this girl trouble?"

Aaron smiled and shook his head. "No, nothing like that, I'm afraid. If it were girl trouble, I would have contacted Brigitte."

"Same here," Horace admitted. "So what is it? The war?"

"In a sense, I suppose. Though not exactly. It's about my father."

"Is he all right? I understand your guys are taking a real pounding in the Overworld. Did something happen?"

"No, I was shown something. And told something as well. It... I'm having trouble putting it in perspective."

"Walk me through it, then," Horace suggested, falling back on interview techniques he'd been taught as a mortal officer of the law. "Just start at the beginning. We'll see what we can make of it together."

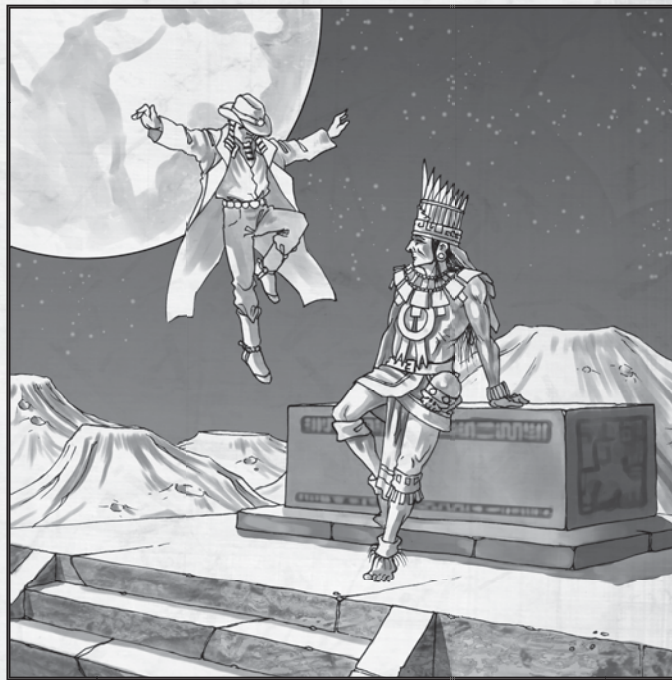
"Quetzalcoatl came to see me," Aaron began. He closed his eyes and


just let the words come out. "This was probably a month ago. I was in my temple in the World. The new one, not the one that got bulldozed."

"I know the one. Nice place."

"It's okay," Aaron shrugged. "Anyway, I'd just finished the monthly tithe to Tezcatlipoca, when Quetzalcoatl came down from the clouds in his full regalia. The green and red feathers, the silver hair, the armor... all of it. He said there was something my father needed me to see right away."

"He and your father don't get along, right?" Horace asked. Before he'd achieved godhood, back when he'd just been part of a Band of Scions, he'd done a bit of research into each of his cohorts' divine parents' pantheons. Nothing in-depth, just simple background research.





"That's correct. That should have been the first thing I thought of, I admit, but if you'd seen Quetzalcoatl that day in his resplendent glory, you would have been as distracted as I was."

"Fair enough," Horace said. "Go on."

"He took me by the hand and we flew up into the clouds, faster than a shot. We went up into that kingdom of white valleys and pure sun, and then south to a far-off place I'd never been before. It was buried deep in the rain forest—somewhere it seemed no man had ever gone. But when we sank down through the canopy into the darkness beneath, I found my assumption proven false. Hidden there was a pyramid, not unlike my own. And it was populated, Horace. People of every shape and shade lived there together."

"Who were they?"

"I asked the same. Quetzalcoatl said most of them were children of Tezcatlipoca, taken from their mothers at birth and raised in that place hidden in the darkness. The rest were children of those children. They lived in the ancient ways, upholding traditions that had long since died in the lands where those traditions were born."

"You're telling me there's an entire community of Scions of Tezcatlipoca living in a lost pyramid in the rain forest?" Horace asked. He didn't ask it with the incredulity one might expect in such a question.

"No," Aaron said. "None of those children had been granted a Visitation. Except... Except there was one every year. Tezcatlipoca, I was told, came to one child every year and revealed his lineage. For the rest of that year, the child was treated like a king or queen above all the others, presiding over ceremonies, blessing the births of new children, everything. Until the end of the year, when..."

"When the others killed him," Horace said.

"When Tezcatlipoca did," Aaron corrected. "He sacrificed them to glorify and empower himself. But yes, the child died at the end of the year, and another was chosen. Quetzalcoatl didn't say how long this had been going on, but the temple looked old, and no one living there spoke anything but Nahuatl."

"Did any of the other Atzlanti have any stake in this place, or just your father?"

"Just Tezcatlipoca," Aaron said. "I asked the same and got the same answer. I could tell by looking at him that Quetzalcoatl was horrified and disgusted by the ritual. His rites have always required only a drop of blood, not the gallons Tezcatlipoca seems to need. Seeing how upset he was, I admit I took

advantage of the moment of weakness. I sneered at him. I called him a foolish old man and asked him what business was it of his how my father conducted his affairs in the World. So he told me...

"He told me Tezcatlipoca isn't my father."

Horace's eyes widened. "What?"

"I said the same thing," Aaron said with a rueful smile. "Quetzalcoatl told me that he was the one who'd known my mother, not Tezcatlipoca. He said he'd never meant anything to come of it and that he had no idea I'd even been born. But Tezcatlipoca knew, and he waited. He watched me. They're always at each other, those two, so Tezcatlipoca thought he might be able to use me to some advantage. He kept an eye on me growing up, never able to step in and do anything until Iraq."

Horace knew well what Aaron meant when he mentioned that country. As a surgeon with Doctors Without Borders, Aaron had gone there to help stave off the potential humanitarian disaster of constant fighting between armies and armed rebels. He'd been captured by a gang of the latter and tortured extensively.

"When I was captured," Aaron went on, "Tezcatlipoca went to the Overworld and found Quetzalcoatl engaged in battle and unable to do anything to help me. So the Smoking Mirror proposed something. If Quetzalcoatl formally disinherited me, Tezcatlipoca could adopt me and come give me the means to save myself. So that's what happened, and here I am."

"I understand," Horace said.

"I knew you would, more so than the others."

"So what did you do?"

"Nothing at first. Quetzalcoatl took me back to my temple while I was still too stunned to speak. He didn't say anything more, but his message was clear enough. He'd shown me the way Tezcatlipoca treats his true progeny of flesh and blood. Now, then, would the Great Smoking Mirror use me—an adopted son of his greatest rival? My future has always been uncertain, but never my place in the here and now. I don't... I don't know how to deal with this, Horace. What am I supposed to do?"

Horace frowned, thinking hard. "Do you believe him? Quetzalcoatl, I mean." Now Aaron frowned as well. "I don't know much about your ancestors, but I do know those two never liked each other. They've devoted most of their attention over the years to tearing down what the other has built up. Right?"

Aaron nodded. "Tezcatlipoca refers to it as his pastime."

"The way I see it, that could've been his aim in adopting you. He might have considered it part of the pastime, turning a child of gentle Quetzalcoatl—a child who'd taken the Hippocratic Oath to do no harm—into someone who commits bloody sacrifices in the name of the greater good."

Aaron looked away, stifling the hot response that sprang first to his mind. He and Horace had had plenty of words in the past about the more graphic aspects of Aaron's worship.

"That's one possibility," Horace said. "The other is that Quetzalcoatl is lying to make you question your value in your father's eyes. He's trying to tear down the loyalty you have for your father and make you look on him with suspicion from now on. He might even be angling to have you replace Tezcatlipoca among the Atlánti once this war's over—if it ever is."

"You think that's possible?" Aaron asked with a carefully neutral expression.

"I don't know Quetzalcoatl or Tezcatlipoca personally," Horace admitted. "But both possibilities fit what I do know about both of them. So which do you believe? Did Quetzalcoatl offer you any proof?" Aaron shook his head. "What about Tezcatlipoca? What does he have to say about all this?"

"Nothing," Aaron said. "When I brought this up with him, he refused to confirm or deny anything. I fear I offended him by even giving the appearance of taking Quetzalcoatl's word at face value."

"Probably," Horace said.

"So what do I do?" Aaron asked. He took a deep breath and looked at Horace almost desperately. "Is there a clear-cut right and wrong I'm not seeing here? You were always better at spotting them than I was."

"Sorry," Horace said. "You can believe Quetzalcoatl or not, but either way, you're still Tezcatlipoca's son in the eyes of Fate. Ultimately, even that doesn't matter, because you can always renounce that heritage and go off on your own."

"True," Aaron murmured. "If not helpful."

"Listen, Aaron, I had a talk kind of like this with Eric after all that Atlantis mess. He'd been talking to Odin, and the old man had filled his head with all that stuff and nonsense about how they're all going to die and there's nothing anybody can do about it. It nearly broke Eric's spirit hearing that, and his dad had just come to accept it so long ago that he was no help."

"So what did you say to him?"

"I told him it didn't matter how he died or when or even *if*. All that mattered was how he lived. As long as he could go on day to day with his conscience clear and never compromising with the Titans, Fate would take care of the rest."

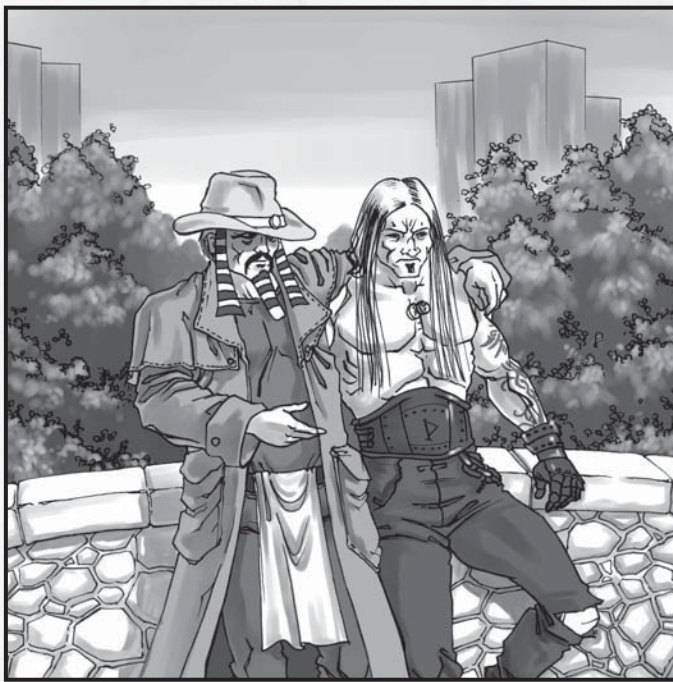
Aaron cocked an eyebrow, and a small smile lifted the corner of his mouth. "And he swallowed that, did he?"

"Oh yeah," Horace said, tapping the side of his nose with one finger. "Eric's easy."

The two of them shared a laugh at their young friend's expense.

"It's not the same situation," Horace said a moment later, "but the same sort of thing applies to you. You're not just your father's son anymore. You're Doctor Aaron Tigrillo. You're the Obsidian Jaguar, the Crescent Moon Surgeon. You're a God in a world that needs its Gods more than ever. That's what's important—not the petty bickering of two old men who can't get over themselves. It doesn't matter where you came from, it only matters what you do and how you treat the people who look up to you."

Aaron sat silently for a long time, absorbing the words of his old friend. By degrees, the frown on



his face eased away and vanished. He drummed his fingers on his knees once and looked up at Horace, who sat half in shadow with the rising sun behind him.

"And which very special episode of *Blossom* did that particular platitude come from?"

Horace smirked. "Not sure. Probably the one where Blossom says something sassy, Joey says 'Whoa,' Six talks very fast, and Nick sighs wearily."

"I missed that one. Any other advice?"

Horace shook his head. "Not right now. Feeling any better?"

Aaron shook his head as well, but he did it with a smile and far less evident tension in his back and shoulders. He'd stopped fidgeting too. "Not really."

"Then it sounds like my work here's done."

"Say, Horace," Aaron said, standing up off the altar stone. "Orlanda's got things covered at the hospital for the time being. You have anywhere to be?"

"Not just now."

"Your mentioning Eric reminded me... Last Christmas he sent me a copy of *The Great Escape* on DVD."

"Yeah? He sent me *Days of Thunder*. I haven't even taken the plastic off it yet."

"Nor I Care to take it in? We can see what Eric's always going on about."

"Sure," Horace said. "What the heck?" He gestured with his hat toward the elevator door across the roof from them. "Shall we?"

"Let's."



MONKEY BUSINESS

Black Water emerged from her father's coral palace and shot into the currents that scoured the ocean depths. She headed south and west, allowing the Kusanagi to lead her. Along the way, the spirit within the blade explained to her where she was going and what venerable old rascal she'd be dealing with. The spirit didn't go into the specifics of what Susano-o might have done to put himself in debt, but whether the spirit didn't know or was simply too polite to say, Black Water didn't know.

The journey took very little time in the water, which was as much Black Water's element as the open air. She pulled against the waters surrounding the invisible currents as the invisible currents pushed her, moving like thought through the lightless deep. Her path led toward mainland China but sheered away through a gate in the currents that opened out of the World into a realm parallel to it. Within this realm was the Great Sea, on which sat the continent of Ao-lai. Black Water rose from the water in a great spray of shimmering drops that threw shattered rainbows all around her. She reversed the Kusanagi in her grip and held it under one arm with the tip pointing backward. Clinging to it thus, she flew above the surface of the Great Sea to the tall mountain range that surveyed the breadth of Ao-lai. A high spray rose behind her off the water as she sped toward her destination.

After surveying the shoreline, Black Water found the delta of a pure river and followed the silvery strand back toward its source. The river wound backward through a jungle and came to a high, thundering waterfall that washed the feet of the largest mountain on Ao-lai. This mountain was called the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit, though Black Water could see no evidence of either on the mountain itself. She checked with the Kusanagi to make sure she'd come to the right place. The spirit assured her that she had. She used the blade to pull back a section of the waterfall like a thick drapery, which revealed a cave entrance. Black Water opened her waterfall aperture wider and walked through.

Inside the cave lay an enormous lake that seemed bigger than the circumference of the mountain in which it lay. No fish or other animals swam in the lake, and there was no bottom to its crystal-clear depths. From the cave entrance, a long, thin bridge of shining iron stretched across the vastness to an island in the center of the mountain. Black Water strolled across this bridge, looking around at this magical place hidden here so close to the World. It was completely enclosed on all sides except for the one opening at the bridge's end. No source of light was visible, but light filled the space nonetheless, casting shadows downward just as the sun would do. Also, a teeming forest of lush trees and flowers covered

the island in the mountain's heart, thriving despite being cut off from the sun. That was just the way things worked sometimes. Black Water decided not to trouble herself by thinking about it too hard.

When Black Water reached the end of the long bridge, she heard much chattering from the forest and found a welcoming party waiting for her. Five members in the front were tough Baboon Soldiers holding thin halberds twice their height. The Baboon Soldiers wore leather armor and sturdy iron caps. Behind them stood a gray Macaque Minister wearing long, fine robes that looked perfectly ridiculous on his hairy body. Trailing behind him was a party of Gibbon Officers who chattered and chattered quietly to themselves.

"State your name and business, intruder," one of the Baboon Soldiers said. He pointed his long



halberd at Black Water, and its ax head bobbed on the end of its long pole.

"I beg your pardon," Black Water said, frowning. "I thought I was expected."

"Of course you were," the Baboon Soldier said. "Why else would we be standing here when you got here?" This wit greatly impressed the Gibbon Officers, who clapped their hands and bounced on their toes. The Baboon Soldier and his cohorts banged the butts of their halberds on the ground and showed Black Water their teeth.

"I mean I have an appointment," Black Water said. The Kusanagi hadn't warned her about annoyances like this.

"This one is exceedingly sorry for any perceived inconvenience," the Macaque Minister said in Japanese with a long, slow voice. "Are you the one called the Dutiful Princess of Black Water, hailing from the Takamagahara region of the endless Overworld?"

"I am."

"Very good," the minister said. He bowed, splaying his long hands on the ground before her. "This one is employed by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and has been instructed to show the honored guest to the table of Sun Wukong, the Great Sage Equal to Heaven." The minister stood and gestured toward a path behind him that led into the forest. "It isn't far if the honored guest would but follow."

"Of course," Black Water said with a short bow of her own. "Lead the way."

The Macaque Minister turned around, and the Gibbon Officers scurried to rearrange his robes to trail properly behind him. He held his arms up and waddled ahead on his short legs. The Gibbon Officers followed, two of them carrying the ends of his long, loose sleeves. The Baboon Soldiers formed up around Black Water in a protective cordon. The one who had spoken to her planted the end of his halberd in the ground and climbed up its length to stare at Black Water face to face. He pointed to his eyes with two fingers then pointed at Black Water with those same two fingers. Then he slid

back down his halberd and marched off after the Macaque Minister. Black Water and the rest of the Baboon Soldiers followed him.

The path to Sun Wukong's table led back and forth through the forest seemingly at random. It flitted from interesting bush to peculiar stone to weird tree. It involved swinging on vines, scurrying across wobbling branches and crawling through hollow logs. Black Water wondered if the circuitous route was designed with security in mind or had simply been laid with a monkey's forethought and attention span. In time, the path came into a large clearing where a castle-sized stone house stood. The clearing lay atop a rise in the island's center,

and Black Water suspected that one could see the entirety of the cave from the roof. The Gibbon Officers and Baboon Soldiers forgot what they were doing and either went back into the forest or climbed up the stone house's walls as if to test that very supposition for themselves.

"If the honored guest would not be too inconvenienced to come inside, the Great Sage waits within," the Macaque Minister said. He cast a wistful glance at those who had already left off their duty, though he didn't realize that Black Water noticed it. "Or, if the honored guest would prefer, this one could lead her to the Great Sage's exalted presence personally."

"I don't need to be led," Black Water said, balancing her tone carefully between indignation at the suggestion and well-mannered respect. With too much of the former, the minister might assume he'd offended her. With too little of the latter, the minister might not think it was safe to let her go about unattended. Without just enough of both, the minister would recognize Black Water's true intent and be shamed by her indulgence.

"Very well," the minister said. "This one will stay out of the honored guest's way." He backed away with one last bow and waited until Black Water was headed for the door. When Black Water turned around, she heard the Macaque Minister



scamper up the side of the stone house after his monkey friends.

"Enter, enter, Black Water Princess," a voice called from within the house. "I've been waiting for you."

Black Water did as she was bid, stepping out of her boots at the threshold. Like her pants and jacket, her boots were made from the cured skin of a kongamato. Black Water spoke a quick command to the boots' sleepy kami, and her footwear changed color to blend in with the wall and floor. That done, she entered the stone house of Sun Wukong, the Great Sage Equal to Heaven. She found herself at the far end of a long stone table set with stone cups and flatware. It was piled high with fruits, vegetables and nuts of all varieties, and her host sat at the far end. Black Water bowed deeply from the waist.

"Great Sage Equal to Heaven," she said. "I'm honored."

"Oh enough of that," Sun Wukong said. "If I cared about all that formality, I wouldn't be half so great as I am. Don't worry about that Great Sage business. Handsome Monkey King will do nicely."

Black Water looked up from her bow. At the table's far end Sun Wukong stood with his hands on his hips, his head held high. To the eye, he was just a monkey, though likely the most outrageous one any eye was ever likely to see. Over his monkey body he wore red robes. Black shoes covered his monkey feet, each with a hole cut in the side for his opposable toe. On his monkey head was a cap of reddish gold with a phoenix plume on top. Over his robes hung a slightly too-large jerkin of gleaming gold chain mail. In one monkey hand, he held a staff of black iron with a filigreed gold cap on one end. He might have been handsome as monkeys go. Black Water didn't feel qualified to judge.

"Sit down," Sun Wukong said. "Make yourself comfortable. I was just having a bite to eat."

Black Water seated herself, and foreign tamarins appeared as if from nowhere to serve her. They piled fruits on a stone plate before her and poured ruby extract in a stone cup next to that. The cup and plate were both monkey-sized, but Black Water didn't plan to eat or drink much. She took a few bites and a few sips for the sake of propriety then sat back to regard her host.

"I understand you're looking for something, Monkey King," she said.

"Handsome Monkey King," Sun Wukong corrected.

"Of course. My apologies."

"And yes, that's what I told your father. It doesn't best please me that he foisted his responsibilities off on you."

"It's nothing of the kind," Black Water said. "My father is at war in the Overworld. That he sent me to uphold his debt sooner rather than later is a sign of the esteem in which he holds you, Handsome Monkey King."

"Well, you're a better liar than him, anyway," Sun Wukong said, crossing his arms. "Are you married?"

"I..." Black Water blinked. "Pardon?"

"I have a son. A strong boy. Handsome like his father. He's probably about your age."

"Do you mean Tommy?" Black Water asked. Sun Wukong nodded, beaming proudly. "I've met him."

"Want to marry him?"

Black Water forced herself not to stammer or to blush like she would have just a few short years ago. "Is that why I'm here?"

"No."

Sun Wukong scratched under one armpit with his staff and stared at Black Water with all the patience of stone. Black Water took another sip of ruby extract and gathered her thoughts. The Kusanagi had warned her not to let the Monkey King throw her off balance. Such antics usually came as a prelude to his closing the jaws of some cunning trap the prey never saw being laid out.

"So what would you have me do on my father's behalf, Handsome Monkey King?" Black Water said carefully.

"First things first. You want to marry my son or not?"

"We'll see."


Sun Wukong smiled and bounced the end of his iron staff on the stone table. The stone cups and plates and utensils jumped and danced. "A kinder 'no' was never spoken. So on to business instead."

Black Water relaxed inside. Tommy, the Monkey King's son, was handsome enough and nice—nicer than Donnie, for instance—but he'd missed his chances.

"If I know your father," Sun Wukong began, "he told you I lost something and got fired of looking for it." Black Water nodded. "Well, that's a cart full of horse offerings. The truth is, something was stolen from me, and I want it back."

"Stolen?" Black Water asked. "What was it?"





"The cap that goes on the other end of my Golden Clashed Wishing Staff," Sun Wukong explained, hefting his iron staff and turning it over. "I took it off when my son was born and snapped him off a section of this staff of mine. I forgot to put the cap back on after that. Recently, when I went looking for it, it wasn't where I'd left it."

"I see," Black Water said. "Do you know who took it? Surely not one of your people."

"Of course not!" Sun Wukong said. "It was that thieving hooligan Coyote. He could never keep his paws to himself, that one. I invited him here to dinner after he helped some of my nephews back in the railroad days in his country. That skunk! When I wasn't looking, he bamboozled two of my monkey subjects and made off with my property."

"I see," Black Water said again. "But my father said—"

"He said I lost it, no doubt," Sun Wukong huffed. "Your father always liked that old trouble-maker more than he should. He introduced the two of us back when the World was young and the Titans were just going into their prison. He always swore Coyote was trustworthy and said if Coyote ever did anything against me, he'd straighten the old thief out personally."

"Ah," Black Water said. "So here I am."

"Exactly right," Sun Wukong huffed. "Though it should be your father."

"I can do his work as well as he can," Black Water said. *Better*, a deeper, more dangerous part of her mind added. Such thoughts bubbled to the surface more often lately, with frequency in proportion to the number of menial tasks Susano-o ordered her to perform. She never spoke these thoughts aloud. Who could safely hear them?

"That's what your father says," Sun Wukong granted. "But trusting who he vouched for got me into this."

"So why not ask your own son to take care of this matter for you?" Black Water asked. The question surprised her. Not long ago, she wouldn't have dared speak this way to her peers, much less a God who was so much older than her.

"My son is down in the depths of the 72 caves having a friendly chat with a certain One-Horned Ogre who used to work for me," Sun Wukong told

her. "He won't be available until he's taught that old traitor some manners."

"I see," Black Water said. "And you can't just take the golden cap back yourself? One little coyote spirit shouldn't be any match for someone who carries the iron that pounded flat the Milky Way."

"Oh he's no match for me, that's for certain," Sun Wukong said, puffing out his chest. "I've knocked him all the way out of his skin plenty of times. The trouble is, he never had my property on him when I did. And now whenever he sees me coming, he runs like crazy before I can catch him. It was hard enough to figure out where he's hidden himself this time. I don't want to flush him out only to have to track him down all over again."

"But you think my father could get your property back for you?"

"He's known Coyote longer. Coyote might listen to him. But if you're going in his place..." Sun Wukong heaved a mournful sigh.

"If I may ask, Great Sage..." Black Water said. "If I could get your golden cap back to you, would that help clear the air between you and my father?"

"I would be willing to consider certain obligations fulfilled," Sun Wukong said carefully. "Your father knows which ones."

"Then what's the harm in letting me try?"

"Hm," Sun Wukong said, scratching his chin. "None, I suppose. At best, I get my property back. At worst, I get one more thing to hold over your father's head. And leaving aside whether I should believe him or not, he *does* speak highly of you."

"So it's settled, then," Black Water said. She stood, pushing her stone chair back with one foot. "I'll do this for you. Now, you said you've tracked him down already?"

"Coyote hasn't been seen in the Overworld since the Titans broke out of their prison, but I know where he is," Sun Wukong said. "He's hiding in a little town that thinks it isn't part of America. But exactly where in that town he is, I can't say for sure. He can change his shape and blend in. He's tricky, that one."

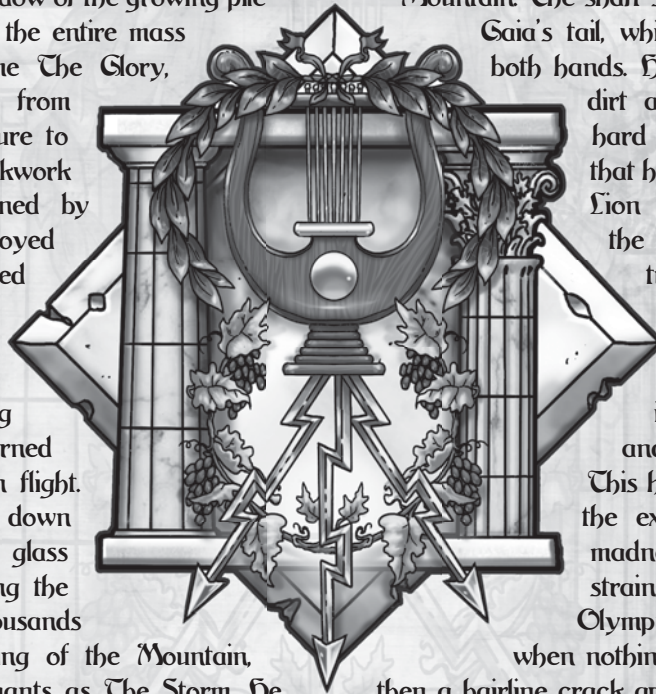
"Don't worry about that," Black Water said. "Just point me in the right direction. I'll do the rest."

TWO FATHERS' SONS

All around Mount Olympus, the sounds of war rumbled ever present in the background. Single-minded Gigantes lumbered up from beyond the horizon, carrying armloads of broken-off mountaintops and throwing them on a pile. As the pile grew, the Gigantes climbed it one-handed to deposit their burdens at the top. The first time they tried this, Poseidon rose from his still waters and became The Flood, washing their broken mountaintops away and drowning as many of them as he could carry in both arms. The next time, Gaia—the Gigantes' primordial mother—turned aside The Flood and nearly soaked Poseidon up into the parched and arid vastness with which she shielded her children. Both Gaia and Poseidon were forced to withdraw from the conflict, but in the meantime, another pile of broken mountaintops rose.

The Gods of the Mountain took their places in teams or alone, defending their Overworld home. Hades traveled through the shadow of the growing pile to its heart and turned the entire mass to glass. Apollo became The Glory, and his light reflected from the jagged glass sculpture to blind the Gigantes. Clockwork siege weaponry designed by Hephaestus and deployed at Ares' direction hurled captured titanspawn down from the top of the Mountain, and the awful visage adorning Athena's Aegis shield turned the captives to stone in flight. These projectiles rained down on the mountain of glass and shattered it, slashing the blinded workers into thousands of pieces. Zeus, the king of the Mountain, descended on the remnants as The Storm. He crushed the survivors beneath legs of crooked lightning. Glass shards and broken stones lifted in his winds scoured their flesh from their bones.

But as The Storm raged, Gaia burrowed deep beneath him, out of sight of his single eye of perfect clarity. She gnawed into the heart of the Mountain unnoticed at first until Artemis saw from the moon's vantage the tip of the Titan's tail sticking out of the ground many miles away. She hit that exposed bit with an arrow to which she'd attached a spool of Ariadne's thread. The spool she gave to Heracles, the God of Strength, then descended into the Mountain. She sniffed Gaia out in the Mountain's heart of darkness and became The Mirror, confronting the Titan with its own visage. Anything the Titan could do to The Mirror, The Mirror would reflect back in equal measure—which both opponents knew well. This tactic gave Gaia pause.



Meanwhile, Heracles followed Ariadne's thread to the arrow Artemis had fired from the tip of the Mountain. The shaft stuck up out of the tip of Gaia's tail, which Heracles grabbed in both hands. He dug his heels into the dirt and pulled backward as hard as he could. These arms that had strangled the Nemean Lion to death and wrestled the Cretan Bull to docility trembled at the weight. These shoulders that had once taken the pillars of earth and sky in place of Atlas bunched and knotted with the effort. This heart that had weathered the extremes of despair and madness nearly burst from the strain. Titanspawn cheered and Olympians caught their breath when nothing happened at first. But

then a hairline crack appeared in the earth and Heracles moved backward a step, still clutching his prize. He moved back another and another, each step faster than the one before it until he was actually jogging backward, pulling Gaia from beneath the Mountain. The God of Strength gave one last heave and twist, and the Titan popped loose, bellowing in a rage older than the World. In defiance, the beast coiled itself up in the air and tried to land her entire mass on the God who had dared lay hand on her. Heracles had only an instant to look up and give a chagrined, self-deprecating laugh as the Titan fell with an earth-shattering crash.

When the dust settled, a confused and much amazed Heracles found himself sitting halfway up the Mountain protected by the shields and spears of a 5,000-man-strong phalanx of deathless spartoi and myrmidons. Beside him on the slope was Hermes, breathing heavily and lying in a

boneless sprawl. Smoke rose from the soles of the Messenger God's sandals.

"What kept you, Atalanta?" the God of Strength teased the one who'd saved his life.

"Next time..." Hermes wheezed, levering himself upright and straightening his helmet, "...let go!"

All around the Mountain, the battle never ceased for long. The Gigantes piled their mountaintops, the Olympians cast those piles down, and Gaia alternately defended her spawn and threatened the Mountain itself. The combined might of the Dodekatheon held back the siege at every turn, but what would have been an easy victory in the dawn of time or even a stalemate during the Renaissance was now a war of attrition that Gaia had all the time in the Overworld to win. The Gods of Olympus were too long removed from the World and the true faith of humankind to wield the power they'd once known. While they fought to hold their ground, Gaia and her spawn took more of that ground for themselves inch by painful inch. The enduring faith of humankind put in the gross concepts

of finite science—a lack of understanding imposed on human brains by the constraints of the physical World—had empowered the newly freed Titans in ways the Gods had not anticipated. In their way, the Titans were as simple and limited as were the minds of humankind. As long as the denizens of the World continued to believe they had no need for the Gods, or that the Gods had no means or intention to help them, the Titans inched ever closer to victory.

But the Gods did care about the World, and they did have the means to keep humanity safe even from those dangers that a modern mind could hardly comprehend. Chief among those means was the Gods' own half-mortal children, their holy Scions. These heroes and demigods had saved the World more times than humanity at large knew. Their legends had spread as their powers had grown—and vice versa—and the Titans' efforts to undermine

the World's stability had been thwarted at every major turn. Now, many of those Scions had grown into their divine parents' peers and begun to come to the Overworld seeking the Gods' counsel and company. Where once they were Scions and had protected the World, now they were the youngest Gods and were needed to reinforce their parents' armies in the heavens. Unfortunately, only a few had made it thus far, and many of them were still human in their hearts and minds. They understood that they were Gods, but learning what that really meant came easier to some than to others.

One of those new Gods was Donald Rhodes Junior. His mother was Aphrodite; his father was an American shipping magnate. Donnie still considered himself very much his father's son, though he'd never been close to the man. Farther still had he been from his divine mother, whom he hadn't met until he was 20 and with whom he'd spent very little time since that momentous night. Yet despite his estrangement from her, Donnie now glided up the



side of Mount Olympus on golden wings, intent on delivering his mother a message that was more important than anything he'd ever told her or even wanted to tell her. The war in all its horror, heroism and glory raged above and behind him, but he shut it out from his mind. He ignored it, thinking only of his message.

Donnie dove up through the nimbus layer that encircled Mount Olympus at the three-quarter mark, waving off the squadron of flying myrmidons who tried to form up around him. The Amazon archers on watch past the nimbus layer saluted as Donnie emerged, trailing white wisps in his wake. He tossed a casual salute back at them and rocketed up the final miles to the home of the Dodekatheon. The archers with whom he'd come closest to making actual eye contact blushed and endured the playful, envious ribbing of their cohorts. This Donnie

ignored, just as he ignored the war sounds receding in the distance.

In time, the peak of the Mountain appeared before him, glowing against the stillness of a clear night sky. Constellations blazed in the midnight-black firmament, a heavenly tribute to the Gods' glory and that of their favored heroes. (A similar monument hung above the Elysian Fields, Donnie knew, lionizing the heroic dead.) If this were any other day, Donnie would have flown above Olympus entirely and soared among the brilliant globes all alone. If no one was looking, he might even have signed his own name across the sky—a name all too human and mundane for his divine forebears' taste. Perhaps after he delivered his message he would do just that. Better here where all the Gods could see it than in that bleak realm where only Hades and his charges cared to look.


Donnie touched down at the gates of Olympus, folding his golden wings down onto his back. He shrugged the jacket of what would have been a \$10,000 designer suit on over them, weaving it from the ichor that suffused the air here. Like him, the younger generation of Gods all wore clothing suitable to the World in this holy place. Those who chose to dress like their parents were tolerated openly but mocked as vain, insecure kiss-ups privately. Donnie had started this trend on a whim the first time he'd visited Olympus, but now its nuances and subtle rules had taken on lives of their own and evolved beyond him. He ignored them now as he strolled through the gate past the colossus guardians to either side.

Ephemeral servants shaped like mortals thronged in the streets, running to and fro on the Gods' business. They stepped lively to get out of the way of the grand processions of patrolling myrmidons and gingerly avoided the spartoi sentries who stood like statues around every point of interest. Many of these lackeys congregated around the many-tiered nectar fountains and ever-full ambrosia banks, jostling for position on their way forward, then retreating with bowls stacked high and cups overflowing. Those who weren't on business for any specific God—easily identified because their cups and bowls were plain alabaster—hastily filled their dishes and swarmed around Donnie as he approached. Donnie only walked forward, paying them no mind, daring one of them to spill something on him. Their efforts nauseated him. Their polite offers of sustenance grated on him like the mewling of offended paparazzi. Their smiles and beaming

eyes were the epitome of desperation. Donnie wanted nothing to do with them. He emerged from the sea of them and cast one contemptuous glance backward. So doing, he briefly caught sight of long-suffering Ganymede, whose duties brought him here among these others every hour of the day and night. The immortal youth winked at him, spit into a golden cup embossed with a thunderbolt and disappeared through an archway across the marble plaza.

Donnie took a colonnaded walkway deeper into the heart of the Gods' stronghold. He paused to glance into the Amphitheater of Apollo, where fully articulated marble statues played out the triumphs and tragedies that had best pleased the Gods throughout the centuries. The marquee announced that *The Birds* had just begun, but it wasn't the Hitchcock one. It was never the Hitchcock one. Donnie walked on. Halfway to his destination, he heard the thundering of metal-banded wheels and horses' hooves coming from above him. He looked up to see black horses with manes and tails of white moonlight pulling a chariot of gleaming silver across the sky. In that chariot rode beautiful, unattainable, savage Artemis. Of their own self-destructive volition, the fingers of his right hand touched the edge of his golden pistol, Eros. With one shot, he could make the Moon Goddess love him. He could fly up and join her on her chariot for the wildest ride of his life. Fortunately, the heavenly conveyance descended toward the stables on the far side of the Mountain's peak and out of Donnie's line of sight before he could indulge the impulse. He walked on alone instead, carrying his message.

In turn, he passed the Gods' council chamber, the Library, the Academy and finally the Workshop of Hephaestus. The din coming from inside was musical by the Forge God's ingenious design, but even the best music can be monstrous when it's too loud. Donnie hurried past and finally found himself in the vicinity of his destination, coming at last to the palatial residence of his mother, Aphrodite. It had been rebuilt since his last visit, which didn't surprise him. On one visit it had been an Edwardian manor house, with his mother playing the corseted heroine within. Another time it had been an Arabian Sheik's palace, with her the coy, veiled princess sequestered in a lavish secret chamber. The most bizarre arrangement had been a tremendous geodesic igloo, with the Goddess sprawling inside on luxurious polar bear skins. Her home was like the Goddess herself—ever changing but always remarkable in its infinite variety.



Today his mother's home was a fairytale castle of blue and white marble. A mahogany drawbridge unfolded over a moat of crystal-clear spring water, with a big swan gliding smoothly across it. A silver portcullis rose as Donnie approached. Sparti sentries in lavishly overdone livery waited just inside the gate and a vigil brand glowed on the capstone of the inner doorway arch. Waiting just within was a ridiculous ponce of a seneschal in baggy Renaissance Festival clothes and a floppy cap. This glorified doorman was named Anchises after a favorite paramour of Aphrodite's from long ago. He put himself in Donnie's way and bowed grandly.

"Good morrow, your highness," he said. "Have you come to attend the contest?"

"Oh Lord," Donnie said, rolling his eyes. He didn't stop walking. "What's she on about now? What contest?"

"A blackguard from the savage east has cast aspersions on the Lady Cytherea's honor, my prince," Anchises said with no hint of irony whatsoever. He hustled to keep pace with Donnie's long strides. "A noble knight of the eternal Duke Indiges has vowed to put the swine in his place. Have you come to ride in that knight's place to defend your mother's honor?"

"Doubtful," Donnie said. "I'm a little too busy for nonsense right now. What with the war on and everything."

Anchises at least had the decency to look embarrassed as he soldiered on. "I'm sure the Lady Cytherea understands perfectly, your highness."

"And just where is the 'lady' at the moment?" Donnie asked. "Off somewhere having the roses painted red?" He realized he didn't exactly know where he should be going. "I've got an important message for her."

"If you'll give it to me, I'll be sure milady gets it," Anchises said, holding out a hand.

Donnie cut him a sidelong glance. "Right. See, it's the 'for her' part that makes that unlikely. Just tell me where she is."

"Ah... the Lady Cytherea is in her chambers atop the tower," Anchises said, gesturing toward a red-carpeted staircase. "However, she is not to be disturbed until the knights have taken the field."

"She'll see me," Donnie said, changing course to make for the stairs.

"Milady's orders were quite frank, your highness," the seneschal said.

"I'm her son," Donnie said. "She'll see me."

"Lady Cytherea has many sons, sir."

Donnie gestured over one shoulder and left the seneschal behind. He strolled up the steps and looked up to an expansive balcony, where rubicund hierodules bearing decanters of Mirto pranced up to him. They were dressed in nothing but belted tabards with diaphanous fairy wings affixed to their backs. Donnie walked right through the middle of a pack of them, heading for the tower stairs. On his way up, he met three familiar-looking women coming down arm in arm. All three of them wore pastel-colored princess gowns, compete with tall conical hats. They stopped when they saw him, blocking his passage upward.

"Why hello there," the eldest of the three said, flashing a smile of infectious good cheer. "Welcome home."

"Thalia," Donnie said, nodding. He glanced at the other two as well. "Girls."

Euphrosyne, the one in the middle—both spatially and in age—giggled behind her hand. The youngest and best-looking one, Aglaea, blushed prettily and nodded a greeting.

"Is Mom around?" Donnie asked them.

"Upstairs," Aglaea said. Euphrosyne repeated the word. They exchanged a look and both started giggling.

"Settle down," Thalia told them both with an indulgent smile. "She's upstairs, yeah. Maybe you ought to give her a little while."

"Why?"

"She's busy," Aglaea said.

"What, with the war effort?" Donnie sneered.

Euphrosyne was so tickled by the suggestion she actually snorted. Thalia chuckled, though more at Euphrosyne than at Donnie's words.

"Just give her a while," Thalia said. "No harm in that."

"She asked not to be disturbed," Aglaea said.

"Yeah, well..." Donnie said. Instead of saying more, he made curt shooing motions with his hands, gesturing for the ladies to step aside.

"Suit yourself, kiddo," Thalia said. She stepped back from Euphrosyne and gave Donnie room to squeeze past. She winked at him as he edged by her face to face, but he returned none of her good cheer. As he ascended away from them, he heard giggling Euphrosyne ask if they could go back upstairs. Luckily, Thalia had the good sense not to let her. Donnie climbed the steps alone and eventually

found himself at the top of the tower. A heavy oak door stood in his way. The lintel was carved in the shape of flowering myrtle, and a blooming rose was carved on the door itself. Donnie pushed it open.

As soon as Donnie crossed the threshold, he found himself surrounded by a wall of iron shields and a forest of gleaming spearheads. Peering over this wall were the feather-crested heads of enormous insects. Donnie's golden wings immediately coiled around him in protective arcs as his hands went for the divinely crafted pistols under his jacket. As one, the insects tightened their ranks and closed in, forcing Donnie back against the door as it closed behind him.

"Halt!" a voice barked from the other side of the shield wall. "Stand down, men."

The insects froze in place then backed off, raising their spears and lowering their shields. As they did so, Donnie saw they weren't actually man-sized insects, just fully armored myrmidons. They weren't decked out in fairytale frippery, and they didn't have any symbols of Aphrodite on their shields or armor. They didn't belong to Mommy Dearest, it seemed. The person they did belong to spoke again.

"All right, make a hole, people," the sharp, commanding voice snapped. The myrmidons stepped back into two tight ranks, leaving a man-sized gap between them in the center. In that gap stood a tall, powerfully built figure wearing the cuirass, greaves and helmet of the legendary warrior Achilles over desert-camouflage combat fatigues and mirror-shiny combat boots. The handle of a sturdy axe poked up over his right shoulder. The figure removed his helmet to reveal a ruggedly handsome young man with a clean-shaven square jaw and a tight crew cut riding high up on his head. The man didn't so much as bat an eyelash when he saw Donnie.

"Rhodos," the man said. "At ease, man."

Donnie relaxed and took his hands off his pistols. He relaxed his golden wings but didn't fold

them away. "Victor," he said, standing up straighter. "What are you doing here?"

Here, as it turned out, was a spacious antechamber to what Donnie assumed was his mother's bedroom. Tapestries of fanciful scenes decorated the white stone walls, and couches were arrayed around the room near tables of decorated-ambrosia refreshments. A large set of wooden double-doors stood closed at the opposite end of the room.

"Guarding the door, obviously," Victor said. "You ever think of knocking?"

"What's Ares' favorite baby War God doing watching my mother's bedroom door?" Donnie

asked, trying not to let his imagination supply an answer. "After that business in Atlantis, I figured you'd be lying low with your head up your bunker somewhere."

Victor stiffened, and his eyes narrowed. "Things change."

"Some things," Donnie allowed. "Now, you want to tell your bugs to back off?"

"That depends," Victor said. "What do you want?"

"None of your business," Donnie said, marveling at Victor's gall. This jarhead son of Ares hadn't even been a God as long as Donnie had. Who the hell did he think he was? "Pack your friends back in their ant farm and get lost before you piss me off."

Victor smirked and shook his head, looking every bit his father's son. "Sorry, chief. Not gonna happen."

"Maybe you thought I was asking..."

With that, Donnie brought his golden wings forward in one powerful sweep, throwing a huge gust of wind. Victor held his ground, barely, against the unexpected blast, but all of his myrmidons lost their footing and were hurled backward across the room. Before they could even crash into the furniture and far walls, Donnie's right hand came out of his coat. As fast as Donnie was, though, Victor still managed to get the drop on him. He dug the iron-hard fingers



of his left hand into Donnie's clothes and slammed Donnie backward against the door, holding him a foot off the ground. His divinely forged labrys sprang into his right hand, and he held the edge against the side of Donnie's neck, pushing Donnie's chin up. Donnie, for his part, clasped Victor's right wrist with his left hand and held the muzzle of his golden pistol to Victor's left wrist.

"Bad move, ace," Victor said, holding Donnie in place with no visible exertion. He nodded down to the pistol in Donnie's hand. "If you think that peashooter's gonna hurt me, go ahead and pull the trigger."

Donnie sneered down at Victor, appearing unconcerned by his tactically inferior position. "What's gonna hurt, ace," he hissed, "is how I'm going to shit on your tender feelings after I make you love me."

As the heat of the moment cleared, realization dawned in Victor's eyes. The pistol in Donnie's hand was no pawnshop Beretta, but the legendary pistol Eros—a relic named for Donnie's half brother, and heir to that God's most devastating power. Doubt flashed in Victor's eyes.

"Hey!" a voice cut in from across the room before Donnie or Victor could decide what to do next. "What's all this racket?"

The wooden double-doors across the room were open now, and between them stood Victor's father, Ares. The ancient God of War took one look at the tumbled furniture and the dazed myrmidons, who'd only just begun to stand back up. He glared at Victor and Donnie.

"That's enough," he growled. His voice was loud and deep, brooking no argument. He advanced across the room as Victor and Donnie disengaged and put away their weapons in a hurry.

"What are you two idiots doing? I made it clear I didn't want to be disturbed."

"He started it," Donnie said, nodding Victor's way.

"Did not!" Victor snapped.

"Quiet!" Ares bellowed. He stood half a head taller than either one of them and glowered down at them from his black eyes that saw only targets.

"Yes, sir," Victor said quietly, looking at the floor.

"Are you here looking for me, boy?" Ares asked, turning his baleful glare on Donnie.

Donnie only shook his head, unable at first to speak.

"Then what do you want?"

"I could ask you the same," Donnie said, finding a voice beneath the lump in his throat. His jaw barely wanted to move at all. "What do you think you're doing here, Ares?"

Victor paled visibly, but the elder War God only smiled and stood up straight. He leered with such smug malice that Donnie briefly considered punching him in the jaw. There were worse last things to ever do.

"I'm tending to your mother, of course," Ares said. "I asked Victor to wait and keep an eye out. I thought maybe I'd introduce the two of them later."

"Dad," Victor gasped. "Jesus..."

"Now answer my question," Ares said. "What do you want?"

"I have a message for my mother," Donnie said. His face might as well have been a stone mask for all the emotion it showed. His voice was flat.

"Give it to me," Ares said. "I'll give it to her. That's what I do."

"Charming," Donnie said, "but no. It's none of your business. Or anybody else's. This is between me and her."

"You stuck-up pretty-boy!" Ares spat, leaning right down in Donnie's face. "Don't you condescend to me! I will end you!"



"Ares, calm down," a scared, musical voice said from across the room. "Please."

Ares snarled and huffed out a long, slow breath as the fire went out of his eyes. He stepped back and turned, and both Donnie and Victor looked up as well. Waiting across the room was Donnie's mother, Aphrodite. She was draped in a red-satin bed sheet in a way that left less to the imagination than it should. Her hair fell around her shoulders in matted tangles. Seeing her like that, it suddenly occurred to Donnie that Ares was fully dressed in black armor, though he couldn't quite say how Ares had been dressed when he'd emerged from the bedroom. If at all.

"I'm calm," Ares said with smooth insincerity. "Just having a little chat with junior."

"Adonis, what are you doing here?" Aphrodite asked. Her hair was perfectly arranged in seashell combs now, and she wore a red evening gown that trailed behind her. To Donnie's disappointment, it did not have an "A" embroidered across the front.

"He came to give you a message," Ares sneered.

"Is it about the war?" Aphrodite asked. She looked Donnie in the eye when she spoke, but her eyes flicked noticeably toward Ares. Was she seeking his approval? That's how Donnie read it.

"No," Donnie told her.

"Can it wait?"

"No," he said again.

"What is it?"

"It's private," Ares said in a nasally, mocking imitation of Donnie's accent.

Donnie nodded, fighting down the shame that threatened to either close up his throat or make him go for his pistols again. "It's private," he managed to say.

"I'll hear it," Aphrodite said. "Tell me, please."

Donnie winced. "Mom, I think we should—"

"Now, my son," Aphrodite said. "No secrets. Not here."

Donnie glared at the ground and took a deep breath to get control of himself. He looked up but accidentally caught Ares' eyes first.

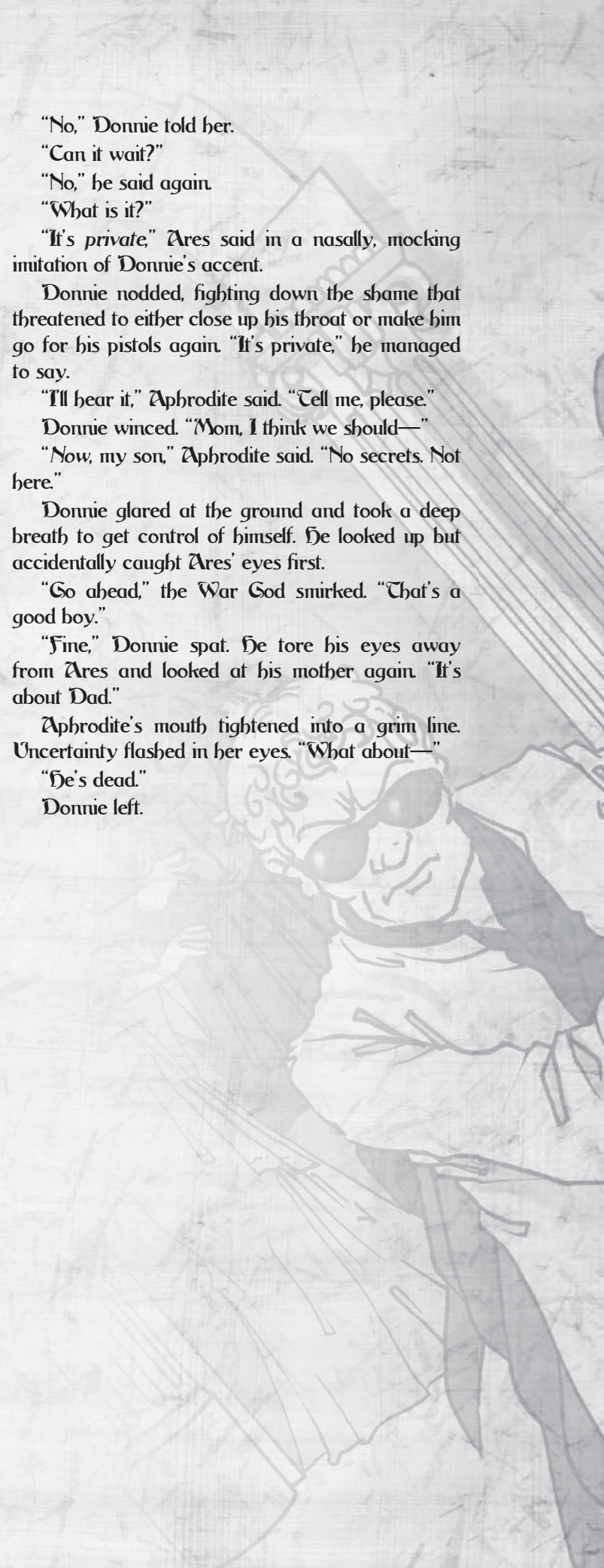
"Go ahead," the War God smirked. "That's a good boy."

"Fine," Donnie spat. He tore his eyes away from Ares and looked at his mother again. "It's about Dad."

Aphrodite's mouth tightened into a grim line. Uncertainty flashed in her eyes. "What about—"

"He's dead."

Donnie left.



COYOTE STORIES

At the Monkey King's direction, Black Water left the stone house, left the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit, left the continent of Ao-lai. She plunged back into the Great Sea and reentered the World somewhere in the East China Sea. She pointed herself east and traveled for a time beneath the rolling waves, the Kusanagi held out before her like the iron spar of Jules Verne's *Nautilus*. She hurried around the World through the chill depths of the Pacific, shaking her head at the silliness of the errand she'd taken on herself. Was it the nature of all Gods to be so petty as both her father and Sun Wukong seemed? Would she be so vain and hardheaded herself one day?

Black Water didn't like the idea of turning out like her father, but she would accept that dubious honor if she could live long enough to achieve it. Doing Susano-o's menial labor sometimes put it out of her mind, but she knew well that the next generation of Gods would soon have to step up and take its place on the front lines of the Overworld War. Black Water was no coward, but she understood the dangers inherent in facing the free and furious Titans. Some of the older Gods had died in the fighting already. The entire Norse pantheon was fated to die yet in the battle. (Or so their one-eyed All-Father had convinced them all.) Given the choice between possibly being devoured alive by ancient horrors in the Overworld and doing her father's tedious bidding elsewhere, Black Water was content to let her father make the preferable choice for her. It could be worse for her. She could have been born to a bride of Hachiman and been drafted into frontline service already. Or she could have been abandoned like her cousin Kane Taoka and seduced by some clever Titan's wives. That thought chilled her more than the depths of the Pacific ever could.

Once across the ocean, Black Water angled upward and hurled herself into the air over California. She soared like a missile, not flying and not yet falling. She sheathed the Kusanagi beneath her kongamato-skin jacket and withdrew from her kit a rolled-up bundle of what might appear to be leather—a recent gift from her father for a job well done. As she reached the apogee of her flight, she untied the leather thong that held the bundle

closed. The leathery bundle unfurled into the shape of a small black horse. This empty horse opened its mouth and gulped air like a drowning man lifted to safety. In so doing, it swelled to a horse's proper proportions and came to life, hanging in the air like it was standing on solid ground. It stamped on nothing and let out a whinny that was more like the squeal of someone letting air out of a balloon through a pinched valve. Black Water grabbed a fistful of this horse's mane and swung herself up onto its back.

"Mistress," the empty horse's kami said, bowing once Black Water was sitting comfortably. "I take it you're in a hurry."

"I am, Bokotenba,"

Black Water said. Then she smiled. "I have urgent monkey business to attend to."

"Of course, Mistress," the spirit replied, as if nothing could make more sense. "Our destination?" Black Water told it. "Interesting. Hold tightly to my mane now. We should arrive by sunrise."

"Then let's away east," Black Water commanded. "Hyaal!"

One moment, Black Water sat astride her mount hovering above the coast of California. The next, the pair of them were a streak against the night sky, heading due east at 500 miles per hour—faster than Black Water herself could fly. They cut across the slouching legs of California and tickled the dangling toes of Nevada. They skirted the northern border of Arizona and arrowed straight into the high right shoulder of New Mexico. They punched through towering cumulonimbus islands, chasing the golden



tail of a falling star that burned to nothingness ahead of them. As the sun rose in the eternally distant east, Black Water's destination came into focus at last.

"There it is, Bokotenba," she said, pointing at a village of square homes stacked together like building blocks. "See it?"

"I do now, Mistress," the horse-kami replied. "Shall I put down in the distance or take you right to the heart of the village?"

"Take me to its heart," Black Water replied, "but don't descend. Wait in the clouds until I call for you."

"As you wish, Mistress."

The hollow flying horse did as instructed, taking Black Water into a cloudbank. She reined in, put both legs over the same side of the horse and looked down. Directly below lay a large village of reddish-brown, adobe-brick buildings, stacked together in discrete piles on opposite sides of a meager creek. These buildings were surrounded by the remains of an old wall; small neighborhoods of more modern homes huddled past that line of demarcation. Overlooking many of them like a weary shepherd was a proud Catholic church. The creek trickled down into the village's heart from the Sangre de Cristo Range in the distance. Between the village and the mountains lay a peaceful, beautiful lake. Less than a mile south lay the city of Taos, New Mexico.

Black Water buttoned up her kongamato-skin coat and pulled its hood over her head. The hide shifted colors to match the clouds and the morning sky, such that what little of Black Water remained exposed seemed to float alone in the clouds above the horse's back. Black Water patted the beast fondly, which made a sound like a bouncing playground ball, and hopped down off its back into the empty sky. She dropped without fear, stretching out the kinks that the long ride had squeezed into her lithe, limber body. She patted the pockets of her clothing to make sure she hadn't dropped anything important. When she'd satisfied herself

that she hadn't, she finally drew the Kusanagi partway from its sheath and conjured a wind to slow her descent. The wind carried her to the top of one of the old adobe buildings in the center of the village. She paused there on one foot to look around. No people were up and walking around outdoors at this time of morning. Then again, not too many people lived in this, the oldest part of the village. Most of the Taos Pueblo people who called this village home lived in the modern homes outside the old wall.

When her quarry refused to make himself immediately available, Black Water stepped off the roof and glided down among the buildings.


Her kongamato leathers and the weak light of early morning rendered her discreet enough that her presence didn't disturb the locals. If she were lucky, those factors would also help her get up close to Coyote before he realized someone was looking for him. And after a few minutes of searching, luck proved faithful to her. She found Coyote's house nestled in the shadows of two larger dwellings and managed to time her arrival to coincide with the moment he was emerging with a sloshing chamber pot, his eyes shut tight and his mouth wide open in a big yawn. He looked like a skinny, hunched-over old man with stringy white hair, but Black Water knew she was in the right place.

"Hey!" Black Water called out, pulling back her kongamato hood as she flew toward Coyote's door. The old man opened his eyes just in time to see a lady's head and two white hands—one of them holding a sword—coming right for him. He dropped his chamber pot, startled, and Black Water knocked it aside with a gust from the Kusanagi. An instant later, she crashed into him and knocked him back into his house, landing on his chest as he fell flat on his back.

"Not so fast, you," she said.

Coyote's eyes danced, taking in his options. Then they rolled up in his head and his mouth opened wide.





"My hip!" he wailed. "My brittle back!" Never had an old man made such piteous sounds. "I'm killed!"

"You old liar," Black Water snapped. Sun Wukong had warned her to be wary of such tricks as these. "You're no more hurt than I am."

"What a burden I'll be on my poor daughter!" the old man whimpered and warbled, adding syllables to each word that had no business being there. "And she's never been the same since those amputations!"

"Settle down, old man," Black Water said. She stood up and pulled the door closed behind her. Coyote moaned and rolled back and forth on his back in a way no mortally injured old man could. "You're not so hurt a good thrashing wouldn't make an impression."

Black Water waved the Kusanagi in the air between them with one hand while unbuttoning her kongamato-skin coat. Coyote got the point and stopped rolling. He stopped moaning too, but he didn't get up yet.

"Well, there's no need to go making threats, honey," he said. "I only wanted to soften that heart of yours."

"Get up, Coyote," Black Water told him, gesturing with her blade. "We have to talk."

The old man rolled up to his feet with all the arthritic tenderness of a high-school cheerleader. He shook off the floor dust and ran his hands through his hair. As he did, his features flowed and changed all at once into a form closer to Coyote's true shape. He stood up tall, shaped like a rangy, wiry man, but his head was a coyote's head with clever yellow eyes as big as dollar coins. He grinned at Black Water, his tongue lolling.

"That was pretty brave, tackling an old geezer," he said, stuffing his hands in his pants pockets. "How'd you know who I was anyway?"

Black Water sheathed the Kusanagi and retrieved a small leather bag from an inner jacket pocket. The whole thing squirmed violently in her hand like it was trying to hop down onto the floor.

"Bakeneko ears," she told him. "Shapeshifters make them twitch like crazy."

"You had that in your coat?" Black Water nodded. Coyote grinned even wider. "You ought to keep it in your pants. Then again, that's advice I've never taken when I could help it." The old rascal laughed and leaned in the direction of the door.

Black Water shifted her balance to cut him off. "So what can I do for you, pretty lady?"

"I came looking for something," Black Water said. "A certain golden clasp. You know the one I mean."

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't give that to you," Coyote said. He put one hand to his chest, the picture of gallant sincerity. "My old friend Monkey would be terribly disappointed in me if I gave it away. He asked me to guard it with my life."

Black Water put her hand back on the hilt of the Kusanagi. "He did no such thing, you thief. Who do you think asked me to come collect it?"

Coyote was crestfallen. "Ah nuts. You're one of his kids, then? I thought you looked Chinese when I saw your head coming at me out of the darkness."

"I'm Japanese," Black Water corrected icily. "And I'm no Monkey Princess. My father is Susano-o."

"Oh that old character!" Coyote said with new enthusiasm. "How's he doing anyway? I haven't seen him since the camps in the '40s. I keep a picture of him here on my windowsill, if you want to see it."

Coyote casually headed for the window, and Black Water stepped in front of him. There were no pictures on the sill.

"Hm," Coyote said. "You're a sharp one. Okay, I get that. But what's a child of Susano-o doing running errands for old Monkey, I wonder? Some sort of Nanking-reparations deal? I understand your daddy has a lot to answer for the day your ancestors showed up there."

"You're trying to distract me with boorish talk," Black Water said. "I'll take your fear as a sign of respect for now, but don't test my patience. Give me the golden cap and I'll be on my way. If you keep it from me, I'll take you back to the Mountain of Flowers and Fruit to answer to the Monkey King in person."

"Okay, okay," Coyote said, throwing up his hands. "I'll hand it over. Trouble is, I don't exactly have it." Black Water narrowed her eyes and loosened the Kusanagi in its sheath. "It's true, it's true. I gave it to a local spirit for safe-keeping."

"You're a liar, sir."

"Absolutely," Coyote affirmed, "but I can tell the truth when it suits me. I can't just keep something like Monkey's gold here in my house. I'm trying to keep a low profile, after all. If the locals figured out who I was, they'd toss me out on my ear. My good one."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"Well, if word got out that there was a real-life God living here," Coyote tried to explain, "how long would it be before the titanspawn showed up too? I couldn't do that to these nice folks after they've have showed me such hospitality—whether they knew they were showing it or not. I do worry about them so."

"The cap," Black Water said, unimpressed.

"All right," Coyote sighed. "But seriously, it's not here. I gave it to a spirit in Blue Lake to keep it hidden. I'd have to go run and get it. You can wait here if you like. Won't take a minute."

"Oh no you don't," Black Water said, shaking her head. "You'd have to leave me some collateral before I'd let you just walk out of here."

"Yeah?" Coyote asked. His eyes danced again. "What would it take?"

Black Water told him. His eyes stopped dancing.

"The whole thing?"

Black Water nodded.

"Damn. Come on with me, then."

Black Water inclined her head in a short bow. She turned in place, giving Coyote a path to the front door. "You won't get far if you run," she warned him. "And if you try, I'm taking my collateral anyway."

"Yikes," Coyote said, followed by a convincing gulp. "Nobody wants that now. Here, if it'll make you trust me more, take hold of my tail. If I look like I'm about to start running, you just give a good yank on it."

He half turned and pointed his tail at Black Water. Black Water couldn't help but notice that it wagged slightly, try though Coyote might not to show it. She took the hilt of the Kusanagi in one hand and grabbed Coyote's tail with the other. Just to be on the safe side, she gave it one hard, sharp yank before Coyote had even turned around. It popped right off in her hand and turned into one pissed-off-looking water moccasin. She knocked its head off with the Kusanagi.

"Oops," Coyote said, cringing and raising his hands defensively. "How'd that get there? Here, sorry, this is the one you want."

"That is *not* your tail."

"Hey-o, right you are. Silly m—"

Black Water grabbed Coyote by the ear and squeezed it hard, doubling Coyote over almost to his

knees. He mewled and stamped his feet, but that just made Black Water squeeze harder.

"Enough foolishness," she said quietly. "We're going to Blue Lake, you and I. You'll give me what you stole, and I'll be on my way. Do you understand?"

"I think I'd hear you better in my good ear," Coyote whimpered. Black Water squeezed again. "All right! All right! I understand!"

"Excellent," Black Water said. "Now, unless you're going to change your story again..."

"No, I'm comfortable with this one."

"Good. Let's begin."

Black Water dragged Coyote out the door and flew up with him before anyone noticed the pair of them. Coyote yelped sincerely at the tugging on his poor ear. Black Water carried him high up into the sky in an arcing trajectory that would bring them down in deep shadows aside the lake she'd seen from the clouds when she'd arrived.

"Now, who did you give Monkey's golden cap to?" she asked. "The spirit of this Blue Lake, you said?"

"Well," Coyote said, "her little sister, actually. Blue Lake doesn't talk to me anymore."

"Why not?"

"It's kind of a long story. If you want to go back to my place for a minute, I could—"

"Out with it," Black Water insisted, giving Coyote's ear a painful twist. "If this is going to cause a problem, I want to hear about it right now."

"Careful," Coyote yelped, wriggling in Black Water's grip. "I just got that ear straightened out the way I like it after the last time somebody crushed it all up. Anyway, I'll tell you if you'll just knock off the twisting."

Black Water did, and Coyote relaxed as much as he was able.

"Okay," Coyote said. "I guess it's not that long a story. A little while back, I started hearing from some other spirits about the daughter of Red Willow Creek—that's the name of the little trickle that runs through the village there. I'd never met the girl before, but the more I heard about her, the more I wanted to. She was beautiful, everybody said. She had fine hair like a curtain of silk. She had a waist you could fit both hands around, fingertip to fingertip. She had legs as long as sunflower stalks, boobs from here to Sunday, and an ass tauter than a snare drum. You hear what I'm saying? This girl

was pretty. No, that's not right. You're pretty—Red Willow Creek's daughter was *amazing*."

"I think I get the point," Black Water said sharply.

"Anyway, that's what people said about her, so I made myself into a Taos Pueblo and moved in take a little look. But this girl's father hid her too well. He was afraid the locals would fall in love with her and take her away, so he only let her out of the house at night when everyone else was asleep. Once everybody was in bed, he took her out walking by the creek, showing her the stars and the plants and the moon. I stayed up a few nights trying to catch sight of her after hours, but Red Willow Creek checked all the beds, and if he found one empty, he didn't let his daughter out. So one night I took off one of my skins, stuffed it with straw, put it in my bed with the covers over it and went to hide by those bushes down there. You see them?"

"I see them," Black Water said. She'd had to slow her flight considerably so as not to land at Blue Lake before Coyote's story was finished.

"So I was waiting there, and I saw Red Willow Creek check all the beds and fall for my dummy. He went back in his house and brought out his daughter to show her the world at night. And it was just like people said. Fine hair like a curtain of silk. Waist you could fit both hands around. Legs like sunflower stalks. Boobs from here to Sunday. Ass like a snare drum. And her face wasn't half bad either. Worth looking at, certainly.

"So she and her father were on the far side of the creek from me, and neither one saw me watching. I was no friend to Red Willow Creek, but I wanted to get to know his daughter better, so I stretched my... my collateral across the creek toward her. The tip came up through some bushes near where she was and got her attention.

"Well now," she said to her father. "Look at this strawberry I've found. Here it is the middle of winter, and this isn't even a strawberry vine it's growing on.

This must be one hardy specimen.' She was sure right about that."

"Coyote..."

"So she scratched her head, powerfully curious," Coyote went on, ignoring the warning tone in Black Water's voice. "She leaned down really close and sniffed a couple of times, driving me crazy with her warm breath. 'How odd,' she said. 'This doesn't smell like a normal strawberry.' Then she squeezed it a little, which was just fine by me. 'It's warmer than a normal strawberry too.' Then she squinted at it, so close I could feel her eyelashes when she blinked. Oh, how they tickled. 'It's the right color, but it doesn't have achenes like

a normal strawberry.' She was so confused, she asked her father what type of strawberry it could possibly be. 'I don't know,' Red Willow Creek said. 'Bring it over here into the moonlight so we can have a look at it.'

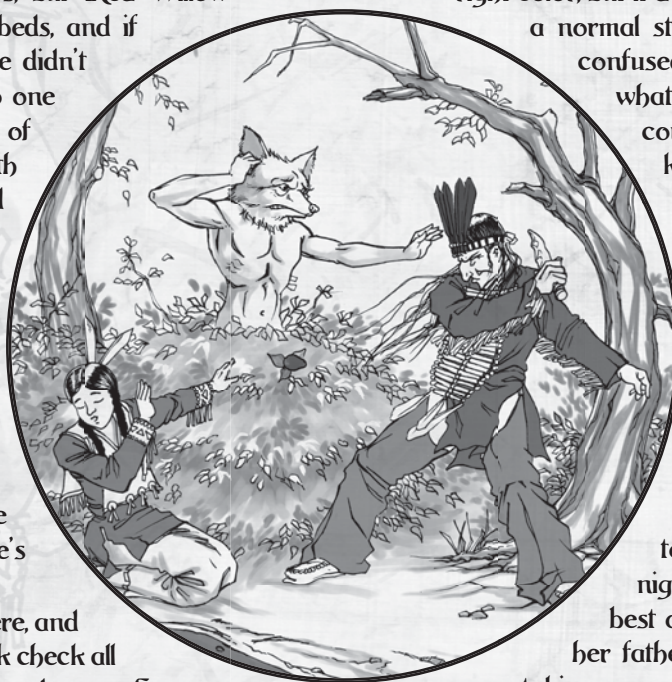
"So she grabbed it and tried to take it off the bush. She pulled. She squeezed. She twisted a little. She used all her might. I have to tell you, it was the best night of my life. At least the best one in a long time. Then her father got involved. 'What's taking you so long?' he asked her.

'Can't you get that thing off?' 'I'm trying,' she told him, 'but it's not working. It's just getting slippery.' 'Here,' he said. 'Let me have a go at it.' Now, I'm not ashamed to say I was in the right frame of mind just then to see what that might be like. Unfortunately, that's when Red Willow Creek pulled out his big flint knife and said, 'This should take care of that stubborn thing.' 'Wait a minute now, friend!' I said, popping up on the other side of the creek. 'Let's not be hasty!'"

"Coyote," Black Water cut in. "I didn't ask you about any of this nonsense. I asked you about Blue Lake, and you're making me sorry I did."

"I'm getting there, I'm getting there," Coyote assured her. "Just don't drop me. How about I skip ahead some?"

"Do."



"Okay, so let's just say I didn't make too good a friend of old Red Willow Creek or his daughter that night. If I hadn't made it back to my house and thrown my stuffed skin out the door for him to hack all to pieces, I would have been in a bad situation. But after that, Red Willow Creek took his daughter back home and eventually moved her back in with her mother up in the Sangre de Cristo Range where nobody would ever see her again. The day I found out she was gone was the saddest day of my life. At least the saddest one in a long time. I took to sitting out by the creek and howling to the moon, wishing I could see that pretty girl just one more time.

"One night while I was out howling, I heard these tiny footsteps in the dirt and I saw a different girl looking at me. She ran for it the minute I turned these yellow eyes of mine on her, but she was just a little girl and I've got these long legs. I also had a grown man's shame at being caught crying. I got a hold of her ankle and pulled her down, and I made her tell me what she meant by all this spying on somebody who wasn't doing anyone a bit of harm. She told me she didn't mean to spy but she'd heard me howling and thought maybe I was just some dumb coyote caught in a hole or a trap. She only wanted to help me out. Maybe nurse me back to health like a pet or something. I should have been upset at that, I suppose, but I still missed Red Willow Creek's daughter and I didn't have the fire inside me to be really angry. Maybe I'm just a lonely old fool, but instead of snapping the little girl's head off in one bite, I told her the same story I just told you. Except I didn't hide the truth behind the word 'collateral.' This little lady didn't have your delicate sensibilities, you see."

"And that little girl was Blue Lake?" Black Water cut in again. The two of them hung in the air over that body of water now.

"No, no, the little girl was Blue Lake's sister, the one I told you about. I'd never seen either one of them before because that puddle down there is sacred to the old Pueblos who live here and I'd never bothered to go find out why. Anyway, she introduced herself and told me that if I was feeling sad and lonely, then today was her lucky day. She had an older sister, she said, who was feeling exactly the same way as me because she could never leave her lake and nobody but the stuffy old kiva groups ever came out to visit her. Maybe if I was feeling lonely, I could come and keep her sister company. 'She's really ugly, isn't

she?' I asked. I had to know. 'No no, not at all,' the little girl assured me. 'You'll like her, I promise. No matter what your tastes are.'

"I didn't know what that meant, but it was enough to get me walking. I followed the little girl under the night sky to Blue Lake, right by that spot down there. I stopped at the edge, and the little girl waded in ahead of me. She stuck her head under water and called her sister, then she sat down on a rock. A minute later, the water rose up and twisted itself into the shape of an older girl, and that girl walked over the lake to where I was waiting. 'Blue Lake,' her sister said, 'this is Coyote. Coyote, this is my sister. What do you think of her?'

"I don't know," I told her. Her sister's crystal-clear body was made of pure lake water. The wind made her skin ripple, and the ripples cut the moonlight to sparkling ribbons inside her. 'She's not ugly, I'll give her that. But what did you mean when you said I'd like her no matter what my tastes are?' 'Oh that,' Blue Lake's little sister said. 'My sister conforms to the shape of man's desire, you see. If there's any one part of her you don't like, just tell her. She can change it as easy as breathing.' I looked back at Blue Lake, and she nodded like an eager bride on her wedding night. Anything I might want to suggest—that look said—she'd be willing to give it a shot. So I said, 'Well, I like your hair, Blue Lake, but could you make it a little longer?' She could, and she did. Like water running downhill, her hair got longer right before my eyes. 'Neat,' I said. 'What about your legs? They look strong and all, but can you make them longer?' She could, and she did. Just like that, Blue Lake got taller. Her sister giggled, and I did too a little. This was fun. 'Now how about your breasts, Blue Lake?' I said. 'They're shaped just right, don't get me wrong, but they're a little on the small side. Can you do anything about that?' She could, and boy did she. She turned this way and that, showing off a much-improved profile. 'Now we're talking,' I told her. 'At that size, though, they sort of square off your waist. Can you maybe cinch that in a little?' She could, and she did. 'And with your legs stretched out so much, your rump's flattened down some. Can you round that out and tighten it up?' She could, and she did. What a delightfully accommodating girl this Blue Lake was. Not at all like you, I've got to say."

Black Water couldn't think of a way to safely answer that without giving away something about herself that wasn't any of Coyote's business.

"So there I had it," he continued, "and let me tell you, Blue Lake was quite a looker. Fine hair like a curtain of silk. Waist you could fit both hands around. Legs like sunflower stalks. Boobs from here to Sunday. Ass like a snare drum. And with a few quick tweaks, her face wasn't half bad either. Now this was somebody I could get to know better. 'That's a hell of a thing,' I said to Blue Lake's sister. 'I'm glad I ran into you.'

"I bet," the little girl said. "But something's weird. Blue Lake looks familiar now." "Of course she does," I said. "She's your sister. You've known her all your life!" But that wasn't it and I knew it. "No, no," the girl said. "I've got it! She looks just like Red Willow Creek's daughter! The one who moved away up to the Sangre de Cristo Range and never came back. You're quite an artist, Coyote. The resemblance is uncanny!"

"Oh, the look that came over Blue Lake's face just then... She stamped her foot on the surface of the water and said, 'Wait a minute! You made me look like somebody else? Somebody you can't have?' Little tear bubbles ran out of the corners of her eyes and up over the top of her head. She had more to say after that—a lot more. I tell you, you've never heard such complaining! She hollered, she cried, she cursed me up one side and down the other. She boiled, she was so mad. But eventually she wore herself out screaming at me, and there was nothing she could do but disappear back into the water in a snit. And that was pretty much that. To this day she won't listen to me, she won't talk to me, she won't even look at me."

"I don't blame her," Black Water said. "You're a lecherous, insensitive louse."

"Well so what?" Coyote huffed, crossing his arms petulantly as he dangled by one ear in Black Water's fist. "I gotta be me, don't I? Anyway, you asked what the problem is with me and Blue Lake, and that's it. She won't have anything to do with me. Only her little sister still talks to me, and that's probably just because she feels guilty for getting me in trouble."

"Guilty?" Black Water said. "Unbelievable!" She was almost beyond words. She didn't think anybody short of Kane Taoka or Seth Farrow could make Donnie Rhodes look like a perfect angel, but Coyote came close.

"Yeah, well," Coyote said, shrugging. "Anyway, because she feels guilty, she does stuff for me sometimes. When I showed up with Monkey's

golden trinket, for instance, I knew it'd be safe with her and nobody would ever know it was there. She's no looker like her sister, but she's real reliable."

"I ought to drop you right in that lake."

"Anywhere but the briar patch," Coyote said. "Why don't you set us down by those rocks instead?"

Black Water did as Coyote suggested, descending quickly and putting down in a shaded spot beside the lake. She dropped Coyote from higher up than was strictly necessary and touched down beside him as he spit out a mouthful of mud. He glared at her and would have said something sharp, but the look in her eyes changed his mind for him. Instead he sat quietly, tenderly stroking his ear, which Black Water's grip had wrinkled and pulled entirely out of shape. It hung down over one eye like unruly bangs.

"Let's get started, then," Black Water said. "Do you want to call this spirit, or should I?"

"I'll do it," Coyote said. He trotted over to the water's edge and stuck the end of his snout in. He said a few words and drank a little water then sat back on his haunches to wait. "There. That'll do it. She should be along any minute."

Sure enough, as soon as Coyote finished talking, the surface of the lake parted in the middle and a girl popped up from underneath. She bobbed there like a buoy with her feet still under water. By her looks, the girl was no more than 10 years old, though the depth of wisdom her eyes said differently. Sauntering up to the water's edge, she nodded once to Black Water then put her arms around Coyote's neck.

"Hey you," she said. "It's been a long time. Who's this? New girlfriend? What's she, Chinese?"

"Don't ask," Coyote said, rolling his eyes.

"Are you Blue Lake's sister?" Black Water asked.

"Sure am. You can call me Veronica if you like." The girl paused expectantly, mirth shining in her eyes. When Black Water reacted not at all to her words, she slumped in disappointment. "Man..."

"You are keeping something here for Coyote, correct?" Black Water asked. "Coyote stole it; I'm here to take it back."

"What?" the girl said, shocked and appalled. "Coyote is no thief! He would never—"

"It's okay, babe," Coyote said. "She's working for Monkey. She knows."

"Oh." The girl looked at Black Water and turned her look of righteous indignation into a sheepish grin. "Sorry. I guess I should go get it, then."

Black Water nodded once.

"And hurry, sweetheart," Coyote said. He nodded toward Black Water. "I think I've still got a chance with this one if we snap to it."

Black Water seethed, especially when the little girl winked at her before disappearing back into the lake, but she knew she was almost through this if she could just be patient. She'd get Sun Wukong's property back, climb up on Bokotenba's back and take off out of here in short order. Then, if her father was still busy elsewhere, she'd drop back in on her mother for a while.

Or maybe she'd call Donnie...

"Hey," Coyote said. "You want to make out?"

"What? Absolutely not."

"Fair enough. Want to hear about how my buddy Iktoome accidentally slept with his own wife?"

"No."

"How about the time I took water from the frog people? That's a good one. See, I was out hunting and I found this deer rib that looked—"

"No," Black Water said again. She'd had enough of Coyote's stories. If all of them were like the two she'd already heard...

"Guys, we have a problem."

Black Water and Coyote looked up together to see the little girl standing on the lake's surface again. She wore a hangdog expression and shifted her weight nervously from foot to foot. She did not look happy. Black Water didn't either.

"What problem?"

"It's my sister," the little girl said. "She's got that golden whatever-it-is, and she won't give it back."

"You're kidding me," Coyote said. "I thought you were going to hide it!"

"I did," the little girl insisted. "But Blue Lake knows where I hide all my stuff. We're sisters."

"Let me talk to her," Black Water said. She fingered the hilt of the Kusanagi. "I have certain ideas that will change her mind about things."

"Hey, now, wait a second," Coyote said, sounding both angry and strong for the first time that morning. "This is a holy place. You can't just come here waving that pig-sticker around like nobody's business. That's... It's..."

"Unseemly," the little girl supplied.

"Yeah."

"Does she know she's holding stolen property?" Black Water countered, annoyed that Coyote had called her bluff—probably without even realizing he'd done it. "How seemly is that?"

"Listen, she didn't know it was stolen at first," Blue Lake's sister said. "She thinks Coyote gave it to me as a gift, so she didn't want me to have it. When I told her where it came from, she just laughed. She figures if she doesn't give it back, Coyote's the one who's going to catch hell for it."

"That's correct," Black Water said, glaring at Coyote, who had once again become the hapless troublemaker.

"She'll realize she's being petty eventually," the little girl went on. "If we just give her some time and don't make too big a fuss, she'll put it back where I can find it. I'll bring it to you when she does."

"How much time?" Black Water asked.

"A couple of years at most. No more than that."

"Years?" Black Water said. "Unacceptable. I have responsibilities."

"I could wait here in your place," Coyote offered helpfully. "As soon as Blue Lake coughs up the goods, you'll be the first person I contact."

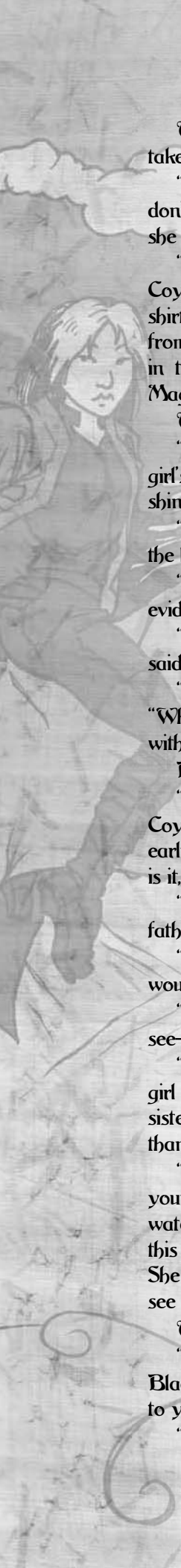
"I think not."

Coyote shrugged. "Worth a shot."

"How about this..." Black Water said, her expression turning pensive and calculating. "What if I offered her something in trade? Would that make her more cooperative?"

Coyote blinked and sat up straight, clearly taken aback. "Trade, you say?" He looked over at Blue Lake's little sister, trying unsuccessfully to hide a small smile. "Would she go for that?"





The girl shrugged. "I don't know. She wouldn't take anything *you* offered, Coyote, that's for sure."

"I don't know... If I picked her up something I don't normally go in for and you brought it to her, she might not realize it came from me."

"What about this?" Black Water said, ignoring Coyote's musing. She dipped two fingers under her shirt collar and produced a beautiful jade necklace from within. Curved, teardrop-shaped beads glittered in the morning sunlight. "It's called Yasakani no Magatama. It's been in my family for generations."

The girl's eyes danced. "That's pretty."

"Nah," Coyote said, quashing the young-looking girl's hopes. "I'm not so keen on making deals for shiny beads these days. Fool me once—"

"You weren't even there for that, you spoilsport," the little girl interrupted.

"What *would* it take?" Black Water said with evident frustration.

"I would take the necklace," Blue Lake's sister said.

"Hm," Coyote said, scratching under his chin. "What about that horse of yours? Could you part with that?"

Black Water narrowed her eyes.

"I guess you were trying to keep it hidden," Coyote said, shrugging, "but I saw it up in the clouds earlier. It looked like it was stitched up all over. What is it, some kind of stuffed animal?"

"It's hollow, actually," Black Water said. "My father made it."

"Hollow... Hm. That might be even better. Tell me, would it still be able to fly if it was full of water?"

"I think so," Black Water said. "But I don't see—"

"Coyote, are you doing something?" the little girl asked, glaring at him petulantly. "You think my sister's going to like some stupid horse balloon better than that necklace? That's dumb."

"No, it's perfect," Coyote said. "Think about it. If your sister filled that 'stupid horse balloon' up with water from her lake, she could take a little piece of this place with her and go see some sights for herself. She wouldn't be stuck here all the time. Don't you see how happy that would make her?"

The little girl crossed her arms. "I guess."

"Then it's settled," Coyote said. He turned to Black Water. "Does that sound like a fair trade to you?"

"Not especially."

"It wouldn't be forever," Coyote said. "Just for a while. Blue Lake gets bored easy, her sister's right about that. In a year or two, she'll get bored and set your horse down in the lake somewhere and forget all about it."

"I'll keep up with it after that," Blue Lake's sister said. "Whenever you want it back, you can just come here and I'll bring it right up to you."

"I don't know..."

Coyote put an arm around Black Water's shoulder and gave her a friendly squeeze. "It's the perfect solution, sweetheart. Don't let your distaste for me cloud your judgment. And it's not like you'll be too put out by all this. We've already seen you can fly just fine on your own. Isn't a little inconvenience—a little *temporary* inconvenience—worth getting this job done?"

"I suppose it is," Black Water said, grudgingly. Coyote laughed and gave Black Water's shoulders a comradely shake. "But I want to see the golden cap first."

"Good idea," Coyote said. He turned to Blue Lake's sister and said, "You go explain things to your sister. I'm sure she'll see the good sense in all this."

"All right," Blue Lake's sister said. She turned around, took a few steps out toward the center of the lake and disappeared beneath the water once more. When the girl was gone, Black Water stepped out from under Coyote's long arm. His hand had slipped too far over the front for her liking. Coyote smiled at her and held his hands out, palms forward. She glared at him anyway, just for good measure.

"So anyways," Coyote said. "I was out hunting like I said, and I found this deer rib that looked just like a dentalia shell—"

"Coyote," Black Water said, "I still don't want to hear it."

"Dang it."

A few minutes later, Blue Lake's little sister emerged from the water again, carrying a bag woven from lake grass.

"That's it there?" Coyote asked.

"It is," the girl said. "Blue Lake's very excited about this horse balloon." She sighed. "I guess you were right."

"Open the bag," Black Water said.

Blue Lake's sister dipped a hand into the bag and pulled out a filigreed golden cap expertly shaped in draconic designs. It looked exactly like the one

Black Water had already seen on the other end of Sun Wukong's staff.

"Satisfied?" Coyote asked as Blue Lake's sister dropped the object back in the bag.

"I am," Black Water said. She put two fingers in her mouth and let out a shrill, piercing whistle. In moments, her mount appeared among the clouds high over their heads and galloped downward in tight circles. It came to rest on four cushions of air where its hooves should have been, and it regarded the surroundings with two stitched-up lines where its eyes should be. It kept its mouth shut.

"Mistress," the mount's kami said in a voice only Black Water could hear. It bowed its head.

"I have to go now, my friend," Black Water said. Blue Lake's sister and Coyote both heard these words as well as her mount's kami did. "But I have to go alone. You're staying here."

"Mistress?" the kami asked, flabbergasted.

"That's right, I did make a deal, Bokotenba. I'm so glad you understand."

"Did I give you that impression, Mistress?"

"Don't get too excited," Black Water said, patting the horse's hollow flank, making it bob in place slightly. "This is only temporary. You'll see me again soon enough."

"Yeah, you'll be in good hands," Coyote put in, walking over to Bokotenba. The horse shied and danced back a step. "You're one lucky horse. And your master here's a good lady."

"Mistress, who is this barbarian?"

"We've got a deal," Black Water said to Coyote, turning away from the horse reluctantly. "Give me the bag. And don't make me warn you about what will happen if you mistreat Bokotenba."

"Hey now," Coyote said in mock disappointment. "I like horses. He's going to be just fine."

"Mistress," Bokotenba murmured, "this friend of yours isn't going to eat me, is he?"

"Here you go, ma'am," Blue Lake's sister said, handing it over. Black Water checked one more time to make sure Monkey's golden cap was in it. She spoke briefly to its sleepy kami to confirm its authenticity.

"So," Coyote said, clapping his hands and rubbing his palms together. He tossed his head to make his floppy ear lie down out of his eye. "Is that it?"

"It is," Black Water said. She rolled the grass bag around its contents and stuffed it into one of her pockets. She drew the Kusanagi from its sheath, and the ambient winds lifted her into the air. "Take care of Bokotenba," she added.

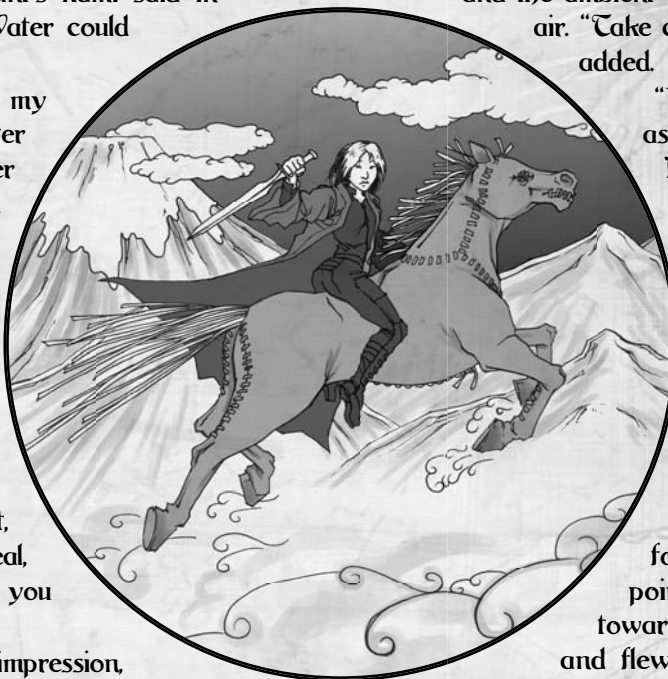
"Yeah," Coyote said. Even as fast as she was rising, Black Water could still see him trying to hide a wily smile. "Bye now!"

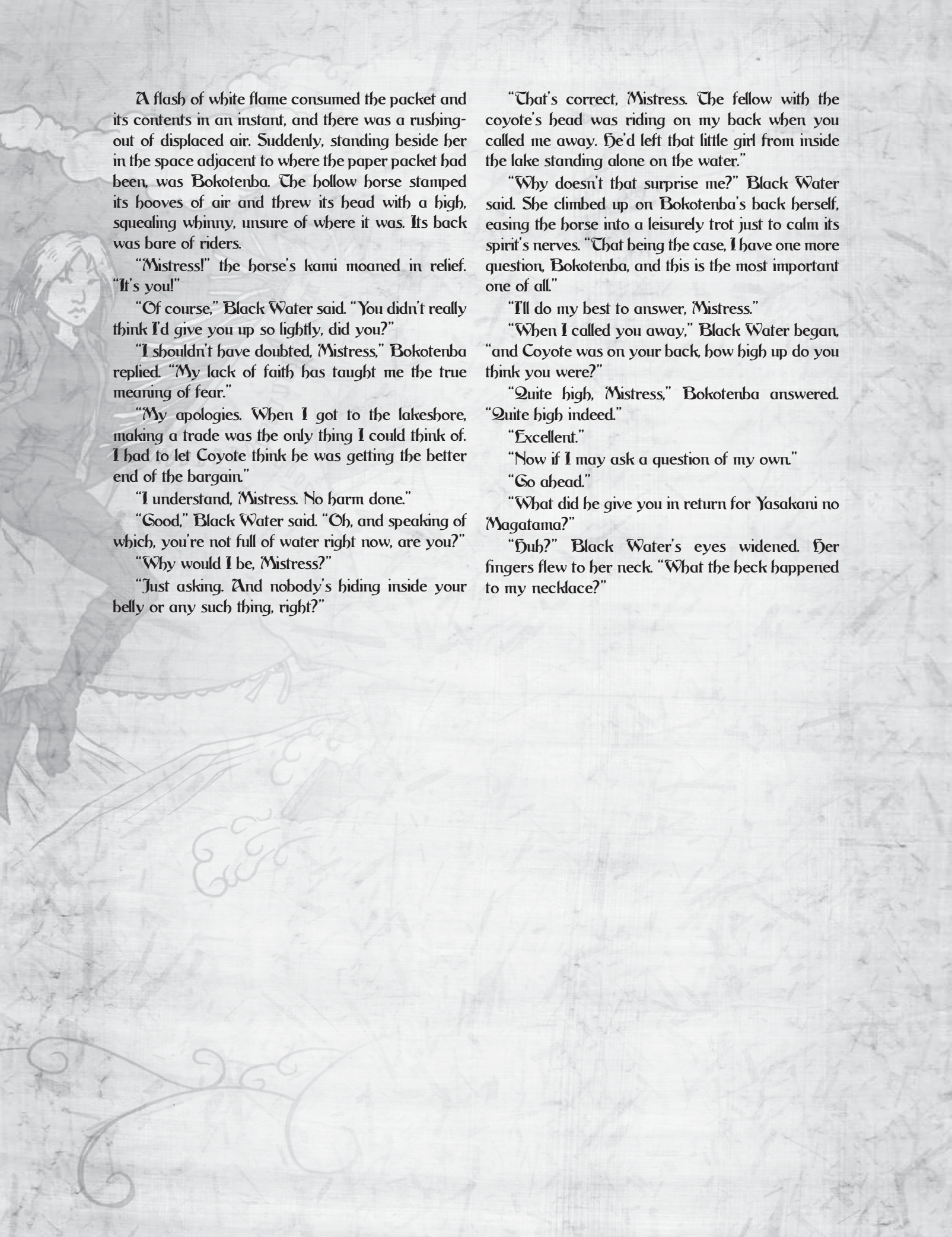
"So long!" Blue Lake's sister said, waving gaily. "It was nice to meet you!"

Black Water shook her head, giving no voice to her own less-than-fond farewells. She only pointed the Kusanagi west toward the ocean once more and flew away, chased by the rising sun. Over her shoulder, she watched Bokotenba rise with a single rider on his back. The rider whooped and hollered like a drunken teenager. It was all Black Water could do to swallow her pride and fly away with a despondent frown on her face.

A few dozen miles away, Black Water's affected gloom evaporated, and she touched down in the middle of the desert wearing a huge grin. She put away the Kusanagi and fished a small white paper packet out of a deep inner pocket of her jacket. The packet's contents rattled around reassuringly inside. She looked back in the direction of Taos, Blue Lake and Coyote and held the paper packet out in front of her.

"Bokotenba!" she cried.





A flash of white flame consumed the packet and its contents in an instant, and there was a rushing-out of displaced air. Suddenly, standing beside her in the space adjacent to where the paper packet had been, was Bokotenba. The hollow horse stamped its hooves of air and threw its head with a high, squealing whinny, unsure of where it was. Its back was bare of riders.

"Mistress!" the horse's kami moaned in relief. "It's you!"

"Of course," Black Water said. "You didn't really think I'd give you up so lightly, did you?"

"I shouldn't have doubted, Mistress," Bokotenba replied. "My lack of faith has taught me the true meaning of fear."

"My apologies. When I got to the lakeshore, making a trade was the only thing I could think of. I had to let Coyote think he was getting the better end of the bargain."

"I understand, Mistress. No harm done."

"Good," Black Water said. "Oh, and speaking of which, you're not full of water right now, are you?"

"Why would I be, Mistress?"

"Just asking. And nobody's hiding inside your belly or any such thing, right?"

"That's correct, Mistress. The fellow with the coyote's head was riding on my back when you called me away. He'd left that little girl from inside the lake standing alone on the water."

"Why doesn't that surprise me?" Black Water said. She climbed up on Bokotenba's back herself, easing the horse into a leisurely trot just to calm its spirit's nerves. "That being the case, I have one more question, Bokotenba, and this is the most important one of all."

"I'll do my best to answer, Mistress."

"When I called you away," Black Water began, "and Coyote was on your back, how high up do you think you were?"

"Quite high, Mistress," Bokotenba answered. "Quite high indeed."

"Excellent."

"Now if I may ask a question of my own."

"Go ahead."

"What did he give you in return for Yasakani no Magatama?"

"Huh?" Black Water's eyes widened. Her fingers flew to her neck. "What the heck happened to my necklace?"

SECTION

G O D



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SCION

GOD

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BOOK ONE
PLAYER



GOD

Of every Scion who receives a Visitation, maybe one in 100 survives to become a demigod. Of those, less than one in 1,000 has what it takes to progress to godhood. It takes a remarkable confluence of events for a Scion to reach his or her full potential. As with reaching the demigod level, having a knack for surviving against impossible odds is of primary import, but it's also necessary that those very odds increase exponentially in the Scion's opponents' favor. Only the direst circumstances, such as the ongoing Overworld War, provide Scions the impetus they need to exercise their unfettered might, and that leads them to gain ever-greater power, even as the legend of their deeds spreads across the Three Worlds. As the World's oldest legends attest, few mortals have what it takes to achieve apotheosis and become a true God.

Welcome to that unique fraternity.

In attaining godhood, a Scion's body undergoes its final metamorphosis, becoming a construct of pure ichor inhabited by the Scion's immortal spirit. He now has the option of spending all his time in immaterial spirit form, though few Gods do so (the exception being the Loa, and then only in the World). Although Gods are effectively immune to the effects of physical damage in spirit form, they are also unable to physically affect things themselves. Also, they become vulnerable to absorption by the Greater Titans if they are immaterial within a Titan realm. (Loa typically avoid the consequences of not possessing concrete forms by employing their unique Cheval Purview to borrow the physical forms of others.)

A God must spend (Legend x 5) Legend points as a one-tick instant action to construct a body out of ichor, the solidified form of Legend. In so doing, he manifests physically with his full power, which has its full effect on the skein of Fate. By spending only a single point of Legend, an immaterial God may become tangible enough to be seen and heard for a single scene, though he or she remains immune to physical damage. To dissipate his physical form and become immaterial costs no Legend points but still requires a one-tick instant action. When a God becomes immaterial, all physical items in his possession (except trophies and Birthright relics) remain physical and clatter to the ground. (**Note:** Damage taken when a God is in his physical form remains if the God becomes immaterial. He's immune to further damage when he's immaterial, but when he re-materializes, he still bears the wounds his physical body took.)

As a Scion's new God form is an idealized one based on the Scion's self image, all Gods receive a bonus dot in all of the Physical Epic Attributes, as well as a free dot of positive or negative Epic Appearance. (These free Epic Attribute dots grant the normal free concomitant Knack as well.) Also, the older Gods are sure to shower their children with Birthrights to show their appreciation for their accomplishments (or for less

altruistic reasons). In addition to the Birthrights available to heroes and demigods, Gods have access to two unique divine Birthrights: Avatar and Sanctum (see below for details). All the changes one gains by attaining godhood are outlined in the template that follows:

GOD UPGRADE SUMMARY

- **STEP ONE: ATTRIBUTES**

Prioritize the three categories: Physical, Social, Mental (4/3/2)

Upgrade Physical Traits: Strength, Dexterity, Stamina

Upgrade Social Traits: Charisma, Manipulation, Appearance

Upgrade Mental Traits: Perception, Intelligence, Wits

- **STEP TWO: EPIC ATTRIBUTES AND BOONS**

Add one dot to Epic Strength, Epic Dexterity, Epic Stamina and Epic Appearance (either positive or negative)

Choose Epic Attributes and Boons (10)

- **STEP THREE: BIRTHRIGHTS**

Choose Birthrights (5)

- **STEP FOUR: BONUS POINTS**

Bonus points (15) may be spent to upgrade any trait (see the bonus point costs on p. 101 of *Scion: Hero*)

NEW BIRTHRIGHTS

The following Birthrights are available only to Scions of Legend 9+, as only Gods possess the pure-ichor forms required by Avatar and the access to the Overworld homes of the pantheons required by Sanctum.

AVATAR

When traveling among mortals in the World, it often behooves a God to suppress the force of his Legend so as not to invoke the twin perils of Fatebinding and a God-level Fateful Aura. With this Birthright, the God learns to construct a body of ichor that is significantly less mighty than what he is truly capable of creating. Yet although the power he *manifests* is limited, his innate divinity remains unchanged. Therefore, he can still sire Scions, and anyone who manages to steal an original Birthright relic from him can operate it at the God's full potential. (See "Stolen Relics" on p. 162 of *Scion: Hero* for more info.) Any Attribute maximums, supernatural powers or other effects limited by his Legend, however, are curtailed to the level he manifests in his physical form. Every level of Legend shed by the God subtracts five Legend points from the cost of constructing a material form for himself out of ichor. A God may, at will, change the level to which he limits himself, but he must dissipate his ichor form to do so and rebuild it from scratch at the usual cost (see p. 36).

Note: A God can never divest himself completely of Legend. That is, he may not use this Birthright to reduce his Legend to 0.

- The God may shed up to two dots of Legend, decreasing the cost to construct his ichor form by a maximum of 10 Legend points. Any Boons, Purviews, spells or Epic Attributes that he is no longer eligible to wield are temporarily unavailable to him.
- The God may shed up to four dots of Legend, decreasing the cost to construct his ichor form by a maximum of 20 Legend points. Any Boons, Purviews, spells or Epic Attributes that he is no longer eligible to wield are temporarily unavailable to him.
- The God may shed up to six dots of Legend, decreasing the cost to construct his ichor form by a maximum of 30 Legend points. Any Boons, Purviews, spells or Epic Attributes that he is no longer eligible to wield are temporarily unavailable to him.

••••

The God may shed up to eight dots of Legend, decreasing the cost to construct his ichor form by a maximum of 40 Legend points. Any Boons, Purviews, spells or Epic Attributes that he is no longer eligible to wield are temporarily unavailable to him.

•••••

The God may shed up to 10 dots of Legend, decreasing the cost to construct his ichor form by a maximum of 50 Legend points. Any Boons, Purviews, spells or Epic Attributes that he is no longer eligible to wield are temporarily unavailable to him.

SANCTUM

A sanctum is a God's private retreat in the Overworld (or less frequently, the Underworld or a terra incognita). Often expansive affairs that would put the finest dwellings in the World to shame, most exist in the Godrealms of the pantheons, though a few are paradoxically larger than the realms that house them thanks to the mutable nature of space in the Overworld (see p. 118 for details). Therefore, what appears to be a small barque from the outside might contain rooms that go on for miles when one investigates its interior.

Many Gods prefer to flaunt their power and majesty in their sanctum designs, but that's hardly necessary. A sanctum can be as simple or as ornate as its owner desires. Also, a sanctum's details can change at a God's whim (though not with a speed that would aid in combat), often reflecting the whims of Gods of more mercurial temperament (such as Aphrodite) or the stubborn permanence important to more staid deities (such as Amaterasu). Regardless, all match the natures of their owners, from the sepulchral glory of the Palace of Hades to the rustic charm of Landvidi.

The inhabitants of sanctums similarly mirror the predilections of their owners. Aphrodite's palace is inhabited by fawning nymphs, for example, while Tlaloc is attended in his sanctum by the equally monstrous tlaloques and Baron Samedi commands ghostly ghede. Such inhabitants can help defend a sanctum if it is compromised, but regardless of martial skill, they do not venture from the sanctum to take part in the adventures of their owners. (That's what followers are for, after all.)

Gods who do not possess sanctums of their own typically live in the Overworld sanctums of their divine parents or those of powerful patrons within their pantheons, often those belonging to the pantheon heads.

Note: At a cost of one extra dot, a God's sanctum possesses an **Axis Mundi** that connects it directly to the World from the Overworld or a Passage leading from an Underworld sanctum to the World. Sanctums in *terrae incognitae* need no such thing as they are already connected to the World by their very nature.

•

The Scion possesses a small sanctum for a God, the size of a grand Worldly mansion.

••

The Goddess owns a large Overworld estate in her pantheon's Godrealm that spans many acres. Some such sanctums often feature vast gardens or other natural features, while others are merely huge homes (or even mausoleums) built to a scale and level of opulence that would bankrupt a mortal billionaire.

•••

The size of the Scion's sanctum is measured in square miles, rather than mere acres. A large manor of some sort remains the typical centerpiece, surrounded by ample grounds appropriate to the God in residence.

••••

A four-dot sanctum ranges to about 1,000 square miles in total area, with terrain as varied as there are Gods in the Overworld. There is usually a central structure the size of a one-dot sanctum in which the God resides.

•••••

A sanctum of this level is monumental in size, equivalent to a fair-sized country in the World. Such sprawling domains might encompass forests, desolate wastelands, rolling fields or even small cities, depending on the wants and temperament of their owners, typically with a central structure in which the Scion dwells, itself equal in size to a one- or two-dot sanctum.

THE GODS

What follows are the pregenerated signature characters from **Scion: Demigod**, now become Gods. In addition to having the God template applied to them, they've also been upgraded using a total of 300 experience points, to represent the time and effort expended to reach this point in their development. These Scions' Shinsengumi rivals (see pp. 271-283) have had the same amount of experience applied to them.





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HARSIHAR

GOD OF JUSTICE



Harsihar, the new God of Justice for the Pesedjet, would really prefer to be called by his birth name, Horace Farrow, but his father's interference and the natural tendency of the Egyptian pantheon toward formality has made that unlikely to catch on in Iteru. So, Horace answers grudgingly to the name, at least when in Iteru. Unfortunately, that's where the new deity spends the majority of his time nowadays, responsible as he is for unearthing Aten's angelic suicide bombers.

After all the time he's spent fighting titanspawn in the field, Horace has been relegated to what amounts to a desk job now, and he's not happy. He misses being in the thick of events, making things happen. Waiting for potential problems to come his way then sitting for hours in a room tactfully interrogating Gods and lesser immortals is hardly the best use of his hard-won power, he thinks. But it's important work, and every new God brought safely to Iteru is another asset in the war against the Titans, so he bides his time without complaint. He has no doubt the future will have conflict enough for everyone.

Horace misses his Bandmates most. They had forged true camaraderie in the crucible of war, and he misses such true friends in austere and formal Iteru. He misses Eric's boisterous good nature, Aaron's dry wit, Yukiko's naïveté, Donnie's exasperating overconfidence and Brigitte's... well, he misses Brigitte most of all. He sometimes wonders about the six of them striking off on their own when this is all over, maybe forging their own pantheon and Godrealm. But there's a war to be won, and anything beyond that will just have to wait, maybe forever.

Horace's Indian Chief motorcycle's been packed below deck on his barge since he first arrived in Iteru months ago. He misses the freedom it represents and has promised himself a long ride as the influx of refugees lets up for a while—assuming it ever does. In addition, he still possesses the Eye of Horus, the Fang of Apep, his Falcon Amulet and *The Book of Going Forth By Day* (see **Scion: Hero**, pp. 164), but these see a great deal more use than does his bike, much to Horace's chagrin.

Roleplaying Hints: Having grown into your role as a field leader over the course of the many adventures with your Band, you're more than a little frustrated being tied to a desk job. You're mostly resigned to this fate, but you're always on the lookout for a way to get back in the action and off this lazy river. Although you're still driven to bring your uncle Seth to justice, you appreciate the bigger picture of the ongoing conflict and are willing to put vengeance on the back burner until the Overworld War is won. Most days, anyway. You still keep an eagle eye on the guy, however. It's only a matter of time before his true nature asserts itself, even here in Iteru.

Birthrights: The Eye of Horus gives Horace access to the Moon and Sun Purviews. The Falcon Amulet lets Horace access the Sky Purview. The Fang of Apep adds Accuracy +1 and Damage +1L to the khopesh template (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 202). *The Book of Going Forth By Day* offers access to the Magic Purview and possesses the ability to transport its owner to Duat (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 164, and **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 144-152 for additional info on the book's powers and on Duat). The relic also presents the incantations necessary to ease one's passage through the Egyptian underworld (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 150).



SCION

G O D

Harsihar
Name

Player

Peace Officer
Calling

Architect
Nature

Pesedjet
Pantheon

God of Justice
Role

ATTRIBUTES

Physical
Strength ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Dexterity ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Stamina ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆

Social
Charisma ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Manipulation ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Appearance ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆

Mental
Perception ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Intelligence ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Wits ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆

ABILITIES

☐ Academics ○○○○○
☐ Animal Ken ○○○○○
☐ Art ○○○○○
☐ ○○○○○
☒ Athletics ●●●○○
☒ Awareness ●●●○○
☒ Brawl ●●○○○
☒ Command ●●●○○
☐ Control (Motorcycles) ●●○○○
☐ ○○○○○

☐ Craft (Electronics) ●○○○○
☐ Craft (Gold) ●○○○○
☐ ○○○○○
☐ Empathy ●○○○○
☐ Fortitude ●●●○○
☐ Integrity ●●●○○
☐ Investigation ●●●○○
☐ Larceny ●●○○○
☐ Marksmanship ●●○○○
☐ Medicine ●○○○○

☒ Melee ●●●○○
☐ Occult ○○○○○
☒ Politics ●○○○○
☐ Presence ●●●○○
☐ Science (Forensics) ●○○○○
☐ ○○○○○
☐ ○○○○○
☐ Stealth ●●○○○
☐ Survival ●●○○○
☐ Thrown ○○○○○

BIRTHRIGHTS

Avatar 4, Relic (The Book of Going Forth by Day-Magic) 5,
Relic (Eye of Horus-Moon, Sun) 2, Relic (Falcon Amulet-Sky) 1,
Relic (Fang of Apep) 2, Sanctum (Temple Barque) 1

WEAPONS

Khopesh (Fang of Apep)
Acc 9, Dmg 11L, Parry DV 6, Sp 5
Cott .45
Acc 10, Dmg 5L, Rng 20, Clip 8, Sp 5, P

KNACKS

Benefit of the Doubt, Blinding Visage,
Body Armor, Borrowed Credibility,
Broad-Spectrum Reception, Charmer,
Crowd Control, Damage Conversion,
Divine Bound, Divine Damage Conversion,
Environmental Awareness, Eternal Vigilance,
Holy Bound, Impenetrable, Instant
Assessment, Instant Investigator,
Meditative Focus, Opening Gambit,
Perfect Partner, Predatory Focus,
Rarefied Electromagnetic Perception,
Regeneration, Self-Healing, Subliminal
Warning, Supernal Hunter, Talent
Mirror, Telescopic Senses, Unimpeachable
Reference, Uplifting Might

BOONS

Burn, Divine Radiance, Eclipse Halo,
Flare Missile, Heart Scarab, Heavenly
Flare, Inexorable Gravity, Influence Ba,
Moon Chariot, Penetrating Glare, Phase
Body, Ren Harvest, Sekem Barrier,
Sekem Blaze, Sky's Grace, Smoking
Mirror, Solar Prominence, Sun Chariot,
Tidal Interference

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

SOAK

A 5 L 16 B 18

ARMOR

Bulletproof vest

A 2 L 2 B 2

EXPERIENCE

300

VIRTUES

Conviction ●●●○○
Harmony ●●○○○
Order ●●○○○
Piety ●○○○○

LEGEND

●●●●●●●●
●●●●○○○○ Legend Pts 81

HEALTH

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ADONIS RHODOS

GOD OF LOVE AND LOSS

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Donnie Rhodes is not a fan of playing Hermes-Lite, but with Hermes and Iris, the Dodekathemon's premier psychopomps, so busy coordinating the important missives and maneuvers of the Overworld War, a guy with wings who's intimately familiar with the modern World comes in pretty handy. Donnie Rhodes, errand boy. That's the thing about the fickle Gods of Olympus. You're hero of the realm one day and on the outs the next. (Mocking the Olympians' archaic mode of dress and inciting other modern Scions to eschew it probably didn't help.)

The young God doesn't appreciate being called Adonis Rhodos either. It feels like he's betraying his late father and namesake, too. Whatever faults he had, Donald Sr. was still more of a parent than Aphrodite's ever been. Unfortunately, Donnie's bad attitude about using the Greek equivalent of his name has made it that much more popular with the Dodekathemon elders he's alienated, ensuring its constant use.

At this point, the Scion is just tired of this whole sorry mess. It was fun at first. He'd found his mom, and she was a Goddess, and she paid attention to him (for a while anyway). But even that was okay, because he finally had true friends, not hangers on or people out for his money, but folks that cared for him and were always there for him. And then there was Yukiko. If only he wasn't such an idiot. But they're all gone now. Dad too. And now he's back to being ignored except when he's being bossed around.

As a God, Donnie continues to eschew the flashier Boons, concentrating on the improvement of his divine form through increased Epic Attributes and Arete instead. Doing so makes him ideal for stealth missions and operations that require charm and guile rather than overwhelming force. Such as messenger, unfortunately.

Donnie still possesses his twin relic pistols and the Daedalus Device. He can also rely on his half brother, Indiges, as a guide, though he tends to just drop by the God's villa rather than contacting him via his bust of the warrior. (Being able to do so with the expenditure of one Legend point does offer the new God a way to contact his brother surreptitiously and at great distance, though.)

Roleplaying Hints: You continue to strive to be better than your parents, but without the example set by your more altruistic Bandmates, you find yourself slipping more and more into old self-destructive habits, drowning your problems in nectar and nymph flesh rather than confronting them. You keep looking for better role models on Olympus, but with the exception of Indiges and Heracles, you haven't seen a lot of Gods worth emulating, which only serves to depress you more.

Birthrights: The Daedalus Device allows Adonis Rhodos to channel the Sky, Animal and Sun Purviews and adds +2 to his DVs as if he possessed a pair of independently mobile shields. Eros and Anteros are Berettas—the former gold, the latter matte gunmetal—each fitted for a silencer and adding Accuracy +1 and Speed -1 to the gun's template (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 203) and each also possessing a unique power.

When the young God activates Eros' power and shoots someone with it, the target suffers no damage but falls head over heels in love with the next person she sees. (The attack must still succeed as per a normal attack with a pistol, and a bullet is still used. This bullet's passing and impact leaves no physical sign, however.) If Donnie activates Anteros' power instead and shoots a person with that pistol, the target develops a deep hatred toward the next person she sees.

Activating either power requires a Legend point, as well as a successful (Charisma + Presence + Legend) roll. The target—who doesn't feel the impact from the shot and might not even realize she's been targeted—resists with (Willpower + Integrity + Legend). If Donnie's player scores more successes, the effect lasts for a number of days equal to the number of successes he garnered in excess of his victim.

Donnie also possesses a bust of the God Indiges, which allows him to contact his half brother and guide at any distance and even between Worlds.





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SCION

G O D



Adonis Rhodos

Name

N'er-Do-Well

Calling

Dodekatheon

Pantheon

Player

Cynic
Nature

God of Love and Loss
Role

ATTRIBUTES

Physical
Strength ●●●●○○○○○○○★
Dexterity ●●●●○○○○○○○★
Stamina ●●●●○○○○○○○★

Social
Charisma ●●●●○○○○○○○★
Manipulation ●●●●○○○○○○○★
Appearance ●●●●○○○○○○○★

Mental
Perception ●●●●○○○○○○○★
Intelligence ●●●●○○○○○○○★
Wits ●●●●○○○○○○○★

ABILITIES

☐ Academics ●●●●○
☒ Animal Ken ●●●●○
☒ Art ●●●●○
☐ ●●●●○
☐ Athletics ●●●●○
☐ Awareness ●●●●○
☐ Brawl ●●●●○
☐ Command ○●●●○
☐ Control (Automobiles) ●●●●○
☐ ○●●●○

☐ Craft ○●●●○
☐ ○●●●○
☐ ○●●●○
☒ Empathy ●●●●○
☐ Fortitude ●●●●○
☒ Integrity ●●●●○
☐ Investigation ○●●●○
☒ Larceny ●●●●○
☐ Marksmanship ●●●●○
☐ Medicine ○●●●○

☐ Melee ○●●●○
☐ Occult ○●●●○
☐ Politics ●●●●○
☒ Presence ●●●●○
☐ Science (Psychology) ●●●●○
☐ ○●●●○
☐ ○●●●○
☐ Stealth ○●●●○
☐ Survival ○●●●○
☐ Thrown ○●●●○

BIRTHRIGHTS

*Avatar 4, Guide (Indiges) 5, Relic (Bust of Aeneas) 1,
Relic (Daedalus Device-Animal, Sky, Sun) 5, Relic
(Eros/ Anteros) 4, Sanctum (Olympian Villa) 1*

WEAPONS

*Eros/ Anteros
Acc 11, Dmg 4L, Rng 20, Clip 15, Spd 3, P*

KNACKS

*And the Crowd Goes Wild, Blinding
Visage, Blurt It Out, Center of
Attention, Charmer, Come Hither,
Detail Variation, Divine Fortitude
(Sleep), Doin' Fine, Engender Love,
Hapless Cool, Holy Fortitude,
Knowing Glance, Lightning Flyer,
Making It Look Easy, My Eyes Are Up
Here, Overt Order, Perfect Actor, Pied
Piper, Rabbit Reflexes, Rumor Mill,
Tailor Made, Trendsetter, Trick Shooter,
Untouchable Opponent*

BOONS

*Animal Feature (Bird), Arete
(Integrity) 1, Arete
(Marksmanship) 8, Arete
(Presence) 8, Penetrating Glare,
Storm Augmentation, Wind Grapple,
Wind's Freedom*

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

SOAK

A 2 L 4 B 6

ARMOR

A _____ L _____ B _____

EXPERIENCE

300

VIRTUES

Expression ●●●●○
Intellect ●●●●○
Valor ●●●●○
Vengeance ●●●●○

LEGEND

●●●●●●●● 100
●●●●●●○○ Legend Pts

HEALTH

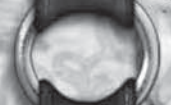
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DONNER

god of LIGHTNING



C. Walker



Eric Donner has it pretty good. He's hailed as a hero by the Aesir and son of the most well-liked of the Asgardian Gods. Donner (as he is known among the Gods) is in his element now, often leading einherjar into battle against the forces of Muspelheim or helping to familiarize the Norse Gods with the elements of modern warfare. He often spends his downtime either feasting in Valhalla or spending time getting to know his extended family in Bilskirnir. He misses the other members of his Band, but with the exception of being disturbed by the Aesir's fatalistic attitude (especially that of his grandfather, Odin), he's pretty darn happy.

In battle, Donner remains all about offense. With his power at his command, he acts as the heavy artillery of any assault. In many ways, Donner epitomizes the Aesir ideal of a warrior, much like his father and siblings do: He's strong, noble and straightforward in his dealings. As such, he's as beloved and praised as much as his fellow young God Slægr (see pp. 276-277) is disdained and badmouthed. Unfortunately, without the more cautious and thoughtful members of his Band to rein him in, he often finds himself in situations that threaten even a warrior as powerful as he. The more clever of the Aesir, such as Odin, Loki and Tyr, tend to use Donner in the same way they use his father and his siblings Magni, Modi and Thrud—as a blunt instrument to be guided by their will at targets of their choosing. And if Donner dies on such a mission, well, that's unfortunate, but this is likely Ragnarök after all, so all the Gods are living on borrowed time anyway.

Donner still drives the GTO he and his mortal grandfather rebuilt, though often across the sky now, and despite several instances where it has been wrecked by fire giant or dragon bombardment, the car cover his allies Brok and Sindri gave him has always allowed the Goat to be repaired. During the current conflict, it behooves all of Asgard's warriors to be armed at all times, and Donner's rune necklace makes sure Giantbane is always at hand when he need it. His *algiz* ring, meanwhile, allows him to travel swiftly to wherever his allies are in danger, so he might turn the tide of even the fiercest battle against Asgard's foes.

Roleplaying Hints: You finally seem to have come to terms with this crazy life you lead, and it shows in your supreme confidence in your abilities. Some might even call it overconfidence. You have a tendency when left to your own devices to rush heedlessly into danger, unwilling to make the hard choices one must make in a war, those of life or death. In war, soldiers die. You don't see things that way, and it's this compassion that might end your immortal existence one day. (One day soon if the forces of Muspelheim realize this vulnerability.) Luckily for you, compassion's an alien concept to the fire giants.

Birthrights: Donner's *algiz* ring allows him to channel the Guardian Purview. Giantbane is an oversized relic Peacemaker of supernatural power. It adds Damage +3L to the Peacemaker template (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 203). It also allows him to channel the Sky Purview. Donner's necklace contains two rune stones—one carved with the *odal* rune, the other with the *raidô* rune. This relic allows the God to summon Giantbane to his hand from any distance. He also owns a car cover that allows his GTO to regenerate from any damage. As long as he gathers all the pieces of the car together under the cover, the GTO will be rendered whole again at dawn on the following day. Any missing pieces will not be replaced by the relic's magic, however. In addition, the dwarven artificer Brok has installed tires onto the car formed from stormclouds, which allow the car to drive through the sky as easily as it does on land.



SCION

G O D

Donner
Name

Player

Athlete
Calling

Gallant
Nature

Aesir
Pantheon

God of Lightning
Role

ATTRIBUTES

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

ABILITIES

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Craft (Automobiles)	●●○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Melee	●●○○○
<input 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 checked="" type="checkbox"/> Presence	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Fortitude	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (Meteorology)	●●○○○
<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 checked="" type="checkbox"/> Control (Automobiles)	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Marksmanship	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Thrown	●●○○○

BIRTHRIGHTS

Avatar 4, Relic (Algiz Ring-Guardian) 1, Relic (Car
Cover) 2, Relic (Giantbane-Sky) 4, Relic (Rune-Stone
Necklace) 3, Relic (Stormcloud Tires) 1

WEAPONS

Giantbane
Acc 9, Dmg 8L, Rng 20, Clip 6, Spt 5, P

KNACKS

Broad-Spectrum Reception, Cat's
Grace, Crushing Grip, Damage
Conversion, Divine Bound, Divine
Damage Conversion, Divine Fortitude
(Water), Divine Rampage, Divine
Wrath, Hapless Cool, Holy Bound,
Holy Rampage, Hurl to the Horizon,
Hurl to the Moon, Knockback Attack,
Knockback Wave, Mighty Heave,
My Eyes Are Up Here, Never Say
Die, Self Healing, Shock Wave,
Tireless Worker, Uplifting Might

BOONS

Aegis, Come Running, Create Air,
Levin Fury, Salvation Sacrifice,
Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation,
Tornado Tamer, Unseen Shield,
Vigil Brand, Weather Husbandry

WILLPOWER



SOAK

A 6 L 21 B 23

ARMOR

Chain Mail

EXPERIENCE

300

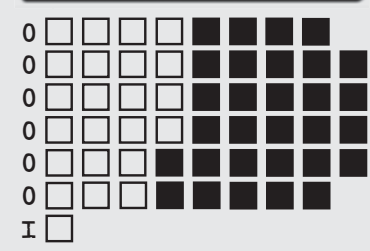
VIRTUES

Courage	●●●○○
Endurance	●●●○○
Expression	●○○○○
Loyalty	●●○○○

LEGEND



HEALTH



D O N N E R

G O D O F L I G H T N I N G

OBSIDIAN JAGUAR

GOD OF EXTIRPATION



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Itztli Ocelotl, or Obsidian Jaguar as he typically refers to himself, is conflicted. The so-called Crescent Moon Surgeon began as a devout follower of the Atzlánti Gods, but the more he dealt with them, the more his fervor faded. Now that he's a God himself, it seems the other Aztec deities live down to his every expectation, especially his own father Tezcatlipoca.

Perhaps it's just his having worked for so long with Scions from other pantheons. Certainly, they seem to be holding their own against the Titans without resorting to human sacrifice. And yet, only his father's ancient enemy Quetzalcoatl eschews the practice among the Gods of the Aztecs. The other Atzlánti seem to believe the sacrifices are necessary, but the Crescent Moon Surgeon wonders if it isn't just cultural inertia keeping the practice going. The other Scions and lesser immortals he's shared his concerns with seem to think there's something wrong with him.

And so the Obsidian Jaguar busies himself with his field hospital, trying to save what lives he can, while trying to ignore that his "nurse" Santa Muerte dispatches as many patients as he slaves, ostensibly because they were "too far gone" or "untreatable." And so his discontent grows.

On his off time, the Obsidian Jaguar often retreats to his lunar sanctum to watch the World rotate slowly beneath him, to remind himself why winning the war is so important. It was easier with his Band at his side, knowing that he fought the good fight with noble warriors at his side. But now it's just blood and death over and over, with no end in sight.

The Obsidian Jaguar has given up his modern dress for the traditional garb of his people. The only concession to the modern World in his kit now is his medical equipment, including his obsidian scalpels with which he remains equally deft at using to save or end lives. When in battle, he wields his deadly maquahuitl and bears the Xiuhichimalli, a relic shield given him by his father upon his "graduation" to demigodhood. He also continues to rely on the advice and access to Purviews his mysterious Crystal Skull provides.

Roleplaying Hints: Like so many soldiers before you in wars throughout history, you are experiencing a crisis of faith. You know the Titans must be defeated if the human race is to be saved, but at what cost? How many lives must be sacrificed, either figuratively or literally to ensure the Titans' defeat? You long for the days when it was your life on the line and you felt like you were making real headway. Now it seems the Overworld War will never end, but just crawl onward, grinding life after life to dust.

Birthright: Itztli Ocelotl's Crystal Skull relic allows him to channel his Magic, Mystery and Prophecy Purviews. It can also speak to him, offering him sage advice and counsel. The God also possesses Xiuhichimalli, a shield that affords him a +6 DV bonus (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 164).





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GOD OF EXTERMINATION

THE DUTIFUL PRINCESS OF BLACK WATER

GODDESS OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS

THE DUTIFUL PRINCESS OF BLACK WATER



Gimui Kuromizuhime, or the Dutiful Princess of Black Water as she is known outside the kami of Japan, is getting a little tired of being sent on this mission or that by her father, Susano-o. Of course, one should always honor one's parents, but being a slave to one is another matter. It was different when she was merely Yukiko Kuromizu, Scion, but to use a fellow God in this manner. Well, it's bad form.

She misses the freedom she had as a Scion. True, her father still asked things of her, but she was allowed to get results in her own way and she had friends who were in the same situations as her, upon whom she might rely and in whom she might confide. Now, there is only her mother to talk to... to really talk to. And there, the whole God thing keeps getting in the way. Stupid decorum. She often wishes Donnie were around. No one ignored social niceties quite the way he did. No one did all sorts of things quite the way he did.

Still a whirlwind in combat, the Dutiful Princess of Black Water's fighting style remains all about speed, finesse and accuracy, and as a God, her skills outshine even the wire fu madness of Asian cinema and anime upon which young Yukiko was raised. Additionally, her growing mastery of the Water Purview gives her a great deal of versatility in combat, allowing her to do anything from vaporize standing water into a white screen to bowling adversaries over with an inland tsunami. Her Tsukumo-Gami Boons also offer her a repertoire of unexpected benefits when fighting and even more in situations where she'd rather avoid a fight altogether.

The Dutiful Princess of Black Water possesses two of the Three Sacred Treasures of Japan, the Kusanagi and the Yasakani no Magatama. Her failure to recover the last treasure, the Yata no Kagami mirror, from Kane Taoka still bothers her. (Although he's never said so, she's sure it bothers her father as well.) She's traded in her bullet bike at this point for a more dignified mode of transport (to Amatsukami traditionalists anyway), Bokotenba, a hollow horse formed from the skin of the steed Susano-o once flayed and hurled into his sister Amaterasu's loom in a fit of pique. That this creature's existence serves to irritate his sister is a bonus to the boisterous kami. The fact that it doesn't help Gimui Kuromizuhime's standing with her aunt is lost on him.

Roleplaying Hints: You've come out of your shell and are far from the reserved naif you once were. You've shifted from an introverted, shy, artistic type to a focused, goal-oriented Goddess confident in your abilities. Sometimes, you miss the person you were so much you can hardly bear it, but she's just another casualty of this damn war. You secretly hope to find her within yourself again when it's all over.

Birthrights: The Kusanagi adds Accuracy +1 and Damage +1 to the spatha template (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 202) and allows Gimui Kuromizuhime to channel the Sky and Water Purviews. It also has a unique power that allows Kuromizuhime to strike a distant target without having to close that distance. This attack shares the combat traits of a close-combat attack with the Kusanagi, but Kuromizuhime cannot parry with it. She can attack a target out to a distance of (Legend x 5) yards. The Yasakani no Magatama provides access to the Fertility, Sun, War and Water Purviews. Bokotenba possesses the same traits as a Pegasus (see **Scion: Hero**, pp. 326-327), save its Virtues are Duty 3, Endurance 3, Intellect 1, Valor 2. It possesses human intelligence and the power of speech, and the relic to which it is tied is its own folded skin.





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THE DUTIFUL PRINCES OF BLACK WATER

GODDESSES OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS

BARONNE DE LA CROIX

GODDESS OF DEATH

BARONNE
DE
LA
CROIX



The newly titled Baronne De La Croix is settling into life in Ville au Camp quite easily, though she admittedly spends little time there when not actively fighting the titanspawn of the Drowned Road. Mostly she prefers to roam the World at her whim or spend time with the boisterous ghede in her father's domain, Guinee. Being a psychopomp of extraordinary promise, she can travel back to the Godrealm at a moment's notice, so few try to deny her wanderlust. Instead they often ask that she deliver messages for them or check in on their Scions and worshipers, which she is almost always happy to do.

She still misses the old days with her Band. She checks in on them when she can, but things have changed. The others have more responsibilities now, and with a war on, they're usually too busy (when she isn't) to have time to catch up. Especially dear Horace. Always the responsible one.

Nowadays, the Baronne spends less time fighting than she does transporting combatants to and from battles — or escorting the souls of those slain by the titanspawn to their final reward. Still, if things get hairy, De La Croix can certainly hold the line with her Earth Boons and zombie minions while carrying out an evac.

The Baronne still wields her coco macaque in combat (well, when her ghede guide doesn't). She also possesses a number of the feathers shed by the Black Feather Shroud that are each tied to an extant zombie of hers. The Goddess still wears her ubiquitous ghede glasses and relic top hat, too. She keeps the relic cigarette pack and rum flask her father gave her, although she hardly needs them anymore. She holds onto them for sentimental rather than practical reasons.

Roleplaying Hints: You're feeling pretty good about yourself. You've been accepted as a Loa, your talents as a psychopomp have made you an invaluable resource in the Overworld War, and you still get a taste of action now and again without being buried in the morass of battle every day. You still miss the old days with the Band, but you're sure this war can't go on forever. When it finally ends, there'll be time aplenty to reacquaint yourselves with the old gang. Especially Horace.

Birthrights: Baronne De La Croix's top hat allows her to channel the Darkness Purview, her ghede glasses allow her to channel both the Death and Health Purviews, and her coco macaque/pool cue allows her to channel the Psychopomp and Earth Purviews. The spirit of a ghede has been bound to the coco macaque, allowing her to receive its guidance whenever she needs it and allowing the relic to move independently and strike on its own. (This is actually the invisible spirit wielding it. The ghede has the powers of a Legend 4 ghost [see **Scion: Hero**, p. 292] and the traits of an experienced soldier [see **Scion: Hero**, p. 283], though he has no knowledge of modern firearms since he died in the Haitian Revolution.)



SCION

G O D



Brigitte de la Croix
Name

Mortician
Calling

Loa
Pantheon

Player

Gambler
Nature

Goddess of Death
Role

ATTRIBUTES

Physical
Strength ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Dexterity ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Stamina ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆

Social
Charisma ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Manipulation ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Appearance ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆

Mental
Perception ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Intelligence ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆
Wits ●●●●●○○○○○☆☆

ABILITIES

☐ Academics ●○○○○
☐ Animal Ken ○○○○○
☐ Art ○○○○○
☐ Athletics ●●○○○
☐ Awareness ●●○○○
☐ Brawl ●○○○○
☒ Command ●●○○○
☐ Control (Automobiles) ●○○○○
☐ ○○○○○

☐ Craft (Embalming) ●○○○○
☐ ○○○○○
☐ Empathy ●●○○○
☒ Fortitude ●○○○○
☒ Integrity ●●○○○
☐ Investigation ○○○○○
☐ Larceny ●●○○○
☐ Marksmanship ○○○○○
☐ Medicine ●○○○○

☐ Melee ●●○○○
☒ Occult ●●○○○
☒ Politics ○○○○○
☒ Presence ●●○○○
☐ Science (Chemistry) ●○○○○
☐ ○○○○○
☐ Stealth ●●○○○
☐ Survival ●○○○○
☐ Thrown ●○○○○

BIRTHRIGHTS

*Avatar 4, Followers (Zombies) 3, Guide (Ghede) 5,
Relic (Black Feathers) 2, Relic (Coco Macaque-Earth,
Psychopom) 4, Relic (Ghede Glasses-Death, Health) 2,
Relic (Rum & Cigs) 1, Relic (Top Hat-Darkness) 1,
Sanctum (Mansion in Guine) 1*

WEAPONS

*Coco Macaque: Acc 9, Dmg 9B, Parry DV 6, Spd 6
Ghede-wielded Acc 10, Dmg 8B, Parry DV 5, Spd 6*

KNACKS

*Charm, Crushing Grip, Detail
Variation, Devourer, Divine Wrath,
Dreadful Mien, Internal Refinery,
Inner Furnace, Lightning Sprinter,
My Eyes Are Up Here, Shock Wave,
Undeniable Resemblance, Unusual
Alteration*

BOONS

*Assess Health, Co-Location, Come
Along, Death Senses, Earth
Body, Earth Travel, Eclipse,
Haunted Mists, Landslide, Magma
Control, Marathon Sprinter, Night
Eyes, Open Underworld Portal,
Otherworldly Portal, Oublette,
Property Infusion, Rada's Eyes,
Rainbow Bridge, Ride Along, Safely
Interred, Shadow Shroud, Terra
Incognita, Unbarred Entry, Unerring
Orientation, Unquiet Corpse, Where
Are You?*

WILLPOWER

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VIRTUES

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Order ●●○○○
Piety ●●○○○
Vengeance ●●○○○

LEGEND

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Legend Pts

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EPIC ATTRIBUTES AND KNACKS

When a Scion becomes a God, his divinity burns away what remains of his mortal flesh. Thereafter, his physical body consists solely of ichor—and only when he deigns to create one. This pure, unalloyed divine substance is no longer held back by the constraints of mortal clay, and is therefore capable of astounding feats that can only be called divine or miraculous. To defeat the Titans and put them back in the prisons whence they escaped, the Gods of the modern age will need every iota of divine power they can muster.

COSTS

The experience costs for Epic Attributes change slightly at this level from how they were for characters at the heroic and the demigod level. Once a character becomes a God and his body consists entirely of ichor, all the Epic Attributes come equally naturally, regardless of which ones are associated with his divine parent. Therefore, the first dot of any Epic Attribute the character doesn't yet have costs only eight experience points, and any dot after the first costs only (rating x 4) experience points.

Aside from that, the limit remains that a character can have no more dots in an Epic Attribute than he has dots in the same mundane Attribute. (Just as demigod Scions can develop their Attributes to a greater degree than mortals can, though, Gods can develop their Attributes higher than demigods can.) As with heroic and demigod Scions, Gods must have at least one more dot of Legend than they have in their highest-rated Epic Attribute. For game-mechanics purposes, the term "God" refers to a character whose Legend rating is from 9 to 12, so such a character can have from between eight and 11 dots in any given Epic Attribute.

EFFECTS

Whether your character is a hero, a demigod or a God, his Epic Attributes always provide the same benefit: bonus successes to rolls of the mundane Attributes whence they derive. The same restrictions always hold true for the types of rolls to which you can apply the bonus successes from your character's various Epic Attributes. That is, your character must have dots in the Ability for which the roll calls in order to be able to use his Epic Attributes.

What makes having Epic Attributes awesome at the Gods' level is the divine scale of their effects. This range of Epic Attributes offers enormous amounts of extra successes compared to the hero level or even the demigod level. With so many successes guaranteed, your characters can achieve stupendous feats that no one in the World can match and that only the luckiest titanspawn and demigods can imitate. That's especially true



of a character's physical qualities that derive from his Attributes, such as his lifting capacity, his movement speed, his soak and his DVs. The other Gods and the primordial Titans have access to these levels of power, though, so it behooves a God not to get too cocky when he takes the field of battle.

At the Gods' level, the number of bonus successes each Epic Attribute dot grants is as follows:

Epic Attribute Dots	Bonus Successes Available
8	29
9	37
10	46

How a character's Epic Attributes affect the aforementioned physical qualities that derive from his Physical Attributes is described in the relevant Epic Attributes' write-ups.

THESE GO TO ELEVEN

The keen-eyed observer will have noticed that there is no bonus success total listed for the 11th dot of an Epic Attribute. This omission is not meant to

imply that Epic Attributes go only to 10 dots—au contraire. The Legend trait goes to 12, so it only stands to reason that Epic Attributes go to 11 (marked on the character sheet with a ☆). At that level, the character's capability achieves the ultimate expression of the concept that the Attribute quantifies. Just as ichor epitomizes the unique concept of the God's being, so too does the God epitomize the concept of the Attribute.

That being the case, each use of such phenomenal power is very expensive in terms of Legend points and lasts only temporarily. When using one in game, it's best to simply broach the subject with your Storyteller, let him know what you want to do and work out the details between yourselves. Then, having done so, simply narrate the results and amaze your friends. Dice shouldn't necessarily come into the equation unless two or more Gods' efforts using the same 11-dot Epic Attribute or diametrically opposed 11-dot Epic Attributes directly contest one another.

With each Epic Attribute's write-up is a brief summary of what sort of feats the Ultimate Attributes make possible.

KNACKS

Any character with Epic Attributes also has Knacks available to refine or augment those Attributes. A character gets one Knack free with each new dot of an Epic Attribute—even the 11th dot—or he can purchase new ones with experience points. The restriction remains at the God level that he may buy only those Knacks that come from Epic Attributes he actually has. Also, some more-powerful Knacks are available only if the character has the prerequisite Knack listed in the power's description. (Some prerequisite Knacks have prerequisites of their own.) If a Knack described here doesn't have a listed prerequisite and doesn't explicitly state otherwise, a heroic or demigod character may choose it as the Knack he receives for his first through seventh dots of his Epic Attribute. Furthermore, a God character can choose one of the Knacks listed in **Scion: Demigod** or **Scion: Hero** as his free Knack that comes with his eighth, ninth, 10th or 11th dot of his Epic Attribute.





A NOTE ON DIVINE HERITAGE: EPIC ATTRIBUTES

Any once-mortal Scion character who becomes a God can procreate and conceive semidivine offspring with a mortal partner. When he does so, the new God passes down a divine predisposition for certain Purviews and certain Epic Attributes. These Purviews and Epic Attributes are said to be “associated with” the God character, just as those aptitudes that were easiest for him to develop were associated with his own divine parent. (Until he becomes a God, his own divine parent’s predispositions are passed on to any children, and they may become Scions of their divine grandparent, if they receive an appropriate Visitation.)

When the character becomes a God, any Epic Attribute he has at at least the eight-dot level is considered “associated with” him. Any half-mortal Scion the God recognizes (or formally adopts) as his own takes on those characteristics at the reduced bonus point and experience point cost. Only those Epic Attributes the God has at the appropriate level *at the time of the Scion’s Visitation* count as being associated with that God, though.

The method of determining which Purviews are associated with a modern God is discussed in Chapter Three.

EPIC STRENGTH

Epic Strength is probably the single most terrifying and awe-inspiring power at the Gods’ command. Those who master it can shatter mountains, tear skyscrapers up by the roots and wrestle the vast Titans one-on-one.

Scion: Hero shows how Epic Strength affects a character’s ability to jump, to throw something and to lift heavy objects, and **Demigod** builds on that foundation. The specific degree to which the divine range of Epic Strength affects those capabilities is explored here.

Associated With: Amaterasu, Ares, Hephaestus, Horus, Huitzilopochtli, Izanagi, Ogoun, Set, Shango, Sobek, Susano-o, Thor, Tyr, Vidar, Zeus

Dots	Effect
•••••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Strength-based rolls, as well as 29 extra yards to vertical leap or feat-of-strength throwing distances. Multiplies the Range of a normal thrown item by 50,000. Adds 12,500,000 pounds (6,250 tons) to base lifting capacity.
••••••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Strength-based rolls, as well as 37 extra yards to vertical leap or feat-of-strength throwing distances. Multiplies the Range of a normal thrown item by 500,000. Adds 125,000,000 pounds (62,500 tons) to base lifting capacity.

•••••••• Adds 46 bonus successes to Strength-based rolls, as well as 46 extra yards to vertical leap or feat-of-strength throwing distances. Multiplies the Range of a normal thrown item by 5,000,000. Adds 1,250,000,000 pounds (625,000 tons) to base lifting capacity.

EPIC STRENGTH KNACKS

Disfiguring Attack

Prerequisite Knack: Divine Wrath (Scion: Demigod, pp. 53-54)

Woe be unto any foe who lacks Epic Stamina yet faces a character who has this Knack. If a character has Disfiguring Attack, he can already inflict lethal damage unarmed and inflict aggravated damage in a clinch, thanks to its prerequisite. If he uses this Knack, he can inflict aggravated damage with an unarmed attack. Doing so costs five Legend points per attack and removes the character’s Epic Strength bonus successes from the damage calculation. Regardless, a character without a significant aggravated soak from Epic Stamina or some other supernatural source is in for a world of divine hurt. Should a foe survive an attack from a character using this Knack, any wounds he takes are sure to leave wicked scars that last forever.

Divine Bound

Prerequisite Knack: Holy Bound (Scion: Hero, p. 126)

EPIC STRENGTH IN PERSPECTIVE

A character can dish out an awful lot of damage if he's got 10 dots of Epic Strength—more if he also has several dots of Epic Dexterity. And while it's impressive to be able to hit a person so hard that that person will die, what's more impressive is the other stuff a God who's really strong can do. With 10 dots of Epic Strength (and no modifying Knacks to speak of), a God could throw a regular dart 50 million yards (nigh unto 30,000 miles) with no penalty. For all practical purposes, that only means that Gods of Epic Strength ignore all thrown weapons' Range traits and can potentially hit with a projectile anything they can see. Yet it can also lend itself to some incredible stunts—the least of which is throwing a baseball all the way around the world to oneself and catching it behind one's back.

Speaking of unbelievable feats, that same character with Epic Strength 10 could tear the entire mass of the Empire State Building in New York City out of the ground and heave it up over his head as a feat of strength. If that character had the Uplifting Might Knack from **Scion: Hero** (p. 127), he could lift the *USS Ronald Reagan* aircraft carrier up over his head and then throw it like a missile. Granted, even if he had Strength 12, Epic Strength 10 and Athletics 5, it would go only 63 yards, but that increases to 378 yards if he has the Mighty Heave Knack. If he's got Hurl to the Moon, he could throw the *USS Ronald Reagan* as far as he could throw a dart.

Best of all, if he has Making It Look Easy (see p. 62), he can do that with one hand tied behind his back.

A character with this Knack cannot necessarily fly, but the difference between using this Knack and flying is a subtlety that is easily lost on mortal onlookers. For the cost of 10 Legend points, this Knack converts the distance increment a character can jump from yards to hundreds of yards. That is, the character can leap the distance of one football field straight up for every dot of (Strength + Athletics) she has plus the bonus number granted by her Epic Strength. She can jump twice that length horizontally. At Strength 12, Athletics 5 and Epic Strength 10 (plus accounting for this Knack's prerequisite), the character can leap a little bit more than seven miles straight up—which is about one and

a half miles higher than the peak of Mount Everest—or more than 14 miles horizontally.

Used in combat, this Knack makes jumping something more than a Speed 5 miscellaneous action. When a character takes a leap that can potentially carry her for miles, that action is typically narrated rather than played out tick by tick. If no one can fly after her, leap after her or run fast enough to keep up with her, the character effectively leaves combat. In "flight," the character retains her full DVs and attack dice pools.

This Knack also makes jumping more dangerous than it normally is. Normally, a character can always safely fall from the maximum height to which she can normally jump. This Knack, however, overrides that safety standard by extending a person's jumping height to preposterous extremes. If a character who uses this Knack to leap aeronautically is successfully attacked in flight and that attack inflicts enough damage to cause knockdown or knockback, the character's prodigious leap turns into an uncontrolled fall. The player gets one chance per dot of Epic Strength the character has to succeed on a (Dexterity + Athletics) roll. If she does succeed, the character retains her aerial poise and lands, if not gracefully, at least safely. If the roll fails, the character suffers damage relevant to falling from a great height.

Hurl to the Moon

Prerequisite Knack: Mighty Heave (**Scion: Demigod**, p. 55)

A character with Epic Strength can throw normal-sized objects (such as baseballs or darts) ridiculously far. He can also lift incredibly heavy objects. He can even throw those heavy objects, but he can't throw them very far. A God with the utmost in Strength and Athletics and 10 dots of Epic Strength can throw something he can lift with Epic Strength 9 only about 400 yards away. If the object is big enough—if it's a nuclear submarine, for instance, with a bay full of missiles that are about to explode—400 yards isn't very far at all.

With this Knack, however, a character can hurl an object that he can lift and throw as a feat of strength as far as he can throw a dart without penalties deriving from Range. The sort of epic feats this Knack allow work best as narrative effects in combat, as the logistics of hurling such projectiles as fire stations, the Washington Monument or Jörmungandr at one's enemies can get somewhat more math-intensive than is strictly ideal.

Hurl to the Moon does not affect the distance a character can throw a normal-sized object, but it does intensify the damage such an object can cause. Such damage is considered aggravated, and the projectile takes on the Piercing quality if it does not already have it. Each attack thus enhanced costs the God two points of Legend, however.

Knockback Wave

Prerequisite Knack: Knockback Attack (**Scion: Demigod**, pp. 54-55)



The God with this Knack claps her hands, slams a foe to the ground, bellows a war cry or performs some other similar action, and the player spends five Legend points. When she does so, everyone within a number of yards of the God equal to the God's Legend is potentially hurled backward. The God's player rolls Strength, receiving bonus successes from her Epic Strength, and every person within the radius of effect compares his DV to the result. Anyone whose DV doesn't measure up is knocked back one yard per threshold success.

Making It Look Easy

When a character performs a feat of strength, doing so takes every bit of effort the character can muster. He doesn't just lift a blue whale by the tail and hammer throw it back into the ocean between bites of scone. He grunts and strains and struggles until he gets enough momentum behind the whale for it to leave the ground, and when he lets it go, it's with a resounding shout of strain and a near collapse of relief as it sails out over the water.

The name of this Knack, however, speaks for itself. Any action the character can perform as a feat of strength, he can perform as if it's no effort at all. He can lift the heaviest weights with one hand while using his other hand to cover a yawn. He can throw a spear into orbit with a flick of his finger. He can scoop the beached whale up in one hand and send it skipping like a stone out into the deep water where it can move freely (if dizzily) once again. Since such

feats of strength are so easy, the character can execute multiple actions while performing feats of strength.

ULTIMATE STRENGTH

If a character can get her hands on an object, she can lift it or break it or throw it. She could throw a shuriken into a crowd of mortal beings and carve herself a path with it wide enough to march an army through. She can move mountains or separate tectonic plates. She could break the crust of the World or tear open the walls of New Tartarus. An attack with her hand will kill any foe with fewer than 11 dots of Epic Stamina. (Provided the attack actually connects, of course.) Even an opponent with 11 dots of Epic Stamina will be knocked to Incapacitated by a blow of Ultimate Strength unless the opponent activates his Ultimate Stamina effect. The character with Ultimate Strength can knock down a Titan or wrestle it to a standstill as a narrative effect.

Any feat of (or single attack with) Ultimate Strength a being performs costs that being 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can perform such an act only once per scene.

EPIC DEXTERITY

Lesser characters who train themselves in the lower levels of Epic Dexterity become paragons of grace. A God who masters Epic Dexterity is grace.

Epic Dexterity boosts a character's movement speeds and Defense Values as shown in **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**. The following shows the specific extent to which the God range of Epic Dexterity affects those capabilities.

Associated With: Artemis, Bastet, Hachiman, Hermes, Raiden, Tezcatlipoca

Dots	Effect
••••••••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Dexterity-based rolls, as well as 29 extra yards to Move actions and 58 extra yards to Dash actions. Increases a character's Defense Values by 29.
••••••••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Dexterity-based rolls, as well as 37 extra yards to Move actions and 74 extra yards to Dash actions. Increases a character's Defense Values by 37.

•••••••••• Adds 46 bonus successes to Dexterity-based rolls, as well as 46 extra yards to Move actions and 92 extra yards to Dash actions. Increases a character's Defense Values by 46.

EPIC DEXTERITY KNACKS

And the Crowd Goes Wild

By the luck of the divine genetic draw, the character is superbly suited to athletic pursuits. She excels at any sport she plays, even if she's never so much as heard of it before. Running, jumping, climbing, swimming... any athletic pursuit is second nature to her. As a result, any dice the character has in Athletics are considered to be automatic successes when the player rolls a dice pool that includes Athletics. Bonus dice granted by an Arete (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 149) are also counted as successes automatically if the player spends a point of Legend when her character performs the action. Values that derive from a character's Athletics rating (such as Dodge DV or the feats of strength total) are not

FEELING THE NEED FOR EPIC SPEED

A God with Epic Dexterity can move really, *really* fast. With 12 dots of Dexterity and 10 dots of Epic Dexterity, a character can move 225 miles per hour in a Dash action. Just moving “normally”—not dashing in a flat-out dead sprint—that same character can go almost 120 miles per hour. And those guys are slowpokes next to Gods who also have the Lightning Sprinter Knack. That Knack doubles one’s Dash speed, which would bring the aforementioned character up to a healthy clip of 450 miles per hour in a dead sprint.

If you want to get truly insane speed, give that Dexterity 12, Epic Dexterity 10 God with Lightning Sprinter the Marathon Sprinter (Psychopomp ••••• •) Boon too. That Boon multiplies a character’s Dash speed by five, which brings his total speed to 2,250 miles per hour. To put that number into a kind of perspective, a character moving at this speed could run from one end of the Nile River to the other and back in a little more than three and a half hours. What’s more, that’s just shy of Mach 3—i.e., three times the speed of sound.

If this were any other kind of game, moving around like this would destroy the scenery with friction burns, sonic booms and intense winds. What’s more, going from a standstill to these speeds instantly in flagrant defiance of inertia would whip the stuffing out of a living body. But this game isn’t called **Sci-ence**. In play, such concerns should be considered cosmetic at best, distractions at worst. The only time such factors should come into play is in terms of stunts. A character could, for instance, run down a city’s main street at top speed, blowing out all the store windows with sonic booms with the wind drawing all those flying glass shards behind him. He could then zip between the petrified front ranks of a Titan’s army, peppering the titanspawn soldiers with a hail of deadly shrapnel. Or he could pelt down that same street causing no more damage than to leave a trail of burning footprints behind him.

affected by this Knack, nor are any Boon activation rolls that might call for Athletics.

Anti-Gravity Climber

Prerequisite Knack: Spider-Climber (Scion: Demigod, pp. 56-57)

If the surface can withstand the pressure of his touch, the God can climb it. As with Spider-Climber, the character can climb freely on any vertical surface, regardless of how many hand- and footholds it has. He can do this as fast as he can dash, even accounting for the increase in speed granted by his Epic Dexterity. What’s more, he can walk on the vertical surface, standing out from it at a right angle, and remain as stable as he would be on solid ground. Climbing no longer counts as a separate action for him, so he can take multiple actions while climbing, just as he could standing on the ground. If he doesn’t have at least one part of his body in contact with the surface he’s climbing, however, he is once more subject to the standard orientation of gravity. Attacks that inflict knockdown or knockback call for a (Dexterity + Athletics) roll for the character to maintain contact with the climbing surface.

A character must spend a point of Legend to use this Knack for one scene.

Perfect Partner

The character with this Knack is extremely good at modifying her movements—be they gross or subtle—to coordinate perfectly with other people. This Knack

comes in handy in the ballroom, the bedroom, even the thick of battle. The first two applications might not come up as often in play, but they shouldn’t be discounted out of hand. The dance performance of two characters with this Knack would put the best work of Fred Astair and Ginger Rogers to shame. The sexual prowess of a character with this Knack would be legendary all on its own.

The third application of this Knack makes coordinating assaults (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 190) that much easier. Using it, a character can attach herself to any coordinated assault she sees fit, without the player of the person coordinating the assault having to include the character in the dice roll to do so. If the character with this Knack wants to coordinate her attack with only one other person, neither of them even has to make a roll to do so. As long as they act at the same time and attack the same target, they are coordinated by default.

Photographic Penmanship

With the expenditure of a point of Legend and a point of Willpower, the character can draw, paint or otherwise create a two-dimensional image with the clarity of a high-end digital camera. Anything he has seen and can remember clearly enough, he can reproduce on a page exactly as it looks in his mind’s eye. The base expenditure allows the character to create an image (or part of one) that is



one yard square. Expanding the image beyond those dimensions costs one additional Legend point per square yard. The character need not add additional square yards to an image as consecutive actions if he runs low on (or out of) Legend points. As long as he continues his work in an adjacent square-yard space, he can pick up where he left off for only a single Legend point.

As a side effect of having this Knack, the character becomes a master forger of signatures and works of art.

Roll With It

The character's body is so lithe and supple or so unnaturally malleable that she can bend like the greenest reed and rarely ever break. In Step Six of attack resolution (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 194), the player can spend one point of Legend and add a value equal to her dots in Epic Dexterity to any soak value she has that is above zero. That way, even if she can't get entirely out of the way of an attack, she can dissipate some of the force behind the blow and mitigate some of the damage.

ULTIMATE DEXTERITY

When a character uses the pinnacle of his Epic Dexterity, his aim, balance and grace is flawless. In combat, time itself seems to stand still as the character steps outside its flow. Upon activating the power (on any tick), the character's DV refreshes automatically, and he gets 10 free ticks in which to act in any way he can—and no one on the scene can do anything about it. No defenders' DVs apply to his actions, no persistent area effects can target him if he moves into the affected area, and no character can interact with him. That is, no character who does not also activate Ultimate Dexterity at that moment. (When someone with Ultimate Dexterity uses it, anyone else on the scene who also has Epic Dexterity 11 and can afford to do so has the opportunity to reflexively activate it on that tick as well. If they don't, they have to wait with everyone else.) Characters who face each other while using Ultimate Dexterity face off against each other as normal during those 10 ticks, as if none of them had used it. When those ticks are over, combat time resumes for all involved characters on the original tick after which the first character activated his Ultimate Dexterity.

Any activation of Ultimate Dexterity costs the character 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can use this power only once per scene.

EPIC STAMINA

Heroes and demigods with Epic Stamina are hard to kill. Gods who master Epic Stamina are as close to indestructible as any being can get. Even if a God with Epic Stamina should be killed, his death need not necessarily be the end of him.

The heroic level of Epic Stamina takes away wound penalties, obviates the possibility of wound infection, adds to all three types of soak and increases a character's deprivation and fatigue thresholds. The demigod level increases those thresholds and soak totals further and adds health levels on top of that. The God level does the same, expanding those benefits considerably. As with the demigod-level increase in health levels, though, keep in mind that the listed numbers are added to the character's *base*, unmodified number of health levels. A character with nine dots of Epic Stamina adds only 37 total health levels to his mundane total. He doesn't add 29 when he gets his eighth dot and then add 37 more when he gets the ninth dot.

Associated With: Ares, Dionysus, Hephaestus, Huitzilopochtli, Odin, Sobek, Thor, Tyr, Vidar, Xipe Totec

Dots	Effect
••••••••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Stamina-based rolls. Adds 29 to the character's bashing and lethal soak. Provides eight points of aggravated soak. Grants 29 additional health levels. The character can go 29 weeks without food or sleep, and 15 weeks without water. He can hold his breath for 50,000 times as long as normal.
•••••••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Stamina-based rolls. Adds 37 to the character's bashing and lethal soak. Provides nine points of aggravated soak. Grants 37 additional health levels. The character can go 37 weeks without food or sleep, and 19 weeks without water. He can hold his breath for 500,000 times as long as normal.
••••••••••	Adds 46 bonus successes to Stamina-based rolls. Adds 46 to the character's bashing and lethal soak. Provides 10 points of aggravated soak. Grants 46 additional health levels. The character can go 46 weeks without food or sleep, and 23

weeks without water. He can hold his breath for 5,000,000 times as long as normal.

EPIC STAMINA KNACKS

Divine Damage Conversion

Prerequisite Knack: Damage Conversion (Scion: Hero, p. 129)

Like its prerequisite Knack, a character can spend Legend against a single incoming attack and reduce the severity of that attack. If he spends five points of Legend, he can reduce all the aggravated damage from a single attack to lethal damage, which he has a better chance of soaking.

Extended Youth

At the physical age at which the character takes on this Knack, her body no longer physically or visibly ages. Her hair doesn't turn gray or thin out, her skin doesn't wrinkle, she doesn't get liver spots, nothing sags due to gravity. Until the character becomes a God,

BREATHING

Technically, a God should not have to breathe. Yet the Gods' primary defense against the Titans is that they take on fixed forms, and those forms do need to breathe. (Scions with the Water Breathing Boon don't stop breathing altogether, they just stop breathing air and start breathing water. Scions with the Safely Interred Boon don't stop breathing while they're buried alive, the earth just allows breathable air to get to them.) Breathing is the only inescapable frailty that divine flesh is heir to—regardless of the fact that divine flesh consists solely of ichor. Yet whether the act of respiration actually converts oxygen into anything useful or is simply a psychosomatic compulsion that having a fixed form imposes on a God is unclear to even the eldest Gods.

If a God has enough dots of Epic Stamina, though, he doesn't have to breathe very often. For instance, a God with Stamina 12, Fortitude 5 and Epic Stamina 10 can hold his breath for 42 and a half million minutes. To put that ludicrous number into perspective, the God can hold his breath, or resist the urge to breathe, for about 81 years. Fortunately, doing so doesn't prevent him from speaking (that just lets air out, right?) or physically exerting himself.



she looks like she looked at that mortal age. (Taking this Knack after the character becomes a God would, admittedly, be a little silly.)

Impenetrable

Prerequisite Knack: Body Armor (Scion: Demigod, pp. 57-58)

When a character achieves this Knack, it upgrades the thin metallic armor that activating its prerequisite provides. When the character spends his Legend point to activate his armor, it retains its bashing and lethal soak equal to his Legend and adds an aggravated soak equal to half his Legend. What's more, it ignores (i.e., trumps) the Piercing quality of any weapons and physical attacks that have it. Finally, he can extend this armor sheathe around any article of clothing he's wearing, though not any handheld or bulky worn item he might be using. A zoot suit, including the hat, would be fine; an astronaut's EVA suit would be a bit much.

Internal Refinery

Prerequisite Knack: Devourer (Scion: Demigod, p. 58)

A character with Inner Furnace (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 129) can eat any organic substance and drink water from any source and be efficiently nourished. A character with Devourer can safely eat literally anything she can force down her gullet. With both Knacks, no poison or toxin in what she eats or drinks has any effect on her. Internal Refinery expands that latter protection to not only poisons or toxins she eats, but all poisons and toxins she's exposed to, as well as any diseases that mortal flesh might suffer.

In addition, a character with this Knack can refine any poison, toxin or disease to which she is exposed into a single dose of an antidote for that substance or cure to that affliction. If the character spits this antidote or cure out and administers it to an afflicted patient, it completely erases one dose or one exposure to the hazardous substance in the patient's system. The character must administer this treatment within one scene of the patient's exposure, and within one action of when she (the character with this Knack) refines the substance into a dose of its cure. The cure doesn't heal damage from the exposure, but it purges it completely.

Refining the deleterious material costs five Legend points per dose.

Tireless Worker

Prerequisite Knack: Divine Fortitude (Scion: Demigod, p. 58)

Epic Stamina boosts the amount of time a character can work at a fatiguing task, and this Knack's prerequisite doubles that time. This Knack extends that boost into infinity. No matter how long or how hard he works, the character never breaks a sweat and never slows down. If he still has to sleep, he can work until he's sleepy and wake up feeling perfectly refreshed. If he still has to eat or sleep,



he can pause for a meal and get right back to work without the first bit of loginess creeping in. (People who are like this endlessly irritate people who aren't.)

ULTIMATE STAMINA

Ultimate Stamina has three main manifestations. The first is that a character can use it to instantaneously heal all damage she has taken thus far. The second is that the character can use it to ignore all damage from a single attack or circumstance, even an attack by someone using Ultimate Strength. If some Scion of Sobek wrenches an ancient, 90-story-tall obelisk out of the ground and hurls it at your character with Ultimate Strength, your character can simply cross her arms, plant her feet, activate Ultimate Stamina and laugh as the obelisk shatters into powder on impact.

The third thing Ultimate Stamina can do is bring a character back from the dead if an attack destroys her before she can activate either of the previous two powers. (This assumes that the character has no 11-dot Boons in any Purviews. See p. 80 for why that would make a difference.) Whether it's one action, three days or a geological epoch later, the character's lifeless—possibly even obliterated—body re-forms, and the character lives again.

Surviving a threat by one's Ultimate Stamina alone or healing all damage instantaneously costs the survivor 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can perform such an act only once per scene. Coming back from the dead under one's own power thanks to Ultimate Stamina reduces the character's Legend by one dot and renders her Legend pool empty until she can build herself back up. Resurrection takes whatever amount of time is deemed most dramatically appropriate by player and Storyteller. She can come back from the dead even if she used either of the first two manifestations of Epic Stamina 11 in the scene in which she died. She just can't come back to life during that same scene.

EPIC CHARISMA

Demigods with Epic Charisma often engender the worship of the mortals around them, and sometimes even that of the heroic Scions who look up to them with stars in their eyes. The Gods who master Epic Charisma, however, are truly *worthy* of the worship of all those beneath them. Only the mysterious forces of Fate can resist these glorious individuals' divine charms.

Associated With: Amaterasu, Aphrodite, Apollo, Atum-Re, Baldur, Baron Samedi, Bastet, Damballa, Dionysus, Erzulie, Freya, Freyr, Frigg, Hachiman, Hades, Hera, Huitzilopochtli, Isis, Izanagi, Izanami, Kalfu, Legba, Miclāntecuhtli, Odin, Osiris, Poseidon, Quetzalcoātl, Shango, Sif, Tezcatlipoca, Thor, Tlazoltéotl, Tsuki-yomi, Tyr, Zeus

Dots	Effect
••••• •••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Charisma rolls.
••••• ••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Charisma rolls.
••••• •••••	Adds 46 bonus successes to Charisma rolls.

EPIC CHARISMA KNACKS

Borrowed Credibility

Prerequisite Knack: Unimpeachable **Reference** (Scion: Demigod, p. 60)

This Knack's prerequisite lets a Scion lend someone the power of her name to help that person get over a hurdle of suspicion or disbelief with a listener. Actually winning that skeptical audience over after that is still up to the person the Scion tried to help. With Borrowed Credibility, however, the God can not only vouch for a subject in absentia, she can actually use her divine influence through a subject remotely. To do so, the God instructs a person to speak on her behalf, possibly going so far as to prepare a speech for him, and empowers that person with an expenditure of three Legend points. The God's player then rolls her character's full Charisma-based dice pool, adding in all available bonus successes. Thereafter, for a number of days equal to the God's Epic Charisma rating, the empowered person may substitute the God's player's roll result for his own player's use of the same dice pool. He must claim the God's authority when he does so, speaking in the divine figure's holy name.

Characters with this Knack can use it on any willing emissary of equal or lesser Legend. (As the messenger of the Dodekathemon, for instance, Hermes has been a frequent recipient of this effect.) Its remote effect works on a single listener or on a whole group of people. Also, the character's instructions

to her emissary cannot run counter to the effect of the Charisma-based roll she intends to bestow upon that emissary. She cannot, for instance, prepare what looks like a stirring battlefield address on paper but is actually intended to demoralize the troops through whom her chosen generals speaks.

Boys Will Be Boys

This Knack, alternatively known as Girls Just Wanna Have Fun, is a character's trusty Get Out of Jail Free card. When the character gets into trouble with some angry witness or authority figure—be it the police, a mortal parent, one's long-suffering spouse, etc.—he need only shrug haplessly, grin foolishly or do likewise. (His player also spends a point of Legend.) At that, the offended party decides that whatever the character did wasn't really *that* bad. The character gets a slap on the wrist, a stern warning or no punishment at all, depending on when he chooses to use it. This Knack doesn't work on anyone with a higher Legend rating, though. Also, if the character wants to use it against someone with an equal Legend rating, his player must roll (Charisma + Presence + Legend) against a roll of the potential victim's (Willpower + Integrity + Legend).

Divine Figurehead

Prerequisite Knack: Pied Piper (Scion: Demigod, pp. 59-60)

As with the prerequisite, this Knack allows the user to define herself as "where the party is at" and have people flock to her. Where the prerequisite works only on mortals, however, this Knack affects heroic Scions and demigods, as well as other creatures of comparable Legend levels. The character spends one Legend and one Willpower. Mortal characters cannot resist this effect, and legendary characters of lesser Legend receive only a standard (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) roll with a difficulty equal to the user's (Legend + Epic Charisma).

Engender Love

Prerequisite Knack: Charmer (Scion: Hero, p. 130)

Being able to charm someone is always helpful, but it doesn't always make getting what you want from that person easy. A charmed person can still think clearly, question one's motives and turn someone down if something about what she's saying doesn't feel quite right. Not so the person affected by this Knack. The character who uses it spends one Legend point as his player rolls (Charisma + Presence + Legend). The victim's player contests this effect with a (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) roll. If the victim's roll fails to garner the necessary successes, the victim falls madly, unquestioningly in love with the user of the Knack for a number of days equal to

the user's threshold successes. The victim is blindly enthralled and will do anything in her power to please the object of her affection.

This Knack works regardless of the relative Legend disparity between the user and his victim. Using it unwisely against a more powerful character is ill advised, however. Fool Odin once, shame on him. Fool him twice, wolves on you.

Hapless Cool

The character spends a Legend point, and for the rest of the scene, she's just cool. Nobody can explain it; there's just something about either what she did or the way she did it that made her look cool. Okay, sure, the salt she threw over her shoulder hit Papa Legba's dog in the eyes, but the comedic timing was just so perfect. Yeah, granted, she laughed so hard when Hel asked if she wanted any half-and-half in her coffee that scrambled eggs came out her nose, but she *owned* it. No matter what a character with this Knack active does, says or allows to happen that makes a fool out of herself, anyone who sees her thinks she's cool anyway.

ULTIMATE CHARISMA

No one would dare raise a hand to a character using Ultimate Charisma. Even a Greater Titan that has an opportunity to devour him will pause until the end of the scene out of respect for its worthy foe, if only to savor the taste a little longer. Known friends and allies of the character's enjoy the same benefit of ceased hostilities if he wills it while using Ultimate Charisma. And while old hostilities return in time, anyone who lays eyes on a character who's using Ultimate Charisma will never again be able to truly hate him for anything he's done to date. All is forgiven, if not forgotten. Witnesses might resent the character's effects on their lives or forever distrust him, but some buried part of them will always love him a little. For characters of less than Legend 9, to look upon a character using Ultimate Charisma is to fall blindly in love and to worship him.

Any feat of Ultimate Charisma a being performs costs that being 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can activate his Ultimate Charisma only once per scene, but its effects last for the whole scene.

EPIC MANIPULATION

Many Gods who master the wiles of Epic Manipulation grow out of the immature fascination that demigods have with maneuvering mortals around. They play dice with the future of nations at stake, finding it almost too easy to get anything they want. Only their fellow Gods, it seems, provide a challenge worthy of their divine guile.

Associated With: Aphrodite, Atum-Re, Hades, Hel, Hera, Isis, Loki, Odin, Ogoun, Osiris, Poseidon, Set, Tezcatlipoca, Tlazoltéotl, Zeus

Dots	Effect
••••••••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Manipulation rolls.
••••••••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Manipulation rolls.
••••••••••••	Adds 46 bonus successes to Manipulation rolls.

EPIC MANIPULATION KNACKS

Implant False Memory

Prerequisite Knack: Instant Hypnosis (Scion: Demigod, p. 61)

Once a character with this Knack's prerequisite has mesmerized a single victim, he can alter or create from whole cloth a memory in the victim's mind rather than compelling the victim to perform some later action. Doing the former involves talking the victim through some genuine memory and "correcting" details as they come out. Creating a false memory from whole cloth is simply a matter of the character describing the "remembered" events to the victim and telling her when and where those events occurred. False or altered memories replace the originals in the victim's mind, erasing what was in their place originally.

The cost, dice pool, restrictions and resistance mechanics of this Knack are the same as for Instant Hypnosis. If the victim is mortal (or another type of extra), she won't ever accept that her new memories are false. She might think she was on drugs at the time or was hallucinating with fever, but she clings to the belief that the memory is genuine. Characters with a Legend rating will assume as mortals do unless they are confronted with evidence to suggest the memories are false. Even then, however, they still cannot get their original memories back.

Kill the Messenger

Prerequisite Knack: Blurt It Out (Scion: Hero, p. 131)

This Knack is similar to the Epic Charisma Knack called Borrowed Credibility (pp. 67-68) in that it allows a character to exert her Epic Attribute remotely through an agent or emissary. Doing so costs three Legend points, and the player rolls her character's Manipulation-based dice pool. She then confers on a single emissary the

results of that roll, including any bonus successes from Epic Manipulation, and instructs that emissary to try to convince someone of something important on her behalf. When the emissary goes to the intended person and tries to do as the Scion said, he uses the Scion's Manipulation roll instead of that of his own social roll. If the character actually wants the emissary to achieve the goal she *tells* the emissary to achieve, her player can simply roll the appropriate Manipulation-based dice pool and let her result substitute for what would be the emissary's roll of the same dice pool. Unlike with Borrowed Credibility, though, the character with this Knack can seed an effect in the emissary that is quite different from the one the emissary is instructed to use. In neither case does the emissary's player make the Manipulation-based roll himself. He simply says the words and lets the results of the conferred roll have their desired effect on the listener. The listener believes, however, that his decision is based solely on the emissary's efforts and remains unaware of the manipulator's influence.

Character's with this Knack can use it on any willing character of lesser Legend—though the character need not know or understand a contrary hidden intent. It works on only a single target, to whom the emissary must specifically address his remarks.

Mass Hypnosis

Prerequisite Knack: Instant Hypnosis (Scion: Demigod, p. 61)

Mass Hypnosis works similarly to its prerequisite in that it implants a command for an affected victim to perform some action that takes no more than one scene to accomplish at a time of the user's choosing. This Knack expands the scope of the effect so that a character can hypnotize a whole group of people. The character's player rolls (Manipulation + Command + Legend) and spends a point of Legend and a point of Willpower. If the roll scores more successes than the average (Willpower + Legend) of the assembled audience, the character successfully implants the post-hypnotic suggestion in as many members of the audience as he has successes on the roll. Mortals cannot resist the effect or the compulsion to perform the implanted action. Characters with a Legend rating resist at the moment of hypnosis or at the moment the action is designated to take place, as with Instant Hypnosis.

Hypnotizing a crowd of people does require that the character capture everyone's attention at the instant of hypnosis.

Secondhand Persuasion

With this Knack, a character spends a point of Legend and becomes able to use her Epic Manipulation through the typed or written word. She must specifically address her attempted persuasion through a Manipulation-based roll to a single person—whether it's in an e-mail,



a registered letter or just a piece of graffiti with the victim's name attached—and the person resists with the standard (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) roll. The written communication gets only one chance to supernaturally influence its victim, and the victim gets only one chance to resist, regardless of how many times the victim might read the missive thereafter.

Trendsetter

Prerequisite Knack: Rumor Mill (Scion: Demigod, p. 61)

A character with Rumor Mill can plant some idea in the fertile soil of the public consciousness and watch it blossom into either a well-known fact or a notorious urban legend. This Knack works on a similar principle, but rather than affecting what people believe, it affects how they act. The character goes out in public and performs some innocuous action in a unique way—high-fiving himself when he's happy, for instance—utters a personal catch phrase—"That's what I'm stressing"—or adopts some distinctive mode of dress—such as wearing his blue Nikes untied and on the wrong feet. If he chooses to activate this Knack when doing so, his player spends two points of Legend and makes a (Manipulation + Presence) roll. If people see him doing this unique and

interesting thing while using this Knack, the behavior catches on as the latest fad. The extent to which it becomes a widespread mania is as follows:

Successes	Who's Doing It?
1	Everybody in the neighborhood
5	Everybody in the city
15	Everybody in cities throughout the region
20	Everybody in cities through the nation
30	Everybody in the nation
35	Everybody in that hemisphere
45	Everybody in the World
50+	Even the Gods themselves are doing it

From the time the character first inflicts the new trend on an unsuspecting populace, it takes one month minus a number of days equal to the Scion's (Manipulation + Epic Manipulation + Legend) total—with a minimum of one hour—for it to reach its maximum exposure. Once everybody who's going to follow the trend is following the trend, it remains fashionable to do so for a number of weeks equal to the character's (Legend x 2). After that, it's up to the local glitterati whether the trend remains fashionable or is finally allowed to die with dignity.

ULTIMATE MANIPULATION

When a character uses Ultimate Manipulation, she makes slaves of any mortals, ghosts, intelligent titanspawn or lesser immortals who are in her presence at the time. Even demigods or other beings of that level of Legend can be subject to this effect. These slaves might not be happy slaves, but they'll do whatever the character says to the best of their ability without question and in keeping with the spirit of the command.

Also, the schemes of characters using Ultimate Manipulation are nigh infallible. The player need simply describe in broad strokes what lofty goal she wants her character to achieve—whether she wants Elton John to become the next... King(?) of England, Charles Manson to light the torch at the opening ceremonies at the Olympics or Zeus himself to strike down the Liberian ambassador to the United Nations on national television. Whatever sequence of events the character sets in motion comes about, no matter how improbable each event might actually be. The only catch is that each event must be within the bounds of possibility, and once a sequence is set in motion, the character cannot change its course unless she activates her Ultimate Manipulation again. What's more, another character with Epic Manipulation can activate his own power and redirect events to his liking.

At the game-design level, this last proviso is the Storyteller's check and balance against the player's wildest in-character whim. At the setting level, the proviso hints at why the Gods and even Titans largely allow events to play out based solely on the concerned individuals' free will. The Gods could take a more direct role in human affairs, steering the ship of human history with an iron hand on the rudder, but if they did, that would be pretty much *all* they ever did. And they wouldn't be able to get it done very well because they'd be constantly at odds with each other trying to make sure that things work out as only they see fit. (Not to mention the interference of agents of Fate keeping a hand in as well.)

Any coup of Ultimate Manipulation a being sets in motion or tries to redirect costs that being 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. Each start of or alteration to a sequence of grand events counts as a separate activation of Ultimate Manipulation. Any mass enslavement costs the same amount of points. Thronging masses of nameless extras remain enslaved permanently, but characters of the demigod levels of Legend shake off the effects after one scene. A character can perform the latter enslavement act only once per scene.

EPIC APPEARANCE

Demigods with Epic Appearance set the standards of mortal beauty or horror, depending on how their divinity expresses itself. Those Gods who master this trait, however, set the standards of immortal splendor and eternal nightmare.

As with the lower levels, the Gods' range of Epic Appearance dots allows a player to reroll a number of failed Presence attempts in a given scene. (See **Scion: Hero**, p. 132.) Those numbers are included here along with the dice bonuses.

Associated With: Amaterasu, Aphrodite, Apollo, Baldur, Erzulie, Freya, Hel*, Izanami*, Miclāntecuhli*, Raiden*, Sif, Tezcatlipoca, Tlaloc*, Tlazoltéotl

(* represents monstrous ugliness)

Dots	Effect
••••••••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Appearance rolls. Grants eight free Presence rerolls per scene.
••••••••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Appearance rolls. Grants nine free Presence rerolls per scene.
••••••••••••	Adds 46 bonus successes to Appearance rolls. Grants 10 free Presence rerolls per scene.

EPIC APPEARANCE KNACKS

Detail Variation

Prerequisite Knack: My Eyes Are Up Here (**Scion: Demigod**, p. 63)

A character with positive Epic Appearance is flawless and without blemish, but sometimes, it can get boring to look perfect the same way all the time. A character with this Knack doesn't have that problem. For the cost of one Legend point, the character can change some minor physical detail such as eye color, hair length, hair color, hairstyle or skin tone. She can change her height by three inches in either direction of the standard and change her apparent weight and muscle tone by 10 percent of the standard. The character can also use this Knack to go from filthy to perfectly clean in an instant, as well as to remove any minor scars from past injuries. Doing the latter doesn't heal damage or restore lost body parts, but it makes what's left over look less ugly.

Doin' Fine

No matter what happens to hurt a character with this Knack, he always looks like he's in the prime of health. Bullets disappear into his body; cleaving through his flesh with a blade or claw has as much outward effect as attacking a pool of water. Even the hardest blunt impacts



DON'T I KNOW YOU?

A character who wants to disguise himself can use Detail Variation, and the Knacks that build on it, to great effect. If a different character has the Unfailing Recognition Knack (from **Scion: Hero**, p. 134), things can get a little complicated. If a character using appearance-altering Knacks is Fatebound to the one using Unfailing Recognition, Unfailing Recognition works as written. If a character uses an appearance-altering Knack to impersonate someone to whom the character using Unfailing Recognition is Fatebound, however, it works only if the imposter's Legend is lower than the one using the Knack. The same is true for all other uses of appearance-altering Knacks by someone who is not Fatebound to the character with Unfailing Recognition. The effect of the character whose Legend is higher trumps that of the character with lower Legend.

can do nothing more than temporarily dimple his skin. Regardless of what happens, the character always walks away without a scratch or a mark. Even if someone lops off one of his limbs, the stump left over looks like it grew that way naturally. This is not to say the character suffers no damage. It's just that his body offers no sign of injury, even in the thick of combat. If he should die from his wounds, he leaves a flawless corpse.

Tailor Made

Prerequisite Knack: Detail Variation

Building on the principles of ichor malleability that allow her to change her physical form, the character exudes a sheen of ichor that shapes itself into any style and cut of clothing she can imagine. Creating clothing thus (from underpants to shoes and hat, if the character is so inclined) costs one Legend point for one whole suit, and it's instantaneous. Once the clothing exists, it takes on the texture and solidity of whatever fabric the character prefers. The character can even create

clothing that looks and feels like any sort of armor, but armor created thus offers no soak benefits. No Mobility Penalty or Fatigue value either, though, so that's nice.

A character can take off an article of clothing she has created with this Knack, and pieces can be torn in combat, but once a piece leaves contact with either the character's body or the rest of the outfit, it disintegrates.

Undeniable Resemblance

Prerequisite Knack: Detail Variation

Combining elements of the two Knacks it takes to get to this one, the character can make more radical alterations to the way he looks. He can change racial characteristics or make dramatic changes in his weight or height. He can even change genders (and be completely fertile in the new form) or exhibit characteristics of both (and be fertile in both). Any morphology and physiognomy that exists on the spectrum of human variety is a valid change. When the character is finished, his new Appearance can be from one dot to as many dots as he actually has. His Epic Appearance dots are automatically included at their full value, but they can be suppressed normally with *My Eyes Are Up Here*.

The character can also use this Knack to perfectly mimic the appearance of anyone he has seen. Doing so requires a (Dexterity + Empathy) roll with a difficulty equal to (1 + that person's Legend). More generic alteration requires no roll, but any use of this Knack costs five Legend points to realize the finish product.

Unusual Alteration

Prerequisite Knack: Undeniable Resemblance

This Knack allows a character to change her physical form beyond the limits of the normal spectrum of human variation. She could turn her skin any color of the rainbow or turn her eyes into bulging, unblinking orbs. She could fill her mouth with wide rows of shark teeth or make her joints all bend the opposite way. She could add extra limbs or dispense with her skin entirely. She could even change monstrous ugliness into sublime beauty and vice versa—allowing her to purchase and use previously unavailable Knacks. Any appearance-based change is acceptable, though no change can add any bonus dots or capabilities. Subjecting a feature to an unusual alteration costs a single Legend point. Changing it back to normal costs another Legend point.

EPIC PERCEPTION

Nothing escapes the notice of the Gods who have mastered Epic Perception. They hear the prayers of the faithful. They smell the lies in the hearts of the treacherous. They taste the poison in the minds of the jealous. Even the strands of Fate itself become visible if a God knows where (and how) to look.

Associated With: Anubis, Artemis, Atum-Re, Bastet, Heimdall, Odin

Dots	Effect
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●	Adds 29 bonus successes to Perception rolls.
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●	Adds 37 bonus successes to Perception rolls.

ULTIMATE APPEARANCE

When a character shows off his Ultimate Appearance, his image rises into the air and is visible across the sky for miles around. If he's a horror to behold, terrified mortals and characters of the demigod level of Legend (or less) cower in place for the rest of the scene, begging to be spared the God's wrath. Even characters of God-level Legend can't help but flinch and be taken aback for the space of one miscellaneous action. If the character is a divine avatar of heavenly glory, exultant lesser characters fall on their knees and stare in transported rapture for the rest of the scene. Even the most jaded and cynical Gods catch their breath and smile for one miscellaneous action. For as long as they are affected, characters can take no other action.

Afterward, lesser characters are driven permanently blind or insane by the divine vision. God witnesses suffer no further ill effects, but their dreams are haunted by visions of the character's transcendent beauty or otherworldly horror.

Any dazzling display of Ultimate Appearance a being puts on costs that being 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can do such a thing only once per scene.

••••• Adds 46 bonus successes to Perception rolls.

EPIC PERCEPTION KNACKS

Clairvoyance

Prerequisite Knack: Telescopic Senses (*Scion: Demigod*, p. 64)

While this Knack's prerequisite allows a character to see and hear and smell things from much farther away than a normal human could, the sensation must still be within either line of sight or the extreme limits to which it can travel. This Knack, however, removes that limitation so that a character can sense things happening at a significant remove. If he concentrates on a location in which he has spent at least a scene in the past, he can see, hear or smell what's happening there as if he were standing in its exact center. While the character does so, he cannot see, hear or smell anything that's happening around his body.

Another application of this Knack is that the character can extend his sense of taste or touch to the range of his line of sight. If he can see a chocolate mousse across the room, he gets a phantom sensation on his tongue of what it tastes like. (If he also has the Refined Palate Knack—from *Scion: Hero*, p. 134—he can use that Knack remotely.) If wants to know what something he can see feels like, he can reach out for it and receive a phantom sensation of its texture on his fingertips.

Using either application of this power costs five Legend points. The first part of this power can even work from one plane of existence to another, to *any* place the character has spent at least one scene. Observing something in a different plane triples the activation cost, however.

Hear Prayers

Some characters who become Gods feel a real sense of connection to the mortals they've left behind, if not the whole community, region or nation. If a Goddess has

made a particular impression on humanity, the humans whose lives she's most affected might even call out for her help in desperation when she's away. Others might whisper their adulation for her in moments of joy or vent their impotent rage to her from afar when no one else will listen. Most such prayers go unanswered, and a surprisingly high number go unheard as well. If a Goddess has this Knack, however, she can hear any prayer that is specifically addressed to her, no matter how far away the person saying it is. The prayer must be spoken aloud, even if it's whispered, and the Goddess in question must be addressed by name specifically. If more than one person prays to the Goddess simultaneously, distinguishing one prayer from another is as difficult as distinguishing the words of two simultaneous conversations.

As has only been implied thus far, a character cannot take this Knack unless she has at least Legend 9.

Parallel Attention

The more sensations a character can experience, the easier it is to be overwhelmed by them. If he doesn't learn to focus his mind on one sound, one image, one sensation to the exclusion of all others, he can all too easily be carried away by the riot and cacophony all around him. With this Knack, a character need never worry about such a thing. He can divide his attention equally between every source of input to which he is exposed, to the detriment of none. He could absorb and comprehend every conversation in a room. He could watch and follow every television program on the bank of monitors before him. By smell alone, he could point out every flower in a flower shop with his eyes closed. With the preceding Knack, he could hear every prayer addressed to him at the same time. With the second application of Clairvoyance, he could instantly judge the results of a chili cook-off from across the room.

Regardless of how many things he can sense simultaneously, however, he can still *do* only one thing at a time unless he has the Multitasking Knack (from



Scion: Demigod, p. 65). Also, using this Knack for a scene costs three Legend points.

Rarefied Electromagnetic Perception

Prerequisite Knack: Broad-Spectrum Reception (**Scion: Demigod**, p. 64)

This Knack builds on its prerequisite, making the basic electromagnetic perceptions that it allows part of the character's normal perceptions. She doesn't have to go looking for them, she's just as aware of them as mortals are aware of properties such as color and heat. If the character spends a single Legend point for a scene, she refines these perceptions to an even sharper degree. If she can feel radio waves or cell phone signals, she can listen to them as if she were an electronic receiver. If she notices television signals, she can watch a program carried on those signals (or more if she has Parallel Attention) in her mind's eye.

Sense Fatebond

When people who are bound by Fate move around, the threads that connect them vibrate. The closer they are to one another, the higher the frequency of that vibration grows and the more noticeable it is. Most people and Gods instinctively ignore this sensation, but a character with this Knack can choose not to tune it out. When he's in the presence of a Fated character whose role has been activated by proximity to someone to whom that Fated person is bound, he gets a tingle up the base of his neck. If he spends one Legend point, he tunes that sensation in, which reveals which character is the Fated one and to whom she is bound, if the object

of the bond is also nearby. This Knack doesn't reveal the nature of the bond—such as what Fatebound Role a character might play—only its presence.

ULTIMATE PERCEPTION

At a moment of the player's choosing, the character pauses and expands her consciousness. In that moment, she becomes aware of any ongoing event, anywhere in any of the three planes, that could be of interest to her. Exactly what information is revealed to the character is up to the Storyteller—and should be determined by the needs of the cycle—but it should be in line with the character's background, Nature and general goals. This revelation doesn't supply conclusions based on facts, however, just observable evidence that exists in the moment. Yet what evidence counts as "observable" to a character with Ultimate Perception might be completely undetectable to a less astute character.

Any use of Ultimate Perception a being enacts costs that being 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can perform such an act only once per scene, but a Storyteller can convey any amount of information his heart desires as a result.

EPIC INTELLIGENCE

Those Gods who master Epic Intelligence are the wisest of the wise. They understand the World as well as if they had created it themselves. The word "wrong" ceases to be applicable to their way of thinking. Only a willful disregard of evident facts can keep from them any information that exists to be had.

Associated With: Athena, Frigg, Hephaestus, Hermes, Loki, Odin, Ptah, Quetzalcoatl, Thoth

Dots	Effect
••••• •••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Intelligence rolls.
••••• ••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Intelligence rolls.
••••• •••••	Adds 46 bonus successes to Intelligence rolls.

EPIC INTELLIGENCE KNACKS

Blockade of Reason

Charmers and hucksters and blowhards can get their way with even the Gods themselves, as the Gods can be tricked and led astray almost as easily as mortals

can. Characters with Epic Intelligence and this Knack, however, can block out even the most charming words with a simple application of reason. When some other character uses a supernatural persuasion effort—including the addition of bonus dice from an Epic Attribute—that calls for a mental resistance roll of (Willpower + Integrity + Legend), the character with this Knack can apply her bonus successes from her Epic Intelligence to that roll. Doing so costs her one Legend point per resistance roll.

Instant Translation

Prerequisite Knack: Language Mastery (**Scion: Demigod**, p. 65)

As regards the spoken word, this Knack provides much the same benefit as its prerequisite. Yet where Language Mastery requires that the character listen for a while to get a sense of the strange language's ebb and flow, this Knack allows the character to understand anything that is said to him in any language the moment it is spoken. Where this Knack truly surpasses its prerequisite is that it allows the character to read any written language with which he isn't familiar, even if it's written in characters



that are completely alien to him. He can't automatically write with perfect fluency in a new language he can speak or has read, but his written vocabulary is as broad as every word in that language that he has read.

Speed Reader

The character can read and comprehend with perfect clarity an entire block of text—such as two facing pages of an open book—in the amount of time it takes her to blink. She need only be able to see the entire block clearly enough to focus her eyes on any given word in it.

Telepathy

The character's mind is so powerful that he can think thoughts directly into other people's brains for them. These thoughts come through in a recipient's head as words spoken in the sender's voice, and are recognizable as coming in from outside. The sender must be able to see the person whom he intends to address thus, and he must spend one Legend point per sent thought (i.e., per sentence). If the sender has the Multitasking Knack (from *Scion: Demigod*, p. 65), he can send the same thought to several people at once. The sender cannot receive telepathic information from a recipient unless the recipient also has Telepathy and spends the Legend point to use it.

Well-Read Virgin

Prerequisite Knack: Know-It-All (*Scion: Hero*, p. 135)

The character has such a wealth of knowledge that even if she has never performed a particular activity, she can still discuss it or research it like an expert. As such, the player can apply the character's Epic Intelligence bonus dice to any Intelligence-based roll required to

glean information, regardless of whether the character has any dots in the Ability in question. For instance, identifying what martial arts style someone is using would require an (Intelligence + Brawl) roll. With this Knack, a character with no dots in Brawl could handily identify the style, the particular variant of it the student is using and who the student's teacher most likely was.

This Knack works only for rolls intended to dredge up information.

ULTIMATE INTELLIGENCE

If something is a scientific fact, the character knows and understands it. If something can be deduced from evidence the character has personally observed, the character knows how to prove it. If something is possible *at all*, the character can devise a surefire strategy for achieving it. (Actually achieving that end himself might be beyond his capabilities, but he can see how others could do it.) All it takes is a moment of concentration as the character's mind processes, cross-references and double-checks.

Achieving the state of concentration required to use one's Ultimate Intelligence costs 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can perform such an act only once per scene.



EPIC WITS

The Gods who have mastered Epic Wits can all but see the future. They react to trouble almost before the trouble occurs, compressing the line of causality into an instantaneous flash point. Their minds never rest and never slow down. Even when the impossible happens, these Gods can react to it as if they've been waiting all their lives for it to finally occur.

Associated With: Athena, Bastet, Hachiman, Hermes, Legba, Loki, Odin, Susano-o, Tezcatlipoca, Tyr

Dots	Effect
••••• •••	Adds 29 bonus successes to Wits rolls.
••••• ••••	Adds 37 bonus successes to Wits rolls.
••••• •••••	Adds 46 bonus successes to Wits rolls.

EPIC WITS KNACKS

Jack of All Trades

If a character has no aptitude for a particular Ability (i.e., no dots in it), he cannot apply any bonus successes from his Epic Attributes to rolls that use that Ability. He simply doesn't understand enough about what he's doing to apply his full talent. With this Knack, however, the character gets a feel for any activity remarkably quickly. As such, he can apply some of his appropriate Epic Attribute bonus to the appropriate roll, despite the fact that he has no dots in the relevant Ability. In such a circumstance, a player can enhance a roll with this Knack and add a number of bonus successes from his character's Epic Attribute equal to the number of dots he has in the Epic Attribute. Enhancing a roll with this Knack's benefit costs two Legend points.

Opening Salvo

The character's tongue is sharp; with it she can wound a foe to the quick. When the character says something witty (or just catty) to a person and that remark is designed to trip him up or humiliate him, the victim loses one Willpower point. Inflicting this sting with such a venomous put-down (even if it's actually just a tired Yo-Momma joke the player came up with on the spur of the moment) costs the user one Legend point. The only caveat to this Knack is that the player must actually come up with the gibe in question. It doesn't have to be good; she just has to say something.

Psychic Profiler

Within seconds, the character with this Knack can size up a character with a lesser Legend rating than his own. Just by looking at the person, he can tell her weight, height, age, sex (if it's unclear to casual inspection) and whether she has a divine heritage or not. With just a few lines of conversation, he can also tell the subject's Nature, calling and primary Virtue (if any). Finally, if the subject is Fatebound to someone and is acting out a Fatebound Role, he can figure out what that role is. He might not know to whom it applies, but he can probably figure it out from context if he watches the person long enough.

Scathing Retort

Prerequisite Knack: Opening Salvo

It's pretty nice to be able to lay into someone with a witty bon mot and shake his faith in himself, as the prerequisite Knack allows. Yet, it's undeniably sweeter to let some pompous douchebag take the first swing and then utterly annihilate him with a cunning verbal riposte. To hit an attacker with a devastating comeback costs a single point of Legend. Doing so strips the victim of all of his spent Willpower points and doesn't allow him to recoup those lost points for one full day.

A character can use this Knack to defend herself from a use of Opening Salvo if she has the Legend point to spend and her comeback is timely enough. A victim, however, can defend himself from a use of this Knack if he also uses this Knack. (He can retort without using the Knack, of course, but he still suffers the effect.) If two characters use this Knack in a verbal exchange, they can activate it once apiece and then trade insults until one scores a decisive hit over the other. If that victim's comeback is weaker than the one before it, he loses the impromptu contest and the Willpower points. As with Opening Salvo, the player must actually come up with a retort reasonably quickly. She doesn't have to be Hamlet running circles around Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, she just has to give it the old college try.

Be warned, though: If you (the player) know you get tongue-tied when the heat is on and your Storyteller or fellow players are ruthless bastards, this Knack might not be the one for you.

Talent Mirror

Prerequisite Knack: Instant Assessment (Scion: Demigod, p. 67)

The character can do anything at least as well as he saw someone else do it. If he watches someone

perform an activity and he spends at least two Legend points when he sees it, he can later perform that same action himself, substituting the dice pool of the character he watched for his own pool of the same (Attribute + Ability). He doesn't get any bonus successes from Epic Attributes the other character might have used, but he can supplement a mirrored roll with bonus successes from his own Epic Attributes (even if he has no dots in the Ability in question).

The character can also use another character's Dodge DV or Parry DV in place of his own. The character with this Knack can use a copied dice pool or DV one time per pair of Legend points he spent when he witnessed the more skilled character. He can copy as many separate dice pools as he can afford to, as long as the total number does not exceed his Legend. The same goes for copied DVs. He can copy a DV a maximum number of times equal to his Legend.

ULTIMATE WITS

In the blink of an eye, the character gets a preternatural sense of how a scene is about to turn out. Whether her Band is about to spring a trap that's going to horribly backfire, or someone with her is about to ruin an important negotiation with a careless but unintentional faux pas, the character with Ultimate Wits can see it coming in time to avoid it. The way this Knack works is that at the end of a scene that has gone disastrously wrong—something that's about to really run the whole cycle over the cliff—the player can decide to activate her character's Ultimate Wits. When this happens, the Storyteller rewinds the scene back to the nearest point at which the disaster could have been averted. (The beginning of the scene is the farthest back he should ever go, though.) Anything that "happened" after that point never *actually* happened. Instead, what the character experienced was the most likely worst-case scenario that he or his compatriots would have brought to bear. With a moment's pause, the character ran the scenario in his head and spotted the places where disaster lurked. Now, armed with this knowledge, he can do what's in his power to make sure that things go better than they would have otherwise.

Bear in mind, though, that this power should be used rarely and only when things have clearly gone awry. If an important character dies doing something unaccountably stupid, that's a good reason to roll things back and warn the character not to do that stupid thing. If everyone's made so many consecutive bad decisions that even the Storyteller is sitting back saying "What are you guys *doing*?" that's another good reason. Getting a Birthright relic stolen because you botched an attack roll is not a good reason—that's just a story complication. Rolling things back because your Band took a beating and had to limp away to safety without achieving the scene's goal is not only annoying, but it's a major headache for the Storyteller. Also, Storytellers, unless you're just mean, it's *always* a bad idea to have a Storyteller character use this power to snatch an unexpected victory from the players' characters. If you have to use it at all, try to use it only in the players' characters' favor or to make a minor adjustment to a scene that still allows the players' characters' the victory they earned.

Using one's Ultimate Wits thus costs 30 Legend points and a point of Willpower. A character can roll back a scene thus only once, and only one character can roll a given scene back at all.



GODLY BOONS

The powers available at these levels make the Gods who they are. The Gods' powers dwarf those of their demigod Scions and nigh-mortal heroes. Mortals themselves can only stand in awe of what the Gods can do. Only the Titans have more individual power, but if they work together, the Gods can overcome even those primordial monstrosities.

PURVIEWS AND BIRTHRIGHTS

Scion heroes must rely on the Birthright relics given them by their doting parents in order to access the Purviews that their divine flesh is heir to. Those that come most naturally to them—their pantheon-specific Purviews—never need Birthright relics, but all the rest do. When a Scion becomes a demigod, his body becomes more ichor than mortal flesh by ratio. At that point, those Purviews that are associated with the character's divine parent come almost as naturally to him as his pantheon-specific Purviews. He can use his Boons from those Purviews without his relics, but he can use them better if he has the relics.

When a character becomes a God, his mortal flesh melts away entirely to be replaced by an unquantifiable divine substance. This substance is unable to affect the World—and it's too dangerous to expose it to the Titans for long—so the God must cloak himself in a physical shell of ichor. This state of being brings the God's divine powers closer to hand, which makes accessing all of his various Boons easier.

As such, the character can use any Boon he has (whether it's associated with his parent or not) with or without the Birthright relic through which he normally channels the Purview. The character must *own* a Birthright relic—he can't just decide one day to wield new fundamental cosmic powers—but as long as no one steals it, he can choose not to use it. Yet the restriction that held true for him at the demigod level with those Purviews associated with his parent holds true for him at the God level for all Boons. When he uses a Boon without its Birthright, his Legend is considered to be one dot lower for that Purview's purposes. Any variable of the power's effect that's based on the character's Legend uses the reduced rating. If using the Boon on another character calls for a comparison of the two opponents' Legend, the user of the Boon compares his reduced Legend to the other character's full Legend.

As with the demigod-level restriction, the God using a Boon without a relic must keep his Legend one dot higher than the dot rating of any Boon he intends to use. If his effective Legend decreases in regard to a Purview

A NOTE ON DIVINE HERITAGE: ASSOCIATED PURVIEWS

Any Scion character who has become a God can procreate and conceive a Scion of his or her own. When he does so, the God passes down a divine predisposition for certain Purviews and certain Epic Attributes. These Purviews and Epic Attributes are said to be “associated with” the God character, just as those aptitudes that were easiest for him to develop were associated with his own divine parent. (Until he becomes a God, his own divine parent’s predispositions are passed on to any children, and they may become Scions of their divine grandparent, if they receive an appropriate Visitation.)

When the character becomes a God, his pantheon-specific Purview is automatically considered “associated with” him, regardless of how many dots he has in it himself. For the special or all-purpose Purviews, the requirements of heritage are a little stiffer. The God must have at least one Boon from the one- to 10-dot level in the Purview, as well as the 11-dot avatar expression of that Purview. (See “Pinnacles of Power.”) Any Purview in which the character has that many Boons (or dots, for the special Purviews) is considered “associated with” him. Any Scion the God recognizes or formally adopts as his own can purchase Boons from that Purview at the reduced bonus point and experience point cost. Only those Purviews that the God has mastered *as of the time of the Scion’s Visitation* count as being associated with that God, though.

The method of determining which Epic Attributes are associated with a modern God is discussed in Chapter Three.

because he isn’t using his relic, the highest-rated Boons he can use from that Purview decreases by one as well. The Scion’s actual Legend rating does not decrease for purposes other than using those select Purviews without his Birthright relic. His Legend-point pool is still equal to the square of his true Legend rating.

This reduced reliance on one’s relics lasts until the Purview in question becomes associated with the new God, rather than with the God’s divine parent. When a God has a high enough Legend rating and enough Boons from a single Purview for that Purview to be associated with him, he can enact the powers of that Boon naturally, without the relic (and without the aforementioned restrictions of using a Boon without its relic). When he takes on a physical form, he can construct a facsimile of that relic from ichor, but doing so is purely a cosmetic concern. If he has a relic that channels multiple Purviews, he must still carry the original to be able to channel the non-associated Purviews at their full potency. If the relic has powers of its own apart from the ability to channel Purviews, he must carry the original to be able to use those additional powers as well.

GRANTING BOONS AS BIRTHRIGHTS

When a God has a child by a mortal partner, or adopts someone else’s Scion, it falls to that God to awaken the latent power in the child’s blood. This happens in a Visitation in which the God reveals the child’s true heritage and bestows the child’s first Birthright relics. The means of creating relics in terms of the rules has been addressed in **Scion: Hero**, but where in the setting do these items come from? The simple answer is that they are built just as normal items are. Designing a relic worthy of being granted as a Birthright takes

35 successes on an extended (Intelligence + Craft) roll, and actually building it takes 50 successes on an extended (Dexterity + Craft) roll.

Yet, there’s obviously more to a Birthright relic than just sturdy construction. What makes a relic a relic is that either the whole thing or an important part of it is infused with divine ichor. To alloy a mundane material with divine essence, a God must deal himself a single level of lethal damage and bleed his ichor onto the substance while spending five Legend points. Doing so makes the relic capable of channeling any Purview that is associated with the God. (If more than one Purview is associated with the God, the design of the relic determines which Purviews are eliminated from the construction.) Barring that gruesome process, the character forging the Birthright can also seek out rare special materials that have already been divinely enhanced by unusual circumstances (as determined by the Storyteller).

It’s important to reiterate that the ichor that infuses a relic’s raw materials and makes that relic capable of channeling a Purview must come from a God with whom the intended Purview is associated. If Amaterasu, for instance, wants her radiant Scion to start his new life with access to the Water Purview, she must convince her irascible brother, Susano-o, to donate a portion of his ichor to the construction of the Scion’s Water-channeling relic.

Alternatively, the ichor in question can come from the trophies of defeated Greater Titans and their avatars. (The Greater Titan of Fire, for instance, can yield a substance that can be built into a relic that allows Scions to channel the Purview of Fire.) The older Gods had easier access to this substance while the Titans were imprisoned, but their stores of it were

already starting to run low when the Titans escaped. Now, with most of the Titans free, these supplies have become exhaustible commodities.

PINNACLES OF POWER

Each all-purpose and special Purview has not only the 10 dots of Boons written up in this book and the two before it, but an 11-dot ascension as well. Yet, when a player buys that 11th dot or 11-dot “Boon” for his God, he doesn’t just gain a new power. Instead, he enables himself to ascend to a higher form of divinity for a while, becoming a living avatar of the Purview in question. His power over that Purview increases from quantifiable traits and game mechanics to narrative effects that can change the course of a whole cycle in one fell swoop. Each avatar has a write-up of suggested ways it can affect the action of the story. Becoming the avatar of a Purview also allows the character to use any Boon of that Purview free of charge, without a dice roll and to an extent limited only by imagination.

To become the avatar of a Purview, the character must meet two prerequisites. First, he must have Legend 12, as per the normal rules for Boons and Legend. Second, he must possess a Boon at every dot of the Purview in question, from one to 10. After all, unless the character has completely mastered the Purview, he cannot express himself as an avatar of it. Activating the ultimate power of each Purview costs a God 30 points of Legend and a point of Willpower, and the effects last for as long as the player and Storyteller deem appropriate (to a maximum length of one scene if the effect is not permanent by nature). A character cannot become the avatar of a single Purview more than once in a scene, but he can become the avatar of several Purviews in one scene if he can afford the cost. He cannot become the avatar of more than one Purview at the same time, however.

A God cannot be harmed or killed while in this state, though a foe’s use of an Ultimate Attribute (see Chapter Two) or another avatar expression can change the course of the scene in the foe’s favor. If one character has become The Beast (see p. 82), a character with Ultimate Strength might be able to knock The Beast sprawling or wrestle it to a standstill for a moment. The Void (see p. 84) might be able to overwhelm and confuse The Storm (see p. 100) long enough for the mortals in the path of destruction to evacuate. Such effects are up to the adjudication of the Storyteller, but as a general rule, one avatar expression or Ultimate Attribute should be able to neutralize the efforts of any other and create a stalemate in a one-on-one conflict.

Having the 11th dot of any Purview does come with a few inherent dangers. The first is that every mortal who survives witnessing the God’s using this power is instantly Fatebound to that God, as intensely as is possible. Second, if a God who has an 11th dot in any Purview but is not using that power is ever

dealt so much damage that he is killed, he becomes that Purview’s avatar immediately. (If the God has more than one 11-dot Purview, each one activates in a sequence the Storyteller determines.) This avatar expression costs the character nothing and is no less powerful, but the effect rages out of the player’s control in whatever way the Storyteller deems appropriate. This last thrash of divine power isn’t quite as nasty as what happens when a Titan dies, but it can still have disastrous consequences for anyone in the area. Only terribly clever applications of opposing Purviews’ avatars or uses of Ultimate Attributes can mitigate the effects of a powerful God’s death. At the end of the scene, the power fades and the God truly dies. (It is only after this point that the player can use the third aspect of Ultimate Stamina, provided his character has 11 dots of that Epic Attribute. See p. 67.)

Finally, in his physical form, a God can venture deep into the vast body of a Greater Titan without that Greater Titan noticing him. If the God should become the avatar of a Purview while he’s inside a Greater Titan, however, the Greater Titan notices that flare of elemental, conceptual power immediately. When that happens, the Greater Titan is sure to attempt to devour the God within it, not only swarming the God with titanspawn and its own avatars but turning every aspect of the “environment” within it against the God as well.

BOON COSTS

All the experience-point costs for new Boons remain the same for the different types of Boons as they were listed in **Scion: Demigod** and **Hero**. For quick reference, here they are again:

Purview Type	Experience Cost
All-Purpose (associated)	4 per dot
All-Purpose (not associated)	5 per dot
Pantheon-Specific (first dot)	3
Pantheon-Specific (new dot)	current rating x 4
Special (first dot; associated)	3
Special (first dot; not associated)	4
Special (new dot; associated)	current rating x 4
Special (new dot; not associated)	current rating x 5
Magic Spell (associated)	4 per dot
Magic Spell (not associated)	5 per dot

Boons from all-purpose Purviews must be purchased separately but need not be purchased in sequence. Boons from pantheon-specific Purviews must be purchased in sequence but not separately (meaning that you need only buy the next dot in a growing Purview rating to get the next Boon). The same goes for the special Purviews. Additional Magic spells are purchased as all-purpose Purview Boons.

ALL-PURPOSE PURVIEWS

These Purviews represent the fundamental forces and concepts of the World as they are known. They are associated with specific Gods but are available to Scions of any heritage. Each Boon may be purchased separately and out of sequence.



ANIMAL

This Purview expresses the totemic bestial power into which a God can tap. Each of its Boons works on only one type of animal, chosen by the player when he purchases the Boon. That animal needn't be the same one associated with his divine parent, and he needn't choose the same animal for each Boon. He can purchase a Boon multiple times in order for its effects to work on more than one type of animal, or he can buy the 10-dot Boon, which mitigates that restriction.

Associated With: Anubis (Jackal), Athena (Owl), Atum-Re (Falcon), Bastet (Cat), Damballa (Snake), Geb (Goose), Hachiman (Dove), Hera (Peacock), Horus (Falcon), Huitzilopochtli (Hummingbird, Eagle), Miclāntecuhli (Dog), Osiris (Centipede, Ram), Poseidon (Horse), Quetzalcoatl (Resplendent Quetzal), Set (Salawa), Sobek (Crocodile), Tezcatlipoca (Jaguar), Thoth (Baboon, Ibis)

EPIC ENHANCEMENT

(ANIMAL ●●●)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Animal Ken

Cost: (1 Willpower + 3 Legend) per Attribute; (1 Willpower + 5 Legend) per Epic Attribute

By force of will, the character can make an animal simply *better* than it could ever become on its own. Not only can he make an animal bigger, stronger and tougher, he can also make it faster, more beautiful, more charming or wiser. For one Willpower and three Legend points, he can increase any of the beast's Mental or Social Attributes by one dot. He can also increase its Dexterity by one dot for the same cost. This Boon can no more than double the beast's original Dexterity. Increases to its Mental and Social Attributes are limited to the human maximum of five dots.

If the God spends one Willpower and five Legend to enhance the creature instead, he can grant the animal an Epic Physical Attribute. This enhancement cannot exceed three dots in any Epic Physical Attribute, and the creature must have an at least equal number of dots in its mundane Attribute. Spending one unit of (1 Willpower + 5 Legend) can also increase the animal's size by a factor of 50 percent of the original value per unit. For example, if the creature is 10 feet tall and

weighs 100 pounds—just to keep the math simple—each unit of (1 Willpower + 5 Legend) spent increases the creature's height by five feet and its weight by 50 pounds. Spending three Willpower and 15 Legend into size yields a creature that stands 25 feet tall and weighs 250 pounds. Each unit increase of the creature's size (i.e., each expenditure of one Willpower and five Legend points) automatically increases its Strength and Stamina by one dot each.

Using this Boon on an animal to enhance its capabilities automatically increases its Legend by one. A given creature can have this Boon used on it only once, but the God who does so may spend as many units of Willpower and Legend points as he likes to incorporate all the changes he wants to make at that time.

HYBRID CHIMERA

(ANIMAL ●●●●)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Animal Ken

Cost: 10 Legend, 15 Legend or 20 Legend

With this Boon, the God is able to blend living animals that should not be able to procreate with one another. He need only take a minimum of one cell from each species and mix them in a solution of his own ichor. The player then spends his Legend and makes a roll of (Intelligence + Animal Ken). The difficulty of this roll is equal to the combined Stamina ratings of the mismatched breeding pair. (If the animal in question is not written up in the back of **Scion: Hero**, the variety of other animals listed there should give ample guidelines from which to extrapolate.)

If the roll succeeds, the God instantaneously creates a number of adult hybrid animals equal to the roll's threshold. (An even number results in an equal male/female split, while an odd number yields one more female.) These hybrids are generally the same size as the female of the original breeding pair, with special characteristics donated by the male but sized to fit the hybrid's body. Each hybrid animal has all the natural abilities of the female parent, with special abilities granted by the male-donated special characteristics. If, for instance, one cell in the mix comes from a female horse and the other comes from a male spider, the resultant creature could be an eight-legged, eight-eyed horse that can gallop up walls. The player and Storyteller should work out the specifics of what the resultant hybrid can do.

If the hybrid's parents come from different environments—one lives under water, for instance, while the other comes from the desert—the hybrids can survive equally well in both environments. All hybrids are fertile with each other and equally fertile with members of any of their parent species—though the



logistics of insemination in the latter case can boggle the mind outside a laboratory environment. Breeding pairs of hybrids breed true as hybrids. Mixed breeding pairs in which the mother is the hybrid breed true as hybrids. Pairs in which the father is a hybrid breed especially hardy (Stamina +1) members of the unblended species.

When a player chooses this Boon, it automatically applies to two types of mundane animals that the God can blend together. The first generation of hybrids is still susceptible to the Animal Boons of the God who created it. Second-generation hybrids are considered their own type of animal thereafter, which means that new versions of old Animal Boons must be purchased to apply to it. Blending a successive-generation hybrid with a mundane creature requires purchasing this Boon separately with the hybrid and the extra animal listed as the two to whom the Boon applies.

Blending two mundane animals into a hybrid costs 10 Legend points. Blending a hybrid with a mundane animal costs 15 Legend points. Blending two different types of hybrids into a new and different hybrid costs 20 Legend points. Animals that have been enhanced with the previous Animal Boon or with any Jotunblut Boons cannot be blended through this Boon, but hybrids can be enhanced by such Boons.

PROTEAN UNDERSTANDING

(ANIMAL)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: None

When a God takes this Boon, he becomes a master of all beasts. Now that he has it, any Animal Boon he has can now apply equally well to any type of animal, not just the ones for which he originally bought the Boons. He can speak to any sort of animal, become any sort of animal, *create* any sort of animal. A character does not actively use this Boon. Having it merely upgrades and broadens his capabilities.

AVATAR OF ANIMAL (THE BEAST)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Beast—a monstrous primordial predator with a quicksilver shape and an insatiable hunter. The Beast hears and understands the thoughts of every animal within range of its senses, and they follow its mental commands without hesitation. The Beast devours mortals (and other extras) by the dozen. It crushes homes underfoot. It tears at the Titans' flanks, making them take notice and change course. No eye can detect The Beast when it lies in ambush. No prey escapes The Beast's pursuit. No hunter can trap The Beast in a cunning snare. No mortal weapon can pierce The Beast's hide. When sleepers dream of being pursued by an implacable enemy, it is The Beast's hot breath they feel upon their necks.

MY POINTS!

If you've been building a character as a master of many beasts up to this point, buying several Animal Boons multiple times so as to be able to apply them to multiple types of animals, the 10-dot power might seem like a rip-off. If you feel that way, please accept one of the following conciliatory suggestions:

1.) *You can have your experience points back.* If your Storyteller is a generous sort, he might allow you to cash in the experience points you spent buying duplicate Animal Boons and put them toward the purchase of Protean Understanding—though not toward anything else. Points in excess of that cost are still lost, but that's better than *all* of them being lost.

2.) *Duplicate Boons increase your capabilities.* Each time you purchased a duplicate Animal Boon to apply to a new kind of animal increases the dice pool required to activate that Boon by itself again when you use the Boon. For instance, if you bought Ride Animal three times to be able to mentally control three different types of animals and you have eight dice in your (Intelligence + Animal Ken) pool, buying Protean Understanding grants you a total of 24 dice to activate Ride Animal.

3.) *Duplicate Boons decrease avatar activation cost.* The Storyteller might allow you to decrease the cost of becoming the avatar of the Animal Purview if you bought Animal Boons multiple times to have them apply to several animal types. The standard discount should be one or two Legend points off per duplicate Animal Boon.

Other suggestions and compromises are up to you and your Storyteller to work out at the gaming table.



CHAOS

Gods who master this Purview are the tricksters and troublemakers of their pantheons. No prudent God trusts them, and no wise God offends them. Even the Titans themselves don't know what to make of these unpredictable forces of nature.

Associated With: Dionysus, Kalfu, Loki, Set, Susano-o

INSANITY (CHAOS ●●)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Empathy

Cost: 5+ Legend

The God can touch his victims' minds and overwhelm them with the essence of pure chaos. The God need only be able to see his victims in person as his player rolls (Manipulation + Empathy) and spends five Legend points. With the base activation, the God can affect a number of targets equal to his Legend. Each additional Legend point he spends adds another number of victims equal to his Legend. Each victim's player resists with a (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) roll. (The Storyteller can roll once for a group of extras.) This power has no effect against a character with higher Legend than the one using it.

If the roll succeeds and a victim is a mortal or a supernatural creature of Legend 1–4, that victim goes completely and permanently insane. He has no impulse control, no sense of right and wrong, and no understanding of the consequences of any action. If the victim is of Legend 5–8, he remains insane for only a number of days equal to the threshold successes on the activation roll. If the victim is of Legend 9 or better—but less than or equal to that of the God using the power—the insanity lasts only a number of hours equal to threshold successes. Should a victim survive his bout of insanity, he emerges into lucidity with no memory of what happened to him while his mind was away.

For this power to work, the victim must have a rational thought process to disrupt. It does not work on mindless creatures or beings who are already insane.

SHUCK FATE (CHAOS ●●●●)

Dice Pool: Wits + Occult

Cost: (1 Willpower + 5 Legend) per bond

A God with this Boon is slippery in the strands of Fate. If the God accrues a Fatebond in a scene, he activates this Boon and shuffles the coil of destiny onto another character. The person—or people—to whom the God would have been newly Fatebound are now Fatebound to the target character instead.

After circumstances force the Storyteller to roll the God's Legend as a dice pool to determine Fatebinding (per p. 222 of **Scion: Hero**), the God's player may roll (Wits + Occult). The difficulty is equal to the number of successes on the Legend roll, and that threshold must exceed the successes on a roll of (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) from the character onto whom he intends to shuck his Fatebonds. If the God has successes left over, the power works. He may then spend (one Willpower point and five Legend points) per Fatebond generated by the aforementioned Legend roll. Having done so, the God ducks the tightening bonds of Fate and sees the other character ensnared in them.

Since he's spent Legend to empower a Boon, though, the God is subject to one last Legend roll. He can't use this Boon to shirk it either. Any Fatebinding that arises from that roll applies at its full strength to the character onto whom he foisted his other Fatebonds.

UNINTENDED PURPOSE (CHAOS)

Dice Pool: Wits + Craft

Cost: 1 Willpower + 10 Legend

It doesn't matter if you can't tell a hawk from a handsaw. With this Boon, the character can use any item he has at hand as if it were another completely different item of a similar size. He touches the item and spends one Willpower point and 10 Legend points as his player rolls (Wits + Craft). For a number of days equal to the roll's successes, the item he's touching serves in all ways but appearance as another item of his choosing. If he sacrifices a permanent dot of Willpower, the effect is permanent.

The original item that is put to its unintended purpose must be larger or equal in size (though not necessarily mass) to the item as which it is being used. Also, both items must be nonliving, mundane objects that can be found or produced by mortal effort in the World. For instance, the God could cause a football to act as a grenade. (Simply pull the laces out and punt the ball, and three seconds later it goes off.) He could also cause a grenade to act like an apple turnover. (If he can catch the grenade and use this power on it before it explodes, he can eat it with no harm done.)

With this Boon, a God pretty much becomes the main character in a cartoon he's also writing and drawing.

AVATAR OF CHAOS (THE VOID)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Void. The Void is without shape or size. It can consume a thriving metropolis or burrow inside the consciousness of an unborn child. When The Void passes over an area, men go mad—tearing at each other's flesh, lining up in perfect fractal patterns, spelling out the secret names of the Titans in the blood of their loved ones or screaming until they die of exhaustion. The Void breaks down the physical structure of solid things it looks upon, reconstructing them into impossible configurations. Unprotected Gods can only stare in confusion as The Void passes. Titans turn against each other, rebuild what they have destroyed or become as cultured and refined as their divine offspring until their base natures reassert themselves.



DARKNESS

Gods of Darkness see even starry, moonless nights as mortals see the noonday sun. Theirs is not the semi-

dark of night, but the dark beneath the earth, the dark of the tomb. They represent the empty nothingness between the stars, where even the mind's eye is blind.

Associated With: Baron Samedi, Hades, Izanami, Kalfu, Tezcatlipoca, Tsuki-yomi

STRIKE BLIND

(DARKNESS)

Dice Pool: Wits + Medicine

Cost: 5+ Legend

With this Boon, the God shows a victim what lies within the soul of depthless dark. He need only be able to see his victims in person as his player rolls (Wits + Medicine) and spends five Legend points. With the base activation, the God can affect a number of targets equal to his Legend. Each additional Legend point he spends adds another number of victims equal to his Legend. Each victim's player resists the God's player's single activation roll with a (Stamina + Fortitude) roll. If the God wins this contest, non-reflective blackness clouds the victims' eyes, and the victims go blind.

For mortals and other characters with no Legend rating, this effect is permanent. For characters with a Legend rating lower than that of the God using this Boon, the effect lasts for a number of days equal to the God's threshold successes. For characters with a higher Legend rating, the effect lasts for a number of hours equal to the threshold successes.

OUBLIETTE (DARKNESS)

Dice Pool: (Dexterity or Strength) + Brawl

Cost: 10 Legend

When a God gets control of a clinch against a foe (per the rules on p. 200 of **Scion: Hero**), one option he has is to break the hold by throwing the foe back or to the ground. If he has this Boon, he can break a clinch by throwing a foe not to the ground, but into a realm of black nothingness. This realm, known only as the Oubliette, is a forgotten null space between the World, the Underworld and the Overworld, and only Gods of Darkness seem to have any access into or out of it.

Lesser characters—extras, mainly—disappear into the darkness of the Oubliette, never to be seen again. Gods of Darkness who also have this Boon can let themselves into the Oubliette and out again, emerging from the same spot whence they entered. Other characters hurled into the Oubliette find themselves floating alone in smothering blackness. It stifles their hearing and numbs their flesh. If other Gods of Darkness strand disparate victims in this space simultaneously, no victim is aware of any other. Using Boons to illuminate this space (or looking around with Night Eyes) shows only endless emptiness with the victim in the center.

Once a God has thrown a character into the Oubliette, he or another God with this Boon may retrieve that character at any time, and from any place. Doing so

requires another 10 Legend points. If the God who wants to retrieve someone is not the same God who put that person in the Oubliette, though, his player must make a (Perception + Awareness) roll to find the person.

ECLIPSE (DARKNESS ••••• •••••)

Dice Pool: Strength

Cost: 1 Willpower + 15 Legend

This power works just as the power Shadow Shroud (Darkness ••••• •) does, with the God tearing light from the very air. Instead of the radius of the effect being equal to (roll successes x 5) yards, though, the area of the effect is equal to (roll successes x 5) square miles. The darkness lasts for a number of hours equal to the successes on the roll, unless the God wills it to dissipate first. It is not reduced by direct sunlight.

AVATAR OF DARKNESS (THE ABYSS)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Abyss. The Abyss is unknowable, and all living things fear its approach. It strikes mortals blind and engulfs characters of greater importance. Fires go out, electric lights burst, and even the sun and stars recede out of respect. Those ensnared in The Abyss stand perfectly still, trying not to be devoured by the ice-cold currents that flow through it. Things that survive The Abyss' embrace emerge frail and withered, their colors either faded or perversely vibrant. Some things The Abyss covers are never seen again. Even a Titan can be blinded as The Abyss washes over it.



DEATH

Death is the only thing that every living entity has in common with every other. Its inevitability underlies every action a living being takes, whether that being realizes it or not.

Only the Gods of Death have no fear of this inevitability, for from it does their power derive.

Associated With: Anubis, Baron Samedi, Hades, Hel, Huitzilopochtli, Izanami, Miclāntecuhtli, Odin, Osiris, Xipe Totec

OPEN UNDERWORLD PORTAL

(DEATH ••••• •••)

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Occult

Cost: 5 Legend

When a God learns this Boon, he earns a set of keys to the realm of the dead. Thereafter, whenever he uses the Boon, he opens a portal from wherever he is to the Underworld. This portal opens into a safe tract of the Underworld that has been staked out by his pantheon. If the God has a special patch of Underworld staked out for his own, the portal opens within that patch's bounds.

The God can lead with him a number of willing followers equal to the successes his player achieved on the activation roll. Unless those followers have at least Legend 2, or are otherwise protected against death, traveling into the Underworld strips them of their mortal coil, effectively trapping them in the Underworld as ghosts. The portal remains open for one action—long enough for the God and everyone the activation roll allows to follow him to step through if they do so immediately.

Underworld portals created with this Boon are one way only. Once he's in, the God must find another path out.

GHOST CONTROL

(DEATH ••••• ••••)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Occult

Cost: Varies

As a lord of the Underworld, the God has nigh-absolute dominion over the souls of the departed. He need only possess a piece of the ghost's abandoned corpse—such as a knucklebone, a lock of hair or a preserved eye—and the ghost is all but his slave to boss around. If the God gives the ghost a command while holding the memento, the ghost is compelled to do as the God commands. Each command requires a (Charisma + Occult) roll as well as the expenditure of one Legend point, and the ghost's player resists with a (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) roll. If the God's roll wins out, the ghost must comply with the spirit of the command as best she can. If the ghost's roll wins out, the ghost must still comply with the letter of the command, but she can subvert its spirit if she thinks she can get away with it.

The God can also play fast and loose with the metaphysical "rules" that govern the behavior of ghosts. For instance, if he implants a memento that allows him to control the ghost into a dead body, and spends two Legend points, the ghost is temporarily bound into that body, animating it as a hungry corpse (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 294). It has the standard abilities and traits of a hungry corpse, though it doesn't hunger for brains or take on Dark Virtues if it didn't already possess them. If the God somehow gets a mortal to swallow the memento, and he spends two Legend, the ghost can freely possess that person until the memento passes naturally out of the mortal's system. The God can also make the ghost manifest in the World for one scene, without calling on the ghost to spend any traits. The God need only spend three Legend points, and the ghost is as visible and solid as are the mortals around him for the rest of the scene.

While the God has the memento, he can speak into it like a microphone and make himself heard to the ghost. Likewise, the ghost can communicate with him, its voice issuing from the memento. Also, for



as long as the God has the memento on his divine person, the ghost cannot raise a hand against him in any way. Finally, if the God ever tires of the ghost, he can devour the memento. Doing so grants him five Legend points and destroys the ghost.

For a memento to work against a ghost, it must be harvested from the ghost's corpse within 24 hours of death (before or after is fine). Also, the person must have been a regular mortal. The memento lasts for as many years as the person was alive, multiplied by the God's Legend at the time the memento was harvested. If the ghost is in danger of being destroyed before that time is up, its memento warms up noticeably and glows with an eerie yellowish-white light. If the God does nothing to prevent the ghost's destruction (and chooses not to gulp down the memento himself), the memento disintegrates into dust as the ghost is obliterated.

STRIKE DEAD/DENY DEATH **(DEATH)**

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Medicine

Cost: 10 Legend

The God speaks the name of a living victim or a recently deceased corpse and says (respectively) either "Die," or "Wait." The living victim or new spirit need not be able to hear this invocation. The God then spends 10 Legend points as his player rolls (Manipulation + Medicine).

If the target is a living victim with a Legend rating less than 9, his player resists this effect with a (Stamina + Fortitude) roll. If the God's roll garners more successes, the victim dies immediately, regardless of his current state of health or willingness to pass away on the spot.

If the target is the corpse of a person who recently died, that person might very well come back to life when the God commands him to wait. If the person died within a number of minutes equal to the God's player's successes on the activation roll, the person's soul hears the God's command and makes its way back to the body. (The return trip takes as long as it has been since the person's death.) If the God or someone with him can heal at least one of the deceased person's health levels of damage before the spirit returns, the soul is denied death and returns to life. He might still be terribly injured, but at least he's alive.

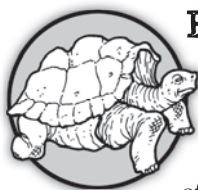
A God can perform this Boon (in either aspect) on a person only once per scene. He can perform it on as many different people in the scene as he sees fit, though. He cannot perform it on any character with a Legend rating of 9 or greater.

AVATAR OF DEATH (THE REAPER)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Reaper. He carries a scythe named Inevitability, and wears long robes made of dead men who cling to him and climb

over one another eternally. Where The Reaper's milky eyes gaze, mortals die in droves. Where The Reaper's feet fall, forests shrink away. Where its scythe sweeps, any God but another avatar would be torn asunder. The Reaper can kill a Titan that has been wounded, though that victory is a bitter one. Better still, The Reaper can deny death to a gravely wounded Titan so that that Titan can be imprisoned once more.



EARTH

Whether it's the geological strata of the World, the gray dust of the Underworld or the hallowed ground of the Overworld, the Gods of Earth are its masters.

Associated With: Baron Samedi, Geb, Hades, Hephaestus, Izanami, Osiris, Poseidon, Quetzalcoatl, Tlaloc, Tlazoltéotl

EARTH CREATION

(EARTH ●●●)

Dice Pool: Stamina + Craft

Cost: 1 Legend per cubic yard

The God's mastery of the Purview is such that he can literally create stone, earth and metal from nothing. He only puts his hands together before him and wills the material into being as his player spends five Legend and rolls (Stamina + Craft). With this Boon, he can create anything from sand to loam to granite to diamonds to steel. Any substance that the Earth Purview covers is fair game. Even glass is okay, as it's chiefly made from silica.

On a successful roll, the God creates a maximum volume equal to one cubic yard per success on the roll, for the cost of one Legend point per cubic yard. The mass forms as a rough sphere, so the God must physically work it (or use Shaping—Earth ●●●) to get it into the form he actually wants. Also, the God can create only one type of material per activation roll.

PROPERTY INFUSION

(EARTH ●●●●)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Science

Cost: 5 Legend per property

To a God, any property a material has based on its atomic structure is just one more degree of manipulation he can effect upon the material. If the God can identify a specific property of a material that falls under the Earth Purview, he can switch its quality out with the property of another material under the same Purview. For instance, glass is a fine conductor of light, but not of electricity. Yet a God with this Boon could give glass the electrical conductivity that gold has. If he fashions an axe out of glass, he could make it as strong as oft-folded steel but as light as an equal mass of titanium.

The God must touch the material and be in control of it in order to use this Boon on it. Examples of

properties that can be changed are as follows: electrical conductivity, heat conductivity, sound conductivity, hardness, density, tensile strength, fragility and opacity. If, however, you don't know anything about metallurgy or physics (you never studied...), that's okay. The easiest way to think about this Boon is that if you want to make an item out of a material that isn't suited to that purpose (a gun out of solid gold, for instance), this Boon *makes* the material suitable to that purpose magically.

MAGMA CONTROL

(EARTH ●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Craft

Cost: 10 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes completely immune to the touch of lava and can control it to a limited degree with his mind. If he is near a pool or flow of it, he can walk on its surface without being burned, leaving a trail of stone footprints behind him. He can dive into the lava and swim through it as easily as water—though he must use Echo Sounding (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 141) to navigate beneath the surface. He can even cause tendrils of the red-hot liquid rock to rise from the surface and move at his mental command. He can control five cubic yards of lava per dot of Legend he has. (For instance, at the minimum Legend required to have this Boon, the God could create and manipulate a lava tentacle one yard in diameter and 70 yards long.) Attacking with a tentacle of animated lava relies on the character's player's (Dexterity + Craft) rolls, and a successful hit inflicts (10 + plus attack threshold) levels of lethal damage. Lethal soak does mitigate these health levels, but leftover successes are inflicted straight up, not rolled. After that, the magma sticks to the victim, inflicting one less health level per action than it did the action before, until either the lava cools or is scraped off or the flesh beneath it is destroyed.

Activating this power costs only 10 Legend points. Actually exerting control over the lava and manipulating it with one's mind requires a successful (Dexterity + Craft) roll. Normally, this Boon works only on lava the character can see. If the character has Echo Sounding, though, and detects lava within range of his perceptions, he can call that lava up to and through the surface around him. If he is cunning (or just a tremendous jerk), he can even have that lava burst right up through the ground beneath an opponent's feet as an unexpected attack.

This power works in the World, the Underworld and the Overworld. Magma courses beneath the skin of the abysmal and ethereal planes just as it does on Earth—not because those places are geologically young and active, but because the eldest Gods of Earth and Fire have made it so. Currents of lava also pool and run through the bodies of certain Titans. As long as the God can see it, or otherwise knows it's there, he can control it and ignore its heat.

AVATAR OF EARTH (THE SHAPER)**Cost:** 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the God becomes The Shaper—a stolid figure of metal and stone, whose hands can become any mason's tools. The Shaper's thoughts twist earth and stone. The Shaper can raise fortifications from a featureless plain and rebuild the ancient ruins of the World's lost places. The Shaper can turn aside a flood with a wave of his hand, or he can swallow armies into the earth's black embrace. The Shaper can ride a broad swath of land like an ocean wave or shake cities to their foundations. The Shaper working alone can bury a God in his temple or pin a single limb of a Titan just long enough.

**FERTILITY**

This Purview deals with the lush and fecund bounty of nature. It doesn't rope in the concept of fertility that refers to animal reproduction, but its reach goes beyond basic plants (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 142).

Associated With: Amaterasu, Dionysus, Freya, Freyr, Geb, Hachiman, Isis, Osiris, Quetzalcoatl, Sif, Sobek, Tlaloc, Xipe Totec

ETERNAL BLOOM**(FERTILITY ●●●)****Dice Pool:** Stamina + Survival**Cost:** 2 Legend per plant/patch

The Goddess touches a single plant and imbues its natural surroundings with her blessing. In so doing, she grants the plants of that area eternal life, regardless of environment or nutrition. Short of being set ablaze or physically torn apart, the affected plants grow to their full size in the normal time and remain alive and well thereafter.

A Goddess can imbue eternal life into a single square mile of plant life per two Legend points her player spends—up to a maximum number of square miles equal to the success her player makes on the (Stamina + Survival) activation roll.

Once an area has been affected with this Boon, it remains in full bloom. Any small plant or piece of a larger plant that is broken or removed grows back within 24 hours.

IMPOSSIBLE HYBRID**(FERTILITY ●●●●)****Dice Pool:** Intelligence + Survival**Cost:** 10 Legend

The God's botanical mastery is such that he can combine two healthy plants into a hybrid that cannot occur in nature but is nonetheless viable and healthy. The two mixed plants can be from any environment and have disparate sunlight and water requirements. When

this Boon combines them successfully, the resultant hybrid can live in either environment and survive on either of its parents' sun and water requirements. The hybrid can also successfully pollinate other plants of either of its parents' types, creating a 50-50 split in regular and hybrid seeds.

To create an impossible hybrid, the God must mix the male gamete (pollen, for instance) from one plant with a drop of his ichor. When he introduces that mixture into the other plant, fertilizing its ovule, that plant produces a number of golden seeds or fruits equal to the successes on the roll. The God must then plant the seeds in soil suitable to either parent plant. Barring the use of other Fertility Boons, the plants grows to full size in the shorter of the amounts of time it takes either parent plant to do so. The result is either a number of large plants equal to successes on the activation roll or a number of square yards of smaller plants equal to successes.

The player should work out with the Storyteller exactly how the hybrid's blended nature expresses itself, but the possibilities are limitless. A whimsical God could blend sequoias with dandelions for towering weeds that sprout enormous puffballs covered in tremendous seeds that function like parachutes. A hippie God could blend psychedelic mushrooms with pumpkin vines for big gourds full of good times. A God who's a son of a bitch could mix kudzu with poison sumac and let it loose in an upstart mortal's backyard.

Once a hybrid has been created, the result is now a new kind of plant. If the God wants to blend in the traits of a third type of plant, he must use this power again, combining the hybrid with the new plant.

ENDLESS SEASON**(FERTILITY ●●●●●)****Dice Pool:** Intelligence + Survival**Cost:** 15 Legend

The God touches the ground in the center of the area he wishes to affect then closes his eyes and imagines the effects on that area of one of the four seasons. His player then makes the activation roll and spends 15 Legend. If the roll succeeds, all the plants in the affected area react as if it were the exemplary depths of that season. (That is, as if it were the hottest day of summer, the coldest day of winter, the peak of springtime bloom or the cusp of the autumn die-off.) The plants react as the God wishes regardless of current climate or soil conditions, possibly in defiance of the rest of nature.

The minimum radius of the effect is one mile; the minimum amount of time the effect lasts is one full year. Every success on the activation roll extends either the radius by one mile or the duration by one year. Once the player has balanced his successes between these two dimensions (which occurs only at the time of the activation roll), he cannot swap successes out.

He may cancel the effect at any time and reactivate it with a new roll and Legend expenditure.

If other Gods used Fertility Boons on plants in the area of effect when their Legend ratings were lower than the current Legend of the God using Endless Season, this Boon trumps those Boons. If the other Gods' Legend was equal to or greater than that of the God using Endless Season, they compare their successes on the activation roll. If the other Boons' activation rolls had more successes, the affected plants or area remain unaffected by Endless Season. The rest of the area within Endless Season's radius is still subject to the Boon's effect as normal.

AVATAR OF FERTILITY (THE GREEN)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Green—the conscious avatar of nature's bounty embodied in pulsing plant matter. The Green can sense the ecological interconnectivity between all plants and extend its consciousness from where it stands to any point on its same plane of reality where plants thrive. Plants within The Green's sight act as extensions of The Green's will. They can be made to grow or wilt or even move as The Green desires—fortifying wilderness strongholds, impeding the progress of armies or tearing apart intruders. The Green can overwhelm mortal cities or spread out a tranquil paradise that caters to humankind's every desire. The Green can hedge in a Titan or dizzy it with the manifold poisons of the natural world.



FIRE

Humankind considers itself so clever and evolved for having tamed this fearsome element. Yet, even the Gods respect the power of this raw, wild force. Even they, who are its true masters, handle it with great care.

Associated With: Hephaestus, Loki, Ogoun, Ptah

CONTROL FIRE (FIRE •••• •••)

Dice Pool: Wits + Control

Cost: 5+ Legend

A fire must burn, but when a God has this Boon, fire burns as he commands. To take control of the fire, the God need only stare into it and spend Legend points. When he does so, the fire becomes a three-dimensional mass that he can manipulate in all three dimensions in any way his imagination can conceive. For five Legend points, the God can manipulate 10 cubic yards of fire (based on its surface area and height). If less than 10 cubic yards of fire is present, the God can increase the present amount of fire to fill that volume. For each additional Legend point he spends, the God can increase the amount of fire under his control by 10 more

cubic yards. (The God can spend no more additional points of Legend beyond the mandatory five than he has dots of Legend.) The God can move and shape fire under his control in all three dimensions—lifting it off the ground entirely or making it take any three-dimensional shape he desires. He can even mold the fire into a recognizable shape and have it take actions.

Shaping a controlled fire requires a successful (Wits + Control) roll. Having the fiery construct take an action also requires a successful (Wits + Control) roll—the God can take no physical action at the same time unless he's performing a multiple action. Wresting control over a fire away from someone with this Boon requires a contested (Wits + Control) roll, and the would-be usurper must spend an equal amount of Legend. Fiery constructs have an effective Strength equal to the number of Legend points spent to fuel the effect, and Strength rolls to determine attack damage are modified by threshold successes on the (Wits + Control) roll made to direct the construct. Attacks made by a fiery construct inflict lethal damage then continue to burn with an environmental effect of (Legend)/action, Trauma 5. Fiery constructs have an effective Stamina equal to the controlling character's Legend, but only effects that could conceivably douse a fire have any effect on them. Only characters whose Legend is equal to or greater than that of the controlling God are protected from that God's fiery construct's attacks by their own Fire Immunity (Fire •). If a mortal victim hopes to withstand this damage thanks to a conferred Fire Immunity (one granted by Confer Immunity—Guardian ••••• ••), the Legend of the God who conferred that immunity on him must have been greater than or equal to that of the God using Control Fire. That is, the Guardian God's Legend must have been at least equal *then* to whatever the Legend of the Fire God is *now*.

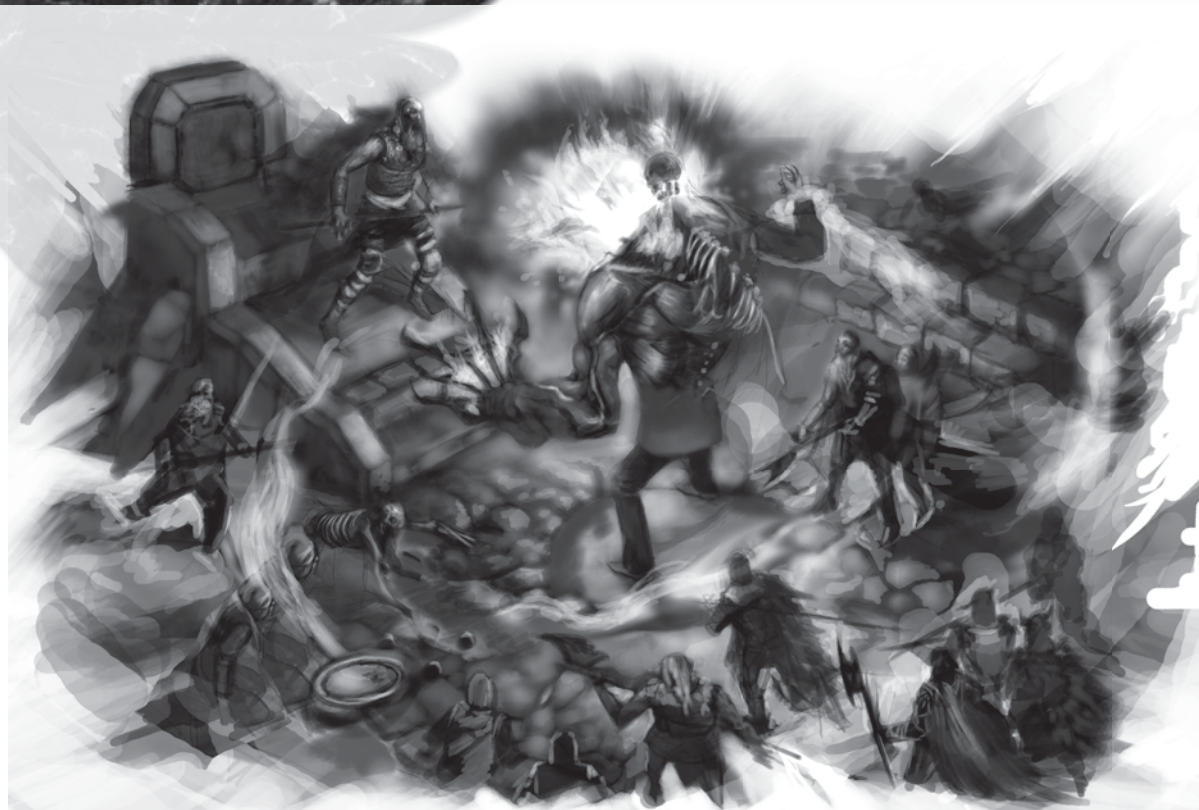
The God's control of the blaze lasts for one scene at maximum. He must be able to see his fiery construct in order to mentally command it unless he has used Fire's Eye (Fire •••) on it. When the scene ends, any fire still suspended in the air goes out. Any left touching a surface either continues to burn or goes out, depending on whether the surface is flammable.

IFRIT (FIRE ••••• ••••)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Command

Cost: 5+ Legend

With this Boon, a God turns faithful mortal worshipers into powerful servants of living flame. If the mortals are willing to undergo the transformation, the God lays a hand on each mortal's forehead and imbues him or her with the spirit of the living flame. In a moment of intense, unutterable pain, the mortal spasms and collapses with his veins glowing white hot through his skin and smoke pouring from his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. A moment later, the mortal's



flesh burns away entirely and he rises as a blackened skeleton surrounded by swirling yellow fire.

To activate this Boon, the God's player spends five Legend points and rolls (Charisma + Command). With the base activation, the God can transform a number of willing mortals equal to his Legend. Each additional Legend point he spends adds another number of willing mortals equal to his Legend.

In essence, this Boon confers the Devil Body Boon on a transformed mortal. (See **Scion: Demigod**, p. 78 for the description of what that Boon allows.) This Boon imposes on the character the Virtues of the God's pantheon. (See the "Imposed Virtues" sidebar in **Scion: Demigod** on p. 97.) It also grants him a "phantom" Legend rating equal to half that of the God who used this power on him. This Legend rating exists only for purposes of determining Devil Body's effects.

Unfortunately for transformed mortals, however, this effect is terminal and irreversible. The character's new state of being lasts for a number of days (i.e., 24-hour intervals) equal to the successes the God's player made on the activation roll, after which point the flames die away and the mortal's blackened bones crumble to ash.

A God can use this power only on willing mortal human beings.

RAIN OF FIRE (FIRE ••••• •••••)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Survival

Cost: 15 Legend

The God raises a hand and calls down a torrent of blazing projectiles from the sky above. Each projectile

is the size of a soccer ball and explodes upon impact into a fire at least five square yards in area. Each blaze that springs up at a point of impact has the intensity of a bonfire (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 184) and will not go out for the rest of the scene. At the end of the scene, the fires go out or stay lit based on the circumstances of where they're burning.

The character can designate any point within his line of sight as the center of this rain of fire, and he can affect an area around that point with a radius equal to 100 yards per success on the activation roll. The storm of exploding projectiles lasts for 10 minutes, during which everyone in the area of effect must compare their Dodge DV to the successes on the activation roll once every five ticks. If a victim's Dodge DV doesn't measure up, the victim suffers (threshold successes + Boon-user's Legend + 1) dice of lethal damage. He also has stuck to him liquid fire that burns with the intensity of a bonfire.

For a God caught out in the area of effect to be able to withstand this fire damage via Fire Immunity (Fire •), his Legend must be higher than or equal to that of the God who used this Boon. If a mortal victim hopes to withstand this damage thanks to a conferred Fire Immunity (one granted by Confer Immunity—Guardian ••••• ••), the Legend of the God who conferred that immunity on him must have been greater than or equal to that of the God using Rain of Fire. That is, the Guardian God's Legend must have been at least equal *then* to whatever the Legend of the Fire God is *now*.

AVATAR OF FIRE (THE DEVOURER)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Devourer—the insatiable avatar of Fire, which has only a cavernous maw and two grasping hands. What The Devourer touches, it consumes. The heat of its breath pushes back the wise and the weak; it obliterates the foolish and the slow. The Devourer's touch sublimates any loose material not fortified by ichor. It lays forests to waste and boils the oceans in their cradles. The Devourer's teeth can scour a God to the layer of bone. The Devourer's breath can blind a Titan with foul smoke. Its touch can peel back a Titan's hide in sizzling strips. Its heat can drive a Titan off in a panic.



GUARDIAN

Gods of the Guardian Purview are never too busy to take care of what's theirs. The most ethical and upstanding grant their formidable protection to the World or the domains of the Overworld. The least carve out petty kingdoms and jealously defend them against foe and friend alike.

Associated With: Anubis, Baldur, Erzulie, Hachiman, Heimdall, Huitzilopochtli, Isis, Miclantecuhtli, Quetzalcoatl, Raiden, Set, Thor, Xipe Totec

APPROPRIATED VIGIL (GUARDIAN ••••• •••)

Dice Pool: Perception + Empathy (to check up)

Cost: 1 Legend or 5 Legend

The Guardian Gods have a broader range of responsibilities than heroes and demigods do. Among the largest of them is making sure that those heroes and demigods are doing their jobs, which is where this Boon comes in handy. When a God uses it, he can check up on the subject of a Vigil Brand that he did not lay down. The brand must have been laid down by one of his Scions, someone to whom he is Fatebound or someone whose Birthright relic his ichor helped to consecrate (thus enabling it to channel the Guardian Purview).

For one Legend point, the God can check up on a single, specific brand that he knows about, which was laid down by one of the aforementioned people. Doing so works just as well as checking up on one of his own personal brands (if he has the Vigil Brand Boon). Alternatively, the God may spend five Legend points to activate this Boon for a whole day. When he does so, he maintains a blanket passive awareness of every brand laid down by one of the aforementioned people (even brands he isn't specifically aware of). He can't check up on any particular one while he's aware of them all, but if one of the subjects is in physical danger (as determined by the Storyteller), he senses it just as clearly as if one of his own protected subjects were in danger. If this

awareness reveals a physical threat, he can focus in on it for a single point of Legend and survey the scene.

If the God also has Come Running (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 79), he can use that Boon in relation to an appropriate other person's brand just as if the brand were his own.

DIVINE RESOLVE

(GUARDIAN ••••• ••••)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Empathy

Cost: 5 Legend

When a God sees a valued ally facing seemingly insurmountable temptation or coercion—whether he sees this in person, while checking up on the person remotely or is made aware while hearing the person's prayers with the Hear Prayers Knack (p. 73)—the God can lend that person his own spiritual fortitude. When circumstances reveal that a mortal or Scion character's player is about to have to roll (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) to resist some supernatural effect, the God may activate this Boon. He spends five Legend as his player rolls (Intelligence + Empathy). If the roll succeeds, the God grants his target's player's (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) resistance roll a number of bonus successes equal to the successes the God's player achieved on the Boon's activation roll.

A God can use this power on a mortal, a Scion or a lesser immortal.

SALVATION SACRIFICE

(GUARDIAN ••••• •••••)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 2 Legend per attack

With this Boon, a God redirects all the damage that targets someone or something under his protection. The God must use Vigil Brand on that someone or something, and he must know that an attack is targeting that subject. If he does, he can spend two Legend and absorb all the damage the attack inflicts on the subject of his protection (after all the steps of attack resolution). He checks this redirected damage against any Hardness, armor or soak he has, which can completely eliminate the attack's effect if he's tough enough.

This Boon works only against damage-causing attacks. The God can redirect the damage from as many attacks against branded people or places at a time as he wants, as long as he is aware of all the attacks and can afford to redirect them.

AVATAR OF GUARDIAN

(THE SENTINEL)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Sentinel—the avatar of the heroic protector ideal. The Sentinel wears armor and carries a shield but wields no weapon. The Sentinel's armor protects anyone

who hides behind The Sentinel. The Sentinel's shield can protect an entire city from the fury of a God gone mad with rage or grief. When The Sentinel stands on the path, none may pass without The Sentinel's permission. The Sentinel can hold even the most ferocious Titan at bay without tiring, though The Sentinel can strike no telling blow.



HEALTH

With this Purview, a God masters the physical well-being of beasts, mortals, Scions and his fellow Gods. He can also use these Boons on titanspawn or other supernatural creatures. The only characters who derive no benefit from these Boons are the dead and the God himself.

Associated With: Apollo, Artemis, Athena, Baron Samedi, Damballa, Freya, Freyr, Hera, Isis, Quetzalcoátl, Tlaloc, Xipe Totec

HUMAN CLAY (HEALTH)

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Medicine

Cost: 10 Legend

The God can shape a mortal's flesh like wet clay, effecting almost limitless physical changes within the scope of human variety. The mortal in question must be somehow under the God's control—he be drugged, secured in an unbreakable clinch, duct-taped to the roof of a panel van in the middle of the desert or what have you—but he need not necessarily be willing. As long as the God can work with the mortal's flesh and bones for five minutes uninterrupted, he can reshape the mortal as he sees fit.

As a result of his skillful manipulations, the God can effect any change in the mortal's flesh that is possible with the Detail Variation and Undeniable Resemblance Knacks from Epic Appearance (see pp. 71 and 72). The God need not have these Knacks himself, and he does not literally confer those abilities on his patient, but they provide good guidelines regarding the range of changes this Boon makes possible. Do note, however, that a God cannot change a mortal's appearance to such an extent that the mortal's Appearance score rises above 6. The God can endow a mortal with unearthly beauty, but mortal flesh can look only so good.

This Boon can allow a God to correct deformities, erase disfigurements, smooth over blemishes and even straighten improperly healed bones. It cannot restore lost limbs or organ function. Using it vindictively can impose serious penalties on a character if the God decides to mar a beautiful face with scar tissue, make one leg shorter than the other, twist one arm permanently out of its socket, cross one's eyes or make other nasty cosmetic alterations.

The entire alteration receives only one roll and requires only one expenditure of Legend. For every

success on the roll, the God may change one feature on the victim for better or worse.

HUMAN HYBRID

(HEALTH)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Medicine

Cost: 1 Willpower + 10 Legend

This Boon works in one of two ways. First, it can allow a God to make bizarre modifications to a living human being that should not be biologically possible. As with Human Clay, the God must be able to restrain the human for five minutes uninterrupted. He spends the points as his player rolls (Intelligence + Medicine). For every success, the God may reshape one feature of the human's body in some grotesque, impossible or simply unexpected way. Anything that a God with the Unusual Alteration Knack from Epic Appearance can do to herself, a God with this Boon can do to his patient. He can stretch the human's torso out and give him a second pair of arms beneath the first. He can give the human a ridiculously long and curling phallus like some prop out of a satyr play. He can turn the human's skin green or mottle it with a camouflage pattern. He could replace the patient's hair with a thick mane of twitching fingers. He could also remove the unusual alterations another God made, turning the mortal back to normal.

The other thing this Boon can do is allow the God to blend a mortal with a different kind of living thing (or even a non-living thing). Doing so costs the same amount of Legend and Willpower, but it's more complicated and it requires the God to have additional Boons. If the God wants to create half-human, half-animal hybrids, he must have this Boon and Hybrid Chimera (Animal). If the God wants to create half-human, half-plant hybrids, he needs this Boon and Impossible Hybrid (Fertility). If he wants to make some inanimate object a fully functional part of a new hybrid's body—if he wants his hybrid to have a working television for a head, for instance—he needs this Boon and Unintended Purpose (Chaos).

Creating animal-human and plant-human hybrids works much the same as putting disparate animals together or blending different types of plants. The God takes at least one cell from each parent, mixes them with a measure of his ichor, and *voilà!* The God's player makes his (Intelligence + Medicine) roll at a difficulty of twice the human parent's Stamina, and a number of fully functional adult hybrids equal to the roll's threshold are created. The hybrids are fully fertile with each other (always breeding true) and fertile with members of either of their parents' species as well. Human/hybrid matings always breed true hybrids. Hybrid/animal matings yield normal animal offspring when the hybrid is the male parent. When the gender roles are reversed, each offspring has a 50-50 chance of being a true hybrid. Hybrid/plant "matings" always

yield fertilized seeds. If those seeds are planted in the ground, normal plants grow. If a female half-plant hybrid implants a fertilized hybrid seed inside herself, it gestates into an infant hybrid.

Unintended Purpose works somewhat differently with this Boon. The God doesn't so much create a new creature on the spot as integrate an inanimate object into a mortal's flesh. In other words, the God effectively replaces one part of the character's body with an inanimate object that functions as that missing part and still performs its normal function as well. The aforementioned television set, for instance, still plays and the transformed character can still see, hear and speak out of it. (And when it's time to eat, he just turns on the Food Network.) This change lasts for a number of days equal to the successes on the activation roll, after which point the character very probably dies. The God can make this change permanent if he sacrifices a Willpower dot instead of just spending a single point. He can also separate a human from an inanimate object with which the poor soul has been blended with this Boon. Doing so requires that the helpful God's activation roll garner more successes than that of the God who made the change.

Once a God creates a half-human hybrid with this power, the resulting being is considered a supernatural creature. Its Legend rises by one.

PLAGUE/CURE

(HEALTH)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Medicine

Cost: 15 Legend

The God can create a disease from scratch or completely erase a disease from someone who's suffering its effects. Doing the latter restores an affected patient to perfect health and eliminates any trace of the disease that could possibly cause a relapse or be transmitted to someone else. While that person lives, he is henceforth immune to that disease and all of its weaker strains. The person must actually be infected with a disease (even if it's dormant or in remission) in order to be cured of it and granted future immunity. The God's efforts cure one patient per success on the activation roll.

The game mechanics for creating a disease with this Boon are pretty simple. The God's player rolls (Intelligence + Medicine) after spending 15 Legend points. The successes on the roll then go into a pool. The values that make up the new disease's Virulence, Untreated Morbidity, Difficulty to Treat and Difficulty to Diagnose start at 1, and the player increases them one-for-one with successes out of the pool from the activation roll. (No value can be higher than the God's Legend.) The Treated Morbidity value is automatically equal to half the Untreated Morbidity, rounded up. The incubation period starts at 30 days, and it can be

reduced by one day per success devoted to it from the activation roll's pool.

Suffice to say, Gods with Epic Intelligence can create some truly wicked diseases. Curing such diseases with this power requires that the curing God's activation roll achieve more successes than the plaguing God's did.

AVATAR OF HEALTH

(THE SAVIOR/THE SCOURGE)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Savior or The Scourge—depending on whether the character wants to preserve life or ruin it. The Savior is a being of no gender or race, whose eyes shine with infinite compassion. Anyone The Savior looks upon feels no pain and is healed of all wounds. Diseases go into remission or vanish entirely. The weight of addictions eases, giving victims the power to quit. Even chemical imbalances in the brain straighten themselves out, bringing peace of mind. The Scourge is The Savior covered in weeping sores, whose eyes bleed contagion. Anyone The Scourge looks upon is stricken with weakness, swooning and coughing up blood. The Scourge's breath is plague; The Scourge's touch is rot. The Savior can restore even a partially devoured God rescued in pieces from a Titan's guts. The Scourge can make a Titan vomit up its stillborn spawn and withdraw from the battlefield temporarily to recover.



JUSTICE

The Gods who master this Purview form the final authority on what's right and what's wrong. They sit in judgment over not just the World but their fellow Gods as well.

Associated With: Anubis, Athena, Geb, Horus, Osiris, Quetzalcoatl, Shango, Thoth, Tyr, Vidar, Zeus

SANCTIFY OATH

(JUSTICE)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Command + Legend

Cost: 10 Legend

Oaths are powerful agreements based on trust and good faith, but usually good faith is all that enforces them. Two characters agree to abide by their terms either out of mutual respect or because they each fear the other's retaliation. With this Boon, however, a God can enforce an oath with the full power of divine justice. Fate itself punishes those who break sanctified oaths, regardless of what recompense the offended party might also seek.

To swear an oath is to vow to do something or abide by some specific condition and say something like "I promise," "I swear," "You have my word," "I give you my oath" or "Scout's honor." A character can swear an oath individually, or several characters can swear

an oath over some agreement they've made. When a character with this Boon witnesses someone swearing such an oath, he may spend 10 Legend as his player rolls (Charisma + Command + Legend). If this roll succeeds, the player of every character who swore the oath willingly—even those who did so grudgingly—must roll (Willpower + Integrity + Legend). Any character whose resistance roll comes up short against the activation roll is now supernaturally bound to the terms of the oath. Any time a bound character breaks the terms of the oath, that character is doomed to a series of disastrous failures. For every success by which the activation roll surpassed his resistance roll, the oath-breaker suffers a botch on some crucial action. It doesn't matter how many dice the oath-breaker has in his pool or how many dots of an applicable Epic Attribute he might have. If the Storyteller decides that the character's action is crucial, that action botches. Any time a character breaks his oath anew, the number of botches he has coming resets to the threshold level.

A character need not know that his oath has been sanctified to suffer the effects of breaking it. If he realizes why disaster seems to be following him—or if he knows good and well—he can petition the God who sanctified his oath to lift the burden from him. If that God is so inclined, he can lift the oath from the participant, but that rarely ever happens.

OVERWORLD JUDGMENT (JUSTICE)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Presence + Legend
Cost: 15 Legend

What the God says is law in the ears of those who hear it. The law might not last forever, but while it does, none can deny its authority. When the God uses this power, he dictates some specific behavior or some particular rule and spends 15 Legend points. His player then makes a (Manipulation + Presence + Legend) roll. The player of every character who hears this pronouncement live and in person must make a (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) roll. Anyone whose resistance roll nets more successes than the activation roll can take or leave the new rule as just another thing the God said. Anyone whose resistance roll doesn't measure up is compelled to abide by that rule or law.

This compulsion affects only those characters who are of equal or lesser Legend than the God who issues the divine edict. Players of characters with higher Legend don't even have to roll to resist. Titans are likewise immune to this effect unless they have willingly sworn a sanctified oath to obey the God's laws.

A character who is supernaturally compelled to follow a law may still break the law or act out against it. The compulsion isn't total, after all. If the character has no Virtue ratings or has only Dark

Virtues, he need only spend one point of Willpower per action to be able to flaunt the law. If the character has divine Virtue ratings, *not* specific to the edict-issuing God's pantheon, the character's player must spend a Willpower point and fail a roll of the most circumstance-appropriate Virtue (i.e., whatever Virtue would most likely hold him back from committing the outlawed action). If the character is from the God's own pantheon, his player must not only spend a Willpower point but *botch* a roll of the most circumstance-appropriate Virtue.

Finally, if someone who is compelled to follow a rule or law willingly breaks it (per allowance granted by the previous paragraph), the God who spoke the law into existence becomes aware of it immediately, regardless of where he is. What he chooses to do about that breach is up to him.

DIVINE ENFORCEMENT (JUSTICE)

Dice Pool: (Perception + Empathy)
Cost: 5+ Legend (+ 1 Willpower)

When a God has this Boon, his mind becomes a comprehensive legal database that maintains a complete list of the written laws of any society. He need only spend a single scene among the members of society, and the knowledge expands in his brain automatically (for no roll or point expenditure). Whatever the written local, state and federal laws are in the community, he knows them all as they currently stand. As long as he remains in the community, the God understands all its laws in all their minutiae. Dredging up a specific law for a community outside the one he's in requires a single Legend point if the law is not covered under the same greater legal umbrella as the community. In America, for instance, federal laws remain the same regardless of what state you're in. Understanding and being able to cite a US federal law costs no Legend as long as you're in America. Being able to automatically cite a specific penalty in the Georgia State Tax Code, however, would cost a single Legend point anywhere in the World or beyond *except* in the state of Georgia.

As useful as that expansive knowledge is, the Boon has an active effect that the God may engage at will. For five Legend, the God's player may roll (Perception + Empathy) and concentrate on the society around him. If the roll succeeds, the God becomes magically aware of everyone within a number of miles equal to successes on the roll who either is breaking or has broken without punishment a secular law to which the offender is subject. Each additional point of Legend spent increases the radius by another amount equal to successes on the activation roll. Once this awareness fills the character's consciousness, he can choose to do one of two things: A.) zilch, or B.) spend a point



of Willpower to enforce the laws. If the God does the latter, every offender within the radius of effect loses all Willpower points, understands how he broke what law (even if he didn't know the law existed), and is compelled to turn himself in to the nearest legitimate authorities with a full confession. The God can eliminate certain types of offenses from his divine enforcement (jaywalking, for instance), but he cannot single out offenders.

With creative applications, this Boon can cripple a city or an army of mortals. Characters of Legend 9 or higher are not subject to this Boon, as they are laws unto themselves.

AVATAR OF JUSTICE (THE ARBITER)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Arbiter—the avatar of divine Justice whose single, unblinking eye can see in all directions and whose gavel silences all dissent. Mortals cannot commit unrighteous acts in The Arbiter's sight, and no being can lie to The Arbiter's face. Past sins burn inside when The Arbiter draws near, compelling mortals to confess, and discomfiting even the most treacherous Gods and titanspawn. Even the defeated Titans had to remain in their prisons when The Arbiters commanded them to submit. (Only the fact that someone let them out allowed them to escape.)



MOON

Gods who master this Purview internalize the contradictions the moon represents reflected light and shadowed blindness.

Eternal constancy and fickle impermanence. Serene tranquility and sublime lunacy.

Associated With: Artemis, Bastet, Horus, Kalfu, Tezcatlipoca, Thoth, Tsuki-yomi

TRANQUILITY

(MOON ●●●)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Empathy

Cost: 5 Legend or 10 Legend

Behavior and the workings of the mind are separate from the biological processes of the brain. When the brain is damaged, fixing it falls under the Health Purview. When behavior has gone awry or the mind is troubled, this Boon can set the suffering victim at ease. The God simply lays his hands on the victim's brow as his player rolls (Intelligence + Empathy)

and spends Legend points. The victim's player rolls (Willpower + Integrity + Legend), regardless of whether the God's efforts are in the victim's best interests or not. If the God's roll gets more successes, the trouble roiling the victim's thoughts abates.

If the condition is itself temporary—that is, it isn't caused by brain damage or the ravages of disease—it clears up immediately, returning the victim to normal. If the mental condition is caused by some biological factor—advanced syphilis, for example, or a therianthropic infection—using this Boon restores perfect clarity only temporarily. The effect lasts for a number of days equal to threshold successes on the activation roll. If the biological factor is not cured or repaired in that time, the victim's aberrant mental state returns.

A God may also use this Boon on a character who isn't suffering any particular mental illness or extremity. Doing so successfully instills a feeling of serene contemplation in the target. The person is inclined only to relax and to seek peace for a number of days equal to threshold successes on the roll. He won't initiate violence or even arguments in that time. He won't fight anyone unless someone does damage to him first. If that should happen, the effect is broken.

Using this power on a mortal or on a character with Legend less than 9 costs five Legend points. Using it on a God or other character with Legend 9 or greater costs 10 points. This power does not work on Titans or avatars of the Purviews.

LUNAR ESTATE (MOON)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 5+ Legend

When the character learns this Boon, he earns himself a private estate on the moon. The estate is fully stocked with any clothing, food or entertainment he might desire, and a staff of slender, gray-skinned creatures with large heads and unblinking black eyes tends it. They don't speak, but they follow the master of the estate's orders without question. (These servants are always extras, with the traits of a generic mortal—p. 281 of *Scion: Hero*.)

Each estate is situated on an uninhabited expanse of the moon's surface. The Earth is visible in the night sky, as is the sun when it rises. No other estates are visible on the surface, no matter how far and wide one might wander. The only way to find another Moon God's estate is to be invited there. (The Gods' gray servants deliver these invitations and lead visitors from one estate to another.) A God travels to his estate from abroad simply by spending five Legend points. If he wishes to bring guests with him, he may spend one additional point per guest. Only a God with powerful Psychopomp Boons can travel to a fellow God's estate uninvited, and only if he knows for certain that the estate exists (i.e., if he's been there before). Yet, only the master of the estate, his slender servants and his invited guests are protected from exposure on the moon's surface. People who are there legitimately can breathe and talk as easily as they could on Earth, the unfiltered rays of the sun are no more unpleasant than they would be on any summer's noon in a temperate zone, and the cold of night is no worse than a little chilly. Characters who aren't there legitimately must either hold their breath or bring their air with them. They suffer environmental Damage of 5L/action with a Trauma rating of 7 from being in the airless vacuum. (That's inside or outside an estate, by the way.) If uninvited characters are outside an estate, they suffer a separate (10L/action; Trauma 10) from either the cold of space at night or the scouring unfiltered sunlight. (Working spacesuits can mitigate these effects.) While on the moon or in a lunar estate, the distance every character can move or dash or jump or throw an object increases by a factor of six.

Every lunar estate has three exits. One opens onto the surface of the moon. One opens to the World. One opens to the Overworld. The World exit opens into either the place from which the God used this Boon to enter his estate or the place on Earth he last considered his home (if the God entered his estate from somewhere else). The Overworld exit opens into any part claimed by his pantheon where he has permission to go.

The top level of each estate is ringed with balconies that overlook the majestic vastness of the lunar surface. If a God should look toward the distant Earth and use

the Smoking Mirror Boon (see *Scion: Hero*, p. 145), he can see any area with a radius in miles equal to his Legend that currently faces the moon.

FINGER MOON (MOON)

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Occult

Cost: 15 Legend

The God reaches either up into the night sky toward the moon or over the horizon if the moon has set or not yet risen into the night sky. The player rolls (Dexterity + Occult). If this roll succeeds, the God seems to pluck a palm-sized silvery moon disk out of the sky and either secrets it away down his sleeve or drops it into a bag or pocket. (The actual moon itself remains where it was, so any number of Moon Gods can use this Boon simultaneously.)

At any later time, the God can spend 15 Legend points to produce that moon from where he secreted it away and set it in the air nearby, either near himself or near someone else. The moon glows with the intensity of the full moon in the night sky, and it follows the person near whom the God set it in a tight orbit. For the rest of the scene, the moon disk protects the person wearing it from ranged attacks. The disk moves with blinding speed to intercept any such attack from a projectile that is light enough for the conjuring God to lift with his unmodified (Strength + Athletics) total and is propelled by mundane means—from being thrown by a child to being shot out of a cannon. It blocks these mundane projectile attacks automatically.

The disk also protects against projectiles propelled or aimed through supernatural means—such as Epic Attributes or an Arete—and immaterial ranged attacks. If some such means is used to initiate the ranged attack, having a moon disk running interference adds a value equal to (successes on the activation roll + the Legend of the God who used the Boon) to the character's relevant applicable DV.

A God can pluck the moon from the sky any time it is visible. He can pluck it from over the horizon only at night. He can set it in the air to defend at any time. The disk defends only against ranged attacks that inflict physical damage. It doesn't matter what the phase of the moon is when the God plucks it from the sky, except aesthetically. If part (or all) of the moon is in shadow, a corresponding part of the disk is likewise in shadow—though no less solid. A God may pull down only one disk at a time, but he may keep it indefinitely. A God cannot take a disk for later use from anywhere but the World. He may use a disk anywhere he chooses.

AVATAR OF MOON (THE MIRROR)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Mirror. The Mirror can look like anything that is visible from its perspective. The Mirror can redirect light from beyond the line of sight, or The Mirror can blot out

the sun temporarily. Water is drawn to The Mirror, though The Mirror cannot control it. The Mirror can drive mortals mad or pacify them into utter docility. The Mirror can redirect any single attack from even a Greater Titan back onto as many targets as The Mirror pleases, dividing the effects up evenly among those targets. The Titans know this all too well.



PSYCHOPOMP

When a God masters this Purview, anywhere he wants to go, he can go. Anywhere he wants to be, he is. Anyone he wants to take with him, he can bring. If a realm remains undiscovered, it is only because the God has not thought to look for it.

Associated With: Baron Samedi, Hermes, Izanagi, Legba, Odin, Ptah, Quetzalcoatl, Susano-o, Tsuki-yomi

RIDE ALONG

(PSYCHOPOMP ●●)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 5 Legend + 1 Willpower dot

With this Boon, the God can alter the nature of a vehicle such that it can receive the benefits of his other Psychopomp Boons. Anyone who rides, willingly or otherwise, on or in a vehicle so altered also receives the benefits of those Boons. Spending five Legend points and one Willpower dot makes one discrete vehicle capable of receiving the benefits of the character's Psychopomp Boons. Anything that is not part of the vehicle by design—such as a detachable trailer, a life raft, the ejector seat—is not part of the effect. If the God wants add-ons to be included in the effect, he must use the Boon on each discrete add-on separately.

This Boon automatically confers the benefits of Come Along (Psychopomp ●●●●) on passengers in or on the vehicle, even if the God doesn't have that Boon. If the vehicle has some sort of onboard guidance system or automatic pilot, the character's Unerring Orientation (Psychopomp ●), Where Are You? (Psychopomp ●●) or Terra Incognita (Psychopomp ●●●●●) Boons express themselves through those systems. If the character uses Marathon Sprinter (Psychopomp ●●●●● ●) through the vehicle, either the vehicle's top speed increases by a factor of five, or the vehicle's top speed increases to the character's own top movement speed granted by Marathon Sprinter and any Epic Dexterity he might have. (Whichever makes the vehicle go fastest.) The roll to navigate at that new top speed is now (Wits + Control).

The character can confer the benefits of his other Psychopomp Boons on his vehicle only when he is at the controls. Otherwise, the vehicle retains only its normal capabilities. If the God has the Come Along Boon, he can confer his other Psychopomp Boons on

the vehicle while someone else is operating it, but only while he himself is riding on or in the vehicle.

OTHERWORLDLY PORTAL (PSYCHOPOMP ●●●●)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Awareness

Cost: 5 Legend or 10 Legend

The God with this Boon has the ultimate key between planes of existence. He can open doorways between the World, the Overworld, the Underworld and any terrae incognitae connected to any of those. The only proviso is that he must travel from one realm to another when he uses this Boon. (Traveling instantaneously within the same realm is what Rainbow Bridge [see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 86] is for.)

When the God uses this Boon, he appears in his chosen realm just inside the nearest gate or doorway that leads there from his current location—if, that is, more than one gate leads in. Doing so costs five Legend points. If the God also has Rainbow Bridge and uses it at the same time, he can appear anywhere within the realm of his choice that he knows how to find. Doing so costs 10 Legend.

CO-LOCATION

(PSYCHOPOMP ●●●●●)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: (1 Willpower + 5 Legend) per duplicate

The character can be in several places at once. He need only think of a place he has been as his player spends one Willpower and five Legend points. When he does so, the character remains in his current location but is also in the other location. Each version of himself is fully real and physical, with access to all of his traits and powers. Anything one version of him can do, all of them can do wherever they are. If one is killed but more remain, it simply ceases to exist as if it were never there. (It does not automatically become the out-of-control avatar of a Purview.) If two or more of them come together in the same place, they can all coordinate their activities perfectly, since they're all operating on the same wavelength.

A few catches restrict the use of this power. First, every duplicate character has but one shared Legend pool from which to draw. Regained Legend points go back into the communal pool but cannot exceed the standard maximum. Likewise, only one of the active duplicates can become the avatar of any Purview at any given time. Any active duplicate can use any Ultimate Attribute in the character's repertoire, but the more who do so simultaneously, the quicker the character's single Legend pool will run dry. The most important proviso about using this power is that a character can pay attention to only one duplicate at a time. Put another way, the player can act through only one duplicate at a time. *Unless*, that is, the character has the Parallel

Attention Knack (on pp. 73-74) or the Multitasking Knack (from **Scion: Demigod**, p. 65). If the character has only Parallel Attention, he is aware of what's going on around each duplicate no matter how far flung they might be, but he can act through only one at a time. If he has the Multitasking Knack, he can act through all of his duplicates simultaneously, but only as many as are all in line of sight of each other (and up to a limit equal to his Legend rating). If the God has both Knacks, he can act through as many duplicates as he has dots of Legend simultaneously (performing separate actions and everything), no matter how far apart they might be. And if he has more duplicates than that active, he can tell what's going on around them all.

Please do bear in mind, though, that keeping up with so many characters (who are all the same character) going through so many separate simultaneous independent actions in far-flung locales all over the various realms of reality can be a tremendous hassle. And not just for you, but for your Storyteller as well. Also note that a God cannot use Come Along (Psychopomp ••••) with this Boon to co-locate his comrades. He can use Ride Along (Psychopomp ••••• ••••) to co-locate himself inside several duplicate vehicles, but doing so does not co-locate anyone who might be inside the first vehicle with him. Just himself and the vehicle.

At any time, a God using this Boon may decide that he is not actually where one of his duplicate selves is. When he does so, the duplicate ceases to be there, as does anything the duplicate might have had on him. If the God wants to take something from that location with him when he is no longer there, he must first take action there long enough to get control of that thing. Only when he has it can he decide that he and that thing are actually somewhere else. The God can take something from a scene in this way to only one other place. He can't pick something up, put it in his pocket and find that suddenly all of his duplicate selves have it.

Duplicates last for as long as A.) the God remembers where he left them and/or B.) they survive.

AVATAR OF PSYCHOPOMP (THE WAY)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Way—who carries a staff and consists solely of a map's contour lines. The Way overcomes or surpasses all obstacles, going to any place from any place. As many people as know The Way can follow it to a destination. To The Way, no destination is unreachable. The Way keeps every traveler safe until journey's end, no matter where it goes. Characters can even follow The Way into the deepest, darkest hearts of the Greater Titans undetected. If The Way is treacherous, the Titans can also follow The Way into the hearts of mortals and the strongholds of the Gods.



SKY

Gods who master this Purview are keepers of the firmament. The weather is theirs to control, and they are as at home among the clouds as they are on the ground.

Associated With: Frigg, Horus, Izanagi, Quetzalcoatl, Raiden, Set, Shango, Susano-o, Thor, Tlaloc, Zeus

CREATE AIR (SKY ••••• •••)

Dice Pool: Strength + Fortitude

Cost: 5 Legend

A God with this Boon can do one of two things, either of which costs five Legend points. First, he can perform the eponymous action, surrounding himself with pure, breathable air. With five Legend, the God can breathe out 1,000 cubic yards of pure air per dot of Legend he has. (At the minimum, that's a sphere with a roughly 13-yard radius or a cube with roughly 21-yard sides.) This volume moves with the God, taking whatever shape he desires, and it remains breathable and clean for a number of hours equal to the successes on the activation roll. Using this Boon this way can also accomplish such feats as clearing an area of smoke or poisonous gas, creating a bubble of breathable air underwater or busting the seams on an airtight cell.

The second thing a God can do with this Boon is suck in a big breath and let it all out in one explosive gust as a miscellaneous action. This gust covers all the area in a 90-degree arc in front of the character and extends to a range of 10 yards per dot of Legend the God has. The player of anyone caught in this blast must make a Strength roll against the God's activation roll (which includes the God's Epic Strength bonus successes). If the God's roll gets more successes, failing characters are knocked back 10 yards per threshold success. At the very least, a knocked-back character's player must succeed on a (Dexterity + Athletics) roll to avoid knockdown.

CLOUD BODY (SKY ••••• ••••)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 10 Legend

With this Boon, the character turns his body and the possessions on his person into a nigh-intangible ephemera of cloud. His appearance does not change, but solid objects pass through him as if he were a visible ghost, and his touch is cold like the caress of fog. He becomes impervious to physical damage, and he can squeeze his transformed body through the narrowest gaps. In this form, he can also fly. While he's flying, he can interact with clouds as if they were as solid as earth. If he should find a sufficiently large bank of cumulus and cumulonimbus clouds and use Cloud Sculptor (Sky •••••) on them, he could build himself a castle in the air.



Having a body made of clouds does have its drawbacks, however. For one, the character cannot exert any physical force on solid objects. He can use such Boons as Wind Grapple (Sky •••••) or Create Air (Sky ••••• ••••) to physically manipulate objects, but that's crude manipulation at best. Also, the character cannot move any faster than he could go in a normal Move action *without* the benefit of any Epic Dexterity. He can't fly any faster than that; he can't even perform a Dash action. (This restriction lifts if the character has and is using Wind's Freedom [see **Scion: Hero**, p. 146].)

A character in this state is not subject to other Gods' uses of Cloud Sculptor, but he can still be targeted by Wind Grapple and Create Air. He can remain in this form for as long as he likes.

WEATHER HUSBANDRY **(SKY ••••• •••••)**

Dice Pool: Strength + Survival

Cost: Varies

The God can micromanage the weather in an area with a maximum radius equal to five miles per dot of Legend the God has. Within that space, he can change the temperature, cloud cover, wind speed (and direction) and precipitation. In so doing, the God can inflict or ease environmental penalties to rolls based on visibility, numbing cold, harsh winds or other weather-related factors. He can also make the weather so inhospitable or so pleasant that it inflicts or eases environmental damage. Changing a weather-related penalty costs one Legend point per point of penalty

changed. Environmental damage from a storm starts at (0B/hour, Trauma 0). Changing those factors costs Legend points as follows: one per point of damage, five to change the damage from bashing to lethal, five to change the interval from one hour to one minute, another five to change the interval from one minute to one action, two per point of Trauma. To go from unpleasant desert heat to a sandstorm that inflicts (10L/action, Trauma 5) would cost 30 Legend points.

A God can change any sort of weather to any other, regardless of season or part of the world. Damage to the scenery should always be cosmetic and left up to the Storyteller. Even if he makes it storm in the affected area, the character cannot unleash a tornado on the area. He must use Tornado Tamer (Sky ••••• ••) instead. Also, while lightning might reach for the earth as thunder rumbles ominously, the character cannot literally make lightning strike select targets. It takes Levin Fury (Sky ••••• •) to do that. He can, however, reflexively pit his activation roll's successes against other players' rolls to use Tornado Tamer or Levin Fury in the affected area. If his activation roll overcomes the other player's (Wits + Marksmanship) roll to use Levin Fury, the lightning that should have struck a target flies harmlessly into the clouds instead. If his activation roll overcomes another player's (Wits + Control) roll to control a loose pet tornado, the tornado comes apart harmlessly and cannot be activated again in that scene. Countering either of those two effects with this Boon costs five Legend points per countered action. The God's player's single activation roll is continuously pitted against effects to

be countered (the player doesn't roll anew every time he wants to counter an effect).

No matter what he does to the local weather, the character is unaffected by any penalties or environmental damage he inflicts on the area. His effects last for a maximum number of hours equal to the successes on the activation roll. If more than one God uses this Boon to fight over the weather's ultimate disposition, their activation rolls are contested. Whoever gets more successes causes the weather to do as he wishes for the duration. This Boon also trumps uses of Cloud Sculptor (Sky •••••) that might otherwise be able to push storm clouds out of the way or tear them apart.

AVATAR OF SKY (THE STORM)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Storm—the terrible avatar of the sky's fury. The Storm is vast, cloaking the sky from horizon to horizon. The Storm crawls on countless legs of crooked lightning, dragging its black belly as fast as the wind blows. The Storm's single eye of perfect clarity sees everything on the ground beneath it. The Storm can drown mortals or blow them away. It can destroy their homes and the monuments they build to their deities. The Storm can even scorch a Titan with its lightning or force that Titan back to the comfort of shelter until the fury has subsided.



SUN

Gods who master this Purview become every bit the glorious celestial constants that they have so long revered and emulated.

Associated With: Amaterasu,

Apollo, Atum-Re, Baldur, Bastet,

Freyr, Heimdall, Horus, Huitzilopochtli, Legba, Tezcatlipoca

INEXORABLE GRAVITY

(SUN ••••• •••)

Dice Pool: Strength + Presence

Cost: 5 Legend or 10 Legend

The God exerts an undeniable, inescapable pull on everyone around him. When he activates this Boon with five Legend points, everyone around him within a radius equal to his Legend contests his player's activation roll with a Strength roll of their own. Anyone whose roll comes up short is caught in the God's gravitational grip. They don't slide toward him necessarily, but neither can they move away from him. This gravitational field remains in effect, moving with the character, for a number of ticks equal to successes on the roll. The God can cancel the field at any time.

This effect can overcome the force of actual gravity or the condition of inertia—stopping a target

from falling or being knocked back by an attack, for instance. Being knocked or thrown through the area of effect can even propel a character into orbit around the character. Trying to fly through the area can do the same. Thrown or loose objects not under the God's control are also subject to this effect if the God is strong enough to throw them as a feat of strength.

If the God activates this Boon at the 10-Legend cost, he can make his gravitational field selective. (With five points, *everything* in the area of effect is subject to the God's gravity.) Only those things the God wants to be unable to escape him actually are. He can, therefore, exempt his allies, loose objects on the scene, projectiles from his weapons, enemies who should suffer knockback from his Brawl and Melee attacks and anything else he would rather be able to propel farther than itself.

If the God so chooses, he can even activate this Boon at the 10-Legend cost and focus it entirely on a single target. If that target is inanimate, loose and light enough for the God to throw as a feat of strength (or if it's a character whose resistance roll doesn't succeed), it is drawn toward the God at a speed of one yard per tick per dot of Strength the God has. This distance isn't modified by the God's Epic Strength.

BLEACH (SUN ••••• ••••)

Dice Pool: Appearance + Presence

Cost: 1 Willpower + 5 Legend

The God glows briefly and emits a white-hot flash. Anyone within a spherical radius equal to the God's Legend suffers a number of levels of lethal damage equal to the God's Legend (and mitigated by the victim's lethal soak). This damage takes the form of blistering second-degree sunburns. Standing water or snow cooks off instantly, and any physical object exposed to the flash is bleached a few shades paler.

If the character also has the Burn Boon (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 88), he can activate it simultaneously with this Boon—bumping the cost up to two Willpower and six Legend. The normal Bleach effect happens first, after which the God's skin glows its angry red that lasts for the rest of the scene. As he moves, spicules of superheated gas escape from his joints and pores, increasing the damage touching him inflicts. Anyone who touches the God's body with exposed flesh or with skin covered only by a layer or two of clothing suffers a number of dice of lethal damage equal to twice the God's Legend. (This damage comes in addition to any damage the Scion might inflict in a clinch or other unarmed attack.) As with Burn, Fire Immunity (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 142) doesn't automatically protect against this damage.

SOLAR CROWN (SUN ••••• •••••)

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Occult

Cost: 15 Legend

The God reaches into the daytime sky toward the sun as the player rolls (Dexterity + Occult). If this roll succeeds, the God plucks a golden coronet from around the sun and places it around his head. The coronet is a simple band of gold. If the God removes it before he uses this Boon, it disintegrates. It cannot be removed by any known force except that of another God using this Boon to take the coronet for himself. (Doing so requires the thief to successfully grapple his victim first.)

At any later time of the God's choosing, the God can transform this coronet into its true form by spending 15 Legend points. The gold expands and flows upward into the shape of a full crown, above which floats a blazing sun in miniature. The sphere glows with the intensity of the noonday sun and hovers tightly over the God's crown. For the rest of the scene, this crown protects the God wearing it from ranged attacks. Any such attack from a projectile that is light enough for the God to lift with his unmodified (Strength + Athletics) total and is propelled by mundane means—from being thrown by a child to being shot out of a cannon—is vaporized by a beam of golden light. It blocks these mundane projectile attacks automatically.

This effect also protects against heavier projectiles, those propelled or aimed through supernatural means—such as Epic Attributes or an Arete—and immaterial ranged attacks. If some such means is used to initiate the ranged attack, wearing an active crown adds a value equal to (the successes on the activation roll + the Legend of the God who used the Boon) to the character's relevant applicable DV.

A God can call down a coronet only during the day, and only from the World itself unless he's stealing a coronet from another God who's already wearing one. To take one normally, the God must be able to see the sun in the sky—which Penetrating Glare (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 147) can facilitate greatly. It defends only against ranged attacks that inflict physical damage. A God may pull down only one coronet at a time, but he may wear it indefinitely until he activates it.

AVATAR OF SUN (THE GLORY)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Glory. This blazing avatar of the sun's pure light wears a golden helmet and robes of purest white. The Glory can be seen from all points on the same plane. The Glory can push back all darkness. The Glory can soothe mortals who are cold and alone, or it can drive them blind and burn them to dust. The Glory can make a Titan stare in awe; its glare can steal a Titan's sight for a time; its heat can dry a Titan's flesh out into painful rigidity.

ECLIPSE CROWN

If a character has Solar Crown (Sun •••••) and Finger Moon (Moon •••••), he can activate them at the same time to last through a single scene. Likewise, one God can activate his Solar Crown as another God grants him the protection of Finger Moon. When a God is granted the protection of both Boons simultaneously, the moon disk rises over the character's head and becomes one with the sun sphere hovering above the crown. As the gold of his crown turns to sinister black iron, an ill-aspected semi-darkness permeates the air and a white corona surrounding an empty black disk floats above the God's head. (This disk seems to be at a right angle to all viewers simultaneously.) This corona is known as the Eclipse Crown.

While a God wears an Eclipse Crown, he enjoys all the protection from ranged attacks that either Boon provides. In addition, anyone who tries to target the character with a ranged attack suffers a dice-pool penalty equal to the character's Legend.



WAR

As Scions grow to godhood and join their parents on the fields of the Overworld, the need for mastery of this Purview grows ever more clear to them.

Associated With: Ares, Athena, Erzulie, Freya, Freyr, Hachiman, Huitzilopochtli, Odin, Ogoun, Set, Tezcatlipoca, Tyr

BLESSING OF AMMUNITION

(WAR ••••• •••)

Dice Pool: None

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

With a touch, a God grants a weapon unlimited ammunition. If the weapon holds its ammunition internally (like any pistol, rifle, blowgun or cannon), the God need only touch the weapon. If the weapon holds its ammunition externally (as bows, slings, atlatls and classical siege weaponry does), the God must touch a container that is already full of the proper type of ammunition then touch the weapon with which that ammunition is to be used. External ammunition from an endless container can only be used with the weapon to which it has been dedicated. Doing otherwise will cause a misfire with every shot. Also, for this Boon's purposes, weapons such as torpedoes, ICBMs, grenades,

Sidewinder missiles and the like are considered to be weapons unto themselves, not ammunition.

If the player spends one Willpower point and five Legend points when he activates this Boon, the weapon he blesses enjoys its benefits for a single battle only. If the God sacrifices a permanent Willpower dot instead, the effect lasts as long as the weapon does. While the effect lasts, the weapon will never jam or misfire. Even botches on (Dexterity + Marksmanship) rolls won't cause such mishaps.

FOLLOWER ARMY (WAR)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Command

Cost: 10 Legend

For a limited time, the God dramatically increases the number of followers he has (via the Birthright of the same name) on the battlefield. The God must first have his loyal followers present, then his player must spend 10 Legend and succeed on a (Charisma + Command) roll with a difficulty equal to the number of dots of Followers those assembled represent. (Round up to the nearest dot if the character has lost some followers through attrition over the years.) When the player has done both, the total number of the God's followers increases (i.e., "is multiplied") by a factor equal to his Legend. This increase in ranks lasts for one scene, and the God can successfully use the power only once per scene.

While they last, these followers can fight as a single unit with the God in the lead or just as the God directs. The God can also divide them up as captains of a much larger force, relying on their perfect coordination to better organize and coordinate the army. At the end of

the battle or scene, extra followers salute one last time and disappear, leaving only the maximum number the God is supposed to have based on the number of dots in the Birthright he has.

SURREAL DRAFT

(WAR)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Command

Cost: 15 Legend

If a God finds his forces wearing thin in a war, he can conscript new soldiers from his surroundings—even from nature itself. The God's player simply spends 15 Legend and rolls (Manipulation + Command) when the God is in the presence of some substance, item or phenomenon governed by a Purview other than War that is associated with him. If the Animal Purview is associated with the God, any animals present slowly transform into anthropomorphic soldiers on the spot. (For this Boon's purposes, it doesn't matter what kind of animal is used.) If Fire is associated with the God, soldiers might rise from the ashes of burned fortifications. If Sky is associated with the God, the God might snatch a handful of stars and cast them on the ground to rise as new soldiers. Some Purviews might not lend themselves as easily to quick ideas on where to get the raw materials whence new soldiers derive (Guardian and Psychopomp spring to mind), but if a player can come up with a creative rationale, his Storyteller should allow his explanation. (Torn-up pieces of a map might work for Psychopomp, for example. The helmets of the dead might work for Guardian.)



Regardless, this Boon allows for the creation of a number of soldiers equal to the God's Legend multiplied by the number of successes the player achieved on the roll. The soldiers last for a single battle and have the traits of a seasoned cop or grunt soldier (see p. 282 of **Scion: Hero**). They wear the equivalent of riot gear (+5L/8B, -2 mobility penalty) and are armed as the War God sees fit. They follow the God's orders on the battlefield or those of his followers (those granted by the Birthright). They are capable of human reasoning—and are subject to various morale-bolstering or -eroding supernatural powers—but they have no personalities or motivations other than to win the war for their God. At the end of the scene or battle, they become once more what they used to be.

AVATAR OF WAR (THE GENERAL)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The General—the avatar of War. The abundantly armed and armored General is surrounded at all times by an army that follows every order without fear or hesitation and in perfect, professional order. The General can hack down extras by the score and defeat heroes of lesser rank with little trouble. The General can also call out an opposing army's leader for a duel of honor as both armies watch in awe. Even if The General is not strong enough to win that duel, the enemy's leader invariably leaves the fight with a grievous wound that shakes his army's confidence in its superiority. Even the Titans must stand and face The General when The General calls, for to refuse a duel is to concede defeat and submit to imprisonment once more.



WATER

When a new God masters this Purview, he joins a rarefied fraternity of deities who have conquered the World's most important and versatile element.

Whether he guards this knowledge jealously or shares it with his divine peers is his own prerogative.

Associated With: Poseidon, Quetzalcoátl, Sobek, Susano-o

PURIFY WATER (WATER ●●●)

Dice Pool: Stamina + Medicine

Cost: 1 Willpower + 5 Legend

By touching a source of water, a God can purge it of every impurity that isn't a water molecule. The only material that is not purged is the salt in seawater, if the God chooses to selectively ignore it. Otherwise, anything polluting the water—from simple dirt to poison to an oil slick riding on the surface—disappears, leaving pure water behind.

The God can purify up to 100 cubic yards of water per dot of Legend she has, multiplied by the successes on the activation roll. The purified volume remains in place,

regardless of whatever pollutants might swirl around it or currents might move through it, for a number of days equal to successes on the activation roll.

LIQUID FORM (WATER ●●●●)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 1 Willpower + 5 Legend

With a thought, a character can transform his body into pure, clear water. The water can take any shape, from that of its current container—with a volume equal to that of the character's natural form—to a humanoid form that resembles the character. In a larger volume of water, the character can move at twice his normal speeds. On land, the God can move at his normal speeds. He can walk on water's surface or plunge into it. He can manipulate objects in this form just as well as if he were in his normal form. If he has Water Control (Water ●●)—at least—and Create Water (Water ●●●●), he can make for himself any type of melee weapon he can imagine out of pure water, which works just as well as a normal version.

In either shape, the God enjoys the benefits of Water Breathing (Water ●), even if he doesn't have that Boon. He is undetectable to mundane means when submerged in a larger body of water, and he adds a number of successes equal to his Legend to any (Dexterity + Stealth) roll his player makes for him to hide from someone with supernatural perceptive capabilities. He is not subject to any other character's Water Boons unless that character's Legend is higher. In either form, the character is impervious to lethal damage, with some exceptions. If the lethal damage comes from electricity, it affects him normally. If the damage comes from extreme heat (such as a napalm bomb or a projectile made from light or fire, which comes from a God with equal or greater Legend), he adds an amount equal to his Legend to his lethal soak. Regardless of the source, he takes only half damage after soak from bashing damage. Aggravated damage still affects him normally. If the character needs to heal damage while using this Boon, he need only immerse himself in water that is not under someone else's supernatural control and spend Legend points to absorb the water into his damaged mass—even if he doesn't have any healing Knacks. Healing bashing damage costs 1 Legend, healing lethal costs 3 Legend, and healing aggravated damage costs 5 Legend.

Finally, a character in this form can drown a less powerful character whom he has in a clinch. He need only hold the character within his watery body until the victim stops struggling. Victims who have the Water Breathing Boon themselves find that Boon unhelpful unless their Legend is equal to or greater than that of the character using this Boon. Alternatively, if an air-breathing creature is submerged within the God's liquid body, the God can allow that creature to breathe within him as if the creature had Water Breathing.

A God can remain in his liquid form for one scene.



TSUNAMI (WATER)

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Craft

Cost: 15 Legend, 5 Legend per dot of Epic Strength (max)

Similar to Water Control (Water ••) and Water Mastery (Water •), the Scion can mentally manipulate liquid water however he desires. His mastery of it is nigh total now, as he need only be able to see it to make it move as he desires. What's more, if he sacrifices a Willpower dot when he forces the water into a shape of his liking, he can make the water stay in that shape—defying gravity and natural evaporation—indefinitely. (Only Gods with equal or greater Legend can alter the water's shape with their own Water Boons.)

Also, not only can the God exert his full Strength and Epic Strength through the entire volume of the water he's manipulating, he can increase that strength dramatically. For every five extra points of Legend he spends to activate this effect, he can add one dot to his Epic Strength (even if he doesn't have any dots to start with) for purposes of exerting Strength through the

manipulated water. He can raise his Epic Strength to no more than 10, and that number is not restricted (in this case) by how many dots of actual Strength he has.

Finally, the God can manipulate more of it than he could with either other Water Boon. He can mentally control up to 1,000 cubic yards of water per dot of Legend he has. With 11 Legend, for instance, he could raise up a wave 20 feet high, almost a yard thick and a mile long and exert up to Epic Strength 10 through that whole length (if he can afford the Legend cost).

AVATAR OF WATER (THE FLOOD)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

For one scene, the character becomes The Flood—primordial avatar of Water. The Flood is vast, shapeless and unimaginably strong in stillness. In its deepest heart, The Flood can drown mortals by the thousands and crush even fellow Gods. The Flood can wear away stone and smother fire. It can freeze a Titan in its grip, scald a Titan's flesh from its bones or even drown a Titan from the inside—if the Titan doesn't swallow The Flood first.

PANTHEON-SPECIFIC PURVIEWS

Using these Boons never requires Birthright relics, but no God can purchase or use those pantheon-specific Purviews that come from pantheons to which he doesn't belong. Characters must buy each Boon in sequence, but they don't have to buy them separately. The player pays the experience for the next dot in the progression to receive the next individual power or increase in power.

These Purviews don't have 11-dot avatar expressions, as the Gods themselves are understood to be the avatars of the ideals these Purviews represent.



ARETE

The Arete Purview of the Greek Gods adds bonus dice to a given roll, based on given Abilities rather than Attributes. Cashing in two bonus dice from an Arete also allows for a potential reroll if the roll should somehow fail. At the God level, the only thing that changes is the number of bonus dice available and the number of rerolls for which those bonus dice can be cashed in. The available benefits are as follows:

Arete Dots	Bonus Dice	Potential Rerolls
.....	29	14
.....	37	18
.....	46	23

Bear in mind that the listed numbers of bonus dice represent the *total* bonus dice available. If the character has eight dots of Arete in an Ability and his player buys a ninth dot, he gains eight more bonus dice, not 37 more.

For the original write-up of the Arete Purview, see page 149 of **Scion: Hero**.



CHEVAL

When a Voodoo Loa uses these Boons, he becomes the "*met tet*," or head spirit, in a person's life. That person could be a mortal, a heroic Scion or a demigod beneath him in the Overworld social hierarchy. (Gods and Titans are immune from the effects of Cheval, though.) The ethics of how he uses his power is wholly up to him.

MET TET'S CLAIM

(CHEVAL)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Command

Cost: 10 Legend

When a Loa names himself *met tet* over somebody, he takes on an unspoken responsibility to that person. Only peer pressure or the subtle jabs of Fate can make him actually act on that responsibility if he doesn't want to, but not every Loa needs that sort of prodding. If chooses to, he can take a special interest in a mortal and make her his own. Thereafter, anyone who wants to use Cheval Boons on that mortal must go through her *met tet* first.

To activate this Boon, the Loa lays hands on a willing subject and spends the required Legend as the player makes a (Charisma + Command) roll. If someone is using a Cheval Boon on the subject already



and the character's roll beats the power's required activation roll, that Boon is disrupted. Thereafter (or if no one was using a Cheval Boon on that subject at that time), the Loa has laid claim to the subject. Anyone else who tries to use a Cheval Boon on the subject contends against the claiming Loa's traits, rather than those of the victim of the power. If the power should override the protection of the Loa's traits, the Loa is immediately aware that someone is messing with someone he's claimed (as well as who that claimed person is). His player can automatically make another (Charisma + Command) roll, with no Legend cost, against the activation roll of the power in an attempt to override it. If that roll fails to override the power, the power has its normal effect.

The Loa can claim as many people as he wants. He can also disavow any claim later, but he must tell the subject so to her face and in no uncertain terms.

UPSIDE-DOWN HORSE (CHEVAL ••••• •••••)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Cheval

Cost: (1 Willpower + 5 Legend) per person

Most Cheval Boons allow a Loa to override a mortal victim's body and exert the power of his mind through it. This Boon inverts this principle, allowing him to subsume a victim's body entirely into himself and use the power of its mind for his own purposes. To do so, the Loa must take complete control of a mortal victim then cover his mouth with her own and take a long, deep breath (as with the Waking Zombie Boon [Cheval •••••]). When she does so, not just the victim's spirit, but the victim's whole self disappears down the Loa's gullet and remains locked away inside her. The victim's player resists this effect with a (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) roll.

A Loa can keep within herself a number of victims equal to her Legend, and she can hold them within herself as long as she wants. While she has them, she can call on any specialized knowledge any one of them has and add the highest rating any one of them has in any Ability to her own rating in that same Ability. (Doing the latter costs one Legend point per roll.) Even better, the Loa can shunt any damage inflicted on her onto the health levels of one of the people within her. This damage never heals while the victim remains subsumed. If the Loa shunts enough damage onto any one victim to kill that person, she automatically vomits up the corpse as a miscellaneous action.

During a victim's stay within the Loa, his existence is one of ephemeral semidarkness. He has no idea what's going on outside his own mind, and his thoughts are sluggish and dreamlike. He need never eat, drink, breathe or sleep, and he suffers shunted damage without pain or impairment. If he's ever set free, he emerges in exactly the same condition in which he was subsumed, and he won't remember his time spent within the Loa.

He will be able to recognize the faces of others who were subsumed with him, though. He might not realize where he knows them from, but the sense of familiarity remains nonetheless.

UGLY MULE (CHEVAL ••••• •••••)

Dice Pool: Varies

Cost: Varies

As Gods and Goddesses of the World, the Loa mostly have power over men and women of the World. They can exert some of their Cheval powers over Scions of lesser Legend, but those characters are still partly the World's creatures. The spawn of the Titans, however, hatch from a primordial essence that transcends the physical and upsets the stability of the World. Younger Loa cannot gain sufficient control over these inimical beings to exert their Cheval Boons through them. Likewise, the supernatural creatures who were once lesser divinities are still too much creatures of the Overworld—if only in their genetic memory—to allow for complete domination by a Loa.

When a Loa reaches the pinnacle of the Cheval Purview, he gains the necessary control and force of will that lesser Loa lack. As such, he can exert any one- to nine-dot Cheval Boon on any titanspawn or other supernatural creature whose Legend score is less than his unless that victim is a God or Titan. The activation roll or condition remains the same, as do any resistance rolls the victim might be entitled to. The cost of any Cheval Boon used against a titanspawn or supernatural creature doubles, however.



HEKU

The ancient Egyptians understood that the human soul consists of seven parts: *ren* (name), *sekem* (energy), *ba* (soul/personality), *ka* (corporeal life-force), *akh* (postmortem union of *ba* and *ka*), *khaibit* (shadow) and *sekhu* (the body's physical remains). When a Pesedjet demigod becomes a God, he becomes the master of these various components.

KA REPOSITORY (HEKU ••••• •••••)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 2 Legend per bandage

In a long holy ceremony, the God inflicts lethal health levels of damage on his ichor-made-flesh and has a follower bind them in specially anointed bandages. Each health level inflicted requires its own bandage, and the God must spend two Legend points when each is applied. Once every wound is wrapped, the God lies in state for one full day, bleeding his ichor into the bandages. After 24 hours, the bandages are removed and preserved in canopic jars decorated with the God's likeness. (The God must then heal the damage naturally, without using or receiving any supernatural healing.)



Thereafter, a measure of the God's ka remains locked inside each bandage. If someone uses one of those bandages to bind a fresh wound on mortal or divine flesh, the bandage instantly heals one level of damage on the recipient (whichever type of damage is most severe). Once it does so, it disintegrates into fine sand, revealing the seamless flesh beneath. A bandage cannot heal illnesses or damage from disease or poison. Each bandage remains effective for one year per dot of Legend the Pesedjet God has.

KHAIBIT GUIDE (HEKU ●●●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Presence

Cost: 15 Legend + 1 Willpower

With this Boon, a God makes himself someone's guide (as per the Birthright) and opens a channel for frequent communication. To do so, the God paints his name and any symbol associated specifically with him in a cartouche of liquid gold on a full-length mirror. He then positions himself and the person he intends to guide such that his shadow's silhouette matches up with the recipient's image's outline in the mirror. While this is going on, the God's player rolls (Intelligence + Presence) with a difficulty equal to (his character's Legend + the recipient's Legend). This roll can be extended, with an interval of one hour, if the character does not have sufficient Epic Intelligence (or luck) to garner the necessary successes in a single roll.

If/when the roll succeeds, the work is done. Thereafter, any time the recipient looks into a reflective surface, he can call his guide's name and spend a point of Legend. The God hears this call, and if he chooses to answer, he gets a mental image of the character who called to him. This image shows the recipient from the perspective of the reflective surface the recipient used. Once the link is established, the two of them can talk for as long as the God wishes. While they speak, the recipient of the guide sees his own reflection taking on a life of its own as it speaks the God's words to him from within its mirrored world. The God counts as a five-dot guide for the recipient.

If, for some reason, the activation roll of this Boon should botch, the intended link is established but in reverse. The God may spend the Legend and contact the recipient through reflective surfaces, and the recipient may accept or decline the contact. The conversation lasts only for as long as the recipient wants it to. A God can gain a lesser-dot guide from a botched application of this Boon (one suited to the recipient's power and experience), but only if the recipient has useful information or advice that the God himself does not have.

REN THEFT (HEKU ●●●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Empathy

Cost: 1 Willpower to use

With this Boon, the God uncovers someone's True Name (his ren) and uses it to compel that person. To be more specific, it grants a God the mental wherewithal to *understand* someone's True Name fully enough to *be able* to use it to compel that person. A True Name is more than just the sound a person makes to identify someone, it is the discrete, unique expression that sums up someone's very soul. A person is his True Name, and vice versa. To be able to define and understand the ren is to have an enviable power over the person to whom it belongs.

Uncovering a person's True Name is not easy, though. Most people aren't even aware that this concept exists, and many of those who are don't have any idea what their True Name might actually be. To uncover this information, the God must watch the person whose True Name he wants for one whole year, catching at least eight uninterrupted hours every day. At the end of that period, the character's player may roll (Intelligence + Empathy). If the roll does not garner enough successes, the character must engage in another full year of examination, culminating in another roll. As long as none of these rolls botches, their results are cumulative just like any other extended roll. If one does botch, that subject's True Name boggles the God's mind. He cannot try to uncover it again for a number of years equal to his (the God's) Legend, at which point he may start over.

The difficulty of the roll is based on how powerful the character in question is, and it can increase as the character ages (and his True Name changes in accordance). It starts at a base value and adds a set amount relative to the subject's Legend. The difficulty is as follows:

Type of Subject	Base Difficulty	Plus
Mortal	5	(Legend + 1)
Supernatural		
Creature	7	(Legend x 2)
Lesser Immortal	6	(Legend x 3)
Heroic Scion	5	(Legend x 2)
Demigod	7	(Legend x 5)
God	10	(Legend x 10)

(No Titans have True Names that can be discovered and understood by divine minds. Unintelligent and/or non-sentient creatures have no True Names. A God may learn a ghost or spectre's true name, but he must be able to observe the dead soul for the required time.)

Once the God has accrued enough information to decipher a character's True Name, that knowledge remains accurate until the character's Legend increases or decreases. If the character in question becomes the avatar of any of his Purviews or uses an Ultimate Attribute, that momentous event can alter his True Name as well. A significant alteration of any sort renders the old True Name invalid and requires the user of this Boon to start over again.

ULTIMATE INTELLIGENCE AND TRUE NAMES

A character with Ultimate Intelligence may activate it in order to learn a character's True Name, but he cannot do so until after the first year of examination that this Boon calls for.

While the uncovered True Name remains valid, the God retains considerable power over the subject. He need only spend a point of Willpower, speak the character's True Name and speak aloud a command. Wherever the subject is, whatever he's doing, he hears the God speak his name, and he is compelled to do everything in his power to achieve the spirit of the God's command, no matter how long it takes. He cannot resist this compulsion, nor can he work against the completion of the task he's been ordered to perform. More to the point, he doesn't want to. Doing his master's bidding is his motivation and life's goal. Even if the completion of the task will surely result in his own death, the character willingly hops to it. He cannot turn aside from the completion of the task unless either his Legend increases, his Legend decreases, he is killed, he uses an Ultimate Attribute or he becomes the avatar of one of his Purviews. He cannot kill himself or perform either of the latter two actions in defiance of the task. Only if such actions come up in the natural course of completing the task can he perform them willingly.



ITZTLI

In ancient days, the Aztecs performed blood sacrifices to both empower and placate their Gods so that the Gods would protect them and the World. Now that the next generation of Scions is all grown up, these new Gods can accept that same sacrifice and use it to the same ends.

RECEPTION OF SACRIFICE

(ITZTLI ●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Legend

Cost: 1 Willpower

When a member of the Atzlánti becomes a true God, he becomes entitled to a share of the power the Atzlánti receive from sacrifices performed in their honor. Blood shed in his name empowers him, and he takes a cut of any Legend granted to any of his Scions for using hero- and demigod-level Itztli boons. He need only take a deep breath and let the power flow into him from far away.

Collecting on this debt of power he is owed by divine right calls for an (Charisma + Legend) roll and the expenditure of one point of Willpower. He gains one Legend point for each success rolled. The character can gather this tithe as many times in a scene as he can afford to spend the Willpower, but granted Legend points cannot exceed his standard maximum.

COMMUNAL DIVINITY

(ITZTLI ●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: None

The Atzlánti don't necessarily believe that true strength comes from the combined efforts of a whole community, but they do understand that no individual is any more worthwhile than his peers. Therefore, ownership of their divine power is an alien concept to these Gods. Knowing that their divine work is done is more important to them than who's doing it.

As a result, a God of this pantheon can freely transfer Legend points to any other God, regardless of pantheon. Doing so requires only that the Gods commingle their ichor in some way—from a wet kiss to a handshake between two slashed palms. The exchange is considered a miscellaneous action (Speed 5, DV -2), during which the God using this Boon can transfer as many Legend points to the recipient as he sees fit. These granted Legend points cannot exceed the recipient's maximum.

FAMILIAL SACRIFICE

(ITZTLI ●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Conviction

Cost: 1 Willpower

It is no small matter to be a member of a God's family. Someone like that is significant and important, and therefore makes for a richly rewarding sacrifice. If ever a God should lay his hands on one of his siblings, parents or offspring, he stands to reap a thriving harvest of Legend points with a single stroke of the knife—provided he brings that knife down himself and in his own name.

For this act to be its most meaningful, the God must have performed no other Itztli sacrifices on the victim in question (though the victim can have performed them on himself). For his character to commit the act, the God's player must spend a point of Willpower and succeed on a standard Conviction roll. Failing the roll means that the God cannot bring himself to harm this member of his family for some reason. He cannot psych himself up to use the Boon again for one full year. If the roll succeeds, the God goes through with the sacrifice, killing his victim and drinking at least a double handful of the victim's heart's blood. On doing so, his Legend-point maximum increases for one year as follows:



Victim	Legend Points
Mortal Parent, Sibling or Offspring*	+40
Heroic Scion Offspring	+50
Demigod Offspring	+75
God Offspring	+100
Divine Parent	x2

(* Includes any children conceived with a mortal partner before the character reached God status, as well as potential Scions whom he has not granted a Visitation and who have not been formally adopted by other Gods.)

This act also fills the newly enlarged pool.

A character can perform only one such sacrifice per year, though he can try again with a different victim if his player fails the Conviction roll with one specific person. Also, it behooves the would-be murderer of his divine parent or offspring to be aware of whether his victim has any 11-dot Boons or supernatural Stamina. The latter can make it damnably difficult to actually perform the required ritual murder. (If the victim has the ability, the intention and the necessary points to use Ultimate Stamina to return from the dead, the sacrifice won't work even if the murderer can put his victim to death.) The former can make it impossible if the murderer can't withstand the fury of the Purview's avatar unleashed.



JOTUNBLUT

Modern-day Aesir have a legacy of giants' blood lingering always in their divine makeup. With this Purview, a God calls that heritage to the fore and bestows some of its power on a mortal recipient. The Aesir cannot grant this power to supernatural creatures, titanspawn, Scions or Gods, but mortals and beasts are fair game.

(For the basic rules on how the Jotunblut Purview works, see p. 152 of **Scion: Hero**. All of those rules still apply to the following Boons, and additional factors come into play as well. Other effects of being dosed with Jotunblut and becoming a berserk appear on p. 285 of **Scion: Hero**.)

DIRE ENDOWMENT

(JOTUNBLUT)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 1 lethal health level + 8 Legend

Feeding a beast a measure of his blood, the God increases its Strength and Stamina by three each and grants it one dot each of Epic Strength and Epic Stamina. It gains no Knacks with these Epic Attributes. Its Legend increases by one dot, though only the first time this Knack is used on it. This Boon increases the beast's size to half again its original size and adds four -0 health levels. The dire beast remains loyal to only the Scion, who can still train him as normal, but that loyalty must be renewed once per year.

GIANT (JOTUNBLUT)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 1 lethal health level + 9 Legend

When the God feeds his ichor to a mortal and uses this Boon, the mortal's body swells and expands dramatically in mere moments. This process is painful and ugly, but it's mercifully quick. When it's over, the mortal has become a giant. He's half again as tall as he was originally and sheathed in powerful muscle. He gains eight free Attribute dots to be divided up between Strength and Stamina as the God wishes, as well as two dots each of Epic Strength and Epic Stamina. (Knack-selection is up to the player.) His Legend is 2, and he has imposed on him the following Virtue ratings: Courage 5, Endurance 3, Expression 1, Loyalty 5. (See the "Imposed Virtues" sidebar on p. 97 of **Scion: Demigod**.) This empowerment also adds eight -0 health levels to the mortal's original total.

A Scion cannot use this Boon on a beast. If the listed time elapses before which a Scion must restore his Jotunblut bond with a mortal, the giant goes free and is considered a generic giant. He doesn't have the Dark Virtues normally attributed to giants, but he loses all imposed Loyalty and responds to any physical threat in a Berserker Fury (per the Courage Virtue Extremity). Another key difference is that a rogue giant doesn't have the Eitr supernatural power (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 314). If he should be fed eitr from a true giant, however, he irrevocably becomes a true giant himself (of whatever type fed him the eitr). At that point, the giant's imposed Courage becomes Rapacity, his Endurance becomes Ambition, his Expression becomes Zealotry, and his Loyalty becomes Malice. (These twisted Dark Virtues retain the originals' ratings and function as written on pp. 309–310 of **Scion: Hero**.)

EITR ANTIVENIN

(JOTUNBLUT)

Dice Pool: None

Cost: 1 lethal health level + 10 Legend

Lest it be forgotten, the Aesir defeated the giants in the ancient days. As a result, the divinity of the Aesir can purge a giant's foul influence on a mortal's body. If the God can subdue a thrall (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 285), feed that thrall a measure of his ichor and activate this Boon, the God's ichor destroys the giant's eitr. Any damage done to the thrall's Intelligence is repaired, though any benefits to the thrall's Strength or Stamina dissipate as well. Fortunately, the removal of eitr also removes the unnatural loyalty the thrall was forced to feel toward the giant who originally fed him the eitr.

A God can use this Boon on only one thrall at a time, and it has no effect on berserks, dire beasts or giants. A thrall who receives the benefit of this Boon

feels no unnatural loyalty toward the God who used it, and he remains immune to the effects of eit for one year.



TSUKUMO- GAMI

Every physical object in the World has a spirit, known as a kami. Amatsukami Gods—who are but very powerful and influential spirits themselves—use this Purview to exert their authority over those spirits. Whether the spirits treat her with terrified deference or honored respect, depends entirely on how the God does so.

THE INDUSTRIOUS SPIRIT

(TSUKUMO-GAMI ●●●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Occult

Cost: 10 Legend (+ 1 Willpower dot—optional)

A kami is the undeniable master of the item of which it is the spirit. Any fact that can be known about the item, the kami knows. Anything that can normally be done with the item, the kami can do. It is aware of even the smallest microscopic change in the item, as well as how the item is being used at any given time.

Using this Boon, a God can command a kami with fewer dots of Legend than the God has to put its mastery to use creating an exact replica of its item—duplicating it instantaneously from the original. The item must be something that can be moved as one discrete piece, but as long as that's true, it can be of any size. The God's demand for the item is represented by a (Charisma + Occult) roll, and the replica lasts for a number of years equal to the successes on the roll. Its traits are equal to the traits of the original, though it cannot duplicate any special powers the original has (or grant the ability to channel Purviews, if it is a replica of a Birthright relic). If the God gives up a dot of Willpower when he spends the Legend points, the item lasts indefinitely and can duplicate any special ability the original item has.

THE DANCING SPIRIT

(TSUKUMO-GAMI ●●●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Occult

Cost: 5 Legend per scene

With a successful (Charisma + Occult) roll, the God politely requests the assistance of the kami of an object in his possession, asking it to make the object perform its normal function on his behalf. That is, he tells it what to do, and the object does that very thing as if the God himself were using it. A car might drive itself. A sword might float in the air and fight the

God's foes. A hairbrush might take the tangles out of his matted mane. The performance of the activity uses the God's traits, but does not require the God to perform the action himself. For instance, he could fight with a sword while a gun on which he has used this Boon opens fire on his enemies—both without imposing multiple-action penalties on the character. The object follows him along dutifully, fulfilling his unspoken wishes for one scene. The God can have a maximum number of items doing his bidding simultaneously equal to his Legend. These items must remain within his line of sight, though he need not necessarily be looking at them for them to do what they're supposed to.

If someone tries to wrestle one of these items into submission, doing so pits that person's traits against the God's, just as if the God were holding it. If one of the items is a Birthright relic, the character can still channel his Purviews through it with maximum efficiency while it's acting independently. He need only be able to see it to activate his Boons as normal.

THE RELOCATED SPIRIT

(TSUKUMO-GAMI ●●●●●●●●●●)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Occult

Cost: 1 Willpower + 15 Legend

With this Boon, the God can exert divine authority over a kami whose Legend is lower than his by severing that kami's connection to its item and/or attaching it to another item altogether. Doing so requires a (Manipulation + Occult) roll versus the kami's (Willpower + Integrity + Legend), as well as the expenditure of one Willpower point and 15 Legend points. If the roll is successful, the kami is ejected from its object and his intrinsic awareness of it is severed. This process is not painful to the kami, but it can be disorienting and sad if the spirit has been attached to the item for a long time. Once the connection is broken, the item becomes completely mundane in function, losing any trait boosts or supernatural powers it once had. Also, the kami loses one dot of Legend, to a minimum rating of 1.

If the God has access to an object with no spirit, as well as a ronin kami, he can attach that spirit to that empty object. Doing so requires that the Boon's activation cost be spent, but the roll is not called for unless the spirit doesn't want to be attached. If the relocated spirit has a Legend rating greater than or equal to that of the spirit that was removed (before the loss of one dot caused by its severance), the item's stripped-away supernatural powers and trait boosts return. If the relocated spirit's Legend is not high enough, the enhancements do not return until the kami's Legend becomes so.

SPECIAL PURVIEWS

These Purviews deal with the manipulation of Fate and souls. They are associated with specific Gods but are available to Scions of any heritage. Their dots are bought in sequence, representing a growing mastery of the Purview. These Purviews do not have unique individual avatar expressions, but rather share the same ultimate expression. The avatar of the special Purviews is known as the Wyrd, and it confers less player control than the avatars of the all-purpose Purviews do.



MAGIC

This Purview doesn't have specific Boons. Instead, each of its effects is considered a spell. Spells are a Scion's means of twisting the strands of a target's Fate to his own ends. Scions with this Purview design their own spells, but an example is given for each level of advancement. Using a spell on a victim automatically

Fatebinds the victim to the Scion. (See p. 221 of **Scion: Hero** for rules and effects of Fatebinding.) Unlike spells of the hero and demigod level, no application of Magic can undo the effects of spells cast at this level. Gods can wreak awesome alterations upon the unseen tapestry of Fate, but to casually unweave those changes would damage the tapestry beyond repair.

A Scion gains one free new spell of the increased value for each new dot of the Magic Purview he gets. Additional spells of equal or lesser value are purchased individually as Boons of the all-purpose Purviews are.

Associated With: Frigg, Hera, Hermes, Huitzilopochtli, Isis, Kalfu, Loki, Odin, Tezcatlipoca, Thoth

BIRTHRIGHT BOND

(MAGIC ●●)

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Occult

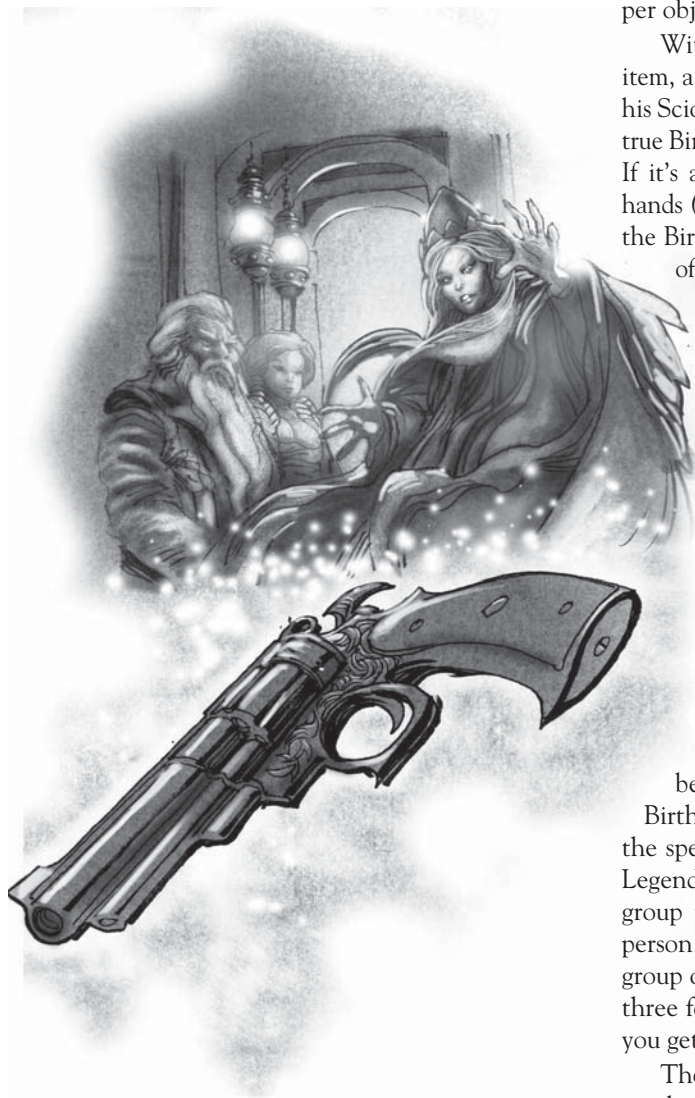
Cost: (1 Legend per point of Birthright) + (1 Legend per object/being)

With this spell, a parent God binds the fate of an item, a creature, a person or a group of people to that of his Scion. Thereafter, the bound item, being or group is a true Birthright that belongs solely to the intended Scion. If it's a relic, it functions reliably only in the Scion's hands (per the rules on pp. 162–163 of **Scion: Hero**). If the Birthright represents a creature, a person or a group of people, those beings are loyal to the Scion.

Binding an item or a creature of animal intelligence requires no roll. The player need spend only one point of Legend per point of Birthright on offer, as well as one more point per item or creature. For example, binding a tarnhelm (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 167) to a Scion would cost three Legend points—two for the Birthright rating, and one more because it is a single object. For intelligent guides, followers or creatures, the spell caster's player must succeed in a roll of (Manipulation + Occult) contested against a roll of the character's (Willpower + Integrity + Legend). (Use a single roll of the highest dice pool among the members to bind a group.) A

being who is willing to be gifted to a Scion as a Birthright can waive his resistance to this roll. Once the spell caster's roll is successful, he must spend one Legend point per dot of Birthright that the being or group represents, as well as one point per creature, person or member of the group. For example, binding a group of spartoi to a Scion would cost eight Legend—three for the Birthright rating, and five more because you get five spartoi for three dots of Followers.

The Scion to whom the Birthright is bound need not be the offspring of the God performing this spell.



If the Scion is not present at the casting of this spell (which is the usual condition), the spell's caster must use a fateful sympathetic link (see *Fateful Connection* in *Scion: Demigod*, p. 97).

SCION ADOPTION RITE

(MAGIC)

Dice Pool: Charisma + Occult

Cost: 10 Legend

Performance of this rite requires the presence of a God who has conceived a Scion, a God who wishes that Scion to be his instead and a fateful sympathetic link to the Scion in question. Also, it must take place in the Overworld before the Scion's Visitation. The specific rituals vary from pantheon to pantheon, but the basics are the same in the end. The Scion's true parent renounces any connection to or claim on the Scion, formally disavowing him as the God's child. The adopting God then formally claims the Scion as his own, assuming all divine familial responsibilities.

When the ritual is complete, the Scion's potential for power flows and reformats itself. The Purviews and Epic Attributes that are associated with his divine adoptive parent are the ones that come most easily to him, rather than those of his divine "biological" parent. Such an adoption is usually followed by a Visitation, but that isn't necessarily required.

DIVINE UNWEAVING

(MAGIC)

Dice Pool: Dexterity + Occult

Cost: Varies

A God's skill at casting spells dwarfs that of lesser beings, giving him power to undo sticky kinks that have been inexpertly woven into the strands of destiny. Normally, undoing a spell requires that the person doing so have the exact same spell in his repertoire and cancel it out with a second casting that nets at least as many successes on the activation roll. With this spell, however, the God need not know the spell in question to be able to unweave it. He need only spend the same amount of Legend and/or Willpower points the original caster spent and accrue more successes on a (Dexterity + Occult) roll than the original caster got on the activation roll. If he does so, the spell comes undone at once with no ill effects.

This spell cannot unweave eight-, nine- or 10-dot spells, nor can it unweave spells of lower levels cast by Gods whose Legend is higher than that of the unweaver.



MYSTERY

The God level of Mystery doesn't change in the way it works from the heroic or demigod level (see p. 155 of *Scion: Hero*). All that changes at this level is that the player has more dice to roll and her

character doesn't strictly need her Mystery relic if the Purview is associated with her divine parent.

Associated With: Damballa, Dionysus, Isis, Odin, Tezcatlipoca

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Mystery



PROPHECY

The God level of Prophecy doesn't change in the way it works from the heroic or demigod level (see p. 156 of *Scion: Hero*). All that changes at this level is that the player has more dice to roll and his character doesn't strictly need his Prophecy relic if the Purview is associated with his divine parent.

Associated With: Apollo, Bastet, Frigg, Legba, Odin, Shango, Tezcatlipoca

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Prophecy

AVATAR OF MAGIC, MYSTERY AND PROPHECY (THE WYRD)

Cost: 1 Willpower + 30 Legend

When a God uses the power of The Wyr, he becomes wholly an agent of Fate for a time. The forces that manipulate even the Gods and Titans themselves, according to their own lofty and incomprehensible design, co-opt the God directly and use him to their own ends. Every power and bit of knowledge the God has amassed becomes Fate's to control, and the God can only watch. The God might not understand why he's doing what he's doing, but his actions always serve the greater designs of Fate. He might be laying out the subtle clues that another Scion sees when she uses her Mystery relic, or he might do only some small thing somewhere far away that will start an enormous avalanche of causality in the fullness of time.

In return for this service to the aims of Fate (i.e., the reason a character would ever use this avatar expression is that) Fate sees fit to reward the God by making his life just a little bit easier. While he's away doing his work, Fate conspires to bring to a satisfactory resolution some subplot or side-quest that lingers or looms in the cycle. This goal is simply narrated to the players' satisfaction, without the characters' having to literally play through the scenes or roll the dice. Any secondary plot that does not resolve the main thrust of the cycle is fair game. (Of course, the cycle's main plot could be fair game if everyone playing agrees to give up the story but doesn't just want to leave things unresolved.)

If the God is killed and The Wyr takes over, he still becomes an agent of Fate and lingering plot lines are still resolved. In this instance, however, the God never returns to his old life, and he is never seen again by anyone who knows him. What's more, the lingering subplots are not necessarily resolved to the players' satisfaction. Instead, tragedy strikes, levying harsh setbacks on the survivors.





BOOK TWO
STORYTELLER



REALMS OF THE GODS

THE OVERWORLD

THE HISTORY OF THE OVERWORLD

Long, long ago, before man or beast, before light or dark, there was nothing. How long the nothingness continued is a mystery, as there was not yet time or the passage thereof—there was only the silence and the darkness and the great peace.

And then, something happened.

For the first time, something—everything—existed. It shattered the silence, and it broke through the darkness, and there was Chaos everywhere and everywhen. It roiled in the shattered void that had once been, and there were no rules or laws or lineage to anything. All possibilities *were*, all at once. Nothing could grow or build or be born or die, because all potential existed simultaneously with no patterns or reason.

Slowly, however, Order emerged from the Chaos. Boundaries became delineated as like called to like and repelled what was “other.” Light was drawn to light, dark to dark. What was most orderly drew in order around it, and the Chaos that was all that had been became distilled into something even more purely chaotic than before. All that had might and power clasped more power to it, and what was powerful became the Overworld, with the World as its shadow. Within the Overworld, all that was strong and clearly defined fought against that which was different from it, becoming more ordered or chaotic, more dark or light, more solid or fluid or hot or cold, until everything was as much what it was as it could possibly be.

These archetypes were the first Titans. Too primordial yet for names, they did not dwell within the Overworld; they were the Overworld. They did not live or breathe or think or die. They simply existed as the epitome of what they were. And, although they lacked any real sentience in the way man understands such things, they possessed vast will and purpose. As has always been the way of Titans, each acted on its desires. As they did so, their actions were mirrored throughout the World. Light and Darkness, Order and Chaos, Firmament and Air and Water.

As the Titans interacted, they spawned offspring. Some like themselves, split off like a stone from a boulder. Others were born of the interactions and conflicts between each of these great archetypes. Where a Titan birthed on its own, the offspring was much like the parent, and subject to its will. Yet where a Titan was born of the interaction of two, the new creation was not bound to either. Such a Titan possessed its own free will.



These new Titans, being just as driven by primordial urges as their progenitors and yet unfettered to their parent's will, often usurped their parents, through strength or guile or self-serving cooperation. When this happened, the new Titans became as those they had destroyed, dividing the fallen's purviews amongst themselves, like spoiled and murderous children squabbling over the bones of their slaughtered parents. This continued throughout the earliest times, until even the non-sentient could not help but notice the trend. The most powerful Titans instituted a pogrom against their free-willed two-parented offspring, killing them outright or, in many cases, turning the tables on the would-be rebels who fell victim to their parent's unsated desires and were swallowed up whole, being absorbed back into that whence they had come.

For eons, the Overworld roiled with these titanic battles, creation and destruction rolling one over the other for billions of years. In time, however, something changed, and the Overworld was affected not by something within its own realm, but by its shadow.

RIPPLES OF THE SHADOW

Man appeared in the World, perhaps brought into being by the creation of the free-willed Titan brood. (Many theories exist, but since this was before the true advent of the Gods, the only witnesses to give judgment would be the Titans, and their recollections are suspect.) Other creatures lived in the shadow of the Overworld before the advent of man, but none had the self-awareness and will that humanity possessed. None had humankind's unique abilities to wonder, to create and to imagine.

Where before all that was new in the World was a result of happenings in the Overworld, mankind's ability to create caused the opposite effect. Now, whenever mankind imagined and invented, new archetypal forms sprung into being in the Overworld. The knife. The needle. The wheel. These creations were dreamed in the World, and their archetypes manifested in the Overworld. And, like a supernatural echo, as the new ideas were born into the Overworld, their existence was strengthened by the power of the Titans' realm. This, in turn, gave mankind's dreams the fuel they needed to reach beyond imagination and manifest their thoughts into creations. As a result, these first tools were invented in the World, not in one place, but across existence in cultures continents apart.

This echoing ripple did not pass unnoticed in the Overworld, especially among those Titans that had been created from two parents and developed sentience. The most curious and crafty among them turned their attention to the World and investigated these new shadow-creatures more fully, studying how their puny and (relatively) powerless minds could possibly affect the "reality" of the Overworld. What they discovered amazed them. Somehow, the

collective unconsciousness of mankind made it possible for humans to safely draw forth minute quantities of the pure potential of the Overworld and, under its influence, create entirely new ideas, inventions and concepts themselves.

These Titans, noting this connection between the humans and the Overworld, fashioned for themselves physical bodies unlike the mutable forms they'd inherited from their parents. In this way, they protected themselves from being absorbed by those who gave them birth. In time, they became so different from their parents that they were no longer Titans at all. They were the first Gods.

AFTERSHOCKS

Not only was the erstwhile Titans' new physical state an effective defense against their parents' hunger, but it gifted them with a measure of humanity's imagination. This newfound power eventually enabled the new Gods to defeat and imprison the elder Titans. Perhaps more unexpected was the effect the Gods' metamorphosis had on the Overworld itself. As the Gods firmed their forms into something defined and wholly separate from one another, they developed the ability to craft the stuff of the Overworld itself into forms that suited their tastes and needs. What had once been an ill-defined war zone of archetypal armies coalesced into different regions, depending on the proximity to the various families of Gods. As the now-God children of the Titans grew more solid, so did the reality around them until each family of Gods had created a realm for itself amid the greater realm of the Overworld. These Godrealms served as sanctuary for the Gods, defense points from which they could plan their final assaults on the Titans. Thus was Asgard born, and Vanaheimr. Olympus and Kiko-Rangi. Omeyocan, Anu and Takamagahara. Svarga, Iteru, Ville au Camp and as many other realms as there have ever been Gods to inhabit them. These Godrealms grew as the Gods' powers did. After the Titans' defeat, they became more than just godly war camps and refuges. Subject to the Gods' undivided attention, they became fitting realms for each pantheon to exist within. At long last, the Overworld had become what it is today—the home of the Gods.

HOME OF THE GODS

For many centuries now, the Overworld has been almost solely the abode of the Gods and what dead humans they deem worthy to rest there. With the Titans confined in their Underworld prison, there was no one to contest the Gods' claim upon the entirety of the Overworld. At first, there was a great deal of interaction between the various pantheons. They had, after all, defeated a common enemy. Despite their differences, that made them some sort of allies. And, in truth, as there is a great deal of overlap between

BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE SIEGE

Much of the information that follows details what the Overworld was like between the time when the Titans were imprisoned and the time they broke free from the Underworld and laid siege to the Godrealms. This information lays the groundwork for understanding the Overworld as it has been for the centuries previous to the Titan's siege. It can be used "as is" by Storytellers who are either ignoring the Titan's siege plot line or who are running games that take place well before or after the siege has been broken.

Additional information is given throughout this chapter in "Since the Siege" sidebars. This information focuses on how the Titans' siege might change the given descriptions and can be used by Storytellers who are running the cycle detailed through **Scion: Hero**, **Scion: Demigod** and this book. For detailed information about the Titans themselves, see Chapter Five.

the Purviews of the various Gods, many of them had a lot in common. In time, however, the Gods' drive and desire to solely control their own Purviews led to strife between the pantheons. Most retreated to their own realms within the Overworld, in a sort of unspoken truce. They turned their attentions to the World, where they could solicit adoration and worship from beings who would only come to the Overworld after they had died. Such beings showed little potential to usurp the Gods' already established domains—at least not until the Worldly visits became conjugal in nature and the Gods sired their own potentially rebellious children.

Although there was once only conglomeration of primeval energies in the Overworld, at present there are three types of space there. Each is unique, with its own challenges, benefits and dangers for those who would travel there.

GODREALMS

First, there are the Godrealms of the individual active pantheons. Asgard, where the Aesir make their home. Iteru, the river-sea of the Pesedjet. Olympus, realm of the Greek Gods. Takamagahara, the high plain of heaven, where the Amatsukami dwell. Acopa, the upper worlds that contain the Aztec heavens. Ville au Camp, the underwater capital of the Loa. All of these (and more) exist simultaneously within the limitless boundaries of the Overworld, one for each pantheon of Gods currently in existence.

Each Godrealm is unique, reflecting the drives and desires, the values and the will of the Gods and Goddesses who brought them into being. Several of them are detailed in the chapter. All Godrealms have one thing in common. Each has an Axis Mundi—something that binds it to the World and that can be used to transport beings there from the Overworld.

Axis Mundi

The term "Axis Mundi" literally means "world axis." The idea of a place or item that binds the mortal World to the land of the Gods is one that is common in human mythology, and for good reason. Each Godrealm possesses an Axis Mundi that binds that Overworld realm to the mortal World. Each acts as a Touchstone to the World, and it is through that location or thing that transportation between the Overworld and the World is easiest. Axes Mundi are usable by any individual with Legend 9 or higher.

Most commonly, Axes Mundi appear in some sort of upright form: an impossibly tall tree with branches that scrape the heavens, a stone pyre standing straight upward, a jutting mountain peak. Occasionally, however, an Axis Mundi appears as some form of transitional passage: a swiftly flowing river, a series of underground passages or a deep mountain chasm.

In the World, mortals often look for similar structures and attach religious or spiritual significance to them, believing them to be Axes Mundi. In some cases, they are right. While each Axis Mundi has only one fixed location in its particular Godrealm, it resonates with many similar objects or locations in the World. In this way, Gods are not limited to accessing only one location in the World, but instead can manifest in a plethora of places as suits their needs at the time. Thus, Kalfu's dark crossroad leads him (and those who dare to walk its path) not just to the crossroads outside St. Louis Cemetary Number One in New Orleans, but also to a tiny dirt intersection outside of Greenwood, Mississippi, and numerous crossroads across the planet fabled for deadly motor accidents. It can, in truth, take a God to any significant crossroads in the World, just as Yggdrasil can be used to reach any ash tree on the planet, rather than just to the sacred ash grove at Uppsala, Sweden.

The reverse is also true; a God (or similar being) may use any location or object within the World that has previously been used as a destination by any Axis Mundi to return to the Overworld. The link, however, connects only to the specific Axis Mundi that touched it. Therefore, if Tezcatlipoca has used the Axis Mundi in his temple to travel to the World and appear through the massive telescope mirror at the Japanese National Observatory in Hawaii, that mirror can now be used by other Gods to travel from the World to the Overworld... right into Tezcatlipoca's sacrificial chambers!

Many Gods and Goddesses are very careful about how many locations they will link their own personal Axes Mundi to. While, for example, the Pillar of Heaven is centrally located for all of Takamagahara and is linked to many monoliths across the World, Amaterasu has linked her private realm's Axis Mundi to only a few locations over the centuries. She constantly reuses them, moving mundanely in the World when necessary, thus reducing the number of locations where other deities might use the World to gain access to her private chambers.

Because subrealms exist within each Godrealm, a Godrealm can contain several Axes Mundi—the principal one for the entire realm and, potentially, one for each of the subrealms within it as well. Therefore, the Axis Mundi for Iteru is Benben, but at the center of Geb's floating garden stands a stone monolith that serves as his barque's own Axis Mundi. Rumors suggest that somewhere deep in Bast's bedchambers, the Goddess possesses her own portal to the World as well.

CONNECTIONS CUT AND MENDED

During Mikaboshi's eclipse (see pp. 171-172 of **Scion: Demigod**), Axes Mundi were unable to be used to travel between the World and the Overworld. Since the eclipse's end, the connections have cleared and passage between the two realms is once again possible for God and Scion alike. Yet, with the Titan's siege of the Overworld, the Gods have their hands too full to travel, making the renewed passage a moot point for them.

The Axes Mundi do, however, provide an avenue of transportation for enterprising Scions to travel to the Overworld, assuming they are clever enough to figure out where the earthly connections lie.

Empty Realms

Along with the Godrealms currently being occupied, there are also a number of realms that were once the home of pantheons that no longer exist. These literally God-forsaken places are still bound to the World by an Axis Mundi as they were when they were inhabited, but for various reasons, they are no longer home to the Gods who created them. Some, like Vanaheimr, were abandoned by their creators. The Vanir who had once populated Vanaheimr joined their new kin in Asgard, leaving their former Godrealm behind. Others, like those created by the Gods worshiped by the Scythian tribes or early prehistoric man, lie fallow, but the fate of the realm's creators is unknown. Were they absorbed by some other pantheon so long ago

that even the Gods themselves do not remember it? Were they destroyed (and if so, at whose hands)? The answers to these questions can be found within the empty realms, if Scions seek them there.

Many of the empty realms still contain Axes Mundi, making them theoretically accessible from the World. The trick to gaining access is twofold, however. First, of course, is researching enough about a realm's former Gods to theorize what type of Axis Mundi might best resonate with them and their Godrealms. Secondly, and perhaps more challenging, is to physically locate that one unique place or object in the World that acts as a Touchstone to that Axis Mundi.

Locating empty realms through the Overworld presents its own challenges. Traveling through the space between Godrealms was hazardous even before the Titans escaped their prison and laid siege to the Overworld. Environmental dangers left behind by the Titanic influence could easily kill even the strongest demigod (and give Gods a healthy challenge). The search for empty realms is also made difficult by the infinite size and unmapped vastness of the Overworld.

One possible "shortcut" is accessing realms through those who once knew them. Gods who have traveled the Overworld (especially those with the Psychopomp Purview) might be aware of the existence of one or more of these empty realms—as might those who formerly visited or made their homes there. Deities who were not destroyed but instead were absorbed, adopted or commandeered into another pantheon may have information about the location of the realms they once inhabited. It is even possible that some now-empty realms might still be linked to the realms with which their former inhabitants were associated. (For example, either Freya or Freyr might know of the location of a secret connection between Asgard and the now-empty Vanaheimr.)

SUBREALMS

Many Godrealms contain smaller subrealms, which nest within the Godrealms just as the Godrealms rest within the Overworld. These realms can appear as a single building, clearing or vehicle, or they can encompass an entire nigh-infinite world unto themselves. They could be the home of one particular God, such as the sewer-realm of Tlazoltéotl where no others are welcome (or would willingly venture). Or, like Odin's hall Valaskjálf and Zeus' palace on Olympus, they could be predominantly the home of one God, but hold places for each member of the pantheon to assemble formally. Or they could have been created by several deities (or manifest by common will) to serve a function within the realm for all inhabitants, such as the gambling barque that floats on the celestial river Iteru, where many of the Pesedjet have whiled away countless moonless nights.

THE SPACE BETWEEN

Surrounding (and separating) these realms is an expanse of unclaimed Overworld nothingness that, along with the rest of the realm, was once the domain of the Titans. While the Gods exerted their will and influence over their own Godrealms the space between has remained largely as it was since the Titans were imprisoned. The presence of such power infused the very fabric of the Overworld with some of the qualities of the Titans. Although their influence on the Overworld has slowly dwindled since their imprisonment, it never faded entirely.

Because of the Titans' influence, travelers in the space between Godrealms in the Overworld encounter all manner of strange, inhospitable and even paradoxical environments. Static order abounds in areas once inhabited by a Titan of Order. Those who near this region might find themselves walking in a harsh wasteland of stone while growing slowly calcified in mind and body. In an area that was once home to a Titan of Chaos, the very rules of reality become meaningless, and those who so much as skirt the edges of this zone find themselves driven insane or changed in ways that may prove impossible to reverse. From places where Darkness reigned supreme and no light has fallen for billions of years, to areas so full of light that to gaze upon them for a moment would blind even the strongest eyes, the Overworld is a place of great contradiction—and great danger.

Like the Overworld realms, the space between is indefinable in terms of finite dimensions, but it is sufficient to keep the various pantheons from overlapping each other. It is to this space that the Titans returned to lay siege to the various Godrealms. It is also through this space that Scions must travel to journey from one Godrealm to another. (The only alternative is to take shortcuts through the World, using the Axes Mundi to enter and exit the Overworld.)

SINCE THE SIEGE

Since the Titans' release from their Underworld prison, they have reclaimed much of the space surrounding and between the individual Godrealms, making it even more difficult to pass between them. (For details on the Titans and how their siege affects the Overworld, see Chapter Five.)

OVERWORLD GEOGRAPHY

The Overworld is a realm of limitless potential. It contains a multitude of other realms—the homes of the majority of each pantheon's Gods. Most of these individual realms are so vast as to be nigh limitless themselves—the infinite tucked inside the infinite.

And yet, even filled with innumerable realms of unimaginable size, the Overworld is not full. At the advent of reality, it was all that existed, and unlike the World, it is not limited by the boundaries of finite reality. Between the realms that currently exist is room for an infinite number of new realms, only awaiting the rise of the next generation of Gods to stake their claim and create the new heavens. Alternatively, there is room for the manifestation and presence of an infinite number of Titans.

The biggest difficulty that mortals have when trying to understand the Overworld is the fact that it is not a "place" in the same sense that they are used to dealing with. In mortal geography, things are finite and definable. You are standing within a room, which is part of a house that makes up part of a neighborhood. That neighborhood and others form a town, which is one of many in a county that in turn is part of a state. Several states may form a region and several regions a nation, which may be one of several on a continent. The continents exist on the Earth, which is one of a number of planets that form a solar system, and so on. Even outside of the spaces mankind has traveled, we label finite jurisdictions—solar systems, galaxies, and even the Universe—and we measure them, from light years to microns, in finite and static distances that allow us to compare the unknown with the known.

PARADOX

The Overworld, on the other hand, has no such finite and definite limits. Each subrealm, realm and the space between them functions on its own rules, which may be set in stone or as mutable as Chaos itself. It is entirely possible to have a Godrealm that seems no larger than a single palace, wherein several subrealms exist, each of which contains an entire "world"—seemingly far too large to fit within the finite confines of the Godrealm itself.

There are realms within the Overworld where the sky is always filled with stars. In others, it is always day, or endless winter, or forever spring. Some are filled with the souls of the righteous dead, others are inhabited with spirits—"people" and "animals" who, although not Gods, never lived in the World and know only the ways of their own realm. Yet others are solely the abodes of the Gods, where any lesser being risks being struck dead for the audacity of presenting his unworthy self where he is not wanted. There are jungle realms and underwater realms and realms of eternal fire. There are realms that seem to contain an entire world and others no larger than a single room. It is possible to walk out of a graveyard realm beneath the sea and, by clambering up a rope ladder, find oneself on the deck of a sea-faring ship. Leaving that same underwater cemetery in another fashion, one might find oneself in a jazz nightclub, or in the steamy jungle. Anything is possible in the Overworld.



ALIGNMENTS

Many human religions, associating “up/high” with “good/success” and “down/low” with “bad/failure,” speak of righteous human souls ascending to “the heavens” or of their promised land being “above”. In truth, however, there is no “up” or “down” in terms of the Underworld and the Overworld. While many access points from the World to the Underworld are through subterranean sites, the Underworld is no

more “beneath” the World than the images on a TV screen are “in” the television. It is another realm, not physically aligned with the World or bound by its laws. Similarly, the Overworld is not “above” the World: it is separate from it. While many Axes Mundi do have an upright or lofty appearance, even the bottomless Iteru is not truly “above” the mortal sky, but rather resonates with it on a supernatural basis that allows the light from the Atum-Re’s solar barge to reflect there.

MANY AND ONE

Many aspects of the Overworld that are reflected in the World seem to be contradictory when one considers that there is no one “true” pantheon, but a myriad of pantheons all existing at the same time. Egyptian myth credit’s Atum-Re’s solar barge with carrying the sun across the sky of the World, while Japanese folklore credits Amaterasu’s glorious reflection as the source of the sun’s light. Which among these is true?

The answer is a contradiction itself: all and none of them. Like the rest of the World, the sun is explainable in terms of mortal physics and science, and the World’s orbit around it is responsible for the sun’s “rise” and “set” each day. However, at the same time, the World is truly a shadow of the Overworld, and the laws that reign supreme here are a manifestation of millions of years of desire, intent and will of those who dwell in the Overworld. Would the sun cease to shine forever if Amaterasu hid her face again within her cave? Unlikely. Would it stop rising and setting if Atum-Re’s barge was sunk in the River Urnes and could never return to the Overworld? Probably not. The World’s reality has millions of years of momentum keeping such things happening with enough regularity that the inattention (or even destruction) of a single pantheon is not enough to derail them.

With the Titans laying siege to the Overworld, however, impossible questions must now be considered: What effects would the destruction of every pantheon and the retaking of every Godrealm by Titan forces have on the World that exists as a shadow of the Overworld?

AS BELOW, SO ABOVE

When the Gods crafted physical forms for themselves, they did so partly through the inspiration provided by the puny but solid humans they witnessed in the World. Many of the warrior Gods bear forms of the cultural ideals of the peoples they came to think of as their own, while the Gods of beauty or intellect or skill also are physically representative of their people's epitome thereof. It is difficult to determine exactly how much of this similarity is because the Gods emulated their people's ideals and how much is the Gods' influence molding the people's ideals in their image, but some sort of an inspiration-manifestation relationship does exist between the two.

Similarly, many Godrealms are reflective of the geographical or environmental ideals of their pantheon's worshipers' culture. Asgard's fjords, Iteru's celestial waters, Acopa's endless jungles—all embody some aspect of the lands the Gods' people inhabit. Even Ville au Camp, hidden safely beneath the hungry sea, reflects an ideal (if nonexistent) sanctuary for the Loa's people, whose homeland and cultures had historically been stolen from them. As with the Gods' personal appearances, it is uncertain

REALMS IN FLUX

Though allies in the Overworld War, the six pantheon realms of Acopa, Asgard, Iteru, Olympus, Takamagahara and Ville au Camp are in no way contiguous Godrealms. The very nature of the Overworld precludes this, as its many realms are separated by vast distances and often shift in position relative to one another over time, in patterns understood by Fate alone. Luckily, the powers of the Psychopomp Purview and the nature of all the Godrealms' connection to the World through their many Axes Mundi still allows both for swift communication between the six pantheon realms and for quick reinforcement should that become necessary.

how much of these similarities are the World's effect on the Overworld, and how much is the Overworld casting its shadow on the World, but a relationship does exist.

GODREALMS OF THE OVERWORLD

The following pages describe six of the major Godrealms of the Overworld. Each includes details about some of the subrealms connected to each Godrealm, as well as each Godrealm's Axes Mundi and some of the major locations or features of that realm.

Each pantheon has at least one major Godrealm, with additional subrealms connected to it. Storytellers who wish to create their own pantheons for **Scion**, or those whose players' characters have gained sufficient Legend to begin building their own Godrealms, may

use the realms offered here as inspiration or framework for their own customized realms.

Also included are a selection of story hooks related to the Godrealm and its pantheon. These are intended to be used in stories other than the offered cycle, either before or after the Titans have laid siege to the Overworld. These hooks also give Storytellers some ideas for ways these realms can be used in cycles other than the one offered in **Scion: Hero**, **Scion: Demigod** and this book.



ASGARD: THE FORTRESS home of the AESIR

When the time came to create a Godrealm for themselves, the fierce warriors and dedicated protectors of Northern Europe crafted Asgard, a world as challenging and dynamic as they themselves were. Lush green pastures, thigh-high with fertile grasses, run along the bases of great majestic mountains whose snow-capped peaks stretch far into an impossibly blue sky. Great sea-lakes encompass vast portions of the realm, with deep fjord inlets, black pebble beaches and sheer glacial cliff walls on their shores. Raging rivers crisscross the land, with more peaceful tributaries feathering out from them to provide water for the realm's cities, villages and halls.

At the center of the realm is the city of Asgard, surrounded by the Plain of Idavoll where the residents of Valhalla come each day to practice their warcraft. The final battle of Ragnarök is prophesied to take place on this plain.

AXIS MUNDI: YGGDRASIL

Yggdrasil, the World Tree, serves as the Axis Mundi for Asgard, as it did for Vanaheimr and Alfheim before their severing. It serves as the supernatural "spine" of the Norse frame of reference, existing on a spiritual and metaphysical level that those with sufficient Legend can perceive as clearly as a human can perceive a mundane tree.

Asgard (and the other Godrealms) nests in the great spirit-ash's branches, while around its trunk are located Midgard (i.e., the World) and the Norse terrae incognitae: Jotunheim (home of the frost giants), Nidavellir (home of the dwarves), and Svartalfheim (home of the svartalfar). Its roots even stretch "down" into the Underworld. (See pp. 157-160 of **Scion: Demigod** for information on the Helheim and the Norse Underworld.)

Those who can perceive Yggdrasil (primarily Gods, Titans, Scions or dead souls of the Aesir's

religion) know it to be a tree unlike any other.

Its trunk is so great as to seem to be a nearly flat wall of light gray bark that, as suits the ancient ash's age, is rough and scaled with long diamond-shaped crevices so deep a man could hide inside them. This rough texture provides adequate handholds for those who would climb its heights—or descend to the depths of its roots—although such a journey might take a mortal several lifetimes, assuming he were even able to perceive the tree in the first place.

Yggdrasil's leaves are verdant and shaped like a long, slim pointed oval. These leaves are constantly nibbled at by four great stags that stand taller than a man at the shoulder and have antlers as broad as a house. (For each stag, Storytellers may use traits for an elephant on p. 331 of **Scion: Hero**). Yggdrasil is tended by the three Norns: Urd, Verdandi and Skuld. These women spend their days near the Well of Urd, weaving the tapestry of Fate, as well as fulfilling their duties to maintain the health of Asgard's Axis Mundi.

Yggdrasil can be used by Gods (Legend 9 or higher) to move between Asgard and the World. This is done not by a simple touch, as with many Axes Mundi, but by physically climbing the tree itself while spending a point of Legend and focusing on the location one desires to attain. By climbing down Yggdrasil in Asgard, a God who desires to travel to the World can choose any ash tree whose location she is aware of and, after spending the required Legend, will find herself descending that tree, rather than Yggdrasil. Similarly, by spending a point of Legend and scaling any ash tree that has previously been used as a link to Yggdrasil, a God finds himself arriving (after a lengthy climb) in the Sacred Fortress of Asgard. The ash tree must be alive; dead wood, no matter how freshly harvested, will not work.



ONE OF THREE

For many centuries, Asgard and Alfheim (which is inhabited by the alfar, see **Scion: Hero**, p. 296) both remained connected to Midgard and the other realms via Yggdrasil. Recently, however, Alfheim's connection has also been severed. The separation came almost exactly with the advent of the Titans' siege of the Overworld.

GREAT WALL

Asgard (the Godrealm) is bordered on all sides by great stone walls that are as wide as Scandinavia's most majestic mountains and twice as high. Where the Godrealm's seas stretch for thousands of miles, the wall itself reaches deep into the watery depths and still stands a uniform height above its surface, giving it the appearance of a single height no matter where it is encountered. The circumference of the walls is so great that, while they ring the Godrealm, any given portion seems perfectly straight.

These walls were designed to protect the Godrealm from the gigantic Titans, in the early days before their imprisonment. Strangely enough, the walls were crafted by one of the Titan avatars in disguise as a mighty jotun, who agreed to craft them in six months in exchange for the hand of Freya in marriage. The Aesir did not believe the task could be completed in the allotted span, even by the giant and his workhorse Svadilfari. When it appeared he would complete the task (and thus claim one of their number for his own), the Aesir sabotaged his efforts by sending Loki in the form of a mare to tempt the stallion away from his work. Without his horse, the jotun could not finish the final gate in time and lost his opportunity for a divine bride. After discovering the Gods' trick, the giant vowed revenge, just one of the many reasons Utgard-Loki and his companions cautiously side with Surtr against the Aesir. (For more information on Utgard-Loki, the jotuns and Jotunheim, see pp. 113–116 and 270–272 of **Scion: Demigod**.)

BIFRÖST—THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

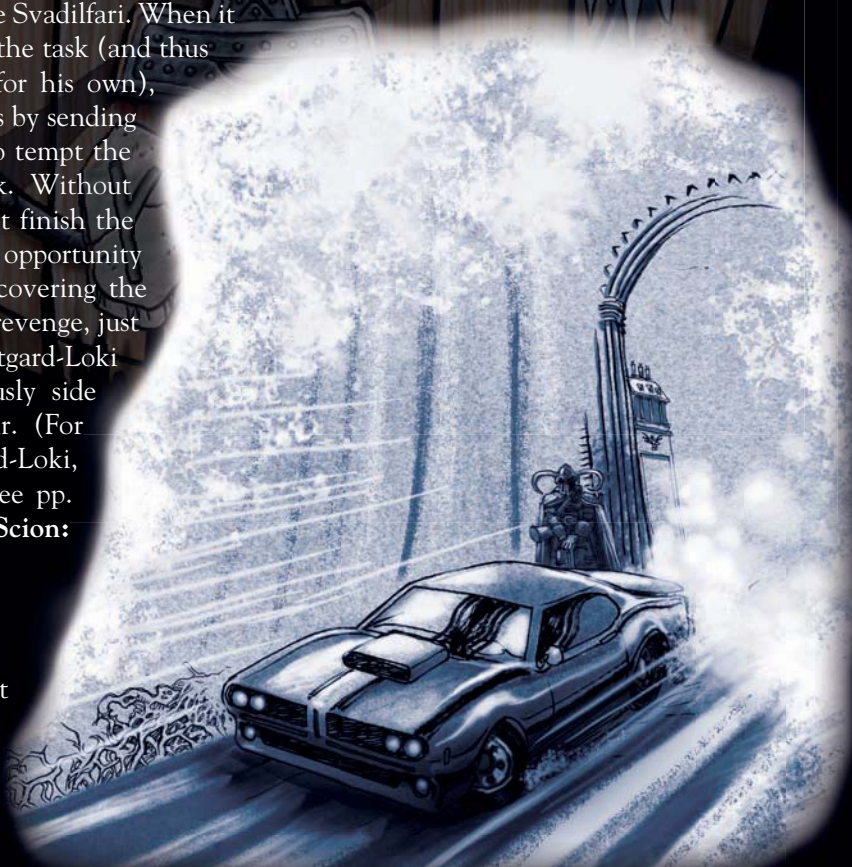
Asgard is unusual in that not only does it connect to the World and the Underworld through its primary Axis Mundi, but it also is the

home of Bifröst, the Rainbow Bridge. Guarded (and activated) solely by Heimdall, the Rainbow Bridge can transport any being from Asgard to any destination in the World (including terrae incognitae), or visa versa. As long as Heimdall lives, no other being can control the bridge, although it is prophesied that, during the end times, Surtr will destroy Heimdall and take control of the bridge, which will collapse under the weight of the fire giant army attacking Asgard.

WELL OF URÐ

Beside Yggdrasil is a well so deep that the waters are thought to come from the heart of the Underworld, stretching into the depths of death itself. The Well of Urd is ancient, far older than the walls around Asgard, or the cities or halls therein. It is as old as Asgard itself.

The Norns use the water from the Well of Urd to feed Yggdrasil. Those who drink from its waters are strengthened mentally, but the Norns will not allow others to drink from it without sacrifice. Odin gave his eye (which now rests at the bottom of the well) for the right to drink from it each day, and the Norns will expect similar sacrifice from others who would share in its bounty. Those who are able to bargain for a drink will find themselves similarly gifted. For 24 hours after drinking water



THE FATE OF ALFHEIM

Timed as it is to coincide with the siege of Asgard by the Muspelheim, the severing of Alfheim from Yggdrasil is a situation that lends itself to a wide variety of possibilities in a **Scion: God** cycle. Depending on the Storyteller's needs and the themes of the cycle, a variety of possible explanations exists, should players choose to have their characters explore the reasons behind the separation.

One possibility is that the alfar realized that their homeland was unlikely to withstand the Titan's siege as well as Asgard and took the steps necessary to protect it from falling under assault. Severing the easiest route the Titans might use to attack might keep Alfheim (a peaceful, fertility-focused realm, unlike that of the more warlike Aesir) from falling. While this might earn the alfar the distrust and even enmity of the Aesir (who counted on them as allies), it might protect the realm from the Titans.

Another possibility is that the Titans themselves are responsible for the breach, having found a way to forcibly sever Alfheim from Yggdrasil and thus prevent the Aesir from either recruiting the alfar as easy allies or retreating to Alfheim if Asgard fell.

Whether intentional or not, Alfheim's separation from Yggdrasil is certain to have longstanding effects on both the realm and its inhabitants. Should Scions become aware of the severance, reconnecting Alfheim to its former Axis Mundi is a potential quest for the new Gods to tackle.

directly from the Well, characters are given access to the Prophecy Purview equal to (the drinker's Legend rating - 1). This effect wears off after 24 hours. Water carried away from the well is refreshing and delicious, but has no supernatural benefits. (See **Scion: Hero**, p. 291, for more information on the Norns.)

VALASKJÁLFR—ODIN'S HALL

Near the Well of Urd stands Valaskjálf, the silver-roofed great hall of Odin. Within its walls stands a granite throne, carved all over with gripping beasts and adorned with runes that read "From Here All Becomes Clear." Hlidskjalf is Odin's prized possession—second only to Gungnir, his great spear. While sitting in this massive stone seat, the Far-Seer (and those gifted with Epic

Perception) truly can perceive what is happening at almost any other location at that time. As Odin's throne, other Gods do not usurp his place lightly, although on occasion he has given permission for others to use Hlidskjalf's power.

Any individual with even a single dot of Epic Perception is given the benefit of the Epic Perception Knack Clairvoyance while sitting upon Hlidskjalf. This Clairvoyance is limited to the realms under Norse influence, as well as the World (Midgard). It cannot peer into other pantheon's realms, nor can it perceive into the wrongness that is a Titan.

There is no activation cost to use Hlidskjalf, but those who attempt to use Odin's throne without his knowledge or permission will quickly find themselves on the wrong side of the All-Father. It is not impossible to gain Odin's permission to use Hlidskjalf, but only for quests that directly affect the Aesir's wellbeing (or potentially that of their Scions.)

BREIDABLIK—BALDUR'S HALL

On the most beautiful hilltop of Asgard—poised in a location that receives both the first and last rays of the sun—is the gleaming hall of Breidablik, home to Baldur. Breidablik's silver walls and golden roof seem perfectly suited to the location, as striking and irresistible as their owner himself. Surprisingly, few other of the Aesir visit Baldur in his demesne. While the surroundings are lovely to behold and those who serve Baldur are flawless in their hospitality, even the Gods can become uncomfortable when surrounded with such unrelenting perfection.

SESSRUMNIR—FREYA'S HALL

Beyond Breidablik's gleaming hill stretches a great plain of fertile golden grasses, Fólkvangr. At the center of that plain (which emulates those of her homeland, Vanaheimr) stands Freya's hall, Sessrumnir, which nearly rivals Breidablik for beauty. Unlike Baldur's home, however, Sessrumnir's beauty is like that of Freya herself—fierce, bright and eminently real. The wooden walls gleam with a healthy glow, the fire crackles in a lively fashion, and the rooftops ring with the sounds of hearty laughter or the roar of approval as her guests engage in good-natured games of skill and combat against each other.

Unlike his sister, Freyr keeps no permanent home in Asgard, preferring to spend what free time he can in his beloved Alfheim (where he held reign before being assimilated into the Aesir). With the severing of Alfheim from Yggdrasil (see "The Fate

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

Notably missing from Asgard's description are references to homes for Hel, Loki and Tyr. Hel, as the Underworld's guardian, makes her home in Eliudnir, her hall in Helheim (see pp. 158-159 of **Scion: Demigod** for a complete description).

Tyr, as the Norse God of Justice is often found in the Hall of Gladsheim, where he provides council to the All-Father and the rest of the Aesir, although he is welcomed in any of Asgard's halls. He eschews personal holdings and lands through which others might try to bribe or blackmail him. Instead, he prefers a nomadic existence that suits his nature as both judge and warrior.

Loki is the other side of the coin. The Trickster is often historically seen in the company of Odin, Thor or others of the Aesir, yet his interactions with them so often end in conflict or tragedy that to make a permanent home for himself within reach of the other Norse Gods would be folly. He claims hospitality in many places, but any hall he marked for himself would surely have been flattened in retaliation for one of his "tricks" centuries ago.

of Alfheim" sidebar), Freyr is likely among the most interested in discovering what happened to his former home.

BILSKIRNIR—THOR'S AND SIF'S HALL

Opposite the Fólkvangr lies an expanse of plains known as Thrúðvangar, the Fields of Strength. As befits such a title, these lands are the territory of Thor, God of Thunder. He and his wife, Sif, make their home in an expansive hall that comprises more than 500 rooms. This abode, called Bilskirnir, or "Lightning," is the largest single building in all of Asgard, dwarfing even Gladsheim with its rambling corridors and multitudinous chambers. Many of Thor's children make their home in Bilskirnir as well, including Thrud, his daughter by Sif, and Magni and Modi, his children by the giantess Jarnsaxa. Despite Sif's legendary Charisma, the presence of the offspring of her husband's affair causes no small amount of tension in the Grain Goddess' life, perhaps explaining why Thor created his hall large enough to allow plenty of room for each to avoid the other.

FENSALIR—FRIGG'S HALL

In stark contrast to the gleaming hills and fields of other Aesir halls, Frigg's haven is far to the south in a marshy fen. While this might seem a strange location for Odin's wife (and the matriarch of the Aesir) to choose, the swampy locale is home to many of the most potent plants with which Frigg makes medicine and magical potions to aid the Aesir (and her chosen Scions). This seeming contradiction well suits the Norse Goddess of Magic and Medicine. Those who brave the murky waters surrounding her hall often discover more than they had set out to about the world around them and about themselves.

HIMINBJÖRG HEIMDALL'S HALL

While Baldur lays claim to Asgard's most beautiful hilltop, Heimdall's home is on the realm's highest peak. From Himinbjörg, his mountain home, he can see and hear anything that happens in Asgard or the area just outside its Great Wall. In this way, Heimdall keeps watch over the Godrealm, blowing his Gjallarhorn, a magical horn, to warn of imminent attack.

Bifröst, the Rainbow Bridge, enters Asgard at the threshold of Himinbjörg, allowing Heimdall to keep guard over it as well.

LANDVIÐI—VÍÐAR'S HALL

In the furthest reaches of Asgard, through thick black forest and tall clinging vegetation lies a small, impeccably defensible stronghold. Its walls are thick stone, its gates hewn of oak planks the girth of which rival any found in Midgard, and within its cellars are provisions and weapons enough to provide for its single-occupant through any siege or war. Landvidi is the solitary home of Vidar, the God of Vengeance. There, he retreats when the distrust and suspicions of the rest of the Aesir become too great a burden to bear, to spend his time in solitary meditation upon the fates that he (and the rest of the Aesir) knows await them all.

THE CITY OF ASGARÐ

Asgard is both the name of the Godrealm and the name of its central city. While the realm itself is epic in proportion, the city is not unlike a bustling medieval city of Northern Europe. Tall walls made of closely fitted stone separate it from the Plain of Idavoll, which surrounds it on all sides. In each direction, there is a massive gate of hewn oak planks bound by iron bands as wide as a man's hand. The gates are enchanted to resist fire

attacks, a legacy of the Aesir's long-standing feud with Surtr and the fire giants.

Within Asgard's city walls dwell not only the majority of the Aesir themselves, but a plethora of minor Gods, demigods, lesser immortals and other supernatural beings. Also among them linger the souls of the dead who were neither slain in battle (and thus destined for Valhalla) nor evil enough to be sent to Helheim, but who instead serve the Aesir in one form or another. The city bustles with activity. Dwarves who have sworn fealty to the Aesir labor to manufacture goods, weapons and fine art at sweltering smithies that would roast any mortal man who drew too near. Nimble weavers, spinners, seamstresses and embellishers work their craft, creating fine linen, silk and flax gowns, tunics and treads for the inhabitants of Asgard. Butchers, brewers, cooks and bakers labor round the clock to provide food for their tables. The inhabitants of Asgard take great pride in their crafts, whatever their crafts are, and idleness is rarely seen.

GLADSHHEIM— THE HALL OF THE GODS

Inside the city walls of Asgard stands a massive stone building, by far the largest in the city. From the outside, it appears large enough to easily house several hundred human-size visitors (or dozens of giant-sized foes) without feeling crowded. Inside, it is even larger.

The building itself consists of a great hall, kitchen, food and wine cellars, sleeping quarters and storage rooms, sufficient to house the Aesir and whatever company they should play host to. Those who enter Gladsheim from Asgard most often do so through a single massive oak door that opens onto the great hall (although numerous smaller doors service the kitchens and other portions of the building). While standing in the great hall, visitors will notice not one, but two massive doorways—the one they entered, and another which there is no sign of from outside the building. The second doorway leads to Valhalla, Home of the Slain. Only Gods (beings with Legend 9 or greater) may pass through this doorway into Valhalla.

The great hall of Gladsheim is where the Aesir gather for serious discussion and for social intercourse. It is also where the male Aesir gather to engage in such manly activities as drinking, eating, drinking, wrestling, drinking, storytelling and, occasionally, drinking. Its walls are made of close-fit stone, sturdy enough to withstand the feasting and good-natured fighting of even the

strongest Gods, and the ceilings are warm thatch supported by beams as big around as a man's waist. Rush lamps light the hall, since its stone walls are unbroken by windows. At each end, a massive stone fireplace lends light and warmth to the hall.

The great hall is furnished with a massive trestle table of carved oak, which fills the center of the room. Sturdy oak benches with leather cushions run along each side. The table is set to feed a hundred, but the food thereon never spoils, allowing the Aesir and their guests to sup whenever suits their desires.

At one end of the great hall, massive wooden chairs are arranged near the fireplace. The largest of these is reserved for Odin, but there is seating enough for all the Aesir and whatever company they might play host to. Several great hounds normally lounge near the hearth, each as large as a pony. They appear lazy and slow when at leisure but are fierce hunting beasts that can easily bring down a nemean stag—or a more human foe—at their master's command. (Use the traits for a young fenrir from p. 317 of **Scion: Hero**. Great hounds' Sense Legend ability works not on Scions, but on giants of any kind. Great hound blood does not possess the ability to augment Strength and Stamina, but great hound fangs can be used similarly as a Birthright. Great hounds do not gain Attributes or Purviews for killing Scions. With Storyteller approval, great hounds can act as Birthright creatures for Scions of the Aesir [Creature ••••, Relic •], though they can only be obtained at Gladsheim or through direct interaction with one of the Aesir.)

At the other end of the hall rests a gigantic floor loom, which appears to be operated by invisible hands. The pattern on the tapestry being woven consists of countless gripping beasts and interlaced people and animals, some large and imposing, some so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. The patterns represent the history of the World, with each individual being represented as they are born and their figure not completing until their death. Some figures (Gods, Titans, Scions and others with extensive life spans), stretch throughout the tapestry, while others make only fleeting appearances. The tapestry pools in great folds along the floor around the loom, but continues out a nearby nondescript door similar in size and shape as those that lead off to the kitchens and sleeping areas. But, those who choose to follow the cloth's length will discover an entire realm beyond the doorway, one vast room after another, each filled with cloth. The architecture of each



room becomes progressively more primitive as they stretch farther away from the hall, and the cloth becomes simpler, with fewer individuals portrayed. The patterns, however, also become stronger and bolder farther back in “time”. Following the tapestry to its endpoint would take hours, possibly days; the number of rooms is nigh infinite. Those who do so, however, might find the story of the first Titans captured there, although how the loom could have recorded this history before it, the hall or Asgard itself was created is a mystery.

THE PLAIN OF IDAVOLL

Surrounding the city of Asgard is the Plain of Idavoll. This expanse is hundreds of miles wide and as flat and even as a courtyard. It is upon this plain that the einherjar spend their days in battle and where the final battle, Ragnarök, is prophesied to occur. Four roads, one in each of the cardinal directions, stretch out across the plains. Those who travel upon these roads are safe from harm by those who fight on the plain, although this prohibition is likely to fail when the final battle begins.

THE SACRED GATES

Between the city and the advent of the plain are a series of more than 500 freestanding stone gates, each taller than a jotun and wide enough that

800 warriors could march out of them, shoulder to shoulder. And march they do, for these gates (like the doorway in Gladsheim) lead directly to Valhalla. Only the noble slain may pass through them, which they do each morning, charging by the thousands out of the stone passages to spend the day fighting—and dying—on the great expanse of the Plain of Idavoll.

Each evening, as the sun sets, the wounded are made whole and the dead brought back to life, and the entire army marches back through the stone gates, to spend their evenings feasting on roast boar and drinking and celebrating their day’s victories.

VALHALLA—THE HALL OF THE SLAIN

ARRIVING IN VALHALLA

There are only four ways to gain entrance to Valhalla: in the company of the valkyries, through the Underworld, through the Sacred Gates or through the door in Gladsheim. Only the door in Gladsheim or the presence of one of the valkyries will allow those who are still living to enter, however.

VALKYRIE BÖRNE

All those who are slain in battle are promised a place in Valhalla in the afterlife. Some, those who are deemed most valiant, are taken directly from the battlefield to Valhalla by the valkyries on their



flying wolves (see p. 328 of **Scion: Hero** for info on valkyrie horses). While it is possible for the valkyries to escort a living person into Valhalla, it is extremely rare for them to do so. Under no circumstances will a valkyrie consider conducting a person who has never been in physical combat before. (If all other negotiations fail, they will demand the individual who has not done so enter into combat with them to prove himself before agreeing to carry him to Valhalla.) Nor will they consider those who do not possess the Brawl, Marksmanship or Thrown Ability. (Gaining some competency in one of these Abilities would, obviously, be an option, but it might take a while.) And finally, the valkyries favor Scions of War. At least one member of the negotiating party must either be a Scion of a God who has War as a Purview, or be a Scion with War as her own Purview. One War-favored Scion can negotiate for her entire Band, but each individual must separately fulfill the other two qualifications.

Meeting these qualifications is no guarantee that the valkyries will agree to shuttle Scions to Valhalla. These are only the minimum standards that must be met before any further negotiations are possible. (For more information on valkyries, see pp. 246–247 of **Scion: Demigod**.)

up from hel

Those who die on the field of battle but are not chosen by the valkyries must make their way through the Underworld and the Feasting Hall in order to reach Valhalla. After passing through the lands of Helheim (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 157–160) and feasting alongside the einherjar in the Feasting Hall, a fallen warrior walks through a long stone tunnel at the far end of the hall, which is decorated with woven hangings commemorating

all of history's battles. (Weaving said tapestries is but one part of the duties assigned to those souls who do not die in battle but who are not wicked enough to deserve Helheim.) At the end of this interminably long hallway lies the gate from the Underworld to Valhalla. No soul may pass through this gate in the opposite direction, it leads only *out* of the Underworld. Nor is this passage available to any who have not yet died. As per the description of the Feasting Hall (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 158), only an empty table and an indignant valkyrie await those living souls who try to make their way to Valhalla from the Underworld.

through the gates

Likewise, the 540 Sacred Gates that provide passage from Valhalla to the Plains of Idavoll are usable only by those who have passed into Asgard through them. Therefore, should a Scion find a way into Valhalla and then exit to the Plains through one of the Sacred Gates, he would be able to re-enter Valhalla back through that same gate. Attempting to enter Valhalla through a gate other than the one through which he has exited it (or trying to enter through a gate when he has not yet visited Valhalla) will result in passage being denied. He will find himself walking through the gate and out the other side without having entered the Hall of the Slain.

the gladsheim door

Perhaps the simplest route to Valhalla for those who do not belong there is through the Gladsheim Door. Any individual with a Legend of 9 or higher may pass through this doorway into Valhalla at will. The catch, of course, is that Gladsheim is the home of the Aesir, and it is rare that at least one of them is not present there. Entering Valhalla without their blessing is a stark affront to the Norse

SINCE THE SIEGE—ASGARD AFLAME

Muspelheim's siege of Asgard has had debilitating effects on the Godrealm. The once-blue skies have clouded with oily smoke, and the once-crisp breezes now crawl tepid and heavy against the ground as if bound by the weight of the poisons therein.

Once-sparkling seas now lie flat and warm, their lifeless surfaces stained with oils and the dead sea creatures who were among the first victims of Muspelheim's siege.

No longer do the sounds of the wholesome and enthusiastic battles of the Einherjar fill the Plain of Idavoll. Instead, the roar of flame and the unholy grinding of Muspelheim's war machines wrack the Asgardian landscape in a constant reminder of what is to come. Where they once threw themselves wholeheartedly into fighting or celebrating, the slain soldiers of Valhalla now spend their days practicing their warcraft in near silence, or cleaning their weapons, waiting for the time when their forces might be unleashed against the Titan foes beyond.

Gods, and likely would bring them to blows with one who tried such an act.

Even if none of the Aesir are present in Gladsheim's great hall when such an act is taken, one of their servants (including the great hounds) would likely witness the act and make certain the information was quickly shared with Odin and the others.

VALHALLA PROPER

Valhalla (literally, "hall of the slain") is a subrealm of Asgard. It consists of a gigantic great hall, easily large enough to seat every member of the einherjar host at one time, and it contains 540 major hallways, each ending in one of the Sacred Gates and similarly massive in height and breadth.

The building itself is akin to Gladsheim in structure, with massive stone architecture and sturdy furnishings built to withstand the punishment that an eternity of the World's fallen warriors can dish out. Food and drink are not cooked by servants as in the rest of Asgard. Rather, it magically appears on the tables of Valhalla's great hall at sunset each night in sufficient quantities to sate even the hungriest of warriors. Whole roast boars as large as an ox appear and fill the tables until they groan under the weight. Kegs of ale and mead flow non-stop to fill each warrior's drinking horn. At times, Odin and the other Aesir join the noble slain in their feasting, which ends at dawn each morning when the einherjar return to the Plain of Idavoll to fight once more.

ASGARD STORY HOOKS

- Rumors reach the heroes' ears of a drug (H2O) that grants the same benefits as drinking from the Well of Urd. When the drug wears off, however, the user is left in a fog (Perception dots are halved, rounded down, for 48 hours after H2O's effects wear off, and no Prophecy Purview abilities work during this period.) H2O is also so physically and emotionally addictive that those who have used it will do anything to regain the insight the drug gives. Does H2O originate with the Well of Urd, perhaps stolen and tainted by minions of the Titans? Are the Norns themselves at the root of the problem? Or is its addictive oracular insight just an ironic coincidence?

- When one of the heroes is mortally wounded in battle, she is chosen by Brynhildr, one of the valkyries, for her bravery despite being the Scion of another pantheon. She is given a choice: Go to Valhalla to await Ragnarök with the rest of the einherjar, or find another soul who is as great a warrior as she and convince him to go in her place. Can the hero convince Brynhildr to change her mind, or will she enter into this bargain?

- The Scions find themselves stalked by an experienced fenrir who seems determined to add them to his list of fallen prey. Will they destroy the giant-wolf, or manage to harness his fighting skill for their own purposes? (Use the young fenrir template on p. 317 of **Scion: Hero**, but add three Legend dots and a total of 18 additional dots in Epic Attributes to reflect his previous kills.)



ITERU: THE BOTTOMLESS RIVER OF THE PESEDJET

The Nile River was revered by the ancient Egyptians as the source of all life and referred to simply as "Iteru" or "River." The Nile is, however, but a weak reflection of the true Iteru, The Great Celestial River that is the Pesedjet's Godrealm.

Egyptian legend speaks almost nothing about the homeland of the Gods, perhaps because the aloof Pesedjet feel that there is no need for their mortal followers to concern themselves with it. As the home of the Gods, Iteru is far beyond the purview of mere mortals. Knowing of it would only inspire those who dwell within the World to seek to attain its marvels for themselves, lending disorder and chaos to the social hierarchy that the Pesedjet hold so dear.

It does exist, however, and just as other Godrealms cast their shadow on the World, so does the influence of Iteru affect the Pesedjet's followers and their culture, even if there is little written in Egyptian religious texts about Iteru, and no human storytellers craft tales of its glory.

Iteru, as a realm, is almost landless, the exception being its Axis Mundi, Benben. It exists almost wholly as a river untamed by shoreline or riverbed, upon which float not only Atum-Re's solar barque, but the barges that are the homes of the rest of the Pesedjet as well. While human legend has it that the solar barque floats through the World's sky, carrying the sun (as personified by Atum-Re) in it, the truth is somewhat more complicated. The barque bearing Atum-Re passes through the sky of the World only in the most esoteric of senses. Rather, its light shines down through the clear waters of Iteru, sharing its glory with the World throughout the day before it passes into the Gate of Stars and enters its long nightly journey through the Underworld. At dawn, it passes once again into the Overworld, through the Gate of Clay, and its light can once again shine warm the mortal World.

STARRY NIGHT

Unlike many other realms, there is no sun in the sky of Iteru. All daylight comes solely from the ambient glow of the Great Solar Barque, which shines all around it. Its golden glow illuminates the realm, sparkling on the crystal-clear waters of the river and,

in the area of the barge, making it impossible to see the starry sky overhead.

The stars are always there, however. Those whose vessels wander far from the Solar Barque can see the constellations of the Overworld (which commemorate not the Gods' presence on Earth, but the chronicles of the Pesedjet from the beginning of time to the present day) at all times. Those stars are always present overhead when Atum-Re's barge is in the Underworld.

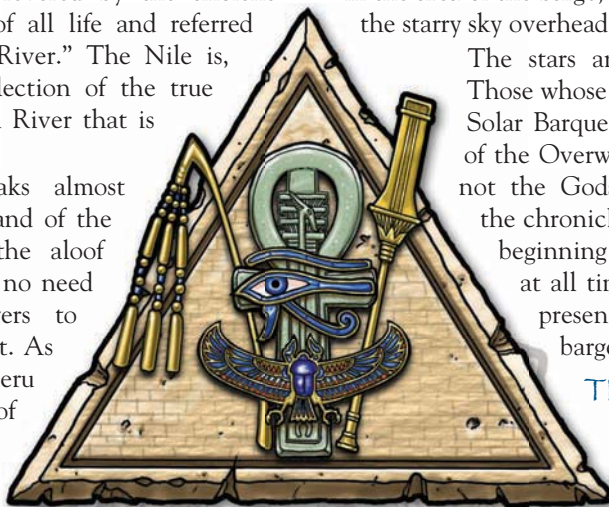
THE GATE OF CLAY AND THE GATE OF STARS

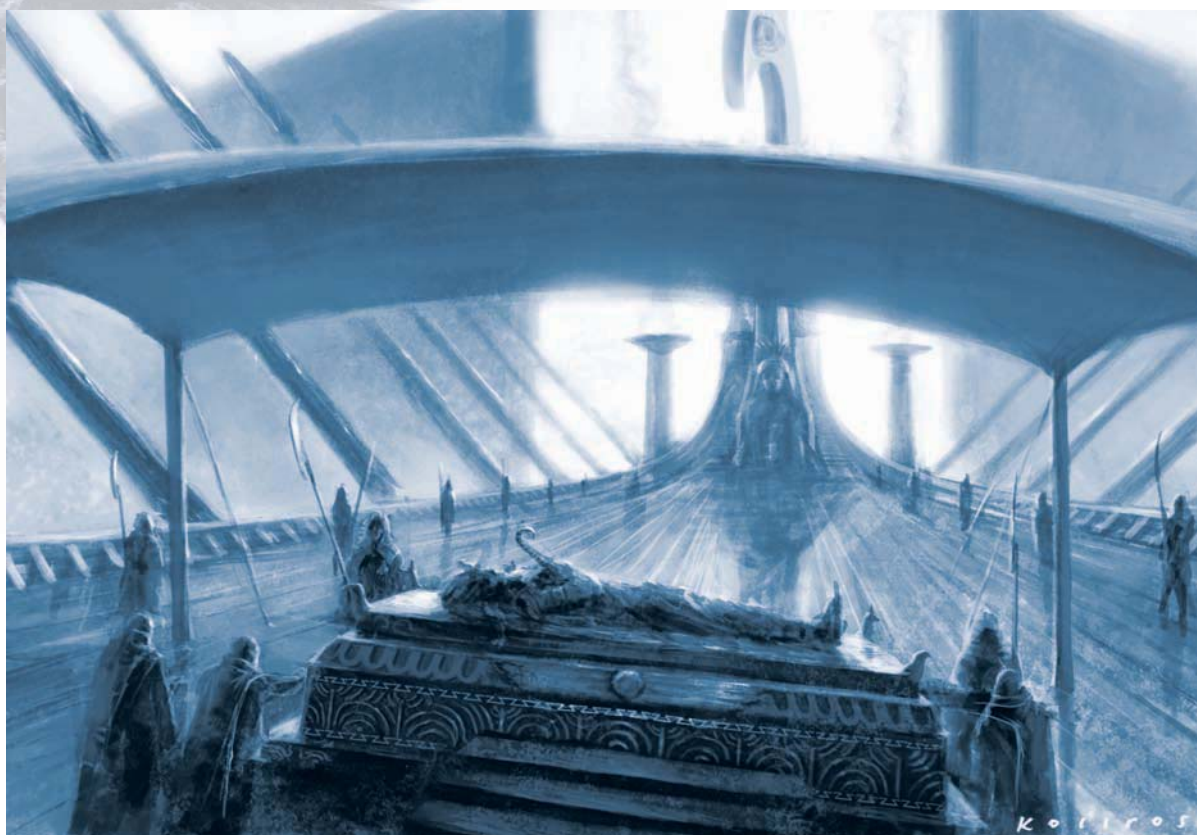
While there is no land but Benben within the realm of Iteru, two pairs of great columns exist, jutting from the water. The river flows past them in an endless streaming cycle, at a rate that takes 24 hours to complete. Where the river flows through the two columns and Atum-Re's Solar Barque (called Manedjet) leaves the Overworld for the Underworld, the pillars are called the Gate of Stars (Rosetjau), in honor of the ever-starry nights that grace Iteru's serene skies. The other pair, where Manedjet returns to the Overworld, is called the Gate of Clay, a mocking reference to the World and Underworld with their solid foundations. No ship, save Manedjet, passes between the two columns of the Gate of Stars. The serene yet unyielding current of the Celestial River directs any other boat or any swimmer inexorably to one side or the other. To pass between the columns and enter the Gate of Stars is to leave the Overworld for the Underworld, and none, save Atum-Re and his protectors, may safely make that journey and return again to Iteru. It is possible that, should another vessel brave the River Urnes and the Gate of Clay in the Underworld, they might be able to ascend to the Overworld in this manner. The fate of one who did so, however, would then be in the hands of the Pesedjet.

(See pp. 145–149 of **Scion: Demigod** for more information on the Gates.)

AXIS MUNDI: BENBEN

Just as Iteru, the Celestial River, personifies the primeval forces of water, Benben is its counterpart, the first primordial land. It rises from the surface of the Iteru, a gentle sloping mound of golden sand, upon which rests a four-sided pyramid of the





smoothest limestone. When the Solar Barque is present in Iteru, Benben glows with a faint golden aura. At night, the silver-white stars likewise reflect gently off the polished white surface of its pyramid.

From a distance, Benben's mass seems hardly bigger than a speck of sandy soil compared to the great limitless river that stretches an eternity in all directions. In truth, though, the pyramid that rises from the mound is larger than any structure that has ever been built in the World. When standing at its base, the pyramid's true height becomes apparent. As the sleek plane climbs ever higher, the tip of the Benben pyramid appears to touch the night sky itself. At the base, each of Benben's walls is longer than the combined length of every barge on the Iteru.

Like an endless iceberg, the portion of Benben that protrudes from the Iteru is just a fraction of what lies below. Just as the river is bottomless, so does the mass that is the primordial mound of Benben continue ever downward. If there is an end to the river, or to the mound, no one—God or man—has ever found it.

Benben acts as the Axis Mundi for Iteru. Using it, the Pesedjet (or others with Legend) can transport themselves to any spot where land and water meet. It must be a natural source of both—manmade canals do not suffice, nor do dams, seawalls, pools or fountains. As well, it must be a significant source of both—a small creek or puddle is not sufficient, nor is a barge of earth floating in the middle of the ocean. While the Pesedjet could once use their Axis Mundi to travel

almost anywhere in the World, modern technology has severely curtailed its usefulness in the past few hundred years, as mankind has worked and reworked many major waterways and shorelines.

To use Benben as an Axis Mundi, a God must stand upon the sands of Benben at the water's edge, facing the water. While expending a point of Legend and focusing on his intended destination, he must take a step forward as if to step into the bottomless waters of the river. Instead, he will find himself in the World, stepping onto the solid surface of his destination as if he had just walked off the water it touches. Similarly, returning to Iteru from the World by using Benben can be accomplished by taking the same "step of faith" (and spending a point of Legend) at any location that has previously been used as a destination from Iteru using Benben.

THE FIRST PYRAMID

Unlike manmade pyramids, the monument at Benben was never planned by human minds or crafted by human hands. It simply is, and has been for as long as the Pesedjet has existed. It is rumored to be the nesting place of the first sacred benu bird (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 324), although how any creature could create a home on its steep, slick surface is a mystery.

There appears to be no entrance to the First Pyramid, at least not to casual observation. It is said, however, that those powerful enough may pass within its inner chambers and learn therein many of the secrets of the Pesedjet.

ON THE RIVER

Each member of the Pesedjet has at least one boat, ship, barge or barque in Iteru, wherein he may make his home when in the Godrealm. Other vessels exist, an almost countless number floating upon the celestial waters. Some are secondary or tertiary homes of the major members of the Pesedjet, used for particular purposes or simply when the mood strikes them. Others serve as meeting places for certain activities: one serves as a floating casino, for example, where all manner of games are held and all of the Pesedjet (and occasionally guests) are welcome.

GHOST SHIPS

In part because of the Pesedjet's extreme age (its members claim to have existed "forever"), there is a disproportionately high number of former-Gods and past-Goddesses who are, for one reason or another, no longer part of the Pesedjet pantheon. Some were killed outright in combat, by Titans or other adversaries. Others fell to treachery, either from outside of the pantheon or from within its ranks. Still others withdrew from interaction with the World or others of the Pesedjet and might still be in existence somewhere in an isolated part of Iteru.

Some of these former Pesedjet's barques were put to new use after their passing. They have been seized as the spoils of war by their foes or taken by kinfolk to be used for the surviving members of the God-family. Others were abandoned, simply left adrift on the timeless waters of the Celestial River. If a God was found guilty of some unconscionable crime and destroyed by his pantheon, his or her vessel (and any accompanying subrealm within) might be destroyed outright or left to float forever on the waters of the Iteru as a reminder to others of the price of damnation. So, while the Iteru is too large to ever be considered crowded, there are far more ships to be encountered on its waters than the size of the pantheon would suggest.

THE GREAT SOLAR BARQUE

It is said that it would take a mortal man an entire day to walk from the bow of the Great Solar Barque to its stern. While this might be an exaggeration, or it might not. No wholly mortal being has ever walked upon its cedar decks, and it seems unlikely that one ever will. Whatever the truth of the legend, it is a tremendous ship. The World's largest ships are as a child's toys in comparison.

Had wood been used to craft this barque, it would have flattened the forests of Lebanon for its construction. Instead, the fragrant cedar planks that form the Solar Barque are wholly Overworldly, the epitome of strength, flexibility, beauty and aroma that mundane wood only aspires to be. The Barque's deck, hull and frame is all built of cedar, as is the square deckhouse. Although the deckhouse looks petite due

to the ship's proportions, it is more than sufficient to house the entirety of the Pesedjet in comfort, and it often does.

Elsewhere on the deck rests a canopied dais, and beneath its linen shade is a golden coffin inlaid with rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other priceless gemstones. It is here that Atum-Re lies when the barge enters the Gate of Stars and makes its long descent into the Underworld. Nearby are racks of spears, swords and cudgels, along with bows and copious quivers of arrows fletched with the plumage of the sacred benu. This arsenal is for the use of Atum-Re's protectors, Set, Horus and still others, when they must defend the barque and its corpse-owner on the perilous journey along the River Urnes each night.

One hundred leaf-bladed oars grace the sides of the Barque, fifty to a side. Two more, larger than the others, grace the stern of the boat. The oars, however, are insufficient to steer or propel a vessel of this size, and although they go through the motions of doing so, as if wielded by invisible hands, the ship continues on its journey regardless of their actions.

Atum-Re's barque is unique for several reasons. First, it provides all solar light to the entire realm. When it is absent from the Overworld, the entire realm is night-dark, lit only by the constellations above and the lamps of the realm's other vessels. Whether this is an inherent capability of the Barque, or whether over the millennia it has simply absorbed some of its owner's ambient light is unknown.

Secondly, it is the only ship in Iteru that regularly leaves the Overworld. It is not the only one of the Godrealm's vessels that is capable of it, but it is certainly the only one that is capable of passing through the Gate of Stars into the Underworld.

Third, its path is immutable. It travels only on its appointed course to and from the Underworld, and while this is surely a supernatural journey, it has never been piloted in other directions, and it may be incapable of being steered on other paths.

KHUFU'S SHIP

In 1954, archeologists uncovered an amazing find in a burial pyramid in Giza, Egypt: incredibly well preserved cedar pieces of what appeared to be a large, shallow-bottomed boat. When the ship was reconstructed, it stretched almost 150 feet long, with upturned rounded bow and stern ends that imitated the traditional Egyptian papyrus boat, but on a grand and glorious scale.

This boat, dubbed the Cheops or Khufu ship, for the king whose burial chambers within which it was found, is one of the shadow representations of the true Solar Barque. It was inspired by one of Atum-Re's visitations to his Scion, Khufu, who led Egypt in the Fourth Dynasty (from 2589–2566 BCE). During this time period, Khufu (who was called Cheops by

the Greeks) received a Visitation from Atum-Re and began his own path that would eventually lead him to minor godhood. After taking a direct hand in the building of the Great Pyramid and protecting his kingdom from various external and internal threats, Khufu again played host to Atum-Re. The Sun God warned his son that the overt use of his powers threatened to Fatebind the entirety of his Dynasty to him in a fashion that might ensure the destruction of both. Fearing that the damage was already done, together they came up with a plan to stage Khufu's death and, through the creation of a solar barque that was a miniature duplicate of Manedjet, ferry the young would-be God into the Overworld. While he would never rise to the status of a major God himself, Khufu's dedication to his kingdom was such that he was willing to sacrifice his own reign and remove himself from the World, rather than risk bringing it down with him.

In the 1950s, archeologists were confused and frustrated that, despite detailed and intricate search of his burial chambers, they were unable to uncover the mummy of Khufu. Instead, his empty sarcophagus and solar barge left them with only more questions.

THE FLOATING GARDENS

Of all the Pesedjet, Geb, God of Earth, seems least likely to be comfortable in a Godrealm that is almost devoid of it. Like earth, however, Geb endures, making the most of a situation that lesser Gods might find intolerable.

The barge that is Geb's home in the Overworld is less a ship and more a floating island; a luxurious bastion of vegetation and earth in a realm where such is scarce. Unlike the other ships, barques and barges that travel the unending currents of Iteru, the Floating Gardens were not created, but grown. They comprise a collection of living plants that have, at the will of Geb, formed together to create acres of rich, luxuriant oasis that float atop the surface of the Iteru. Despite being formed of living plants and soil floating on water, the foundation beneath its pathways feels quite solid.

Like many of Iteru's notable landmarks, the Floating Gardens is actually a subrealm of Iteru. While it appears from the outside to be a relatively small island, an individual walking the pathways of the gardens discovers just how truly expansive they are. Sometimes tailored sandstone or granite, sometimes bare earth, the pathways of the Floating Gardens wind around and through Geb's barge for miles, rarely crossing. They lead one who walks their length through an impossible variety of terrain and climate, from steep alpine paths with tiny cat's paw and buckwheat growing along the severe mostly stone landscape, to rich jungle thick with vines and orchids, to marshy land where tall sawgrass and cattails tower along each side of the swampy path. Other areas feature not natural terrain,

but sculpted gardens and orchards of all sorts: roses and iris, vegetables and grain, fruit and nut trees.

The entirety of Geb's oasis is an Axis Mundi. From any particular terrain area in the garden, those with sufficient Legend can spend a point of Legend and travel to any area with similar environmental features and climate in the World. While it is exceedingly easy for the God of Earth to visit the World, using the same power to return is a bit more difficult. (One must be standing within a foot of the spot in which he arrived in the World in order to return to the floating Axis Mundi.)

BASTET'S BARQUE

No boat in history could rival the barque of Bastet for sheer luxurious opulence. The Cat Goddess loves her comfort, and everything about the ship that is her home in the Overworld reflects that. Its form is nominally that of a petite, flat-bottomed barge, and it appears elegant and lithe, much like the Goddess herself. As one steps onboard, however, the truth of the boat is revealed: It is a subrealm that, like many, is far larger than it seems from the outside.

The surface-level decks are polished mahogany, inlaid with ivory and gold sigils that spell out every prayer to Bastet ever uttered or written. Tall wooden masts rise up from the deck, outfitted with rich sails of cream and gold silk. Although such accoutrements are unnecessary to the handling of the barge, they attract the eye to Bastet's vessel and provide a pleasant breeze and diversion for those who stroll the open deck. The masts and sails are festooned with richly scented garlands of flowers, which waft their perfume downward for the enjoyment of those below. Blown-glass lamps illuminate the vessel's deck, and incense braziers lend their spicy aroma to that of the bouquets above.

Traditionally, below the deck on a barque (if it has a sub-surface layer at all) is a cramped and claustrophobic place to be. Not so, however, with Bastet's vessel. Below deck is accessed through a broad open staircase of polished alabaster that leads several dozen steps down into the belly of the ship. It is here, however, that the otherworldly nature of the vessel becomes apparent, as the room onto which the stairs open is easily twice the size of the deck above and would be impossible to recreate on any mortal's vessel. Hundreds of amber columns stretch from the alabaster floor tiles to the onyx ceiling above, where silver constellations have been inlaid into the ceiling tiles in patterns that mimic the constellations of Iteru's skies, even to the extent of moving as the stars themselves do.

On a raised dais at the far end of the room is the "throne" of Bastet. Rather than a formal chair, the Cat Goddess prefers to recline upon a long couch (more

than big enough for two), which is covered in silk cushions several layers deep. Low tables, mahogany inset with gold and ivory, sit off to each side of the “throne”. Each is laden with gold pitchers of fine wine and fruit nectar as well as beautiful engraved platters of honeyed dates and fresh fruit. Behind the throne, draperies of crimson silk flow from ceiling to floor. Behind the curtains lie Bastet’s private chambers, where few are invited to visit.

The rest of the room is bordered with a series of alcoves, each fronted with a pair of draperies similar to those behind Bastet’s throne, which can be pulled to screen the alcove from prying eyes, should privacy be desired. Each alcove is outfitted in a different manner, but all are opulent and well-appointed. One holds a replica of a 15th-century French salon, another a Victorian receiving room and another a Wild West brothel’s public lobby. There are countless alcoves, each representing a time and place where sensual guile was used for the benefit of its powerful wielder.

Numerous felines wend their sensuous way through the deck and main chambers of Bastet’s vessel. Some have mortal equivalents: sleek mau, Egyptian domesticated cats with amber eyes and golden coats; slim-waisted cheetahs with rosette-printed pelts and dark kohl-lined eyes; burly tigers; lithe panthers; and all other manner of mortal felines. Others are more exotic. It has been millions of years since saber-toothed cats walked the World, and yet, on Bastet’s vessel, they still roam free, as do eagle-headed griffins, long-necked serpopards and a bevy of cat-headed servants who see to the Goddess’ every need.

BASTET’S CHAMBERS

Within the alcove behind Bastet’s throne are her private chambers. Again, the subrealm proves its supernatural status, as the rooms herein are equal to those in the throne room in size and exceed it in opulence. A giant bathing pool fills the center of the room, steaming with delicately perfumed waters. Potted palms lend an air of life and luxury to the marble-tiled floor, and here and there are scattered the skins of exotic beasts—some mundane, some quite supernatural—adorning the floor as elegantly crafted rugs.

At the far end of the room, a small study holds a wide array of divinatory devices on elegant mahogany shelves. Locked behind a case that will open only for her lies Thoth’s great Book of Wisdom, entrusted to the feline Goddess’ care.

Bastet’s realm has no Axis Mundi, nor has it need of one. Bastet can, with a thought, see through the eyes of any feline in the World at will. On those occasions when she needs to travel to the World herself, rather than merely observe it, she uses the Axis Mundi of Benben.

THOTH’S FLEET

While many of the Pesedjet have a number of vessels, none rival Thoth’s Fleet in number or variety. It is said that a representation of every book, scroll or volume ever written can be found somewhere in the Fleet. From Arabian dhows that hold alchemical formulas long-since forgotten by mankind, to clinker-built cobbles housing representations of the plays Shakespeare never finished writing, anything that has ever been recorded on paper (or vellum, or bark...) is archived somewhere within the expanses of Thoth’s Fleet.

The Ibis God himself is most often found upon the deck of one of these vessels, poring thoughtfully over one interesting and obscure volume or another.

THE QUEEN OF THE NILE

While some marvel at seeing *The Queen of the Nile*—a sternwheeler that dwarfs those that grace the Worlds rivers—afloat on the Iteru, the vessel is well suited to the cunning and beautiful deity who dwells therein. Stretching more than 1,000 feet in length and 200 feet in width, *The Queen of the Nile* sometimes serves as a site for elaborate fetes or celebrations where all of the Pesedjet (and their chosen companions) drink, dance and gamble the night away. These parties, however, are always carefully orchestrated by Isis, and always with a particular goal in mind.

PTAH’S PUZZLECRAFT

Modern Steampunk aficionados would delight in seeing Ptah’s home on the Iteru, which unifies traditional and cutting-edge technologies in delightful, surprising ways.

Like a child’s toy that folds and stretches to change from one type of vehicle or creature to another, the *Puzzlecraft* is capable of taking on myriad forms as suits the needs and desires of its crafty owner—from pleasure barge to battleship to submarine to even a hovercraft that floats above the Iteru’s surface. Its mechanical parts incorporate everything from bronze cogs to titanium hydraulics, with teak, mahogany, leaded glass and high-tech super-plastics contributing to the static portions of the vessel.

A vessel incorporating such diverse and seemingly contradictory materials and mechanisms might seem haphazard or ungainly if crafted by a lesser being, but somehow, Ptah’s creativity manages to pull every one of the limitless forms of his *Puzzlecraft* together with style and function.

BELOW AND BEYOND

While all of the Pesedjet have some sort of presence in the Overworld, some do not spend the majority of their time there. Although his duties have long-since diminished, Anubis’ work once kept him predominantly in the Underworld, and his fickle nature continued his

mostly solitary existence long after he returned to the Overworld. Travelers on the Iteru have occasionally encountered a low, sleek funerary barge whose bow is decorated with a gleaming onyx jackal's head. The river seems deathly still near the Death God's barque, and few have mustered enough courage to hail the ship and its somber captain.

Similarly, Set and Horus, the pair who share the duties of ferrying Atum-Re's body through the Underworld each night, are less likely to be found in the Overworld than the rest of the Pesedjet. When not guarding the Solar Barque, however, each has a base of operations on the river.

The design of Horus' barque is based on that of the Solar Barque, save for the absence of Atum-re's illumination. The details are all crafted of the finest gold, but like its owner, the craft is not only beautiful, but supremely practical. Its speed and maneuverability exceed that of any other on the Iteru. Also, unlike most of the Godrealm vessels, it is outfitted with weapons and defenses.

Set's craft sometimes appears as a flat-bottomed, fan-powered swamp boat, like those found in the depths of the Everglades. Other times, the sly deity glides silently up alongside his godly brethren in a Venetian gondola decorated with the medieval wards against the black plague, or a low-slung slaver from which ghostly moans can still be heard.

Alone among the Pesedjet, Sobek eschews using a vessel as a Godrealm while in the Overworld. The "facilitator" prefers to navigate the dark waters of the Iteru directly, taking the form of a giant crocodile as he moves between the ships of the other Egyptian Gods. Although he has no regular "home" in Iteru himself, he is welcomed (or at least tolerated) by the other Pesedjet, who put up with his presence on their boats because of his innate usefulness in accomplishing distasteful tasks that they might otherwise have to handle directly.

ITERU STORY HOOKS

- Khufu, discontent with his eternal status as a minor deity, seeks out other Scions of the Pesedjet to attempt to stage a rebellion against the elder Gods' dominion. How will the Band react to the possibility of being pulled into a divine civil war?

- Somehow, an Apep-like monster has found its way into the waters of the Celestial River and is slowly

SINCE THE SIEGE—THE END OF ENDLESS NIGHT

Few mortals would immediately see the threat in the presence of endless light, but when that illumination is the unrelenting glare of Akhetaten's blinding brightness, light is more than just light. For the Godrealm of Iteru, Akhetaten's siege has done more than cast uncomfortable illumination on a previously dark realm. By wrapping his unceasing light around the formerly night-bound realm, Akhetaten has effectively severed the Pesedjet's connection to their sanctuary.

The unrelenting light of Akhetaten's siege has also begun to affect the River Iteru itself. Unaccustomed to such heat, the river has begun to recede from the lone shore of Benben. Far more of the great Axis Mundi is visible than has been at any other time in the Godrealm's history. Its newly revealed shores are stained and slick with the overgrowth caused by Akhetaten's light, and the once-clear waters around it have become murky and tepid, and fouled with a slimy layer of sickly brown algae. Those who attempt to use the Axis Mundi come away befouled with the algae's malodorous taint, a foul aroma that clings long after the slime has been washed away.

poisoning its crystal depths with its toxic spittle. It rarely surfaces, save to attempt to snag an unwitting servant of the Gods and drag her down. Can the heroes stop the creature before the entire Godrealm is poisoned?

- Ptah has gone missing from the half-entertainment vessel/half-warship that is his home in Iteru. A series of puzzles and clues lead the Scions to a mysterious machine crafted of ivory levers, gold cogwheels and spun-silk belts. Is it possible the machine is responsible for Ptah's disappearance? And if so, will they be able to figure out the crypto-God's notes to make him return—or follow him to wherever he went?

MOUNT OLYMPUS: REALM OF THE DODEKATHEON

Like the mortal site that bears its name, Olympus is part of a craggy mountain range, atop which the Gods of the Dodekatheon make their noble homes. Its steep walls, deep canyons and raging mountain cataracts make Olympus a harsh and unforgiving environment, separated both physically and metaphysically from those who are unworthy to scale its towering slopes. Mount Olympus itself is the pinnacle of that range, and it is there that the Gods hold court.

AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

The steep slopes of Mount Olympus are nigh unassailable by mortal means. Those who come to Olympus via the Axis Mundi known as the Omphalos Stone (or from other parts of the Overworld) find themselves at the base of the mountain. Unless they possess the power of flight, must physically climb to the top before being given audience with the Dodekatheon.

This arrangement, and the placement of the Omphalos Stone, is at the whim of Zeus, nominally because he feels it important that all who would have audience with the Gods prove themselves worthy. There is another reason, however. Prophecy dictates that one of Zeus' own children will be the end of him, and the additional challenges laid out before those who would seek his audience provide the Sky Father with additional warning to judge the intention and capabilities of those who might seek to do him harm.

Climbing Mount Olympus is an extended action with a cumulative difficulty of 300 and a roll interval of an hour. Those who do attempt to circumvent the challenge of the mountain by taking to the air will find other obstacles await them. A legion of winged myrmidons guards the slopes against those who attempt to use the skies as an easy path to the

top of the mountain. (See **Scion: Hero**, p. 287, for the myrmidon write-up. These particular winged-ant warriors also possess insect-style wings that allow them to fly up to 70 miles per hour or triple their movement rate in combat.) The mountain's other defenses include bow-wielding amazons and weapons of war constructed by Hephaestus, Archimedes and Daedalus.



AXIS MUNDI: THE OMPHALOS STONE

When the World was still in its infancy, Zeus sent a pair of eagles out to circumnavigate the globe and determine its exact center. That spot, the “navel” of the World, was marked with a carved stone and, around that stone, a temple was built. The stone, known as the Omphalos, or navel stone, is but one of a number of such markers placed by the Gods to designate important locations throughout the World. Each is carved to look as if it has been wrapped tightly in a net, a symbol of the binding of the World that the Gods created by placing the stones. Each is a replica of the original Omphalos, which rests at the base of Mount Olympus and acts as that Godrealm’s Axis Mundi.

Unlike many Godrealms, the Omphalos Stone does not deposit those who use it to enter the realm at a convenient central location. Instead, The Omphalos Stone lies at the base of the highest peak, well below the Palace of the Gods where the Dodekathemon makes its lofty home. Therefore, although lesser Gods and godlings might approach the Godrealm of Olympus through the (relatively) easy method of using the Omphalos Stone, they would still need to find a way to climb the Mount itself. Only thus can they prove their determination, skill and strength, before being allowed audience with the greater Gods of the pantheon.

Those who wish to use the Omphalos Stone to travel to or from Olympus may do so simply by finding one of the stones and spending a point of Legend. Unlike many of the Axes Mundi, an individual need not possess a minimum level of Legend to do so. The challenge of scaling the mountain itself was designed to ascertain that no one unworthy would bother the Dodekathemon.

ATOP MOUNT OLYMPUS THE PALACE OF ZEUS

Designed by Hephaestus and built by the one-eyed giants, the cyclopes, the enormous Palace of Zeus in Olympus serves as the center of divine activity in the realm. Its Doric columns and marble walls feature classic Greek architectural styling, or rather, were the inspiration for the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian styles that would come to be known as classically Greek.

From the outside, the Palace is a great rectangular temple of gleaming white marble, set at the highest point of the highest peak of Mount Olympus. Its primary columns, which line the face of the external colonnade 12 to a side, are as tall and broad as sequoias. Just beyond them, where the palace proper begins, a massive marble portico extends toward the interior of the building. Still open to the air, this area features a deep pool. Its walls are mosaic with cobalt and silver tiles that form interlocked waves and cloud patterns, and the water is so clear as to appear almost

non-existent. At the center of the pool stands a life-sized statuary scene commemorating the victory of the Dodekathemon (led by Zeus, of course) over the Titans (who are, as suits Zeus’ ego, appear much weaker and less impressive than they are in reality).

Beyond the memorial pool lie the inner chambers of the Palace. A broad entryway opens out into a throne chamber. A double line of tall Doric columns supports the marble roof here. The columns’ stylish lines draw the eyes to the far end of the wall-less room, where a series of raised platforms supports the council seats of the Dodekathemon. Largest and highest, of course—and centered where no visitor could miss its glory—is the throne of Zeus. It is shaded by a gigantic oak tree carved out of marble, which only adds to the effect of drawing all eyes to the Sky Father’s throne. Below that (and smaller in size) are the seats used by the rest of the Dodekathemon when Zeus is holding court or council with the group. While worthy of the Gods, these chairs (of varying sorts, to suit their owners) are obviously not thrones, as Zeus’ ego demands deference from his subordinates. Further, they are arranged in an order and prominence that changes depending on the political structure of Olympus at the moment. Hera, as the wife of Zeus, is always among the highest ranking, even when the pair is on the outs (as frequently happens.)

Zeus and Hera make their home in the opulent palace that extends beyond the throne chamber. Its extensive chambers afford sufficient privacy for Zeus to continue his lecherous ways without *openly* insulting his Goddess-wife. The size of the Palace also allows them to play host to other Gods of the Dodekathemon, especially their couple’s children, in the style that suits Hera’s luxurious tastes. Perhaps more importantly, all the extra space keeps each of their guests distant enough from others to avoid overt conflict.

THE PARENT’S PET

As a child of both Zeus and Hera, Ares is afforded special favor by his parents, and that preferential treatment is reflected in the wing of the Palace where he makes his home. More expansive than any section of the Palace, save for that of Zeus himself, Ares’ wing includes opulent dining halls, luxurious bedchambers and entertaining spaces large enough to host entire towns of guests.

For the most part, however, these rooms go wholly unused, having been created not at the behest of Ares himself but for one or the other of his parents. More to his tastes are the gymnasium, archery range, boxing ring and sparring circle. Here every sort of weapon imaginable, from daggers to trebuchets are stocked, not for decoration or archival purposes, but to be practiced with and used on a nearly constant basis by the Greek God of War.

In jarring contrast to the other rooms, which are either opulent or obviously martially oriented, a small

but well-outfitted library is tucked in an alcove between the steam room and Ares' understated bedroom. Its walls are filled with shelves and cubbyholes wherein accounts of all the World's battles, major or minor, are collected. Rolled maps can be spread out on the marble-slab table that fills the center of the room, so that the tactics and logistics of any particular skirmish can be explored at the viewer's leisure.

ATHENA'S ARCHIVE

In a section of Zeus' Palace where Hera rarely ventures, an entire area has been ceded to Athena, his child who sprung whole his brow. When she's not dealing with important matters in the World, Athena prefers to retreat to the sanctuary of her archives, which are elegant and tastefully appointed. Expansive by mundane standards, her quarters are understated in comparison to those of her father, Hera or even Ares. They include living, working and sleeping spaces that blend traditional and modern trends in a timeless elegance that uses the best of all time periods and cultures to their utmost advantage. Gothic arches sweep upward over Edwardian furnishings in rooms that exhibit wall-sized frescos that would make Michelangelo weep in jealousy. Truly, Athena's chambers combine the best of all worlds.

THE AMPHITHEATER OF APOLLO

The arts were vital to early Greek culture, and Apollo, patron of the Muses, fosters the presence of all forms of art on Mount Olympus. Just as Zeus' Palace was the unknowing inspiration for the columnar architecture of Ancient Greece, Apollo's Amphitheater inspired such regal structures as the Coliseum in Rome, the Arles Amphitheatre in France and more than 200 other circular theater structures throughout the World.

Capable of seating thousands, the Amphitheater of Apollo is the premiere locale for live art performances on Mount Olympus. The marble halls below the stadium-arranged seating showcase many of the exquisite masterpieces created by Muse-inspired human artisans over the centuries. Some of these pieces are Overworld representations of mortal work; others are the actual artworks, rescued from destruction or loss when humans failed to pay them sufficient attention.

THE GLADE OF ARTEMIS

Not all of the Dodektheon prefer to spend their days hemmed in by marble walls. Tucked in among Olympus' craggy peaks are several forested glades rich with otherworldly flora and fauna. It is among them where Artemis is most at home. She has several territories, each suited to various aspects of her personality and forms she prefers to wear, but the Goddess can most commonly be found in a large wooded glade far from Zeus' domineering presence.

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHAESTUS

Spawned by Hera out of spite for her husband's spontaneous birth of Athena, Hephaestus was tainted by his mother's hatred, resulting in the crippling deformities that affect his lower extremities. Ever creative, however, he has compensated (some say overly so) by building a workshop for himself that allows him to engage in all manners of craftsmanship without being held back by his handicap.

Unlike Ares, Hephaestus does not bear his regal mother's favor, at least not publicly. His Olympian workshop is not within Zeus' palace, but on one of the most remote peaks of Mount Olympus. Nominally, this is so that the odor inherent with smithing and other of his crafts do not offend the noble noses of his godly relatives, but Hephaestus knows (as do the other Gods) that his location is as much a banishment as a hermitage.

Still, the wonders of his workshop are almost enough to keep the lord of the forge from thinking about such matters. Outfitted with a brilliant array of hydraulics, robotics and conveyors, within his workshop Hephaestus' wheelchair is his captain's seat, and it is possible for him to create literally anything with the tools and material resources available to him there.

THE PIAZZA

Wherever Dionysus goes, a party is certain to follow, and the Godrealm is no exception. The Piazza is a decadent estate within eyeshot of Zeus' Palace. Its well-groomed gardens are filled with reflecting pools and fountains, open-air dance floors and courtyards outfitted with luxurious reclining sofas that are as perfect for lounging languidly as they are well suited for more vigorous recreational activities.

Refreshments and intoxicants of all kinds are constantly on hand, as is music and other amusements with which the God of Celebration and those fortunate enough to find his favor while away countless hours. Nymphs (see *Scion: Hero*, p. 298) and other lesser immortals frequent the Piazza, enjoying their host's hospitality while plying their own special influences upon his distinguished guests.

THE PLAYGROUND OF APHRODITE

The subrealm of the Goddess of Love is the perfect mirror of her fickle whims and towering ego. She remains always at the center, surrounded by her throngs of hierodules, servants and sycophants. (With the war on, she's also added legions of spartoi and myrmidons to protect her and keep the peace.) Yet while the people remain the same, everything else about the place changes all the time. At a single command, Aphrodite's numerous horde of servants tears down the structure of the subrealm and rebuilds it to whatever specifications suit their mistress' desires. The landscape might mimic a fairytale kingdom one day, an Edwardian manor

house the next, or a sultan's opulent palace after that. Always, Aphrodite is the most important and beautiful figure in the setting, directing and acting out the fantasy until either she grows bored or the realities of the Overworld War draw her attention elsewhere.

THE ABSENT

Not all of the Dodekathemon Gods are as at home on Mount Olympus as Zeus is. Mount Olympus suits Zeus' needs, though, so the others can pretty much go hang if they don't like it. Poseidon, for example, rarely spends time in the lofty Godrealm, finding its stony peaks ill suited for his nature. His discomfort with the mountainous heights of Zeus' home, coupled with his deep concern for how humanity is destroying the World's oceans, is enough to make sure that he only visits, rather than dwells there extensively.

Although Hermes is as comfortable on Olympus as anywhere else, his duties as a messenger to the Gods keep him busy enough that maintaining a permanent dwelling place is simply not a priority for him. Also, his nature and penchant for thievery see that it is in his best interest, as well as that of those around him, for the mercurial illusionist to keep moving as much as possible.

As is the case with many pantheons, the Greek God of the Underworld rarely visits the Overworld. Hades' palace suits his nature and temperament far better than heights of Mount Olympus (and control of Zeus) ever could. Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven, or so thinks the God of Death.

OLYMPUS STORY HOOKS

- The Golden Apples of Eris have been stolen, and the characters are tasked with recovering them without allowing the strife-creating relics to destroy their Band.
- A Scion of Aphrodite approaches the Band, smitten with one of its members. She persists in attempting to catch his (or her) attention, playing it warm or cool as seems most effective. When she's got the hero hooked, however, the fickle Scion turns her attention to another Band member, seemingly unaware of the turmoil she's likely to cause. Can the Scions pull together against the almost irresistible forces of a child of the Goddess of Love?

SINCE THE SIEGE—THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD

More so than any other pantheon, the Gods of the Dodekathemon's self-import is tied directly to the mortals who worship them, sing their praises or at least acknowledge their existence. Without the presence of humanity's mirror in which to reflect themselves, the Dodekathemon are lessened.

Terra's siege beset the realm in strange and supernatural ways. No longer can the prayers of the faithful be heard echoing in the marbled walls of Zeus' chambers. Their songs of praise and chants of supplication are drowned out by a deafening cacophony of animal sounds: braying, honking, screeching and roaring that threatens to deafen those who do not plug their ears against its assault.

Similarly, the view from Mount Olympus has always afforded the Gods who make their home there with a clear line of sight to the World's monuments that stand in their honor. No more, however. These once-majestic views have been blocked by massive swarms of beasts, birds and bugs that cloud the air in gigantic roiling clouds, or by impossibly tall forests, towering redwoods and deciduous trees to rival Yggdrasil stretching their verdant limbs as if to intentionally mar all sights from the Mountain.

- Artemis' attentions are drawn to one member of the Band who is a Scion of one of her rivals (Hera, Freyr, Isis, Legba, Susano-o or Tezcatlipoca) and seeks to informally adopt her for her own. She's willing to make some pretty broad offers, including Birthrights, Boons and the personal support of a powerful Goddess. To jump ship, however will earn the character (and the rest of the Band) the enmity of her actual parent. Is the risk worth the gain?

TAKAMAGAHARA: THE HEAVENLY PLAIN OF THE AMATSUKAMI

Takamagahara, home of the Amatsukami, is a bright and incredibly “real” place. The skies perpetually glow with daylight, even on stormy days. While Tsuki-yomi, brother of Amaterasu, is grudgingly allowed in Takamagahara, his lunar reflection never takes the sky, proof of the Sun Goddess’ disapproval of his slaying of Uke Mochi.

Everything in Takamagahara is clearly defined. The mountains are the epitome of mountain-ness: steep rocky peaks jutting up from the center of the realm that are impossible for a mortal to climb and challenging even for a God. The water flowing through the rivers and streams of the Godrealm is the purest and most refreshing. The trees seem to be more treelike than any found in the World.

At the gently sloping foothills of the mountain are rice fields, terraced against the hillsides. It is in these terraces, legend claims, that the first rice plants were grown and eventually shared with the World. The food that comes from them is both delicious and filling. A single mouthful is enough to provide sustenance for a person for a month, and a handful of seeds strewn about is enough to seed an entire field.

Surrounding these fields is the Heavenly Plain, an expanse of enduring stone and earth that stretches for miles in every direction. The stone here is ancient and solid, its gray shot through with rich veins of metallic ore and glistening minerals. The soil is black and fertile, capable of growing any crop the kami should plant therein.

At the edge of the Heavenly Plain is a vast sea that surrounds the Godrealm in all directions. It crashes upon the rocky shorelines with vibrant strength, as befits the legendary domain of Susano-o, God of the Ocean. The contrast between shore and sea here is clear. There are no gentle sloping beaches mediating the transition from land to water, only rocky shoreline and deep harbors where kami fishermen ply their nets each day to harvest Susano-o’s bounty.

AMATSUKAMI, KUNITSUKAMI AND YAORYOROZU-NO-KAMI



As in most pantheons, the Japanese pantheon has many “Gods.” Yet just as there are Scions who are heroes, those who are demigods and those who become Gods, the Japanese pantheon has multiple layers of divine personae as well.

When used as part of a name or title, the term “kami” can mean both “God” and “spirit.” When it is used alone, it usually refers to the lower-ranking spirits. The Amatsukami (literally “the heavenly Gods or spirits”) are the

highest ranking and most powerful of the Japanese kami, but there are also kunitsukami (“the earthly Gods or spirits”), and yaoyorozu-no-kami (“the eight million spirits”). There are generally considered to be a few hundred “immortals” (Amatsukami and kunitsukami) and countless yaoyorozu-no-kami—eight million being a Japanese colloquialism for “infinite” rather than an exact number. While the Amatsukami are the most revered, followed distantly by the kunitsukami and then the yaoyorozu-no-kami, there is a great deal of debate (especially among those kami who wish to be considered higher in rank) about which kami actually fall into which category.

Takamagahara is the home not only to the Amatsukami, but also to most of the yaoyorozu-no-kami, who act as advisors, companions and servants to the Amatsukami. For the most part, the Amatsukami spend the majority of their time in Takamagahara, while the kunitsukami dwell predominantly in the World, and the remaining yaoyorozu-no-kami make their homes there as well. (See **Scion: Hero**, p. 297, for information on the kunitsukami and their roles in the World.)

Many of the Amatsukami dwell within the Palace of Sakokushiro, official home of their matriarch, Amaterasu. There, they are waited upon by high-ranking kami, who are served by lesser kami, and so on, in an elaborate hierarchy of spiritual and social structure.



THE PALACE OF SAKOKUSHIRO

The Palace of Sakokushiro is the royal abode of the Amatsukami. Despite the name, the palace is more than a single building. Its grounds encompass hundreds of acres, and dozens of buildings form the Palace proper. It officially belongs to Amaterasu and much of the palace represents her refined tastes in its traditional architecture and elegant but simple décor. Within its extensive walls and gardens, however, are wings and entire structures that are the homes of other of the Amatsukami, which vary in structure and motif accordingly.

None of the palace buildings are more than a single story tall, although many have lofty ceilings and peaks. At their center, rising high above the tallest rooftop or tree, is the Pillar of Heaven, the Axis Mundi for Takamagahara.

AXIS MUNDI: THE PILLAR OF HEAVEN

The Pillar of Heaven is a gleaming monolith of jade so large in circumference that a dozen men holding hands could not encircle it. It towers above all other structures in the Palace of Sakokushiro, reaching almost as tall as the mountain peaks at the center of Takamagahara. Its surface is covered with kanji-carvings that detail the history of the nation of Japan, from its creation to the present day. No artisan inscribes these characters, they simply appear as time passes. If one knows where to look on the surface

(and can reach it to read it), it is possible to uncover the details about anything that has happened in the history of Japan.

Unlike many Axes Mundi, which link to a specific location or item or to a variety of places and items that are similar, the Amatsukami's deep and abiding connection with the people and culture of Japan allows the Pillar of Heaven to transport beings who use its power to any place where Japanese culture and history is preserved. From the Imperial Palace of Japan to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art's Pavilion of Japanese Art to Portland's Japanese Gardens, the Amatsukami who use the Pillar of Heaven can connect with the World at any location where their people's culture is strong.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERS

No part of the Palace is more traditional than Amaterasu's private chambers, which include meeting rooms, small gardens and sleeping quarters. While other areas have small concessions to the rest of the Amatsukami's widespread interest, here in the Queen's Chambers, tradition is maintained down to the tiniest detail. The buildings, furnishings and artwork are all exquisitely chosen by Amaterasu herself, and her servants are the epitome of Japanese politeness and service. So great is the strength of her influence within these chambers that those who are welcomed through the sliding shoji doors into Amaterasu's domain find that their clothing, hairstyles and possessions are temporarily given the illusion of their traditional Japanese counterparts. At

no time is any aspect of the Chambers incongruent with the rest.

THE EMPTY WING

One section of the Palace is almost entirely abandoned, although the Palace's servants would never allow it to gather dust or fall into disrepair. Although his banishment from the Overworld has long since been lifted, the quarters afforded to Susano-o are almost never used. (The Sea God prefers the excitement of the World to the order imposed by Amaterasu.) Because of his absence, his sister's tastes reign here, making this wing second only to her own chambers for traditional beauty in the Palace.

RAIDEN'S QUARTERS

These days, many of the Amatsukami give the area of the Palace belonging to Raiden wide berth, and for good reason. What was once merely a tempestuous region of gardens, lakes and dwellings is now a pigsty of rotting food, half-empty liquor containers and discarded belongings. It is hard to believe that Amaterasu, well known for her sense of propriety, tolerates the Storm God's behavior, but current events have kept her too busy to do more than avoid the area herself.

IZANAGI'S HERMITAGE

Far from the other Palace buildings, a lonely house stands with its back turned to the rest of the grounds as if the building itself is pouting or being punished. Like most traditional Japanese architecture, Izanagi's hermitage is built off the ground on posts that leave an open expanse of air between its floor and the earth below. Despite the ease with which a God could craft for himself an opulent dwelling, this shoji-walled house is diminutive, almost oppressively so, and austere to the point of feeling barren. Its tatami-covered floors are cold to the touch, and the paper of its walls and doorways cast a pallid tone over everything within the building. Meager cushions and low tables bereft of decoration make up the entirety of the furnishings.

The back of the hermitage opens onto a small garden, the most obvious feature of which is an expansive shallow *chisen*, or pond. While standing on its shore, it becomes obvious that the entirety of the rest of the hermitage grounds were designed around this body of water, which reflects key elements of the building and surrounding flora during the daylight hours.

During the nighttime, however, the scenery is entirely different. After the sun sets over the far shoreline, the reflection pond does not offer the expected view of Takamagahara's celestial skies mirrored in its still waters. Instead, the view is of the Underworld, where Izanagi is able to watch the souls of those who have departed—as well as his estranged wife. (See **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 160–163, for information on Izanami's domain, Yomi.)

THE VOID

When fate is cruel, those who wander the gardens and pathways of the Palace find themselves dangerously close to stepping off the pristine, manicured pathways and into a dark void. These spaces were once the area of the Palace where Amaterasu's brother, Tsuki-yomi made his home. After their estrangement, however, the Moon God was banished from her sight and he can be found there only when Amaterasu herself is not present in the Palace. Those who are brave (or foolish) enough to enter these empty spaces find themselves transported to his location (be it elsewhere in the Overworld or in the World), making these dark entryways their own form of deity-focused Axes Mundi.

When Amaterasu is absent from her Palace, Tsuki-yomi can sometimes be found there, sulking in chambers as mercurial in demeanor as the Moon God himself. Some areas are brightly lit and full of life: kitchens, art galleries, salons and the like. Others, however, are dank, dark and primitive, scarcely more than rough-hewn caves lit by sputtering oil lamps. Tsuki-yomi's moods can often be gauged by the dwellings that surround him—an advantageous fact that supplicants can use to their advantage.

OUTSIDE THE PALACE WALLS

AMA-NO-IWATO- THE HEAVENLY ROCK CAVE

Even the patience of a Goddess can be tested. Long ago, after losing a contest to his sister, Susano-o threw a holy temper tantrum. His behavior was so crude, so atrocious, so horrific that it offended even his oft-forgiving sister. She retreated into the depths of her Heavenly Rock Cave, sealing the entrance with a boulder that no other could remove. As the embodiment of the sun, Amaterasu's absence cast the entirety of Takamagahara (and the World below) into darkness. Nothing could grow in either place, and in the World, evil demons ran about Japan freely in the absence of Amaterasu's righteous light to keep them at bay. Eventually, the other Amatsukami tricked her into opening the cave, but it is said that she still retreats to her rocky refuge on occasion, when the trials and tribulations of the Overworld become too much to bear.

Located at the base of the steepest mountain in Takamagahara, Amaterasu's cave opening is blocked by a gigantic boulder that was once part of the mountain itself. While its size is enough to make it challenging for any but the strongest Gods, Amaterasu's magic has enchanted it so that it will not move for anyone but her. At her touch, the massive stone rolls aside as if it were weightless.

Within the depths of the cave, Amaterasu has moved the legendary bronze mirror, Yata No Kagami, which was once used to remind her of her own beauty and elegance. It is as tall as Amaterasu herself, and reclines in a cleverly constructed lacquered stand that allows the Goddess to tilt it at different angles to admire a single detail of her beauty, or her entire form, at will. The mirror now acts as a reminder of the consequences of remaining sequestered too long. To do so would certainly have negative effects on her beloved Japan as it did when she withdrew long ago. That is not a burden she wishes to bear.

YATA NO KAGAMI

Yata No Kagami, the Eight Span Mirror, is the Axis Mundi for Amaterasu's Heavenly Rock Cave. She alone has access to the mirror, as it rests behind the enchanted boulder that keeps her sanctuary safe from intrusion. The most well-established endpoint for this Axis Mundi is the mirror's twin (also called Yata No Kagami), which formerly resided in Jingu in the city of Ise in Mie prefecture, Japan. The World's half of this pair was given to Amaterasu's grandson, Ninigi no Mikoto, who was himself the grandfather of Jimmu, the first Emperor of Japan. It, along with Kusanagi-no-tsurugi, the imperial sword, and Yasakani no Magatama, the sacred jewel, are revered as the Imperial Regalia of Japan. Together, they symbolize the three primary virtues: benevolence, valor and wisdom, respectively.

Amaterasu can use this mirror to travel not only to any of the Imperial Regalia treasures, but to any item of significant sacred value to the Japanese culture. These would include, but are not limited to: Ame-no-nuboki, the legendary spear used by the first two Japanese Gods to create the island-nation itself; the Takamikura (the Imperial Throne of Japan); the Privy Seal of Japan (the Emperor's official seal); and more recently, the original Constitution of Japan. Some of the items to which Amaterasu's Axis Mundi can link (Ame-no-nuboki, for example) are legendary in nature, akin to the western Holy Grail. As a result, few, if any, mortals believe such items exist.

RIVER AMANO-YASU-KAWA— THE TRANQUIL RIVER OF HEAVEN

The Tranquil River of Heaven, unlike most of the rivers in Takamagahara, bears no water. It is a dry riverbed, stretching for hundreds of miles in length and so wide that 10 men together cannot reach from one side to the other. Amano-yasu-kawa was once a raging river full of pure, clean water, but during a drought that threatened to destroy the people of Japan, the compassionate Amaterasu ordered that the river be drained and the water given to the World. Rather than refill the riverbed, the Queen of Heaven left it dry as a reminder to the kami who had neglected their duties to provide rain for the World,

THE STOLEN MIRROR

Amaterasu's bastard son, Kane Taoka, stole the earthly half of Yata No Kagami and used it to communicate with his Titan benefactor, Mikaboshi. This raises questions as to why Amaterasu was not aware of the situation, if her Axis Mundi is attuned to the mirror. Perhaps she had not visited her sanctuary after the mirror was stolen and simply did not discover the theft. Perhaps Kane (or Mikaboshi) found a way to block the Queen of the Heavenly Plain's connection with the mirror, or to hide its change in location from her. Or perhaps Amaterasu was aware of the theft but knew that Kane's destiny would come about with or without the mirror, and felt it necessary to allow him to follow it through to its fated end.

Any or all of these explanations are feasible. Storytellers are encouraged to use whichever best suits their cycles, or to use this situation as a possible plot twist of their own.

so that they would remember the price of negligence to their duties.

When the Amatsukami gather in Takamagahara, it is often in the dry river that they meet, perhaps so that they too are reminded of the need for responsibility. Large smooth boulders, rounded by millennia of the former river's caress, are arranged in a propitious pattern and serve as seats for the Gods and Goddesses when they gather together to discuss how best to protect their people. Those who use this area for negotiations find it a propitious spot to plead their case in similar matters. All suggestions offered that are designed to protect or benefit Japan, a person of Japanese descent, the Amatsukami or any of their Scions are received by those gathered as if the speaker had the benefit of 10 dots of Epic Manipulation, regardless of what her score naturally is. This benefit does not affect other suggestions, and it does not automatically force those gathered to do exactly as the speaker requests, but it certainly sways the audience in the case of matters pertaining to this one topic.

RYUJIN-JO— THE CASTLE OF THE DRAGON GOD

Not all of those who dwell within Takamagahara are most comfortable in humanoid form. Far beneath the surface of the great and mythic ocean that surrounds the realm lies the undersea palace of Ryujin, the Dragon God of the Sea. His palace is crafted of red and

RYUJIN

Description: Ryujin is the Dragon God of the Sea who controls the tides with a pair of magic gems. Like Susano-o, he has a horrible temper. Legend credits him with pulverizing Jellyfish after being tricked, which is why the creature now has no skeleton.

Ryujin wears many forms. A giant dragon, a lazy sea turtle and a writhing sea serpent are among his favorites. When the urge takes him, he can take the form of a human male, but he prefers to sire his children in octopus or serpent form with women who venture too far out to sea while swimming or sailing.

Scions of Ryujin are almost always have an inherent knack for and appreciation of beauty and sensuality, which is rarely tempered by good judgment or adherence to mortal morals. Many either become artists or serve as models and muses for the same. The Japanese artist, Hokusai, was inspired for much of his artistic career by his mistress, a Scion of Ryujin who modeled for many of his pieces, including "The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife." Ryujin's Scions are often either fascinated by or phobic of the ocean, perhaps in response to their sire's tyrannical reign over its depths.

Nominally, Ryujin is subservient to Susano-o, whose dominion over the sea is supreme. In most matters, however, each has an area of influence. Susano-o is more concerned with the shorelines and surface, where the majority of humans interact with the ocean; Ryujin prefers the watery depths.

Those who visit the dragon's den (assuming they do not "outrank" Ryujin on the kami hierarchy) would do well to come prepared with rich offerings and abundant praise. Those who come in disrespect or to try to bully the serpent in his home will quickly find themselves ejected from the Overworld altogether.

Associated Powers: Epic Dexterity, Epic Stamina, Epic Strength, Animal (Turtle), Moon, Tsukumo-Gami, Water

Abilities: Athletics, Brawl, Fortitude, Occult, Politics, Presence

Rivals: Susano-o; Aphrodite, Damballa, Quetzalcoatl, Sobek, Thor

white coral, in the form of an elaborate temple with an elegant curled roof. Since the Dragon God breathes water, he provides no air for his guests, expecting that anyone who seeks out his chambers will provide for their own needs on this front.

The chambers of Ryugu-jo seem garish in comparison to the simple elegance of much of the rest of the Amatsukami's realm. The walls are inlaid with mosaics made of pearls, coral, abalone shell and the ivory of narwhals, walrus and other great sea creatures. The teeth and bones of sea creatures (or their prey), and relics from sea wrecks throughout history are also worked into the patterns, which portray all manner of scenes where the sea (or sea creatures) are triumphing over man (or humanoid Gods).

The main gate that stands before the entrance to Ryugu-jo serves as its Axis Mundi. Those who pass through it and spend a point of Legend can travel instantly to any deep-water location in the World. Their destination must be a minimum of 500 fathoms deep, making it impossible to access any river, and all but the deepest lakes. At 500 fathoms, there is no sunlight, and the water temperature is very cold (most ocean temperatures at this depth range just above freezing.) What's more, the water

pressure is almost 100 times that of the air pressure at the surface, making it lethal to normal mortals, and a challenging environment for anyone, to say the least. Those who have exited Ryujin's temple in this way may re-enter it from any deep water point, not just one that has previously been accessed. No one who has not used his Axis Mundi to enter the World can return through it, though, allowing him some small amount of security. Ryujin also has the unique ability to send others through his subrealm's Axis Mundi against their will, allowing him to eject visitors into the harsh environment of the World's deepest oceans should they fall out of his good graces.

HACHIMAN'S DOMAIN

Unlike the rest of Takamagahara, Hachiman sees no need to adhere to strictly traditional architecture and furnishings within his home. Instead, he incorporates whatever styles suit his needs and desires at any given time. Like their owner, Hachiman's possessions are mutable. One traveler might encounter the God's dwelling as a perfectly appointed Elizabethan estate, while another finds him at home in a simply furnished postmodern office. The buildings and furnishings are limited, as the God himself is, in that they cannot

DURING THE SIEGE—WHEN DARKNESS FELL

The darkness that besieged Takamagahara before Soku-no-Kumi was bound in New Tartarus was more than a physical absence of light. For a Godrealm so focused on tradition, ritual and remembrance, Soku-no-Kumi threatened to take away more than the Amatsukami's sight. It challenged their perceptions of themselves and their place in reality as well.

The darkness that befell Takamagahara was, thankfully, less than the utter blindness of Soku-no-Kumi. Yet under the Titan's assault, the sun no longer properly rose in Takamagahara and what light did come forth was a pallid gloaming, the type of half-illumination that was as likely to fool the eye as to reveal the truth. Along with this deceptive atmosphere, however, a similar emotional ambiguity had begun to fall upon the Godrealm. Issues that once seemed crystal clear became muddled and indistinct; former allies found themselves at odds and are uncertain why. These problems have begun to clear up since the events of "The Ragnarök Gambit," but it will take some time for things to return completely to normal.

be changed "on the fly." Once a form is chosen, it remains that way until nightfall and dawn touch them, at which time Hachiman's whims may change their form once more.

Because many of his choices are offensive to the Queen of the Heavenly Plain's tastes, Hachiman's dwellings are out of sight of both the Palace of Sakokushiro and Amaterasu's Heavenly Rock Cave.

TAKAMAGAHARA STORY BOOKS

- Emotional darkness strikes Japan. Within a few months, the island nation becomes the target of terrorist attacks, economic sanctions by China and a series of minor but debilitating earthquakes. Riots plague the streets of most major cities and rumors of an outbreak of bird flu has cut business and pleasure travel to the country in half. The heroes are approached by a Scion of Amaterasu who beseeches them to aid her in her quest to find a way to convince her mother to return, as Amaterasu has hidden herself in the

Heavenly Rock Cave and the entirety of her nation is suffering for it.

- Buoyed by centuries of veneration in Japan, Inari (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 239–240) seeks to create his/her own pantheon to replace the Amatsukami (with him-/herself as the head, of course). He/she has sired and/or born a veritable army of Scions, dozens of whom now seek to promote Inari's agenda. Can the heroes help forge a compromise, or will they be forced into war with the fox-Scions?

- Rumor reaches the Scions of a sacred (Birthright) text written by Hachiman himself, which will ensure victory for whoever possesses it. It has fallen into the hands of a powerful oni who has proven thus far to be unbeatable on the field of combat. If allowed to continue, the oni will surely wreak even greater havoc, perhaps even taking over Takamagahara itself. But how do you defeat someone whose victory is assured?



ACOPA: THE ATZLÁNTI HEAVENLY REALMS

Acopa, the Atzlánti Godrealm, has many subrealm layers. Some are reserved for the Gods, while others are the abode of certain classes of dead souls deemed worthy of dwelling there by the oft-unyielding Aztec pantheon. The Godrealm itself takes the form of a gigantic tiered pyramid that stands in the middle of a dense tropical jungle. It was atop this structure that Xiuhtecuhtli sacrificed himself and became the Pillar of the Sun that connects Acopa to the World. The Pillar is most evident here, a column of flame that reaches up to pierce the sky of Acopa and stretches beyond even the sight of the Gods, although it is present in some form at every level of Acopa. While this flame provides the spirits here with access to the Axis Mundi, few have the sufficient Legend to spend to activate it—or the blood required for its sacrifice.

At the base of the temple stands a massive stone ritual table. Every time a priest, worshiper or Scion of the Atzlánti makes a human sacrifice to them in the World, the table flows with blood. Its surface is deeply stained rust brown, the mark of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of sacrifices over the centuries.

Traveling from one level of Acopa to another is possible through means unique to each level. For example, one might climb the smoke of the Rich Earth's cook-fires to enter the Night Sky, and then delve into one of the water-based constellations to travel on to the Great Sea. Each step is progressively more difficult to achieve. Travel from the twelfth to thirteenth levels is widely thought to be impossible for any but Omeyocan himself.

THE FIRST HEAVEN— MOCUILTONO— THE RICH EARTH

The first level of Acopa is actually outside of the Great Temple, in the clearing and jungle around the structure. The soil here is rich with potential, and all manner of good things that are required for daily life grow freely here, including fruits and grains, roots and vegetables, and the animals that feed upon them (or lesser animals). It is a heaven of rich bounty, and home to those who took dutiful care of their homes, farms and families before their deaths.

Each of the cook-fires here is an aspect of the Pillar of the Sun, and all may be used as an Axis Mundi.

THE SECOND HEAVEN— YOALLI— THE NIGHT SKY

The second level of Acopa is the Heaven of the Night Sky, a place of eternal darkness lit only by the Milky Way and constellations that, rather than appearing overhead, surround those who walk in the Night Sky. There seems to be no earth here. Those who travel through the Night Sky walk on what appears to be solid air. This realm is uninhabited, save for the subrealm of Tezcatlipoca whose Smoking Mirror reflects the great starry void back upon itself.

Each of the stars here is an aspect of the Pillar of the Sun, and all may be used as an Axis Mundi.

TLATOCATEZCATL—MIRROR OF THE GODS

In the depths of the Night Sky, the entrance to Tlatocatezcatl, Tezcatlipoca's private realm, can be found by those willing to risk the Fate God's ire by intruding on him. Darker even than Yoalli, Tlatocatezcatl appears to be a deep and winding cave that eventually leads to a stony chamber of obsidian, which is Tezcatlipoca's home in the Overworld. Within it can be found his Smoking Mirror, a private Axis Mundi that can access any mirror in the World. Tezcatlipoca is not a generous God, however, and is notoriously unwilling to grant the use of his mirror to others, save for his own Scions.

THE THIRD HEAVEN— AYAUHCOZAMALOTL— THE RAINBOW REALM

Few places in the Overworld encapsulate sheer beauty and creativity as well as the third level of Acopa does. Home to Quetzalcoátl, this lush jungle realm embodies all of the potential of the Atzlánti and their worshipers. While technology and building are the domain of the sixth level, here pure creativity blossoms in every facet of the land. Flowers and fruit fill the air with rich perfume. Birds and beasts call out an endless variety of songs; even the wind in the jungle canopy seems to whisper in a melodic and promising fashion. Paths through this enticing domain shift without notice, taking travelers constantly in new directions.





The Axis Mundi from this realm is not a physical fire, but instead the fire of creation. To use it, something new must be created: a poem, a song, a drawing. Any creative work will suffice, regardless of quality, but they must be intentionally burned as a sacrifice to Quetzalcoatl and the Pillar of the Sun.

THE FOURTH HEAVEN— TLALOCAN— THE GREAT SPRINGTIME

The fourth level of Acopa is Tlalocan, the Heaven of the Great Springtime, a peaceful paradise of intense greenery, pristine lakes, flowing mist and eternal spring. This realm is the home of those mortals who have drowned or children who died before birth, and it is watched over by Tlaloc, the God of Rain and Lightning, as well as the tlaloque, his lesser immortal servants. It is also home to the thousands of children who have been intentionally drowned as sacrifices to Tlaloc throughout the centuries, and those who have been struck by lightning and thereby chosen by the God to dwell here.

The Pillar of the Sun is present here in the personification of the numerous glowworms and fireflies found in the realm, which glow with an otherworldly light. Any of these insects may be used as an Axis Mundi.

THE FIFTH HEAVEN— CICITLALLO— HOME OF THE COMETS

The five Aztec Gods of Excess, the Macuiltonaleque, rule over the fifth level of Acopa, which is believed to be the home of the comets, or “smoking stars,”

that occasionally appear in the Night Sky, but are not native to it. The realm here appears to be a giant comet upon which the Macuiltonaleque ride. No mortals exist here, and the comet’s fiery tale is the representation of the Pillar of the Sun and can thus be used as an Axis Mundi.

THE SIXTH HEAVEN— MAMALHUAZTLI— HOME OF THE FIRE DRILLS

The sixth level of Acopa is the home of the minor deities who gifted the Aztec people with their technological devices. Here, the first knife was crafted and given to the Aztec that humanity might more easily make sacrifices to the Atztlanti. Here the first fire drill (a means of creating fire in a damp jungle environment by using a bow-drill to create heat through friction) was created and given to the first Aztec tribe.

The sixth level of Acopa appears to be a small village, within which many minor deities gather around campfires and share stories of past creations and ideas for new ones. These fires, of course, are a manifestation of the Pillar of the Sun and can be used as an Axis Mundi.

THE SEVENTH HEAVEN— TZOMPATIC— LEFT PARADISE

Huitzilopochtli rules over the seventh level of Acopa, and few dare to disturb his domain. It is a place of wanton violence, where the unworthy are sometimes taken for punishment, much to the War God’s delight.

Huitzilopochtli's throne is backed by a great glowing sun, which is a manifestation of the Pillar of the Sun and can be used (by those willing to risk his wrath) as an Axis Mundi. The Aztec believed the south (also the left) to be the direction of paradise and perfection—hence the name.

THE EIGHTH HEAVEN— TLALLONILIZTLI— BIRTHPLACE OF EARTHQUAKES

The first level of Acopa is the home of the fertile earth; the eighth is its fury. Here, the ground constantly shakes with tremors, and frequent devastating earthquakes crack open the rocky ground to reveal molten magma (an aspect of the Pillar of the Sun) beneath its crust. This magma may be used as an Axis Mundi.

THE NINTH HEAVEN— EHECATLAN— STORM CAPITAL

While Tlalocan (the Great Springtime) is watched over by Tlaloc and his servants, the Storm Capital is his home. Here, storms rage fiercely at all times, buffeting all who travel in this domain with icy rain and sharp hailstones. Lightning is also frequent here, and while those struck by it can use its connection to the Pillar of the Sun as an Axis Mundi, they are not immune to its power and will suffer three levels of lethal damage for any strike they receive.

THE TENTH HEAVEN— TONATIUHICAN— THE ENDLESS FIRE

The Tenth Heaven of Acopa was once the domain of Nanautzin, the God of Humility, who sacrificed himself to become the new sun when the prior one was extinguished. Since his fiery sacrifice, the realm remains ablaze, but unchecked by his presence. Those who would travel through the tenth level are subject to infernos and explosive concussions of napalm-like material that clings to whatever it touches as it continues to burn. This flame is an aspect of the Pillar and can be used to travel, however any who do so automatically take five levels of aggravated damage from this uncontrolled fire.

THE ELEVENTH HEAVEN— NELTILIZTLI— THE HIDDEN TRUTH

While many aspects of Acopa are physical or elemental in nature, the eleventh level of the Aztec heavens is a place of mystery. It is here that Aztec priests who seek glimpses of the future attempt to cast their consciousness, as it is believed that all that has happened or all that will happen is held within the maze-like expanses of this realm.

All attempts to use Prophecy Boons are automatically successful while within this realm, though individuals must sacrifice one level of health (in the form of bloodletting) for every prophetic hint received.

Sequestered in the depths of this labyrinthine realm is the subrealm of Tlazoltéotl. With an extended (Wits + Investigation) roll, those who are aware of the presence of the sewer-realm can work their way through the maze's challenges and seek the Filth Goddess' audience. This action has a cumulative difficulty of 250, with a roll interval of a half-hour.

The Pillar of the Sun is likewise hidden in this subrealm of Acopa. Most who would enter this realm do so through the hellish domain below it. But for those who are willing to brave the depths of stench and detritus, the Pillar can be found within Tlazoltéotl's domain.

THE TWELFTH HEAVEN— QUICHIA— THE WAITING PLACE

Like many cultures, the prophets of the Atzlánti believe that the current era is only one of many that have passed, and that another will come in the future. When that time comes and the current human race is destroyed, the Atzlánti will require souls strong and pure enough to repopulate the new World. Here in the Waiting Place, the souls of babies and the strong warriors who would protect them await the end of the current World so that they may be born into the new one. Xipe Totec, God of Rebirth, reigns here. He alone controls access to the Pillar of the Sun from this realm, so that the waiting souls may not accidentally be freed and leave the new era without people to populate it. Those who wish to access the Axis Mundi from the Waiting Place (or the Waiting Place from the Pillar) must negotiate directly with the Flayed Lord, who may well send them on physical or metaphysical journeys to prove their integrity and commitment to their quest before allowing them passage.

THE THIRTEENTH HEAVEN— OMEYOCAN— HOME OF THE CREATOR

Ometeotl is said to rule this level of the Aztec heavens. Unlike the Atzlánti, Ometeotl withdrew from the World shortly after creating it and the first of the other Gods, and he has not been seen since. There is no easy entry to the Home of the Creator and it is rumored that to gain entry via the Pillar of the Sun would require a God sacrificing his life into the fire in order to be accepted into Omeyocan. Over the years, several Scions have done so, but none have returned, so it is uncertain if their sacrifice was successful—or just foolish.

AXIS MUNDI: TONATIUH— THE PILLAR OF THE SUN

Once Nanautzin was as the rest of the Atzlánti: a God who walked the Overworld and the World, made Scions among his people and accepted the sacrifices that were his due. However, before the Atzlánti Titan Huracán was bound, the Endless Sky of Ehekatoyaatl threatened to

SINCE THE SIEGE—THE SKY FALLS

As anyone who has witnessed the effects of winds on wildfires will attest, the combination of fire and air can bring about devastatingly unpredictable results. The siege of Acopa by Ehekatoyaatl is proof of this, on a cosmic level.

While a strong wind can blow out a weak flame, or a healthy flame can be bolstered by a gentle breeze, Acopa's siege is the head-on collision of the Atzlánti's immovably bloodthirsty and aggressive reality with the unstoppable force of Ehekatoyaatl's elementally archetypal storm. The results are neither pretty nor predictable.

Since the beginning of the siege, the Pillar of the Sun has grown out of control. All manifestations of it, throughout the various levels of Acopa, swell and spark in dangerous and chaotic ways. From the once-docile campfires that now threaten to become funerary pyres for the Atzlánti godlings who make their homes around them to the magma columns and lightning strikes whose damage has now doubled for those who are struck by their wrath, the effects of the great wind on Acopa are far reaching and devastating.

sunder Acopa from the World. (If he was kept from his native realm, no others would attain it either.) For a time, it was a standoff, as the Sky stood poised to sunder the last threads between the two realms should the Atzlánti make any further move toward him. The powerful Titan came close to achieving his goal. Despite the entire villages of sacrifices made to strengthen the Gods, the Atzlánti were unable to find a way to stop the Titan without him destroying their connection to the World in turn.

Eventually, it became clear that human sacrifice was not sufficient to prevent the Titan from destroying the connection between the World and Acopa. Nanautzin, the humblest of the Atzlánti, knew what must be done, and aided by Xipe Totec, he sacrificed himself, spilling his divine blood onto the near-sundered connection between the realms.

Nanautzin fully expected to be destroyed entirely by his sacrifice. Only Xipe Totec was not surprised by the God's metamorphosis. Where the handsome young God had once stood sprang forth a pillar of solar flame that bound each layer of Acopa to the World irrevocably. This connection allowed the Atzlánti to spring forth as one and bind the Titan into the Underworld prison they had prepared for him.

Nanautzin is no longer what he was. Nothing remains of the personality of the God, although sacrifices are still made to him as Tonatiuh, and rumors say that it is possible for him to still "sire" Scions, through those who have been "touched" strongly by fire (especially in acts of sacrifice for others) and survived. To this day, the connection Nanautzin made between the realms stands, as Tonatiuh, the Pillar of the Sun, serves as the Axis Mundi between the World and Acopa.

Those who use the Pillar of the Sun as a connection between Acopa and the World do so by offering proper respect to Tonatiuh at any of the locations throughout the various levels of the Aztec heavens where the Pillar of the Sun springs forth. This respect comes in the form of the expenditure of a point of Legend—

and the shedding of the traveler's blood into the fire. (Those who wish to use the Axis Mundi must inflict one level of lethal damage to themselves and shed that blood into the Pillar of the Sun as an offering.)

Traveling from the World to Acopa requires a similar sacrifice. One level of lethal damage and a quantity of blood sacrificed into a fire, while spending a point of Legend. Regardless of where the traveler intends to arrive, however, he will always find himself on the outside of the Great Temple, in the First Heaven. Further travel within Acopa must be done through other means.

ACOPA STORY HOOKS

- A young woman approaches the Scions, seeking their aid. She claims to be a Scion of Tonatiuh who believes she has found a way to release her father from his "prison" as the Axis Mundi. The plan, however, requires that another willingly take his place. Will she be able to convince the Band to aid her in finding a God willing to make that sacrifice? Perhaps even one of the heroes themselves?
- The Band is invited to partake in a tournament of athletic skill, the prize of which is a Birthright dagger that will allow a non-Atzlánti access to the Atzlánti Purview of Itztli. Unbeknownst to the heroes, though, the dagger also inflicts a bloodlust on those who bear it. Every day, the one who bears the obsidian knife must struggle to keep from using it (Wits + Integrity). Each time one of the Itztli Boons is used, the Scion accrues a -1 penalty to this challenge.
- Disheartened by the seemingly apocalyptic world climate (war, disease, famine, etc.), a Scion of Tonatiuh comes to believe that the World's woes are due to the lack of sacrifices his father is receiving. He believes he can strengthen his father, and the World, with each human sacrifice he makes, and the enterprising Scion is just crafty enough to have gotten away with it... apparently for years. Can the Scion Band stop him? And, if so, will they do so, knowing that he may be right about the health of the World?

VILLE AU CAMP: HOME OF THE LOA

Every pantheon is different, and the Loa perhaps more so than others. Each sees his own role, the roles of humanity—even reality as a whole—in a different way. Even the cosmology of reality is mutable. While the majority of the pantheons believe in the separate-but-related nature of the Overworld, Underworld and World (and thus the majority of reality reflects their will and belief), not all of them picture things exactly in this manner. The Loa, for example, see the World as the basis of “real” and the Overworld and Underworld as all part of that same reality, where other pantheons believe it is merely the reflection of their own Godrealms that are the “real” reality.

Perhaps the Loa’s belief in this is correct. Perhaps it is wrong, or even blasphemous. Or perhaps the “truth” of the matter is somewhere in between. For all that they are unconventional, however, the Loa have no lack of strength, metaphysically speaking, and their abilities to create and influence reality are as strong as any other pantheon’s. Therefore, whatever the Loa believe, the will of the Loa makes so, at least for whatever realities they themselves work within.

While there is definitely a pattern of birth, death and rebirth in the Loa’s reality, they do not see themselves as apart from the “reality” of the World, even when they are not riding a cheval, or manifested and thus have only spirit forms. While they do have a place that serves the same purpose for them as the other Godrealms do for the other pantheons, they do not see Ville au Camp as being in a dimension separate from the World. While outsiders might see Ville au Camp as the “Godrealm of the Loa,” the Loa themselves believe it to be just another aspect of the World, as strongly tied to it as is Africa, New Orleans or Haiti.

To the Loa, the Overworld and the World are reflections of one another. While the Loa remain in the Overworld until they use Cheval to ride a mortal “horse,” their Overworld realm is not separate from the World. Instead, it is another plane or axis upon which reality exists. This place is “through the mirror” or “under the water,” terms that signify the close relationship between the two realms, rather than an actual location submerged beneath the ocean.



Ville au Camp lies within that “mirror” or “underwater” realm, though it is accessible through other places within the Overworld. It is, in its own way, a reflection of every place wherein Voodoo (or the related religions from which Voodoo draws influence) is practiced. Ville au Camp holds aspects of Louisiana, the Caribbean, South America and West Africa, each arranged around features unique to the Loa themselves.

THE CROSSROADS

Crossroads are found everywhere, and many beliefs pay them homage, but The Crossroads are found in Ville au Camp and are the domain of Legba and Kalfu. The Crossroads sit at the center of Ville au Camp, where the four main roads (called simply the North, South, East and West Roads) meet. Each of the quarters of the realm has its own road, relating to the cardinal direction in which it lies. Since the roads run into the center of each quarter, the regions that lie to each side of the road eventually overlap. It is, therefore, possible to travel northwest from the wilds of the grasslands surrounding Ife, for example, and eventually find oneself in the swampy cemetery of Vieux Carre, and from there, southwest and encounter the shallows of Carribe, and further south to Terreiro. None of the regions of Ville au Camp are wholly separate from one another, despite their differences in atmosphere and the physical separation of the World locations they reflect. This is strongly symbolic of the Loa’s belief in the interconnectedness of the real and spiritual worlds, as well as the inclusiveness of Voodoo as a whole.

The Crossroads themselves mark an ambiguous spot. The terrain is nondescript, the climate uneventful. Other than the four roads leading off, each in a different direction, there is little to see here. It is a lonely place, and yet, one that seems ripe with potential. Where the roads meet here, and as far as the eye can see in each direction, they are each plain dirt, hard packed beneath the footsteps of countless travelers. The Crossroads form a circular clearing, perhaps 100 feet in diameter, and where the roads meet it, each is wide enough for four or five pedestrians to walk side by side.

AXIS MUNDI: POTEAU MITAN

The term “poteau mitan” has several meanings in Voodoo. In rituals, it is the “center pole” of the temple or ritual site, normally a round wooden beam set in a concrete base called a socle. The poteau mitan literally supports the roof of the building and acts as the center of the ritual area. From this use comes another common definition of poteau mitan, that of a member of the community (religious or secular) who is a mainstay of the health of the group. For an individual to call him- or herself poteau mitan is considered self-aggrandizing or egotistical. For *others* to call a man or woman that is among the highest complements given that are not directly related to one’s religious studies or title.

Beyond the literal meanings, however, the poteau mitan is a metaphysical concept. The poteau mitan serves as the symbol of the temple as being the center for both the physical and spiritual world. It is the cosmic axis point for the world of the Loa and that of mortals, the literal Axis Mundi where the worlds connect.

The Poteau Mitan, the true Axis Mundi for the Loa, is erected at the center of Ville au Camp, in the absolute middle of The Crossroads. Its base sinks into the ground, and it towers so tall that it is impossible to see the end of it. Some claim this is because it has no end, but instead continues on in one continuous line that eventually reconnects with its other end, making a continual loop that is at the same time perfectly straight. This symbolism suits the Loa just as strongly as it defies Euclidean geometry or mundane logic.

From the Poteau Mitan, a God may travel to any location consecrated as religiously significant, regardless of the belief system or Gods to whom it is dedicated. While this connection allows the Loa to travel to the poteau mitans of any of their own temples, it could also be used to travel to a synagogue, a mosque or a Shinto shrine. Any location that is dedicated to worship or religious ceremony is fair game. Like most Axes Mundi, any location that has been used to travel from Ville au Camp to the World can also be used to return there, as long as the traveler has sufficient Legend and spends a point of it to tap into the Poteau Mitan’s power.

Legba and Kalfu reign over The Crossroads, and any traffic here is likely to summon the attention of one or both. As they are identical, travelers won’t easily recognize the Loa with which they are dealing, much to their detriment if they mistake the frequently malevolent Kalfu for his kinder brother.

VIEUX CARRE—THE OLD SQUARE

The North Road leads away from The Crossroads and becomes a two-lane stone street. After a few miles, wrought iron lampposts appear on each side of the road, and the buildings of the Vieux Carre can be seen in the distance.

The air is still and heavy here, barely moving, as if the scent of hundreds of years of shrimp gumbo, bougainvillea and rum thickens it. Still, there is a heartbeat of vitality to the area. As travelers near the Old Square, this feeling is reinforced by the constant sounds of jazz music, torch songs or excited chatter that seems to fill every lull. The sky here is overcast, heavy with low, stifling clouds. The threat of rain is imminent yet never truly manifests.



ALONG THE NORTH ROAD

The North Road is banked on either side with a jumble of architectural styles that reflect French, Spanish, Cajun, Creole and Colonial influences. The slate-stone street is lined with massive multistory business buildings and homes on either side, many with open balconies above the street level. Red brick and white stone structures push up against the sidewalks here, matronly buildings that each claim their own elegant and seemingly timeless space.

Despite the seemingly welcoming atmosphere, all of the buildings on the main streets of North Road are shut up tight, and many of the buildings have elaborate wrought iron gates over the windows and doorways to keep unwelcome guests out. Those who force their way in find that these buildings are empty shells, little more than three-dimensional façades. Once inside, the doors shut and lock behind them, windows rebuild themselves or gates latch shut, forcing intruders to break out again.

Unlike other areas of Ville au Camp, Vieux Carre is brightly lit with electric street lights, neon signs and brightly illuminated buildings that make sure the main street faces are never completely dark, day or night. Beyond the main thoroughfare, however, is another story.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Between the buildings run narrow streets and alleys, too narrow for anything but foot traffic. These cobblestone pathways wind back between and behind the main row of buildings that line the North Road. None of these smaller streets are marked or named, and once a traveler leaves the main road, it becomes exceedingly difficult to determine direction or bearing.

Unlike those along the main street, the buildings here are dark or lit softly from within. Most appear to be residences, small communities clustered around each of the alley crossroads, but others bear signs that indicate businesses operate within: herbalists, apothecaries, palm readers, cafes, mercantiles, artists and craftsmen and, of course, Voodoo shops. These places are peopled by minor loa and ancestor spirits, those who took great pride in their work and were recognized for their skill and dedication after their death. Trade here is different than it is in the World, with barter for favors or supernatural items being the main commerce.

Erzulie can often be found enjoying the hospitality of one of the restaurateurs or bar owners in the area, and the spirits who own such establishments vie for the right to earn an approving smile from the Goddess of Love. Her husband (well, one of them) Ogoun, on the other hand, is often found in the various craft shops in the area, either working himself or teaching metal work or other handicrafts to the residents there.

IN THE SQUARE

The North Road ends at the Old Square proper, a wide courtyard bordered on three sides by the same tall buildings that lined the road. The Old Square could

easily hold hundreds of people, but, like the buildings along the street, it stands empty, from the abandoned sidewalk cafes to the long-empty slave pens that once traded humans like livestock.

At the far side of the square stands an ancient cemetery. No buildings stand too close, as if its touch might taint them somehow. The crypts and graves here vary in age, some so old that the limestone markers have been worn smooth. Others commemorate the passing of those practitioners who have most recently left the mortal coil. Tall oaks heavily laden with Spanish moss grace the graveyard, the only trees in this portion of Ville au Camp.

The back streets of the Old Square are the Overworld home of Baron Samedi, who can commonly be found holding court in one of the taverns or even in the graveyard itself.

IFE—MECCA OF THE LOA

In the east quarter of Ville au Camp lies the city of Ife, fabled African Mecca of the Loa. While there is a city of Ife in Nigeria, the Overworld reflection represents not only the historic roots of that ancient town, but the African roots of the Loa as well.

ALONG THE EAST ROAD

The East Road is far different from the North. Rather than growing and becoming more polished, it narrows down to little more than a footpath after a few miles. Spirit versions of many African animals can be seen along the path: water buffalo, crocodiles, elephants and antelope. Less familiar are those spirits with no mortal counterpart: *ngoubou*, which appear to be half-rhino/half-dinosaurs; *emela-ntouka*, elephant-sized spirits with a long crocodilian tail; *liengu*, siren-like water spirits; or *umdhlebi*, carnivorous and poisonous tree-creatures.

THE VILLAGE

The village the pathway leads to is primitive and ancient, such as might have been found on the continent of Africa thousands of years ago. The buildings are round and mud-walled, with thatched roofs, and are scattered around a swept-dirt courtyard that is bordered on all sides by tall Banyan trees. Further out, a grassy savanna circles the village, and beyond that, a dense tropical jungle. To the north, swampy savanna eventually merges with the mangrove swamps that circle the Vieux Carre, and to the south tropical rainforest blends into the Amazonian forests around Terreiro.

Damballa can frequently be found in Ife, especially the outskirts where the village peters out into desert and jungle.

TERREIRO—CRADLE OF CANDOMBLÉ

Voodoo is a very inclusive religion. The Loa wear many names and faces, as the similar experiences their people encountered in different areas led to slightly different takes on their spirituality. One of the “brother belief systems” to Voodoo is Candomblé, an African religion centered out of Brazil that worships the Loa through slightly different identities.

SINCE THE SIEGE—SINKING

Once a refuge for those who knew what it was to be hunted, bought and sold, the underwater domain of Ville au Camp has become its own form of prison under the siege of the Drowned Road. Nowhere along the borders of the Godrealm are travelers safe from the depredations of the hungry sea, whose scavengers prowl the borderlands anxious to devour or enslave anyone they can spirit away.

Perhaps even more devastating is the unyielding weight that the watery Titan presses upon the Voodoo Overworld. While it is possible to remain safe from her ambulatory threats by remaining well within the God city's perimeters, there is no escape from the ceaseless burden of the Ocean Titan's pressure upon Ville au Camp. Nowhere in the city is the pressure relieved, as the watery assault troubles its inhabitants even in their dreams. While no amount of liquor can drown out this anxiety, and no music is loud enough to drive it away, the citizens of Ville au Camp have done their best to prove these points wrong. Unfortunately, the hangovers, exhaustion and queasiness that inevitably follow such efforts only amplify the Drowned Road's weighty burden upon the city and its denizens, leaving fewer able to actively care whether they are avoiding her active predation as time passes.

ALONG THE SOUTH ROAD

When leaving The Crossroads via the South Road, travelers find themselves on a broad and winding mountain road that leads through a verdant mountain pass. The road winds along the mountain for many miles, with one side always bordered by cliffs that would spill those who stumbled over them down hundreds of feet of jagged stone into the forest ravines below.

TERREIRO

On the other side lies the region of Terreiro, a hollow of flat land surrounded on three sides by jungle and the fourth by ocean. Terreiro resembles a large living compound, with a roaring river running through it to the sea. It is a lush place, heavy with moist air and the smell of fertile soil and green plants.

The main house and temple of Terreiro are open to all Loa and always staffed by minor loa who make certain they are well fed and tended. Each Loa also has his own small house in the courtyard that no servants or other Loa venture into without the owner's permission. While these each appear identical from the outside, each is actually a subrealm of Ville au Camp, the interior of which suits the Loa's personal tastes and desires.

Shango frequently makes his home among the hills of the southern reaches of Ville au Camp, and Damballa frequents the forests of this wilderness paradise as well.

CARRIBE—ISLAND HOME

Carribe is not only the spiritual reflection of Haiti, but of all of the various island-climes where the Loa reign. Unlike the rest of Ville au Camp, the sky is almost always clear blue here, and the winds carry the tang of brisk salt-sea air through the region.

ALONG THE WEST ROAD

Traveling on the West Road out of The Crossroads, the dirt road eventually ends at a rocky shoreline. An incomplete stone jetty stretches out into the tide, and the island of Carribe can only be reached by jumping from one stone to the next across the water.

CARRIBE

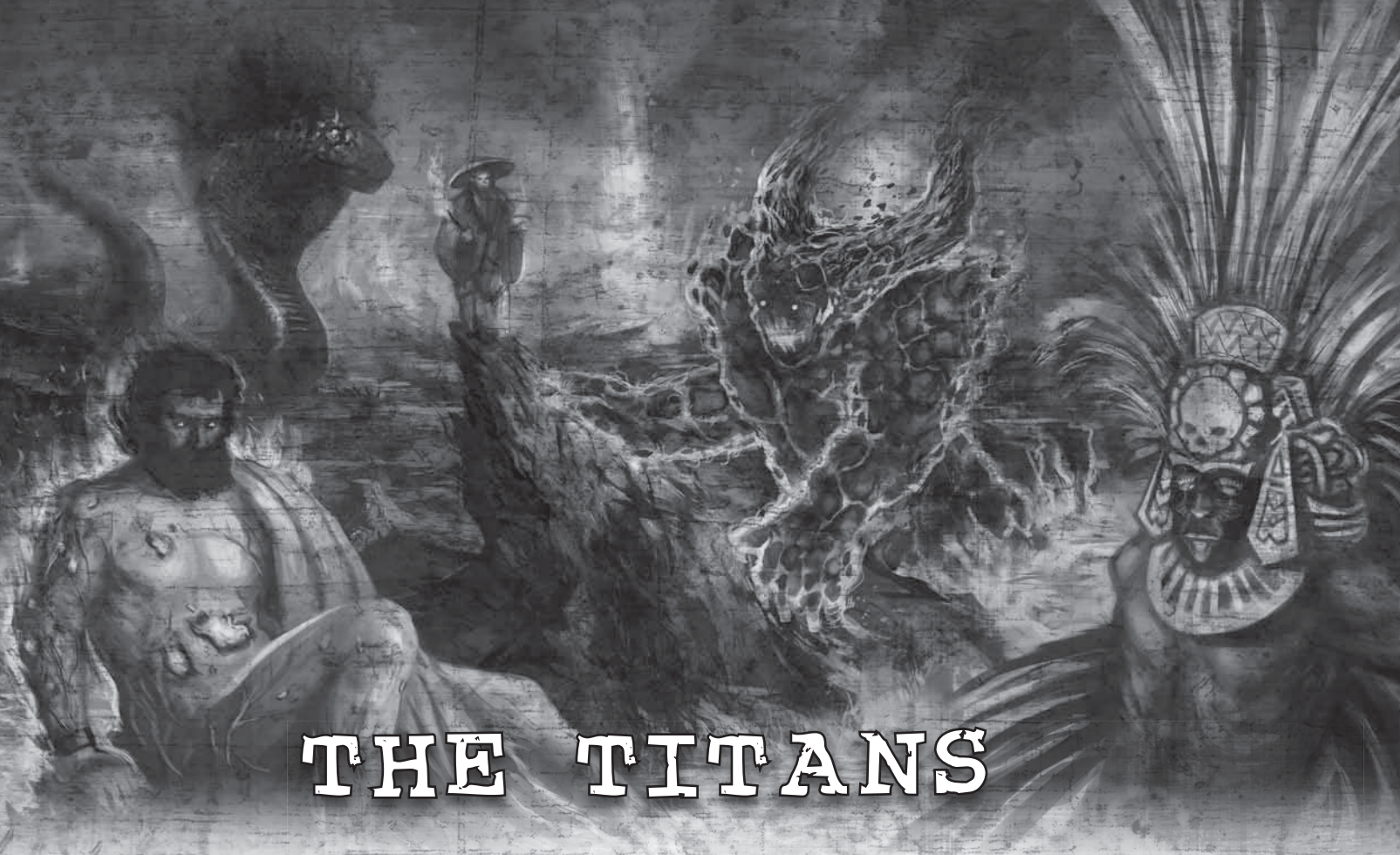
Carribe's shoreline is beautiful golden beach that surrounds the entire island. Further in, the sand gives way to harsh jungle and mountains, as if the region itself wants to keep visitors on the shore.

Numerous shoals and jetties provide natural harbors here, with many small villages of minor loa scattered around the island's perimeter. Fishing is good here, and the jungle provides a plethora of fruit and flowers that nourish those who live here and serve as offerings to the Loa themselves at numerous beach shrines.

Agwe and La Sirene are frequently found along the shoreline or in the waters off the coast of Carribe, as is Ogoun, who patrols the waters around the island.

VILLE AU CAMP STORY HOOKS

- Something preys on the residents of the back streets of the Vieux Carre. Is it a trick of one of the Loa, attempting to teach the spirits a lesson, or has something foul made its home in the Old Square?
- A hurricane strikes Haiti, devastating the World reflection of Carribe. Conservative forces blame the island's "wicked" beliefs, and missionaries move into the area, forcing residents to denounce their Voodoo practices before medical aid or supplies will be provided. Shango, infuriated at the injustice, loses his temper, creating a storm that echoes the island's devastation in the Overworld. Can the Band right the wrongs in the World to assuage the Storm God's temper before Carribe is irrevocably damaged?
- A Scion of Kalfu has recently attained Godhood and set his sights on the irresistible Erzulie. Unfortunately, while she seems amicable to his wooing, her existing husbands are not, and the strife is causing the entire pantheon to take sides. Can the heroes convince Erzulie's husbands to accept a fourth into their ranks, or perhaps turn the aspiring groom in another direction before Ville au Camp is torn apart?



THE TITANS

Forefathers of the Gods, progenitors of the World, the Titans represent all that exists in the mortal World. More than mere representations, they *embody* these concepts. The Titans' connection with their facets of the World and daily life is undeniable. Imprisonment forced quiescence and order upon the Titans; otherwise, their whims would influence mortals and make the World unlivable. Imposed structure made the World a place where humanity could flourish, studying natural phenomena that are stable only because the Gods took a stand eons ago.

Now, the Titans are free again. Out of their bonds, they have the opportunity to take vengeance on the upstart Gods who dared lock them away. Revenging themselves against the Gods distracts them for now, but when the Gods are no more, the Titans have nothing more pressing to do than to play with their new toy: the World. And like the starved convicts and spoiled children they are, they'll probably break it.


THE NATURE OF THE BEASTS

Each Titan embodies one general concept, the nature of one *thing*. The six Titans presented in this section and their associated concepts (Light, Fire, Water, the World, Sky and Darkness) are just a small grouping out of the many possible ideas. Each carries connotations beyond its core concept, and many overlap. The Drowned Road (Water) is connected to slavery, entrancement, loss, strength and darkness. It shares some of its power with Soku-no-Kumi (Darkness) and some with more emotion-based Titans.

Other Titans of such concepts as Love, Fear, Death, Time and more exist. Facets of them exist in other Titans (Fear exists in Darkness and Love exists in the World, for example), but some are large enough to demand their own entities. One or two Titans even remained free. For example, Logos, the primordial embodiment of order and justice, was never imprisoned. Her avatars Themis, Syn and Ma'at accepted limitations to their power and disappeared into the background behind the Dodekathemon, the Aesir and the Pesedjet. Others are left to open to be personalized for your game, perhaps to threaten pantheons of your creation.

A WORLD WITHIN

Although only one Titan is *the* World (Terra), all Titans have, are and occupy a world-sized realm within the Overworld. A Greater Titan is vast, with space enough for all the Earth and more besides. Its interior is eccentric, containing entire landscapes that demonstrate the Titan's concept. The Greater Titan of Darkness is without sight, the Greater Titan of Fire burns constantly at temperatures greater than any on Earth.



Living within a Greater Titan are multiple aspects of the Titan's concept. Known as avatars, these different aspects are connected with different cultures and represent different facets of the Titan. For example, Huracán represents the wild, unpredictable and untamable side of Sky, while unmanned Ouranos is calm and gentle, almost tamed.

Avatars are entities in their own right, complete with personalities, goals, plans and rivalries. Each is on par with the mightiest Gods in terms of power. During the Titans' time in the Underworld, the avatars competed with each other. They made and broke alliances, schemed against their fellow avatars and wrangled advantage over other Titans. In the absence of their true foes, the Gods, there was nothing else to do. After eons spent eking out a solid pecking order one step at a time, the released Titans have an advantage they lacked during the first war against the Gods: The avatars know which one of them is on top. Disagreements linger, but whichever Titan aspect leads the realm has had all the time necessary to cement that position—at least until something upsets the balance.

In the case of Greater Titans and their avatars, the whole is less than the sum of its parts. A Titan possesses illimitable power, but only vague will to use it. It is not explicitly malicious. Rather, it possesses an instinctive urge to exercise its power and spread its concept. Avatars give that vague will definition, turning instinct into desire, cunning and hatred. The avatars feel bitter rage at their imprisonment, at their long impotence, while the Greater Titan overall feels nothing but a chance to flex muscles long bound.

Each avatar commands a significant portion of the Greater Titan's power, wielding it with more intelligence and strategic awareness than the unguided Greater Titan could. As a Greater Titan has multiple avatars, each brandishing enormous strength, the Greater Titan itself is weaker than all its avatars working in concert. In the first war, aspects tugged in opposing directions, often countering each others' efforts with the power they shared. The unification of avatars means that won't be the case this time.

An avatar is not the whole of a Greater Titan but possesses much of its power, which is an advantage in making war. A Greater Titan multiplies its power by fielding its avatars to fight, all of whom wield powers that can be countered only by the strongest Gods. Each is a separate entity, so the wounds or ailments inflicted on one affect only that one and not any of its sibling-aspects. Some states transcend that limitation, though, including the powerful magic necessary to bind a Titan into the Underworld. If one powerful avatar is captured and magically bound in prison, the Greater Titan of which it is a part is likewise bound. For example, when the Gods bound Mikaboshi into the Atlantean underworld (see "The Ragnarök Gambit" in

Scion: Demigod), the entire Greater Titan of which he is a part was likewise bound.

It's kind of like putting a person with dissociative identity disorder in a prison cell. Even if she switches to a new identity, she's still in jail.

TERMINOLOGY: TITANS

The general term "Titan" can refer to either the grand, faceless entity that completely embodies a concept or to the lesser entity that represents an aspect of that concept. The distinction comes from context. The term "Greater Titan" refers only to the elder world-beasts that possess animal cunning but little more. The term "avatar" refers, in this context, to the individual Titan with greater personality but less power. (Therefore, the Titan Mikaboshi is actually an avatar of Soku-no-Kumi, the Greater Titan of Darkness.) "Titan," "Greater Titan" and "avatar" are also gender-neutral, though humanity's earliest legends attributed male and female pronouns to those entities to make them easier to understand.

While the terms are distinct, Gods often use "avatar" and "Titan" interchangeably. After all, an avatar has access to all the Greater Titan's power, and binding the avatar binds the Greater Titan. Finally, for added confusion, "avatar" can also refer to a God who's channeling the ultimate power of a Purview. The Gods tend to refer to *those* avatars by name, however, rather than by the generic term.

SIEGE

In the first war, the Gods took the fight to the Titans. They were the downtrodden; the Titans were the oppressors. Assault on the Greater Titans was their only hope. The Gods don't have the advantage of surprise or relative freedom this time, because the Titans have brought war to the Gods' front doors. Each Greater Titan envelops the Godrealm of the pantheon it most wishes to crush. Moreover, alliances formed during the untold years in the Gods' gaol make sure that the Titans need not unduly focus their strength.

The Titans' siege is metaphysical, as are all things in the Overworld, and it inhibits travel to or from the Gods' homes. The Titans imprison power and influence rather than the Gods themselves. Over time, the Titans will sever the Godrealms from the World completely and send them spinning off into eternal segregation. Running the metaphysical

blockade is possible but dangerous, a risk to take only when necessary. To a divinity interested in arranging a counterattack, it also makes the homes of the Gods the ideal place whence to launch the assault. By definition, the Greater Titan is beside (all around, really) one pantheon's Godrealm in the Overworld and accessible from there.

Within a pantheon's Godrealm, the Greater Titan's attention manifests as threatening aspects of the Titan's defining concept. The Ocean's depths threaten to overwhelm Ville au Camp, crushing it into oblivion and carrying away the survivors as slaves. Any visitor feels the uncompromising weight of a thousand feet of water in the realm, which is not as bad as it might be... yet. Swimming out into the surrounding sea leaves what little protection Ville au Camp provided behind as one enters the Drowned Road proper. Likewise, thousands of ichor-hungry birds flock over Acopa, diving at any glimpse of the Gods or their children, while fierce storms make departure difficult. If one looks upward from the Atzlánti's home, the world-sized windstorm that is Ehekatoyaatl hovers above it. Flying up brings one directly into the Greater Titan.

One can also access a Titan through the borders of certain fellow Titans, though the lore regarding such an act is obscure. Where one Titan's tangential influences intersect with another Titan's sphere, a traveler can move from one to another. The forest of organs, a feature of the Titan of Darkness, touches lightly on the organic-life aspects of Terra and offers a tenuous bridge between Greater Titans' realms. Similarly, a furious monsoon breaches the metaphysical distance between the Titan of Sky and the Titan of Ocean.

VENTURING INWARD

Before a Band of up-and-coming Gods can defeat the Titans, lock them again in a prison and call it a day, the Gods have to brave the inside of a Greater Titan, a realm based entirely on the whim and instinct of a monster. Why? Because the Gods' salvation depends on the ability to capture a Titan avatar or to steal a trophy from one and use it in the magical ritual to bind the beast again into the Underworld. (See Chapter Six for the full details.) In the original war against the Titans, the Gods came upon them by surprise and caught enough Titans outside their Greater Titans to turn the tide in a single, decisive move. Mikaboshi's recapture aside, the Titans are not likely to be that careless this time around.

Inside a Greater Titan, everything reflects that Titan's nature. Its concept colors the realm's landscape, creatures and even its natural laws. Each presents unique challenges to intruders. Physical

difficulties are commonplace, such as fires hot enough to burn stone and oceanic depths capable of crushing submarines. A Greater Titan contains swarms of titanspawn, birthed naturally from its depths as a by-product of its existence. Some of these beasts are familiar to Scions opposing the Titans' rise and Gods who participated in the first war, but others are unique to the Greater Titans' interiors. All thrive in their inhospitable environments.

A Greater Titan has complete control over its internal features, including its spawn and terrain. It can override any number of titanspawn within its realm with its own directives, usually little more than instincts to swarm or flee. The Titan can also shift aspects of the realm to make it more threatening to interlopers—as impossible as such a thing might seem to already-beleaguered visitors.

Luckily for intruding Scions, Greater Titans are absent overlords. Their simple minds focus on their realms in a grand sense, making sure that no light sneaks into the realm of Darkness or that the fires of Muspelheim burn without end. If it comes down to a flat-out brawl between a group of powerful Gods and a single Titan, the Greater Titan releases its elemental fury in a storm none can survive. That said, a Titan ignores the minutiae of its innards. Titans are too large and complex for a single mind to watch over every aspect of it at every moment.

That doesn't necessarily make a voyage into a Greater Titan's inner space a fantastic one, however. Like an enormous body, a Greater Titan contains autonomic systems that defend it from intruders. These defenses make up its internal ecosystem, a unique variety of titanspawn (often nemeans) designed to consider newcomers to the environment threats or food and to act accordingly. Most have enough intelligence to attack in a way that affords them the greatest advantage and little more. The efforts of avatars and intelligent titanspawn to guard a Greater Titan's realm can coexist with or displace the more animalistic defenses. The entrenchment of Surtr's fire giants in Muspelheim represents the extreme of intelligent titanspawn displacement of a Greater Titan's instinctual defenses.

Events that attract the Greater Titan's full and deadly attention are few. A God's becoming the avatar of a Purview is a display of power that the Greater Titan cannot ignore. Likewise, the death of a Titan avatar is a disaster that drives the greater entity to action. Having three or more of a Greater Titan's avatars in one place and unleashing their power at once attracts the attention of the Greater Titan. Stealth and strategy are necessary components of any raid into a Titan realm.



AKHETATEN-LIGHT

The Greater Titan Akhetaten is a realm of eternal brightness crossing infinite variations of landscape. It encompasses the blinding fields of pure white snow (far more common before Ymir's demise), the unfiltered crispness of light on a mountain's summit, the relentless heat of the desert, the burning focus of a laser, the dancing light from bonfires and the glaring flame of an acetylene torch. Akhetaten's interior is bare of life except near where the avatar Aten holds court. Anything more would threaten Aten's unquestioned command of the Greater Titan's realm in the Overworld.

This desolation often requires that visitors to Akhetaten endure weeks of varied terrain, blasted by light in all its forms, before encountering any entity of consequence. When they encounter a creature in this realm, it means they're nearing Aten. It doesn't mean the challenge is over, just that the challenge is changing. Any creature who does not already belong to Aten (such as raiding Gods) is brought before him in supplication.

How visitors deal with that is up to them.

PROMINENT FEATURES

All terrain within Akhetaten shares the quality of being blasted with light so intense it can peel paint—certainly enough to give most Scions a nasty sunburn, even after relevant Knacks and Boons. Beyond that commonality, the landscapes are almost impossibly varied in order to capture all the sun-drenched places of the World.

THE DESERT THAT IS SETH

The Desert that is Seth is the bedrock of Akhetaten, the middle ground that binds its other disparate features together. It is the most important single feature before a Scion reaches Rashith ha-Gilgalim. Whether the God Set took his name from the Desert or the Desert took its name from Set is academic at this point. Eternal sunlight keeps its temperature well above the boiling point of water. The Desert is so vast that it takes weeks to cross. Other features of the terrain glint in the distance. The summit of the great mountain peeks over the horizon, blinding snowfields glint in the distance, and a tower of light that reaches to the unwavering sun shines always to the east.

Walking through the Desert is an ordeal. It provides no sustenance, as the unrelenting heat evaporates all water and kills anything edible. The temperature is an environmental threat with (Damage 12B/minute, Trauma 10). Aside from the danger of dying, tracks in the Desert disappear as soon as they are out of sight. Following a trail here is impossible, and navigating through the omnipresent

haze to even a visible destination is an extended task with a difficulty of 10, a cumulative difficulty of 80 and a roll interval of one week.

The final approach to Aten's court takes travelers through the Desert. In that segment of the desolate sands, the Titan's rasap warriors are common. They scout as singletons and march in forces of five, eager to destroy interlopers with their arrows.

SNOW PLAINS

The Snow Plains are the most temperate regions of Akhetaten. The ambient temperature is bearable even for mortals. The thick crust of snow on the ground and the shining sun balance each other to make the area feel like a comfortable summer day. Touching the hard-packed snow or flying above the ground reveals the balance's delicacy, exposing the daring traveler to temperatures at either extreme (treat as standard extreme heat or cold).

What visitors to this region must be aware of is the blinding reflection of the sun's light. Every depression and hillock sparkles with Aten's killing rays. A traveler endures a (Damage 1L/minute, Trauma 8L) environmental effect as long as she is here. Each level of lethal damage taken from this source inflicts a -2 dice penalty on visual perception rolls, which lasts until the damage heals. Bashing damage inflicts only a -1 penalty.

An ice jackal roams and guards the Snow Plains. Its multifaceted hide shines more brightly than even the sun and harsh snow plains. Aten cut off the tip of his little finger and placed it inside the jackal. This shining fragment empowers the jackal to make it a capable guard of the path to Aten's palace.

THE SUMMIT

To surmount the Summit, a hero must climb a mountain that is taller, steeper and more treacherous than Mount Everest. It is never stormy, always bathed in the unclouded light of the near sun, and there is no ice to crack and betray climbers. Even so, it requires climbers better than experts to successfully reach its pinnacle. Or beings capable of flight. Or brilliant jumpers.

Nearing the sun and abandoning the protection of a thick atmosphere is its own danger; the sunlight blisters skin quickly enough to be a (Damage 5L/hour, Trauma 8) threat. The rarified air as one rises reduces the amount of available oxygen to the brain and muscles, imposing a -1 penalty on all actions per 5,000 feet (the summit is at approximately 15,000 feet).

Waiting at the summit is the legendary Great Phoenix, burning with the fires of the sun. Aten fashioned it from one of his testicles and sent it here.

It bears his power and will fight intruders to the death and beyond. After its death causes it to explode in solar fire, the Great Phoenix re-forms in its nest at the apex of the Summit and flies to resume its duties. It harries heroes who have killed it until either they manage to kill it again, they leave Aten's realm or it is somehow permanently incapacitated by other means.

A Band that fails to rid itself of the creature endures its attention for the rest of the Band's durance within Akhetaten. The Great Phoenix requires only an hour to be reborn and reacquire its prey.

THE FOREST OF FLAMES

The Forest of Flames is a mockery of a normal woodland. Columns of blackened glass spit streams of liquid fire, fusing sand into new columns that soon spit flame of their own. Burning brilliant white, this flame is enough to melt flesh from bone in seconds. The glass "trunks" grow so close that it is hard to walk through the Forest of Flames without touching one. Few travelers leave the forest without at least a few cosmetic burns. The flame-trees exude enough heat to make even being near them similar to standing in a bonfire, and the white light of the fires reflects and refracts through the scorched trees to make maneuvering through the forest complicated at best.

Although they pose a great danger if approached, flame-trees are the Forest of Flames' secondary threat. The forest's cultivator arranged most of the trees in a haphazard fashion, making it difficult to navigate. More than one young God has gotten lost here and wandered until he could no longer stand, dying as he fell into the flaming glass trees.

Combine this challenge with the fact that a traveler must journey through its center to pass beyond the forest. There rests a monster of coal and lava and flame, a gift from Surtr. It is the Great Cyclops birthed of Muspelheim's most extreme fires. Still, it is an imperfect and stupid soldier beside the regimented fire giants, so Surtr gave it to a fellow prisoner. The light of Aten seared the Great Cyclops' eye from its head, which the avatar replaced with an eye from his own shining head.

The Great Cyclops' eternal flame fuels the forest's nonstop burning, which, in turn, replenishes the monster birthed from flame. As long as the Great Cyclops remains in the forest, those fires never die. It knows that its purpose is to consume, and its command is to remain in the forest and destroy anything that intrudes. Its eagerness to do so is its undoing. Although the constant fires heal any damage done to the flaming giant while it remains within the forest, leading the Great Cyclops beyond the flames makes it vulnerable. Not that leading it is easy. It is free to run and crash through the flaming trees without concern for its own welfare, a freedom that many visitors don't have. This advantage makes it difficult to keep ahead of the monster long enough to lead it from its sanctum.

RASHITH HA-GILGALIM

Visible from the Desert that is Seth, Aten's palace is the column that reaches from a vast pyramid on the horizon up to the sun in the sky. Aten resides there, surrounded by a single multifaceted mirror whose myriad faces make up an entire complex palace. In this mirror, Aten can view all aspects of his shining persona at any time. Small alcoves also provide space for Aten's many courtiers—all titanspawn of glorious brilliance who still remain miserably dim beside the avatar.

Primary among Rashith ha-Gilgalim's qualities is that it is impossible to find for anyone not of Aten. The Titan himself clearly knows where it is and never leaves its confines. Although the sun above Akhetaten would not go out, Aten could never countenance the dimming that departing his throne would cause. Aten's thousands of titanspawn find the place with some difficulty as they are lesser than their master, but they get there nonetheless. As master of light, Aten makes it impossible for anyone to find his bastion without that essence.

That is why any Gods who wish to meet Aten must meet and defeat the titanspawn elsewhere within Akhetaten. By taking their trophies (the pieces of Aten the Titan bestowed upon them), Gods can successfully approach Aten's palace. Bearing the tip of Aten's finger allows a God to manipulate light and represents Aten's power to wrap himself in layers of blinding deception. Possessing his testicle lets a God create light in all ranges of intensity and represents Aten's ever-renewing power. Possessing Aten's eye gives a God the ability to see through distortion and deception as though it weren't there, representing Aten's complete mastery over light.

A single Goddess bearing one of these items can approach Rashith ha-Gilgalim, though she will get lost many times. A Band with all three possesses the influence over light necessary to walk directly to Aten through the Desert that is Seth. If the Great Phoenix is alive but in pursuit of the Band, it is near enough to let the Band navigate to the palace (though not unmolested). Having all three items also allows a Band to perfectly navigate the interior of Aten's mirror palace. (Storytellers are free to invent additional locales and guardians, in order to distribute more bits of Aten to the Band or simply for more places to visit.)

Inside, Rashith ha-Gilgalim is a series of throne rooms and arenas open to the sun that increase in grandeur and size as visitors approach the center. Each throne room focuses all attention on the throne itself, occupied by a favored flunky who possesses importance and Aten's favor in proportion to the rooms' magnificence and proximity to the central throne room. Titanspawn who wish to progress in Aten's court debase themselves before one flunky in order to move up to the next. Said flunkies become more clever and powerful

as one nears the center. Combatants constantly occupy the arenas, fighting for their petty lords' pleasure and for personal advancement. Advancing through the series of lesser chambers to Aten's personal court requires either immense might to defeat the many titanspawn or a very convincing excuse.

At the center of the tangled glass pyramid, Aten's throne room is the size of a small city and contains hundreds of worshipful titanspawn. Even without Aten, the confluence of light emitted from these titanspawn would threaten to blind most Gods. Combined with Aten's presence, only someone with the ability to see despite blinding brightness can navigate the room. Possessing the eye of Aten makes this possible, as might other powers available to Gods. The top of Aten's throne room opens into the column of mirrors that focuses his light into the sun, which is directly above the pyramid at all times.

SAMPLE PASSAGES

The simplest way into or out of Akhetaten is through the Desert that is Seth. Akhetaten's boundless desert now surrounds the Iteru, turning it into a river of silt-tainted shallows. Leaving a barque and walking purposefully perpendicular to the great river's flow soon leads one into Akhetaten's sun-blasted desert. This path is the same one Aten's servants take to assault the Pesedjet.

From the Forest of Flames, a God can walk into Muspelheim. The God must tread a specific, hidden path through the labyrinth of glaring white fires that traces out a symbol that means travel or motion. (This obscure symbol is a hybrid of an Aesir rune and a Pesedjet pictogram.) If the God can find and traverse this path, he steps out from behind a great fire into Muspelheim.

ATEN

AKA: Ah Kin, Dagr, Hyperion



Aten is Akhetaten's only avatar (though he is known by many names by different peoples and their pantheons)—a being of unrelenting physical brilliance whose visage is so bright none can look upon it. Even from afar, ring after ring of fading light haloes Aten as testament to his brightness. His very presence sears away his enemies, body and soul, leaving nothing. Aten is Egyptian in mien, but he admits that other cultures put their imprint on the concept of brightness and light. Shining beings of angelic light, representatives of all the pantheons' perspectives, attend the avatar at all times.

Aten's attitude and devotion are as unceasing as his form. His tactics are direct: destroy resistance, annihilate his enemies with his cleansing light, crush others' will with the might of his own. This refusal to compromise, even with another aspect of Akhetaten,



is what makes Aten the sole ruler of the realm. When others arise, Aten destroys them before they can muster a defense. What remains afterward he commandeers for his army of warrior-courtiers. He maintains a like policy toward intruding Gods, crushing them for their insolence and warping them into his followers. Aten is a puissant warrior, though he lacks finesse, and his shining visage reshapes the minds of the weak to something that better pleases him.

Being the sole avatar of Akhetaten doesn't make Aten more powerful than the avatars of the other Greater Titans. It eliminates competition for how to direct Akhetaten's power and lets Aten be certain that conflict between avatars will not force him from his path. It also denies him the ability to cooperate with other avatars to double and redouble the power he can apply to an enemy. A closely held secret is that Aten cannot choose to draw down Akhetaten's full attention on his own. Only the most overt actions of his enemies can do that. His pride denies that being alone is any sort of weakness.

Although Aten himself is direct and unwilling to compromise his glory for any reason, his servants have a different nature. They display that quality to attract Aten's approval, but the avatar enjoys watching his inferiors scheme and scramble for his favor. Dispensing with such foolishness and cutting to the heart of every matter feeds his sense of superiority and makes him feel more desired by his slaves. This hunger has grown sharper with every passing year of his imprisonment.

Glorious Aten refuses to meet visitors to his realm halfway. Intruders must plow through the devastating terrain, perish or flee. Clever rivals lure Aten out of his realm with something he desires, knowing that he will demand it and try to seize it rather than scheme it into his lap.

AKHENATEN

Akhetaten once ruled all Egypt by proxy. Aten sent one of his shining titanspawn into the World through sheer force, abusing cracks in the Underworld that were too small for even the Gods to notice. This creature tempted an unclaimed Egyptian Scion into braving the depths of Duat and crawling through the same cracks in the Titans' prison. There, Aten bestowed upon the man many Boons and Birthrights before releasing him to the World. That man was Akhenaten.

As Pharaoh, Akhenaten reshaped the face of Egyptian religion. All worship turned to Aten, and

the walls of the Underworld quivered. Worship of the Pesedjet went underground, as the pantheon itself did briefly. Akhenaten did not rule long, however. Either the mortals or Scions of Egypt rose against him, slaying him. When he fell, the power of Akhetaten fell with him.

Akhenaten is not gone, though. As his soul fell into Duat to be judged, he evaded the wrathful Pesedjet and returned to Aten. He serves Aten still as a favored lieutenant of the avatar. Now, the transparent image of a Pharaoh limned in shining gold, Akhenaten keeps Aten's titanspawn in line and hunts those least worshipful of the avatar through the Desert that is Seth, often accompanied by a party of rasap.

CREATURES

Titanspawn of Akhetaten are all endowed with brilliant light in one form or another and are all similar. (Aten is not Akhetaten's *creative* aspect.) Whether in the shape of man or beast, they are bright light-entities, often possessing Epic Strength, Stamina and Appearance, as well as varying mastery over the Justice and Sun Purviews. Aten's favorites also wield Heku. Those less powerful are on par with heroic Scions; their masters could match a demigod.

When slain, a creature of Akhetaten explodes in a tremendous burst of light that wreaks havoc on the landscape and any creature not native to the realm. Aten believes that any servant of his that is incapable of defending its Titan must at least stand the chance of destroying its enemies in death. On the upside, Scions can dispense with the messy hewing and cutting after killing Aten's titanspawn. Only their trophies remain behind after the deadly flash of light.

The rasap are Akhetaten's common humanoid warriors. As with all of Aten's servants, the rasap are shining images of men. They fight with arrows and spears, all tipped with miniature suns that sear their foes. Rasap are common in the Desert that is Seth. Their scouts have the miraculous ability to conceal their brilliance amid the desert. The hunting parties track down enemies spotted by their scouts, or simply make sweeps in force to protect the avatar. Their trophies are their shining arrows.

Aten's more powerful servants are the so-called Hands of Aten, angelic beings of vast power and utter devotion to their Titan master. These servants are the ones he typically deploys close to and within his brilliant palace and those he sends on missions to assault the Godrealm of the Pesedjet, Iteru.

THE DROWNED ROAD-WATER

No ocean's depths have ever crushed as the Drowned Road does. It embodies all that is deep, suffocating and isolating about the ocean. A fraction of Akhetaten's fury trickles into the Drowned Road's

deep waters; the ocean glimmers with light only to the monstrous inhabitants of the Greater Titan that are otherwise blind. To most, it is darker than the jungle on a cloudy night.

The Drowned Road's depths are without end, and the pressure all inhabitants feel is incomparable, much greater than anything in the World. Bubbles of air might float upward, whichever direction that is, but the pressure crushes them to the point of being so infinitesimal that no one sees them. Only Scions with Epic Perception can detect the any changes in the constant, crushing pressure. That sensation changes gradually and unpredictably enough that swimming consistently "up" is impossible—a result of Brownian motion at work within the Greater Titan.

There is no ocean floor to rest one's feet upon; there is no surface to break through and take that needed breath. Respite from the eternal pressure can be found only by leaving the Titan's realm. Eddies and pressure changes brush or push swimmers, often making them think there might be something approaching from an unwatched direction. *Everything* is undertow, and a fierce current can sweep an intruder half a mile away before his companions know he's gone. Vast shadows swim just out of sight in the dim light, tricks of the water or submarine behemoths looking for a snack.

PROMINENT FEATURES

No matter where one goes in the Drowned Road, the crushing pressure always remains. It is a (Damage 15L/action, Trauma 6L) threat. There is no distinct sense of direction apart from the dim light of Akhetaten in the distance, which appears so far away that it must be impossible to reach. Only the most perceptive visitors pick up the slightest hint of that light anyway. For most people, the Drowned Road is too dark for any navigation whatsoever.

Travel through the realm is made more difficult by the beasts that live in the waters. Classic sea serpents, enormous whales, man-eating sharks, narwhals, aircraft-carrier-sized squid, schools of piranha, relatives of the ichthyosaur that have been extinct on Earth for millennia and more swim the black depths, all adapted to the environment and ready to consume anything that attracts their attention. The vibrations swimming Gods make in the water tell many creatures that their favorite prey is near. These beasts have a taste for ichor.

THE GALLERY OF CORPSES

This passage of the Drowned Road is where Mami Wata keeps her collection of the dead who have drowned in her seas. The ocean here is dead, spare of any living creature, and none of the nemean and typhonian monstrosities common to the rest of the Greater Titan come near. Thousands of human bodies float in the water here, in various positions and states of decay. Mami Wata has been unable to expand her collection for a very long time, making it evident that she works some magic on the corpses to prevent them from wasting completely away in her harsh saltwater.

A search turns up nearly infinite variety in the Titan's victims. She favors followers of the Voodoo and Norse pantheons, drawing her dead trophies disproportionately from their ranks, but any sufficiently attractive or interesting drowned corpse gains her interest. Some of the bodies here are posed in actions they might have taken when alive. They sit around the waterlogged ruins of a dining room table in a mockery of a family meal. They play football with a flat and rotted ball. They mug one another as they drift with the gentle currents. Many of them are posed in gruesome mockeries of lovemaking positions. The gallery is large enough that Mami Wata has yet to get bored with it. The avatar likes to peruse her collection and periodically rearrange her corpses into new families and new interpersonal relationships. She even maintains some long-term dramas and tragedies that have developed, scene by scene, over millennia.

Intruders to the gallery learn that it is its own defense. Even as collected objets d'art, the corpses are still Mami Wata's slaves. When any creature other than she spends too long examining the collection, the corpses begin to move. A hand flops onto an intruder, or something bites him from beneath. Unlike normal zombies, these monsters see just fine in the darkness of the Drowned Road and are proficient and stealthy swimmers. They use every advantage they have to incapacitate or kill intruders before becoming inanimate again. An iron strength born of the grave makes them a match even for some Scions. When this defense mechanism works as planned, intruders in Mami Wata's gallery become new exhibits in short order, which balances her irritation at finding an exhibit out of place. The collection serves as a backup army in a pinch, and for that reason, it has moved closer to the border between the Drowned Road and Ville au Camp.

Rán shares the upkeep of this place, which explains the favor of Northern European corpses. By the terms of an ancient agreement with Mami Wata, Rán has equal authority here. Some of the collection was originally hers before she and Mami Wata merged the two. She is the only other being allowed in the Gallery of Corpses and has as much right to change their poses as Mami Wata does. In truth, however, it is politically dangerous for her to do so as long as Mami Wata rules the Drowned Road. Rán finds the Voodoo avatar's fascination with sex irritating and prefers to animate the corpses to serve as a worshipful court. She refrains from doing so in order to avoid putting stress on their alliance.

THE HENRIETTA MARIE

This corpse of a ship sails out of the dark waters of the Drowned Road without warning. Its wood is black with rot and the tatters that remain of its cotton sails trail behind a mast that leans to one side. The first

sight of the *Henrietta Marie* is of a dark mass in the distance, growing larger as it appears to move closer. It soon draws close enough for visitors to make out its shape and materials and looks like a large sailing ship of the 17th or 18th century.

Then it comes closer.

The *Henrietta Marie* is four times the width and height a vessel of its sort—a slaver—should be, and it has no defined length. Low moans emanate from the slave deck, where thousands of men and women huddle in fear of the slavers swimming the decks above with their whips and pistols. Not all the ship's inhabitants are human, slaves and slavers equally. Many of them share features with all manner of marine life, and others are species of underwater life in whole rather than just part. A sea serpent inhabits part of the long cargo hold, slipping out from a gaping hole in the hull to snack on slaves or passing nemeans at its whim.

Always eager for a sale or to acquire new merchandise, the Captain stops the *Henrietta Marie* for business when the sailor in the splintered crow's nest sees people or creatures in the seas ahead. At heart, the Captain is a salesman. He is an investor. He is stern taskmaster. He is a giant squid that rests within the hull's great length. To the Captain, any creature the *Henrietta Marie* encounters is either a patron or property. A person can trade things of obvious value, such as gold, silver and jewelry or certain trade goods (specifically rum, sugar, molasses, tobacco and hemp) in exchange for slaves. Slaves bought in this fashion serve loyally until death and represent followers (per the Birthright).

Anyone who declines to purchase a slave is another parcel to be captured and given a new home on the slave deck. The Captain considers morals, lack of wealth, sufficient household staffs and other reasons for not agreeing to a purchase equally irrelevant. Regardless, a person who does not buy the commodity becomes the commodity, and the only method the slavers use to make that so is force. Most of the slavers do not have the personal might necessary to enslave one of the Gods, but the combined force of their most powerful nemean members and the Captain could do the job.

As the ship's length is undefined, so are the number of slaves and slavers. Only the Captain and the great sea serpent (singular both) have defined quantities. A person with enough trade goods could buy as many drowned slaves as he likes, even specifying that they have skills in war, keeping house, fieldwork, the sciences or other disciplines. Likewise, a warrior may hold off as many of the money-hungry slavers as she can before the Captain drags her down or becomes convinced that she isn't worth her salt. Unprofitable encounters drive the Captain to request of Mami Wata a trip to Guinee, as she sometimes allows. Those always fill the hold.

ARGYRE

Something in the dim light glints in the darkness. It is a dull glow at first, but explorers who look closer detect brighter spots in the darkness. It is the island of Argyre, a once-famed terra incognita that the Titan Tethys claimed for her own and submerged beneath her waves. The entire surface of the island is made



of silver, though eons of tarnish make its precious metal impossible to make out. Now, made impotent in her rage by the paired powers of Mami Wata and Rán, Tethys sulks on her sunken island and drowns everything that comes near.

The island itself is a marvel of construction or a miracle of natural growth. Legends attribute it to Hephaestus' skill or to a natural formation invoked by Demeter. The shore is textured with millions of minute dimples that look and feel like sand. Silver trees dot the shoreline and grow even closer together inland. The grass is silver yet springy, and even underwater, it seems to be covered with a fragile morning dew.

A silver palace dominates the small island. All its doors are shut and its windows shuttered. There is no easy way in or out of the palace, and silver hoplites guard every entrance and patrol the island's shores. Their jobs are rarely to defend against intrusion. Instead, they are armed with phosphorescent arrows they use to relay the arrival of visitor inland to the palace, where Tethys lives with constant rage. (Represent the hoplites with traits identical to those possessed by minotaurs [see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 251–252], though the hoplites have Intellect rather than Rapacity, as well as +1 Epic Strength, +1 Epic Stamina, +2 Epic Dexterity and +4 soak across the board.)

The moment they cross paths with the hoplites is when smart visitors leave. Tethys is likely to find a way to drown those who don't leave, despite their evident ability to survive in the Drowned Road.

SIRENUM SCOPULI

The Sirenum scopuli are home to the sirens that tried to lure the Argonauts to their deaths during the quest for the Golden Fleece. After their failure, Tethys brought the sirens and their home to her realm so she could enjoy their music and use them to draw more people to the sea. After her long imprisonment, she now wants the sirens to draw people only to their deaths. The three islands of the Sirenum scopuli are never far from Argyre, and Tethys sometimes invites a siren to her palace in the hopes that its song will draw in a living creature.

SAMPLE PASSAGES

The Drowned Road surrounds Ville au Camp and inflicts a terrible pressure on the Loa's home. Simply swimming out into the surrounding waters brings a God into the Greater Titan. The crushing pressure increases a thousandfold and the darkness becomes nearly impenetrable as one crosses that threshold. Swimming back to Ville au Camp is the easiest way to reverse that path and leave the Titan realm.

This realm is so far from the sun that it shares a great deal of Soku-no-Kumi's nature. Finding a place in the Drowned Road even darker than the rest lets

one step through into the Titan of Darkness. Acquiring that extra shade of darkness is harder than most would suspect. Shadow Shroud (Darkness •••••) creates this situation naturally.

MAMI WATA



Mami Wata is the dominant avatar of the Drowned Road. She appears to be a woman more beautiful than any on Earth. Her breasts are full. Her face is shapely. Her hair takes on a color and style pleasing to her observers but is always longer than her body. And her lower half is that of a creature such as a fish, a snake or an eel.

This avatar is a creature of lust. She lusts after men of all kinds, and men universally lust after her. Consummating that lust binds men to her as slaves (which is how she acquires most of her turncoat Scions). When she chooses, she binds women to her in the same way using a man's form. Mami Wata's goal is to bind the World to the Drowned Road again with the soft shackles of love. Having all mortals married to her and being mother of all creatures on Earth is a form of slavery she thinks they will accept. Eventually.

Unlike Aten, Mami Wata keeps no palace. She is at home everywhere on the Drowned Road and considers the entire realm her domain. She refrains from asserting that point in the company of other Titans or their creatures, though. One day, Mami Wata knows, she will take Erzulie's place as Ogoun's, Damballa's and Agwe's wife, once she brings them into her realm and shows them the true meaning of love.

SIMBI MAKAYA

Favored among Mami Wata's servants is Simbi Makaya. He has the form of a giant sea serpent, large enough to crush an aircraft carrier in his coils, but his primary skill is as a sorcerer. Simbi Makaya uses his magic to tug victims to Mami Wata with threads of Fate and to ensure that promises made to Mami Wata cannot be broken. His own joy is in causing despair. Revealing how mortals or Gods were enslaved to Mami Wata before they realize it themselves is his favorite indulgence. Simbi Makaya's mistress rides him throughout the Drowned Road, a display of the influence she wields here.

CREATURES

Simbi Makaya is only the greatest of Mami Wata's servants. She keeps her others secret, from other avatars and *especially* from the Gods. Letting their names and natures be known only diminishes their capabilities and rouses the ire of her enemies.

The servants Mami Wata allows to be known are the many half-drowned lovers she keeps. They are her willing slaves, enchanted by lust for her. Some

of them realize their total servitude, either through introspection or the sibilant hints of Simbi Makaya, but they are still powerless to resist her will. However much they hate themselves for it, they still love her. These slaves are no longer human. Either they are dead and too full of lust to lie down, or they have been gifted with immunity from drowning by Mami Wata's own hands (a gift that riles Rán and Tethys both).

Mami Wata's slaves are her first line of defense against threats and her first tool in reaching a goal. They clamor at the edge of Ville au Camp, seeking entrance so they can crack it open and let all the Greater Titan's force wash over them.

Mama Wata also commands many sea creatures, some of which have been extinct for millions of years in the World, if they ever existed there at all. Many are nemean creatures, and a few are typhonian ones.

CIPACTLI



The part-crocodile, part-fish terror of Atzlánti prehistory is a chained beast in Mami Wata's Drowned Road. Cipactli circles Ville au Camp in the waters that now threaten to drown the Overworld completely. She is eager to devour Loa that come close with her jaws that bulge from every joint and fill her skyscraper-sized belly. Only Mami Wata's influence holds Cipactli back

from wholesale destruction.

When Cipactli scores a kill or grows hungry and tired of waiting for Mami Wata's approval, she retreats to her abode of flesh. Despite the name, which suggests elegance, it is little more than the remains of thousands of successful hunts. Anatomical portions of every creature that ever wet its feet in the ocean float in equilibrium in Cipactli's section of the realm, circling in slow and bloody currents. The collection is sparser than it has been in the past, as Cipactli's impatience, hunger and anger led her to thin it out, but the monster hopes to soon replace what she has lost.

CREATURES

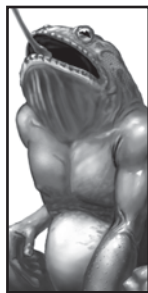
Cipactli has a soft spot for monsters that are unholy amalgamations of existing creatures. She is not above using the standard enormous nemeans of the Drowned Road, even though they are usually Mami Wata's servants. Yet even with them, she prefers to spawn similar creatures of mixed and matched features to create monsters that Cipactli finds more pleasing to her sense of the aesthetic.

Ahuizotl are the sole creatures that Cipactli actually favors. Even nemeans with properly exchanged parts are preferable as food rather than servants. An ahuizotl is shaped something like a small dog with slick black fur, but its forepaws end in hands like a monkey's, and everything from the midsection back

is a monkey. Perhaps most unusual, at the end of its long, flexible tail is a human hand. Ahuizotl desire to consume human flesh, especially fingernails and eyes. Cipactli likes using the ahuizotl because they are too small to be a threat to her feeding, and sending them on missions makes the avatar feel as though she can compete with her peers in political maneuvering. It is a pleasant side effect that the ahuizotl nibble at the prized human belongings of Mami Wata and Rán, the avatars that irritate Cipactli so.

Cipactli uses her creatures rarely. She much prefers to consume anything that needs consuming on her own, and she does not like to share. Most beasts of the Drowned Road know by instinct that interfering with one of Cipactli's kills means becoming the next one, and not even Mami Wata can save a monster of the deep that Cipactli chooses to devour.

NU



Androgynous Nu is patient. Although it sometimes appears as a man with a large beard and ocean-colored skin, its preferred form is that of an enormous frog. Nu has, for the most part, forsaken anthropomorphic shapes, though it dons them again if they are useful. Nu waits for opportunity, taking a position of advantage in case a God or a rival avatar becomes vulnerable.

When that occurs, Nu consumes the victim and waits patiently for the next.

Unlike the other avatars of the Drowned Road, Nu has no special sanctum or servitors. It simply drifts in the Drowned Road's currents near Ville au Camp, keeping its tympana and eyes open for any opportunity.

RÁN



Beautiful Rán once desired all drowned men, collecting their bodies and souls from the cold depths and keeping them as her prized possessions. She kept them out of Helheim and Valhalla both, but it was not until she began to steal them away from the living with her inescapable net that she had to be imprisoned. Now, she demands nothing less than the drowned corpses and waterlogged spirits of every man on Earth, which she will keep as her personal attendants, warriors and slaves.

Rán works closely with Mami Wata. Though Rán wants dead those whom Mami Wata wants alive, their goals are close enough for now. Tethys and Nu have both tried to use the two avatars' natural rivalry to split them apart. After all, men cannot be living lovers and dead slaves simultaneously. Such attempts only reinforce their partnership, as it reminds them

of the difficulties before their imprisonment. If they join forces to capitalize on their strengths, they believe that no Gods will be able to force the Titans back into imprisonment. Each is sure that she has the advantage in the long run. When the two of them must face off against one another, both will be confident that the other will fall; one of them faces a significant surprise, should that day ever come.

CREATURES

The corpses of the drowned attend Rán at all times. They escort her from place to place, scout the Drowned Road's vastness for her and see to her personal needs. She has several hordes of drowned warriors hidden from her rivals in the realm's darker regions. Elsewhere, she has secreted thousands of giants drowned long before her exile into the Underworld. They are mostly jotuns, now too wet to freeze, and a few Muspel giants, now too soggy to smolder. All are loyal to Rán.

Rán's drowned servants are stronger in death than Mami Wata's half-living lovers, and Rán is certain that her creatures can defeat Mami Wata's followers when the time comes. She looks forward to entangling her rival in her net while dead warriors decimate the Voodoo avatar's supporters.

TETHYS



Eons spent incarcerated in the Underworld drove Tethys mad. Once a great beauty, her face and hair are now ruinous with grief and rage at what she considers a wrongful imprisonment. As her ability to act upon it grows, the World's rivers flood and tsunami strike its coastal regions. She wants to murder the World for its sins, crushing everything beneath the Drowned Road's incomparable strength. Only Rán and Mami Wata hold her back.

Tethys believes herself capable of drowning any creature, be it mortal, Scion or God. She kills the nemeans of the deep by forcing water so quickly through their gills that they cannot breathe the oxygen it carries. She forces water into the stomach of anything that offends her. Her magic shucks Gods of their protection from drowning and crushing depths. This power works on only one target at a time and on a limited basis. One reason she hasn't used it on Mami Wata is that Simbi Makaya would kill Tethys before she could complete the murder. Another is that actually *killing* that Titan would devastate the entire realm, though that is a secondary concern to mad Tethys.

Just approaching Tethys is a risk tantamount to suicide, as she tries to drown anything that comes near her. Surviving it opens a rare opportunity to intruding Gods, though. Tethys is open to anything that rids her of the hated Mami Wata (along with that terrible Rán, if possible). She is more than willing to coordinate with outsiders in an assault of some kind that removes Mami Wata from her ascendancy. Tethys is too far gone to realize that Mami Wata is making progress against the Gods and that there would no longer be any reason to hold her back if the Titans were ultimately victorious. Even though Scions can manipulate her, they can't keep her from trying to kill them for long. After all, it's the only worthwhile goal.

CREATURES

Tethys commands no creatures that were once human, living or dead. She despises them all equally and would that all human life were drowned and forgotten. Mad and denied influence in the Drowned Road, Tethys does not direct the nemeans of the deep either. The silver hoplites of Argyre obey her and only her, however, as do the drowned sirens and certain other titanspawn. Yet their small numbers belie their power. Although Tethys is incapable of toppling Mami Wata's and Rán's influence over the Drowned Road, she remains a Titan.

TERRA—THE WORLD

This Greater Titan represents the first home of every Scion: the World. There is no easy way to symbolize something as vast and varied as Earth and its mundane heavens, so Terra doesn't. It simply is them. The realm renders every natural aspect of the World. Unliving aspects are identical and to scale. Even when bound away, Terra maintained an unbreakable link with its creation and always represented it without flaw.

The difference between the two locations is the focus on nature. Nature is strong enough in Terra to exclude all else. Therefore, the Titan realm lacks

people and all things made by them. No mortals wander its plains, and no cities dot its rivers and valleys. The *signs* of humanity are there, though. Mining causes deepening holes in mountains. Large, barren plains lie where cities should sit. Brown arteries cross nations where roads and rails are in the World proper.

Apart from Terra's refusal to acknowledge the World's mortal inhabitants, its portrayal of Earth's landscape is accurate. Where natural animals reign in the World, in this Greater Titan they dominate. Where Earth's flora and fauna possess bastions against intrusion, such as the rainforests and deep jungles, Terra possesses fortresses

teeming with living defenses that brook no interference without resistance. Nemeans and typhonians represent the extreme of natural animals here, living in prides and murders and schools. Similarly scaled nemean and typhonian plants also mutely protect their weaker cousins, with monstrous flytraps snapping closed on animals that step wrong and huge bladderworts sucking in and digesting sharks in the oceans; many are capable of restraining even creatures with Epic Strength.

Mount Olympus appears upon Terra as it is in the Overworld, not on Earth. When Terra moved to surround the Dodekathemon's stronghold, the impregnable Mount Olympus replaced Earth's version of the mountain within the Greater Titan. Titanspawn surround it, preventing easy access or escape. Attempts to scale it end in lightning and fire, but that will not always be so.

PROMINENT FEATURES

Many places in Terra are natural or similar to existing locations on Earth proper and require little explanation. Some of the more fantastic changes are described below.

THE AMAZON RAINFOREST

Here is one of Terra's greatest strongholds, a true fortress against the incursion of mankind in the false-Earth that is this Titan. On Earth, even though humans destroy the rainforest at will, it remains a place of mystery, home to plants and animals not yet catalogued in mankind's books of knowledge. Terra magnifies that mystery a thousandfold. Plants here are large and often capable of self defense. Herbs and roots never seen by God or Scion possess properties thought impossible.

Some might even be transplantable to Earth. Insects of incredible size walk (or fly) throughout the region, and reptiles and frogs inflict unknown toxins on would-be intruders and predators.

This unspoiled wilderness is one of Gaia's favorite haunts in Terra. Rampant fecundity and the presence of so many of her own children makes her comfortable, and she takes her rest here often. Observers see her rise from the ground to tower over the canopy (and carry some with her), which is already taller and thicker than its counterpart on Earth.

Also here is where moly may be found, the magical herb of black root and white blossoms. This is the only place in Terra it grows, and yet another reason for the Amazon's mighty guardians. Two Gigantes rest nearby to protect the treasure trove of moly. These two are the least angry with the Gods; their bitter brethren refuse to do anything other than assault Mount Olympus.

ANTARCTICA

The World's Antarctica is a frozen desert, but the fertility that Gaia engenders in all of Terra defeats that. Plants grow in Terra's Antarctica, although such growth is more limited here than it is anywhere else in the realm. Thick vines grow under shallow ice, turning what little sunlight reaches them into energy and heat, which melts the ice to give them room to grow. They are dormant in the sunless period of the year. Low bushes grow quickly in the snow and die after scattering seeds for the next season. The lichens and fungi natural on Earth's frozen continent grow more extensively in Terra.

As a result, native animals are more populous. Penguins, fur seals, snow petrels and other animals are



greater in number and joined by other species native only to Terra. The local Terra ecosystem has more pieces than its Earthly counterpart, and only some of these additional species could survive if transplanted to Earth.

THE ATACAMA DESERT

Atacama is the only place in Terra that is *less* hospitable to life than its likeness in the World. That's a challenging feat, as the Atacama Desert is the driest place on Earth, sustaining only a few algae, lichens and cacti, and those only in a fraction of its area. In Terra, the Atacama Desert supports no life whatsoever, without exception. Its aridity dries living creatures to the point of injury within an hour. Having large supplies of drinking water only postpones this killing thirst (Damage 8B/hour, Trauma 10).

This desert does all it can to kill any living thing that dares enter its borders, exempting only Titans. All life in Terra knows to avoid the desert, which has seen no drop of moisture for eons. This is more than a natural phenomenon. Boons of the Water, Animal and Fertility Purviews fail within the Atacama Desert, at the command of its mistress.

Coatlucue claims Atacama for her own. Interference in her rule over the desert is punishable by terrible tortures that Coatlicue has concocted over many centuries of imprisonment. It is out of respect for Coatlicue and the multiple aspects of motherhood that Gaia agrees that the Atacama Desert be without life.

The Titan herself lives in the center of the desert, which none can find without following the alicanto birds (see p. 167) or using powerful Psychopomp Boons. Her small hut, made of children's bones and roofed with woven hair, rests in the middle of a crowded, mile-wide graveyard. Thousands of markers stand above graves of all sizes, containing Coatlicue's many dead children. The graves and their markers change when no one is watching, as no cemetery can hold all the Titan's deceased offspring. Coatlicue wanders the cemetery, weeping tears of dust for her progeny. Visitors who do not offer due respect to the dead children of a loving mother suffer for it as the children's spirits strike at the insolent.

THE CARIBBEAN FOREST

One great difference between the World and Terra is the appearance of the Caribbean islands. In Terra, the islands' natural forests join with thick mangrove forests that spread out over the intervening waters to connect them in a large, continuous woodland. Animals native to the region have the run of the land- and water-based forests and act as they are naturally inclined.

At each of the two points of the Caribbean Forest farthest from land, an ivory mangrove tree grows. Each is no taller than the surrounding trees, concealing the two trees from aerial survey, and animals distract explorers from finding them. Prey animals make

tempting targets and lead hunters away, while predators (many of them nemeans) consume explorers or chase them into other sections of the forest. A cut of bark from an ivory mangrove acts as a Birthright relic that opens the Purview of Fertility to the bearer, along with one Animal Purview. Unlocking the Animal Purview requires a Scion or God to feed a piece of the bark to an animal, connecting the bark forever to that species. In addition, planting the seed of an ivory mangrove in a hospitable area causes a one-mile radius growth of mangrove forest to appear overnight. If invested with 30 Legend instead and planted in an existing mangrove forest, it spawns a young ivory mangrove that grows to maturity over the next decade.

Intruders into the Caribbean Forest also contend with Gran Bois, who makes this region his home. He fights in defense of animals and trees across Terra but considers the mangrove forest his sanctum. He takes personal offense at damage done to any flora or fauna within it. A God seeking to steal a scrap of bark from an ivory mangrove earns Gran Bois' ire for harming the tree and any animals harmed in the search.

SAMPLE PASSAGES

The obvious path into this Greater Titan is to descend from the Godrealm of Olympus to walk among Terra, which now surrounds it. As one steps into the foothills that surround Olympus, one is within the Titan and can travel within it.

Terra contains bright mountaintops where only a thin layer of atmosphere shields the ground against the sun. It possesses sandy desert where the sun is death, and fields of snow where the sun causes blindness. But the place in the realm that most typifies light in the World is the North or South Pole, whichever receives 24 hours of sunlight in the current season, where one can step from the point physically closest to the sun into Akhetaten, the Greater Titan of Light.

GAIA

AKA: Mut



Gaia is the mother incarnate, and it is through that status that she inflicts her wrath on the Gods. Her spawn are monsters of the old style, the grandest exaggerations of nature's terrible might. Man-shaped hurricanes, giant lions with dozens of heads, living jungles and solid insect swarms all seek to wipe the Gods from existence so the Titans can return to their dominance over the World.

In person, Gaia appears as the earth mother, a creature of soil and stone, roots splaying from her body, ivy growing along her legs and trees on her shoulders. Everything orients appropriately as she moves. When she lies down, trees grow on her back or chest and moss covers her underside; when she walks, plants that

love the sun are on her head and shoulders while roots strain for the soil beneath her stride.

Gaia's appearance makes it clear that she is the ultimate mother, and thus the ultimate mate. The Titan exudes a powerful personal magnetism. It isn't her personality, which is blunt at best, and she isn't a vision of arousing loveliness. Gaia rather seems to be the ideal creature to give birth to one's child. The beauty and miracle of active childbirth hovers around her, a turnoff to some and strong attraction to others. This emotion ignores species, as does Gaia. When considering a mate, Gaia judges only his worth as a sire. Gaia needs no male donor to spawn, so fecund is her soil, but she can mother mighty children with the aid of mighty fathers. She denies offers to mate only from inferior stock.

Gaia leads the avatars as the most powerful and the most representative of Terra as a productive force. Her intention is simple: to wipe away the Gods who made themselves like men, then wipe away the men who convinced the Gods to usurp the Titans' rule. Without mankind to bind her future children to Fate (which, in Gaia's tradition, always included overthrowing one's father), those children will remain loyal to the Titans. Most importantly, the Gods will cease slaying her children and upsetting the balance of Terra. Her directness lends her power, and for that reason and her unwavering determination, the Titans of Terra follow her lead through the war.

CREATURES

All the nemeans and typhonians of Terra obey Gaia. Many of them are her direct titanspawn, growing from her soil before transplantation into regions of the wild to protect the lesser brethren. They are not her only children, nor is she their only mistress.

Unique to Gaia are the Gigantes, a general term for a breed of giant human-like titanspawn with monstrous aspect (in this case, serpentine legs) who serve their mother. Long ago, she sent the Gigantes against the Gods of Olympus to destroy the Gods when they displeased her. Now she sends the survivors of that war and their newer siblings to fight once more.

Gigantes serve faithfully, but they are not as simple as Gaia. Many of them remember defeat at the hands of Gods and their Scions, and that memory makes them angry and jealous. Why should Scions get to rule when their mother is so much greater than their parents? This attitude infects the younger Gigantes, making them bitter opponents who will not taste defeat again. It is they who encircle Mount Olympus. They work to meet its great height by shifting the ranges of Terra's other great mountain ranges.

Perhaps Gaia's most powerful spawn, however, are her amorphous offspring, the Hekatonkheires. Though fewer in number than the Gigantes, they are both brighter and more versatile. They are also the only titanspawn of Terra whom one might be able to reason with.

COATLICUE



Coatlicue cares more for her children in death than in life. She wears a skirt of snakes and a necklace of human hearts, hands and skulls. Her breasts are withered from over-nursing. She represents mothers of the deceased, still caring for those who have passed on. Her love for all children is absolute, but she favors children who have died.

They are more obedient and more perfect in their stillness. Dead children can be loved without marring their mothers' affection with the flaws to which all children are subject.

Coatlicue's desire is for all living creatures to die so they can trouble their mothers no more. She respects Gaia's power to create children who can fight the Overworld War, but she continues to plan contingencies should Gaia fail. Though Gaia's final goal includes life for all her creatures, Coatlicue is confident of her ability to pervert Gaia's victory in order to kill the World and make all creatures perfect children. If all else fails, she hopes to trade the World's plant life for the death of all fauna.

CREATURES

Coatlicue is the only Titan of Terra who declines to command the living animals and plants, as is her right. Instead, the spirits of dead children serve her faithfully and range from infants in the cradle and sons lost in war to larvae consumed by their parents and cubs killed by predators. They muster at her command. Individually weak, the many creatures that have died over the millennia represent a powerful mass, especially if their patron Titan empowers them further with her own strength. (Treat these forces as spectres from **Scion: Hero**, p. 292, often with significant Legend ratings.) Coatlicue can also animate the dead child's corpse separately (if she has it), making each child's death doubly to her advantage. (Treat these forces as zombies from **Scion: Hero**, p. 293.)

Concealed within the Titan's demesne are the corpses of Gaia's earlier Gigantes—the ones slain by the Dodekathion in the first war—whose spirits are bound within their lifeless bodies. When the time is right, either to turn the tide of the war or to turn on Gaia, Coatlicue will release them to ensure her victory, either over the Gods or over her fellow avatar.

The alicanto is also one of Coatlicue's creatures. She constructs the birds from the spirits of many different dead birds from Earth, plus a couple of titanspawn. (Use the Bird [Raptor] traits from p. 329 of **Scion: Hero** to represent this creature.) The alicanto is luminous in the dark but nearly invisible in the day. It flies over the Atacama Desert to and from Coatlicue's home in the desert's center. Interlopers into the desert would

do well to follow such a bird; otherwise, any attempt at navigation is doomed. Should the bird discover its pursuit, it leads the intruder into a trap—over a cliff, into drowning sands or through the midst of fierce dead nemean-spirits. If the intruder goes undetected, the alicanto leads him to Coatlicue's home before departing again to the desert's edge. The beak of an alicanto serves as a connection to the Psychopomp Purview.

JORD



This avatar is the essence of animal lust and longing. She is what men want for their bed and for making their children. If Gaia is the avatar of giving birth and Coatlicue the avatar of losing a child, Jord is the fertile ground in which those children grow and in which they are buried after death. Her appearance reflects the lustful ideal of each person who looks upon her, regardless of preferences. She is the gorgeous sensuality of a pregnant woman combined with the attraction of a lusty and beautiful partner.

Jord seems quiet during the war because she calmly accepts the seeds of other Titans to germinate within her, which Gaia brings into the world and Coatlicue leads out. Even mating with Gaia actually impregnates Jord, who carries the child until Gaia births it. The two Titans are close and strong allies, as both love their children. Jord has no immediate followers. She is content to let other Titans fight the Overworld War while she rears its ranks upon ranks of soldiers.

KAMIMUSUHI



Kamimusuhi appears as a demure Japanese beauty, perpetually pregnant. She works alongside Gaia in birthing soldiers for the war and refuses to divide the labor as Gaia and Jord do. Her children are less individually powerful but much more numerous than Gaia's, as Kamimusuhi is always with child. The Titan is jealous of the might Gaia provides her children; she has been for eons. It is for this reason that the two similar avatars have no alliance with one another.

Kamimusuhi's motivation is similar to Gaia's. She wishes her children to be allowed to thrive in the Overworld and the World, and to be spared malicious persecution from the Amatsukami and the other Gods. The kami she spawns have various intentions and loyalties. Many are eager to fight for the Titans' freedom, but a quarter of them would prefer balance and freedom over either side in the war. Another eighth actively support the Gods in the current conflict. Kamimusuhi loves all her children regardless of the affiliations they choose.

Gods who wish to turn Kamimusuhi against the other avatars walk a thin and dangerous line. They must play her jealousy against Gaia and Jord without condemning the ultimate goal of releasing the Titans' children to be unmolested by the Gods. Other facets of her subdued personality, such as anger at Coatlicue for claiming her children after their death, also influence the Titan but are harder for Scions to discern.

CREATURES

In power, Kamimusuhi's children are typically on par with a Scion of Legend 4, with some variance in both directions. Like Scions, these kami carry vestiges of their divine parent's power with them. All excel in the Fertility Purview. Otherwise, their Purviews and Epic Attributes vary from one to the next, making them unpredictable opponents.

GRAN BOIS



Gran Bois often looks to be an older man of Haitian or Trinidadian descent, with a bountiful beard and a careworn face. He also manifests as a massive buck or makes his presence known by animating the forest he protects. His love is not for mankind, but for his trees and wilderness. Gran Bois fights with the forest's wrath, rising up as trees, undergrowth and woodland creatures to drive out humanity. Every hunter and logger would fear Gran Bois had he not been so long bound away from the World. His favorite punishment is to strike his enemies with his bow crafted of stone that stands as tall as a great sequoia. Every arrowhead is a seed that begins to grow within the Titan's targets. After a short time, ivy grows over and through the offender, turning him into static flora and Gran Bois' newest ward.

While Gaia's children assault Mount Olympus, Gran Bois defends Terra. The avatar is onboard with Gaia's plan for the World. He accepts that Gaia's children are potent offensive weapons and is content to let Gaia lead the war against the Gods. Gran Bois stands to defend that which he loves and represents, and so, he remains in the Greater Titan as the last line of defense against intruding Gods. He speaks with animals and plants throughout Terra to maintain a current picture of the realm's security, and this vigilance lets him track down intruders with frightening speed. All the creatures and plants of Terra obey Gran Bois' commands, including the nemean and even typhonian versions, making his wrath especially fearsome within Terra's fecund borders.

CREATURES

Gran Bois loves all the flora and fauna of Terra and the World. He is willing to use them as sword and shield, wielding them with as much care as he can while still accomplishing his objectives. He shares his control with all Terra's other Titans but wields it with more

finesse than his fellows. Even with all living things at his command, Gran Bois prefers to war against intruders

with nemean bucks and the animated flora of the forest, or to fight in person. He is a proud Titan.

MUSPELHEIM—FIRE

Muspelheim is a different sort of hot than Akhetaten. The Titan of Light is a dry, constant heat that bears down on inhabitants without respite until they wither away into dust. In contrast, Muspelheim is a raging, chaotic heat. If the omnipresent fires let up for one moment, it's only to redouble their fury in the next.

Fire composes this Greater Titan. Everything is aflame, seeking more fuel to consume. Anything that isn't burning smolders with restrained combustion. Volcanoes dribble streams of lava that combine into rivers, bridged by structures of smoking coal. Muspelheim's clouds are vast accumulations of smoke, through which a single star is sometimes visible. Ash falls from the sky like snow. Coal, coke, sodium and slow-burning powders make up most of the realm's earthworks, including the roads and buildings where fire giants live. Despite the burning, such structures never diminish and serve as ideal construction materials.

As fire is at the root of much invention, Muspelheim is an industrialized realm. Engines fed with coal drive heavy machines that simplify the inhabitants' lives and magnify their efficiency many times. War machines roll through the coal fields, moving up to join the forces besieging Asgard. Unlike industrial technology in the World, Muspelheim uses smoke and Legend, rather than steam, to build up pressure and run its engines. This obviates the need for water, an element that disappears quickly on the rare occasions someone introduces it to the realm. In addition to the tanks and cannon the smoke engines make available to the military, they also power mining drills, lava pumps and the black-iron trains that run on a strict schedule between cities and military bases. These developments are all new since the Titans' first imprisonment, and the inhabitants attribute their great success to a brilliant fire giant called Forge-Cunning.

PROMINENT FEATURES

From a distance, most of Muspelheim looks identical: flames and smoke and dancing shadows are everywhere. In truth, it has a landscape as varied as that of any Titan realm.

The average temperature hovers around 800 °F, fluctuating based on what happens to be burning nearby. Lava flows, for example, climb to 2,000 °F. Walking around Muspelheim is as bad as taking an acid bath (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 184); touching a lava flow is the same but has Trauma 5L. The realm's constant burning consumes much oxygen, one reason much of the landscape smokes rather than burns outright. In fact, the Greater Titan's

autonomic processes create oxygen when necessary to allow combustion. Very little oxygen escapes, so Muspelheim has none available for breathing. Clever Gods may trick the realm into creating oxygen for a combustion that never takes place, however, allowing for occasional breaths of fresh (if superheated) air.

BORDERLANDS

Before one reaches the volcanoes that rise from ashen foothills, complete with their rivers of lava snaking throughout the realm, one must pass through the flat fields black with coal and fire that ring the entire region. The borderlands are a 50-mile-thick band surrounding the Titan of Flame's interior. As the rest of the realm, they smolder constantly but harbor flames no taller than a mortal man. When greater fires break out, Surtr's troops smother them to keep the border plains clear of obstructions. Their task is to guard it against unlawful entry, making sure that none come to Muspelheim without Surtr's permission.

A 100-foot-tall wall surrounds Muspelheim inside the borderlands, dotted by guard posts every 100 miles. Anywhere from 30 to 300 Muspel giant soldiers man each guard post, dictated by how vulnerable and how valuable the location is, watching for intrusion from without and checking the credentials of legitimate travelers. Each post houses several black-iron smoke-engine war machines and elder Muspel giants as lieutenants and captains, with exact numbers decided by strategic importance. The incredibly hard wall is a mix of iron and coal construction.

Standing orders for the border guards dictate two immediate actions when they spot an intruder. The first is to send word to Surtr and the two nearest guard posts. For important warnings, they use a magical fuse that burns with great speed, threaded through special iron pipes between stations (and between each guard post and Surtsey). Upon receiving a high-alert message, a guard post passes the word on to the next guard post in a chain reaction that brings the entire border to heightened readiness in under an hour. In the case of an immediate emergency, each border post has fireworks that can be set off to request reinforcements.

The second action is to fire on any intruders before requesting identification. The initial volley is always of flame, something any native of Muspelheim can shrug off with ease. Going out to meet any survivors in person (with a small army and war machines) offers the opportunity for the giants to welcome allies and call off the attack.



CITIES OF MUSPELHEIM

Over a dozen large cities and scores of smaller ones dot the landscape of Muspelheim. Most of them rest on the plains, where noncombatant fire giants grow charcoal crops in the coal-inundated ground. The cities are crowded affairs, with buildings crushing up against each other and looming three to five Muspel giant-sized stories over the thin streets. The streets are thick with fire giant workers and loud, smoke-belching engines at most times of day. Checkpoints stop travelers regularly on the major streets and at every entrance or exit to the city, asking for travel passes and identification. The largest city, Muspelgard, displays the most mechanical progress. It was designed from the ground up as a center of industry for the military machine, and engines of war prowl it day and night.

The large cities are primarily places of community, labor and exchange, but the smaller ones exist with more purpose. A small city sits near a military base to offer support for the personnel there; at the base of a mountain or volcano to mine its coal, iron ore, obsidian, magma or sodium; deep within charcoal wheat fields to tend the crops and fend off wild beasts. Constant trains of food and raw materials travel from the goods-oriented cities to major cities that process them, and regular deliveries carry finished products to the service-oriented cities. The military keeps a tighter watch over these dedicated cities, with their great value to Muspelheim's industry, but have less overall presence there.

Cities have garrisons commensurate with their size and importance to the war effort. A garrison adjoins the city and serves as its police force as well as defenders against invasion. In emergencies, garrisons split in two. Some march off to support the front, while the others organize the noncombatants (still giants and dangerous in their size and strength) against the enemy.

THE MAGMA LORDS

The so-called Magma Lords are the eight most powerful volcanoes in Muspelheim. In three clusters of three, three and two, they supply the majority of lava that makes up the realm's rivers and lakes and the tephra visible smoking through the skies. The Magma Lords' greatest lava bombs reach up to 300 miles away, placing the majority of the realm's inhabited portions—and Surtsey itself—within range of their destructive power. This is not an accident. It pleases Kagutsuchi, master of the Magma Lords, to have Surtr's stronghold and most of Surtr's soldiers and materiel in range of bombardment. Kagutsuchi maintains the charade that the volcanoes are uncontrolled and pose little danger to Muspelheim's population; only this polite fiction spares him Surtr's wrath.

Kagutsuchi makes his home in one of the larger clusters, which is public knowledge. Most assume he surrounds himself with seething power and solitude as solace for his subordination to Surtr. Instead, it is the easiest place from which to manipulate his Magma Lords' volcanic activity to make them appear as wild as

the rest of Muspelheim's volcanoes. The three many-cratered peaks also stand near the center of the realm, and Kagutsuchi watches Surtr's capital from their highest points.

Deep within the central magma chamber of the greatest of those three volcanoes lies an ungainly hunk of obsidian. It is a relic capable of generating infinite quantities of molten rock for its wielder and directing volcanic activity. This relic contains part of Kagutsuchi's power, concentrated in an object to focus and magnify his might. As the Titan's most prized possession, he leaves it rarely and has set it a guard. Ka Ryu, the flaming Dragon King, swims in the lava to protect the obsidian relic. Though Ka Ryu is only seven feet in length, eons of swimming through molten rock have stuck congealed magma and half-solidified stone to his hide, making him appear over a mile long.

SMOKING DESERTS

Deserts dot the realm of Muspelheim, each grain of sand a grain of black powder. They burn slowly but are never completely consumed, streaming smoke into the air above a desert's surface without rest. From a distance, the smoke looks like a faint miasma that squats forever over the desert. Over time, the smoke coats anything that frequents the deserts in thick layers of soot that resist cleaning. Surtr's desert corps set themselves apart from other troops by smearing the soot over their faces and uniforms in patterns that mark their units. Before the Titans' release from the Underworld, exercises in the desert were common as a source of additional experience for stagnating troops. Today, the deserts are free of soldiers aside from the few who return to redecorate their faces and uniforms.

Meretseger, as the patron of the smoking deserts, is always among them. Her venomous breath periodically washes over all the desert lands, blowing the wispy trails of smoke sharply, all in the same direction. The motion disappears into the general fog of smoke from a distance. Closer, one sees all the rising smoke drift in one direction for a minute, forming an acute angle with the ground, then back in the other direction for another minute. Where Meretseger's breath blows beyond the edge of her deserts, the black earth turns to the black sand of the smoking deserts. The sand burns away, but when Meretseger blows hard enough, the deserts truly expand.

Creatures not native to the desert wither before the venom of Meretseger. It is a (Damage 8A/half-minute, Trauma 10L) environmental hazard. Anyone it kills dissolves into more sand for the desert.

The smoking deserts have their own monstrous creatures, most of whom are servants of Sekhmet. Great nemean predators formed out of living black powder prowl the black dunes, burning as they hunt. Also, tribes of black-powder people walk the deserts,

claiming intruders for their sacrificial rituals. (It was against these people that Surtr's desert troops trained.) Quicksand often traps unwary wanderers, who burn and suffocate simultaneously, while the desert's black powder spiders begin to feast.

THE HEARTH

A fireplace more than four times a man's height dominates a simple room of like size. Its foundation is the size of a coffee shop, and table-sized bricks of fire-hardened clay line the hearth. The iron flue is visible up the chimney, open to let out smoke from the fire that fills the firebox. It burns without rancor, unique among the open flames and smoldering sands of all the rest of Muspelheim. There is a support for the pot of stew that hangs over the fire.

The room also contains a bed sized for someone much larger than a man, as well as an iron drawing board with an iron pencil for imprinting the sheets of foil that the realm's inhabitants use as paper. Tree-sized slide rules and T-squares litter the floor around a worktable. Most strange of all, the room is comfortably warm rather than Muspelheim's standard intense heat. There are no windows, but one end of the room opens into hell. The pleasant tile floor makes way for a summit of coal, sometimes black and sometimes glowing red, which soon gives way to a sheer cliff that looks out upon Surtsey. Crossing beyond the tiles exposes one to the Titan realm's normal environment. A convocation of eagles, all made of flame, flocks past the cliff, screaming anger or hunger while they wait for something.

This is the home of Prometheus, the Titan who brought fire to humanity and was punished for it. His punishment seems to continue even now. Prometheus is always here, resting during the day and awaiting the flame eagle that comes down to peck out and devour his liver in the evening.

Except it's a trick. Prometheus hopes to entice Scions who have heard the favorable stories of him to assist him in achieving freedom. For this reason, Prometheus' hearth is on a mountainside above Muspelgard and Surtsey and easily visible from each. The intent is that the lonely room be seen by invaders and attract them in the hope of finding aid.

Prometheus keeps several other workshops scattered throughout Muspelgard and other major cities. Those shops include massive forges and half-built prototype engines and war machines.

SURTSEY AND LOGEVELLIR

Surtsey is Surtr's island stronghold and home to his palace-fortress, Logevellir. Surtsey rests in the middle of a lava lake at the center of Muspelheim, near the realm's largest city. One long iron bridge connects Surtsey to Muspelgard, making Logevellir the most secure fortress in the realm. Thick walls of black iron

rise from the shore where coal meets molten rock. There are two interior walls, each taller and thicker than the last. A full company of Muspel giants armed with appropriately sized assault rifles protects each wall (see p. 199), and the fortress contains an entire regiment. Gun ports dot the iron walls for Surtsey's heavy cannon to target approaching enemies. These weapons possess traits identical to the main guns of the realm's tanks (see p. 199).

The fortress at the center has the thickest walls of all. It contains the barracks and Surtr's personal space: a reception area, a dining hall vast even for giants, a place of torture and personal chambers for himself and his wife. Out of a sense of politics and continued dominance, Surtr invites other avatars to dine with him, one each week, but few accept. This is just another sign of the other avatars' fear, which reassures Surtr of his rule.

A steam-powered lift beneath the fortress leads under the lava lake to a secret underground train depot. The system is for Surtr's use only. His personal train car connects him to his two command centers for the north and south theaters of the war on Asgard.

Surtsey's greatest secret is that its master has built more into it than on top of it. Twenty tons of top-secret iron construction rests between the fortress' last basement and the train depot. When Surtr channels his full fiery might into the ignition, the two main engines (and over 200 supplemental engines) cough and rattle to life; the island of Surtsey rises from the lake bed, capped by a transformed Logevellir and equipped with the nearby iron bridge as its miles-long sword. This is Surtr's most magnificent war machine, his last line of defense and his ultimate weapon. It remains untested, but Forge-Cunning assures Surtr it will function as designed. The Titan hopes to one day topple the walls of Asgard with this weapon's massive crushing arms and built-in cannon.

SAMPLE PASSAGES

Muspelheim's coal and fire now rings the broad realm of Asgard. As one walks in Asgard's fields, the ground grows darker and less fertile. It becomes warm to the touch, and a faint smoke is visible in the distance. Fragments of coal, ever larger, dot the ground. The transition is gradual, but when complete, the first of the border forts is visible in the distance, silhouetted by fire. It is then that a traveler realizes Asgard is no longer behind him.

The smoke clouds of Muspelheim are the thick, toxic fumes of burnt coal, volcanic sulfur and other emissions all mingled into one foul amalgam. They hover over the Titan realm, reflecting the flickering fires below and shielding the Titan's interior from any other source of light. The smoke clouds are inaccessible to most. Only someone with the power of flight can reach them easily, while others must climb the tallest volcanoes to reach a peak shrouded by smoke clouds. From there, one

can step through into one of the dark thunderheads in Ehekatoyaatl. One anticipating the journey needs a means of flight for the other side, at least.

SURTR



Surtr normally stands 100 yards tall, his body made entirely of steel-hard, smoldering coal. His is a mockery of the human form, with hands too large for his size and legs too short. His merest touch is enough to set flammable objects alight, as his skin temperature is over 2,100° Fahrenheit. A flame burns in place of Surtr's heart, ensuring that his body will always smoke with great heat.

It is said that when he dies, his chest will crack open and the enormous flame will burst free, washing over his killers and the World, destroying both. (If Surtr is in Logevellir at the time, his fiery death will activate his secret weapon.) Surtr typically arms himself for battle by cutting his palms and shaping the fire he bleeds into his signature flaming sword.

Running Muspelheim from his impenetrable fortress, Surtr wears his standard size. When an opportunity for battle or intimidation presents itself, however, he grows as large as necessary for the job, up to a height of one mile. Molten rock flows from Surtr's joints, then solidifies into more of the glossy coal that makes up his body. He grows as much as 100 yards in height each action. Returning to his original size causes the coal on his body to burst into intense flame and burn away in moments, reducing his mass considerably; he shrinks at the same rate he grows.

A giant who leads by example, Surtr takes pleasure in drinking with his generals and favored guests (even if part of his joy comes from out-drinking and out-boasting them). He embodies the worst of fickle dictators the World over, changing appointments whimsically and meting out punishments or rewards based on his subordinates' aptitude for pandering to him. His strict personal discipline prevents him from hindering the war effort with his caprices, however.

Surtr commands Muspelheim from Surtsey, directing his many fire giants in their war on the Aesir. The Titan knows, however, that he is unloved by other avatars of the Titan of Fire. Only the overwhelming force of his fire giants and their war engines keeps the rest of the Greater Titan's avatars in line with his plans. He finds this acceptable—even preferable. Surtr considers intimidation a more useful tool than playing the game of give and take. In fact, he flaunts his dominance when convenient, for pride is a strong aspect of his personality.

The Titan guards the borders of his realm particularly viciously. He knows his part of Ragnarök and intends to keep Muspelheim impregnable until that time comes. A weakness of his is that he does not



understand that the Psychopomp Purview allows some Gods to enter his realm at whatever point they desire.

SINMORE

Surtr's wife more resembles a standard fire giantess, albeit writ to the scale of 100 yards, than her lumpy coal-skinned husband looks like other fire giants. During the Titans' imprisonment, Sinmore guided the Muspel giants' activities in the World and the Overworld. Surtr's return relegated her to a secondary position as the Titan reclaimed direct control over *all* the military affairs. The release of Muspelheim from the Underworld also released the eons of technological advance wrought by Forge-Cunning that had not been available to the free Muspel giants, making Sinmore and giants loyal to her unfamiliar with the dominant military doctrine of the day.

In short, Sinmore feels useless and slighted by her husband. That doesn't quell her desire to overthrow Asgard and burn the World Tree to a crisp, but it makes her working (and personal) relationship with Surtr difficult. Her skill at concealing her feelings is almost perfect, but even she doesn't know how long she can keep them submerged.

CREATURES

Naturally, the fire giant hordes serve Surtr with devotion. They make up a fearsome force by virtue of their great numbers and their eons of training. Elder Muspel giants lead them as captains, and those who please Surtr with their strength, skill and cunning

receive gifts of even greater power from Surtr. These serve as his majors and generals, leading the fire giant armies against Asgard and in Muspelheim's defense.

Surtr also commands many of the assorted creatures of flame and coal native to the Greater Titan. These include the flame eagles, mammals of burning coal (including trained coal war hounds), lava eels, the stunted and sizzling sodium nomads and many others, even nemean versions of all the above. Other avatars can also control them, but Surtr speaks with the most authority. His peers choose not to contradict him so as to avoid the conflict that would ensue. Surtr is not a forgiving Titan.

PROMETHEUS

AKA: Forge-Cunning (Smidhikunningr)



This Greek aspect is alone among the inhabitants of Muspelheim. He represents the progressive aspects of fire: the ability to harden wooden spear points, to roast meat rather than eat it raw and boil water rather than drink and die, to light homes against the darkness, and to forge tools. Prometheus keeps his distance from the other avatars, preferring to remain apart from the destructive tendencies while he fosters his creative designs.

Prometheus is cunning. His mastery of Prophecy ensures that the Titan knows what Fate has in store

for him. He is aware that, of all the Titans, legend portrays him in the best light. He knows that the Gods are planning something; he'd know what they're planning if he cared about any picture bigger than his own freedom.

Prometheus is upset that he was bound for eons. He resents the Greek Gods for punishing him for wielding fire for its natural purposes. Therefore, the Titan assists Surtr by designing, building, testing and perfecting the realm's iron technology in exchange for the promise that, once Asgard falls, Olympus follows. Prometheus' real desire, however, is to be free. He feels no strong need to punish the Dodekathemon or any other Gods as long as he can be free. He plans to use the Scions he knows to be coming to aid in his freedom, and he's unafraid of manipulating them or abandoning Surtr to do so. The end justifies any means.

Despite his inventor nature, Prometheus is an able warrior. He stands as tall as 10 men and has the strength and endurance to match. Centuries of imprisonment have not marred his handsomeness. His flames do not burn as hot as his peers' do, but his skills can bank their own fires or turn them aside when necessary—as when he forms a temporary alliance with intruding Gods against Surtr.

Unlike his peers, Prometheus keeps no servants. He resents company and prefers to be left alone with his inventions.

KAGUTSUCHI



Kagutsuchi appears to be a middle-aged Japanese man in traditional ancient dress. He carries a lit torch in one hand and a cup of boiling water in the other. The Amatsukami banished Kagutsuchi into the Underworld. While in exile, Kagutsuchi came to the Greater Titan of Fire and meditated on the nature of its violence and anger.

During that indefinable period of time, his nature merged with that of the Titan. He now commands the eight most potent volcanoes in Muspelheim, in which he wants to drown the World and watch it all die in flames as his mother did.

The avatar keeps no servants, as to him, murder by fire is personal in nature. This is the greatest of his differences with Surtr: He despises the mass-produced war his counterpart runs. As a result, Kagutsuchi holds his destructive force aloof from the war unless he encounters a target he cannot resist, such as a Scion or God of the Amatsukami. Kagutsuchi's influence over the lava of Muspelheim is greater than Surtr knows. With little preparation, Kagutsuchi could drown Surtsey in burning lava.

MERETSEGER



Meretseger is a creature of the desert's heat and the cobra's venom. Before her imprisonment, the Titan's passion was to slay mortals with her bite and watch their bodies fall to dust on the desert sands.

This avatar controls all the smoking deserts of Muspelheim and wanders them in the form of a 100-foot-long cobra made of burning sand. Surtr's violence is too direct for Meretseger's tastes. She would prefer to poison the World slowly and let it writhe with the burning pain of her venom. After 1,000 years of that torture, she would make the World a desert and let it turn to dust over another 1,000. Her cobra children would poison all mortals and Gods individually, so they might endure their own personal torture. Beside such artistry, overwhelming them with machines and force is both inelegant and impersonal.

CREATURES

Beyond the Muspelheim natives over which all avatars exert some control, Meretseger possesses some monstrous creatures of her own. First of them are the creatures and men of black sand that wander Meretseger's deserts. Black-sand beasts of all sorts rise from the slow-burning black powder and hunt down their mistress' enemies. Their victims burn even as they are devoured. The tribes of sand folk who call the deserts home are devout worshipers of Meretseger, sacrificing outsiders to her at every opportunity. Even the other natives of Muspelheim are not immune to such treatment.

Sacred to Meretseger are her various sand-cobra children. Her children include both nemean cobras and cobras of normal size. The nemeans are stronger, but the smaller cobras possess a much stronger venom (Tolerance —, Damage 10A/minute, Toxicity 12L, Penalty -1) and swarm over their enemies. One can coordinate the assaults of many others, making them very dangerous. It is to the tender mercies of these creatures that the sand folk typically deliver their sacrifices to the Titan.

CAMAXTLI AND XOCOTL



Camaxtli appears sometimes as a warrior, but more often, he manifests as two entire armies of Aztecs, warring against each other and battling their way across Muspelheim's plains or through its cities. Camaxtli's great obsidian maquahuil burns with angry flame that leaps toward his victims as he swings the

weapon. Xocotl is the Greater Titan's single star, visible through rare cracks in the smoke overhead or when he is angry. When he appears in person, Xocotl appears as an older man with a head of burning white flame. From afar, only his head is visible as a bright point of shimmering light. His gaze burns his enemies to ashes.

Together, Camaxtli and Xocotl want to sacrifice the World to the Titan of Fire. Camaxtli once brought worthy warriors and sacrifices for Xocotl to hang as burning stars in the realm's firmament. These other stars burned out long ago, however, and were impossible to replace during their long imprisonment in the Underworld. The two now want to transform the World into a burning star as the ultimate sacrifice. Where Surtr's assault leaves the World a black and useless husk, Camaxtli and Xocotl would rather convert Earth into one massive sacrifice. Metaphysically, they want to burn it with its own fire instead of scorching it with theirs. Physically, their plans are to drown Earth in its own molten core, condense it into a miniature (and short-lived) star or hurl it into the sun. Or anything else that comes to mind. Their focus is imperfect, which is why Surtr rules Muspelheim and they don't.

SOKU-NO-KUMI-DARKNESS

Captured within the Atlantean underworld, Soku-no-Kumi is no longer a direct threat to the Gods. Nonetheless, avatars within this Greater Titan still influence the war through those of its followers and titanspawn who remain free of imprisonment. Further, Scions may still travel to Soku-no-Kumi through Atlantis.

The interior of the Greater Titan of Darkness is oppressive. It's more than a lack of light, it's an absence of *sight*. Seeing does not function here, even with the benefit of Boons for seeing in the dark. In Soku-no-Kumi, all people are blind. Navigation occurs through hearing, touch and smell. Even then, sounds are dampened. Echoes are weak. A perceptual gulf occupies the space between each feature of the terrain and the next, making movement uncertain and dangerous.

Natives to Soku-no-Kumi navigate perfectly, using senses unknown to mortals or Gods. The lungs of some inhabitants serves as their trophies; when consumed, they allow a person to breathe the same awareness of Soku-no-Kumi as the natives do. The sixth sense that trophy bestows is unlike sight, but precise enough for accurate navigation and to negate the penalties that being in Soku-no-Kumi levies on combatants.

Traveling within Soku-no-Kumi without consuming the lungs of particular inhabitants is

CREATURES

Camaxtli possesses a horde of Aztec warriors who do his bidding. They are the bits of himself left over when his form shifts from that of a massive war to a single massive warrior, and they fight with all his skill and his will. He also commands warriors sacrificed to him, which come in two types.

Those sacrificed by burning appear as crispy, blackened husks with legs and arms shorter for being partially burned away. They wield similarly burnt armaments that inflict a similar state on the warriors' foes, and they shake off all but the most fierce blows. Warriors sacrificed in bloodier fashions, through cutting and bleeding and evisceration, look more human. They stride without impediment and yell and scream, rather than limping silently like their burned brethren. When it comes time for war, these warriors lift viscera from where they dragged on the ground behind them. The intestines are pierced with spiked balls and steel blades, which make them intimidating flail weapons.


Xocotl, in contrast, relies on Camaxtli's warriors and his own personal might.

difficult. The terrain is rough and irregular, making attempts to navigate based on the reasonable placement or shape of things doomed to fail. Leading one's steps with the tapping of a stick or crawling on one's belly like a worm is safe, but it's far from heroic. Tossing stones or uttering clicks and navigating based on the echoes that return is more fantastic, but also sometimes fails (see "Chasms of Void"). Creative Scions are sure to come up with yet more methods for getting around Soku-no-Kumi without tripping over pebbles or falling into holes.

The landscape in Soku-no-Kumi consists of all things concealed and hidden in darkness. Caverns and tunnels that have never seen daylight make up much of the Greater Titan. Blind creatures grow to monstrous sizes here: monstrous moles burrow through the ground, and blind deep-sea fish inhabit inky underground lakes. Even away from the eponymous forest (see below), organs sprout from the roots of white mushrooms that grow upward from the ground or pierce downward from cavern ceilings. Rivers of oil and veins of ore are everywhere. Voids interrupt the landscape periodically, always infinitely deep yet circumnavigable.

PROMINENT FEATURES

As a place where sight is meaningless, features of the landscape have no particularly meaningful descriptions.



Shape, sound, texture and smell all remain relevant, but the appearance of a place is pointless (unless Gods capture, defeat or suborn Huehuetotl, who governs the realm's sightlessness).

THE FOREST OF ORGANS

The Forest of Organs is one of the most disturbing regions of Soku-no-Kumi, at least to those unaccustomed to the slick texture of the liver and heart and lungs and the smells of blood and bile. Both are the first sensations intruders into the Greater Titan encounter of the Forest. Human internal organs of various sizes hang like fruits from thin trees of bone, rendering great the possibility that an intruder walks smack into a hanging spleen without any warning.

The trees in the Forest grow so close against one another that it's impossible to pass through without contacting at least a few of the hanging organ-fruits. Their proximity to each other also increases the difficulty of escaping the Forest, as constant twists and turns to walk around the bone trees in pure darkness disrupt even the most experienced tracker's sense of navigation.

Worse, the bone trees move. Their roots are the bony hands and feet of human skeletons; they bury themselves only deep enough to cling to the earth and scramble out of it at will. With a sound like that of a rat running over damp earth, the Forest of Organs' constituent trees shift their position around intruders, frustrating without fail anyone trying to plot the region. As if that weren't enough, the entire Forest migrates across the face of Soku-no-Kumi. An innocent five-minute exploration into the soggy hanging things and dry, smooth trunks holding them up can easily turn to hours spent escaping the Forest's embrace as all the trees move to force explorers deeper into the trees' grasp.

The last danger is that monsters stalk the Forest. They are unnatural in all ways: unreasonable amalgams of organ and bone that resemble beasts from the World only in their possession of legs and maws. Their misshapen bone-teeth shear flesh; piercing their organs spills out diseased fluids. In addition, Mikaboshi's shinobi and shitidama creep around the Forest's center, guarding their sole egress into the Overworld from where they can do their master's will.

Whether from a forest-monster's stolen flesh or the fruit on a tree, the organs are contaminated and prone to bursting. Touching them exposes one to any number of diseases common (and uncommon) in the World. Darkness encompasses the nature of things to be hidden and ignored, so the Forest of Organs favors diseases with dark and unmentionable reputations.

CHASMS OF VOID

Incautious explorers of Soku-no-Kumi sometimes hurtle to their deaths in the near-but-tortured future when they step into a chasm of void. The chasms

are bubbles in Soku-no-Kumi where nothing is and nothing can be. It is a danger that carefully tapping out one's path with a stick or the like defuses. The alternative is falling off a sheer cliff into a bubble of nothingness in a realm where one can't see his fingers before his face.

There is truly nothing inside a chasm of void. No matter of any kind exists within, and nothing real exists there for long. Anyone who steps into a chasm needn't fear falling, as his first instinct tells him. Aversion to pain overwhelms that immediate instinct in moments as the nature of the void to allow nothing to remain within it begins to dissolve the interloper into nothingness, fraying away its victim one layer of skin, one thread of muscle and one interstice of bone at a time. The (Damage 10A/action, Trauma 15) effect occurs evenly across the victim's body at once.

Help is distant for one who falls into a chasm. Scream though he might, the void crushes all sounds without exception. Friends throw ropes that never reach him, as nonliving matter dissolves faster than human victims, almost as though the void savors the consumption of human agony. A victim could fly to safety, but without sight (or incredible luck) such a maneuver is doomed to fail. Even the awareness that native creatures acquire through breath and intruders steal through the natives' trophies is useless. Those trophies allow someone to respire a sense of his surroundings, but in the void, there is not even awareness to breathe.

Discovering a chasm of void while crossing the sightless wastes of Soku-no-Kumi means one thing: A Band must find a way around this obstacle if it is to continue. (It also means the guy in front needs to get a new tapping stick.) Only a Band of Gods who are all legendary in the realm of endurance could survive passing through a chasm. Even then, the characters would fall through the bubble into the caverns beneath it and become separated in the process. Chasms of void range from two to two thousand miles in diameter and are only roughly spherical.

THE WARRENS

Beneath the skin of Soku-no-Kumi lie hundreds of caverns and thousands of interconnecting tunnels. The caverns range in size from something just large enough to trap a human to vast natural limestone halls with masses of stalactites and stalagmites, equally likely to be home to nothing or to colonies of blind monsters. Tunnels are miles to thousands of miles long and never straight. They connect with one another, turning and looping to confuse non-natives and turn explorers back on themselves.

In terms of living space, the warrens are equal to all the landmass on the World and have a similar population. Few of the warrens' billions of inhabitants are human (or even human-like), though. Blind



nemean moles, voles, badgers, earthworms, ants, beetles and other creatures of the earth and darkness are everywhere. They leave spoor and trails of slime for explorers to detect by touch, smell or taste. Some monsters are ready to consume any intruder to their personal section of the warrens, while others are busy digging new tunnels and hollowing out new caverns for time to calcify.

Underground lakes well up from springs, neither of which has ever seen light. Damp air usually warns explorers that they are near water before they step into it. The water tastes poor but isn't any more dangerous than a like source in the World. Its inhabitants are, though. No lake on Earth contains slithering tentacles that navigate by smell and have the strength to drown demigods under otherwise-still waters.

One large cavern is sealed by massive boulders. The obstruction that dead ends the tunnel feels artificial and is, in fact, covered in carvings. Godly strikes on the surrounding stone cause echoes that indicate a hollow place ahead. This cave is the personal prison of Erebus within the Greater Titan. (See pp. 178-179 for more information.)

The many creatures that make their homes in the warrens stake claims to various regions. Colonies of giant ants spot the tunnels, always hunting food, digging tunnels, waging war against each other and other tunnel-goers and protecting their queens. Other inhabitants stage occasional assaults against the ant colonies to drive them from where they are unwanted, but the colonies always live on. Other

creatures live in similar (though usually smaller) social units that likewise claim parts of the warrens and fight off intruders.

Enormous earthworms that dwell in the warrens carve most of the new tunnels through the earth. Like the tunnels themselves, they range from a few feet to hundreds of yards in diameter. The worms choose their paths blindly based on whatever sustenance they dredge from the soil and stone, as befits creatures of Erebus and Soku-no-Kumi. Larger earthworms can devour entire families of warren inhabitants. Even though the earthworms are sometimes a threat, few other inhabitants fight the creatures. They opt to get out of the way instead.

Blind albino men also live in the warrens. They are the only residents not larger than their base stock. Instead, their strength is in their numbers, their tools, their sharp senses and their cunning. All have some level of Epic Perception, usually three dots or more, and lower levels of Epic Wits. They fight off underground predators by outsmarting them and using clever and bloody traps to encourage the nemean, if not the typhonians, to seek food elsewhere. Some claim caverns or stretches of tunnel as their own and reinforce them against intrusion. Other clans are nomadic. All worship Erebus, many making pilgrimages to the cavern where he lies imprisoned several times over the course of their lives. They speak no language, communicating with each other solely through touch and pheromones, and they are hostile toward outsiders.

SAMPLE PASSAGES

Soku-no-Kumi is imprisoned. There should be only one way into or out of the Greater Titan of Darkness, and that way should be sealed against escape. That allowed path is to pass through Atlantis into the Atlantean underworld, whereupon one finds oneself in Soku-no-Kumi. The path out is closed.

But that path isn't the only way. As progenitors of the World and peers, the Titans have relationships with one another that cannot be denied. There remains a path into Soku-no-Kumi through the affinity the Titan of Darkness has with the Drowned Road. Likewise, there remains a path out of the Greater Titan that Mikaboshi exploits as best he can.

In the Forest of Organs, the bone tree at the very center is larger than the others. Its bones are thicker and its organs greater and more bloated than those of other trees. Even standing out in this way, the constant motion of the Forest makes the central tree hard to find (even for one with a native's awareness). Upon finding it, a person who wishes to travel by this method cuts open a hanging organ-fruit and climbs inside. The explorer needs only endure the stench and oily, bloody sensation for a moment as he turns and pulls himself out again—finding himself clawing his way out of the like organ inside one of Gaia's giant creatures.

For her part, Gaia understands that every ally she can get in the Overworld War is necessary to achieve her own victory and accepts the occasional loss of her creatures for the greater good. Mikaboshi knows that this crack in his prison, which will become useless if his fellow Titans become imprisoned again, is his most important asset, and he guards it assiduously with those titanspawn he chooses not to send through it.

MIKABOSHI



The Japanese aspect of Darkness refuses to manifest in any solid form. He despises the thought that he could have a material form. His hatred for the Gods stems not just from their impertinence at imprisoning the Titans. It blossomed long before that, when the Gods bound themselves to humanity and tied themselves to the physical. When forced, he appears as the white-lacquered mask of a serene Japanese face with closed eyes. Even this is a phantasm and not truly solid. Mikaboshi is more comfortable existing as all the vast voids of Soku-no-Kumi, spaces whose emptiness is so profound it tears apart real things bit by bit.

Before his recapture, Mikaboshi held the allegiance of all the other avatars within Soku-no-Kumi. They respected the extremism of his plan for the Gods and the World—it's hard to go further than dissolving

all of everything into chaotic nothing and darkness. His affinity for chaos also made him an unpredictable tactician, conceiving plans that were (or *should* have been) unexpected by the enemy.

The avatar erred, however, and the Greater Titan of Darkness was captured. Even so, Mikaboshi maintains power over the other avatars. That power depends on his ability to unmake even powerful Gods and on the legions of loyal shadow warriors that remain free. Having hands outside the Greater Titan's prison is a valuable bargaining chip. He spends more effort than before to keep that influence, but his strength is still enough to force the other important inhabitants of Soku-no-Kumi into line behind his plans. Unfortunately, he doesn't currently have any.

CREATURES

Shitidama are the spirits of evil mortals, especially those with eternal darkness or emptiness in their hearts. A natural affinity with Mikaboshi makes their souls accessible to him, and he has spent eons acquiring their souls and hollowing them out, reshaping them into demons more terrifying than they could ever have been in life. The shitidama are small enough to slip out of the Underworld and return to the war, and it is through them that Mikaboshi stays in touch with his loyal servants in the Overworld.

Some shitidama possess the ability to merge with one another to form stronger titanspawn. One shitidama is no match for even a demigod; an amalgamation of many can sometimes challenge a God. Luckily, it takes thousands of shitidama to meld into a creature of greater power, and Mikaboshi needs them more now as messengers. Several contingency plans call for all extant shitidama to meld into a single mighty Godslayer. One plan still in progress smuggles Mikaboshi's essence out into the Overworld, each fragment of his power tucked within the hollowed-out soul of a shitidama.

Mikaboshi's hordes of shinobi, onmyoji and gashadokuro—described in **Scion: Hero** (pp. 322–323) and **Scion: Demigod** (pp. 217–218 and 255)—also reside in Soku-no-Kumi, and the shitidama sometimes ferry them out of the Underworld.

EREBUS



Erebus is the Titan of the lightless tunnels and caverns, all the places where light never goes on Earth. In Mikaboshi's Soku-no-Kumi, Erebus is as much a captive as he was before the Titans' recent release. The avatar sits in an enormous cavern devoted to his imprisonment. He rests on a bed of stalagmites' points as the tips of a hundred stalactites pin him to it. He

is here because his aim for the World diverges too sharply from Mikaboshi's. Erebus long ago submitted to imprisonment rather than war against the combined forces of Mikaboshi and Huehuateotl.

At least he is near the creatures and people that are dear to him, the tunnel-builders and the tunnel-dwellers. This proximity comforts him and gives him some small measure of power. The albino people that live in his tunnels worship him as their lord and bring him gifts. He shares custody of them with Huehuateotl, but the Aztec avatar cares only for his crows and the eyes they eat. Even while bound, Erebus grants his followers some power. In return for gifts of slain shinobi and shitidama, Erebus bestows upon his followers greater might.

Released, Erebus could be a temporary ally for intruding Scions, as he despises Mikaboshi. Erebus' power is not a direct match for Mikaboshi's, but Erebus is the cleverer of the two. His tunnels connect all parts of Soku-no-Kumi, allowing his servants to outmaneuver Mikaboshi's. In fact, although Erebus has never exercised it, his power over tunnels of all sorts allow him to drive holes through the chasms of void, actually negating their ability to destroy matter within those tunnels—and the labyrinthine warrens actually connect all known chasms.

Any such alliance is necessarily short-lived, as Erebus himself wishes to reshape the World such that all people live underground and give up all light. Although that goal would leave the World's mortals alive, it's still not an acceptable compromise to most Gods.

CREATURES

All the beasts of the tunnels answer Erebus' call. Giant ants march to his drum, bat swarms fly and screech through his caves, and typhonian badgers maul his enemies. They could release the Titan, but the command to do so does not come. Erebus knows they are not enough to best his two enemies and their servants, so he remains in his cell.

More flexible servants are the blind albinos who live in the warrens. They serve him and earn his favor. Eons have turned them into a chaotic fighting force of which Mikaboshi could be proud, except that they are humans and not living shadows or tainted souls. Thus, they, too, are on Mikaboshi's list for annihilation. Erebus' protection has saved them from being dissolved in the void only because Mikaboshi cannot risk the harm to his own power at this desperate time when he needs it most. Erebus quietly enjoys the irony that Mikaboshi, a force of chaotic destruction, guides his soldiers and watches his tactics with exquisite care while Erebus' warriors are without any guidance beyond their fervor.

HUEHUETEOTL



The Aztec aspect of Soku-no-Kumi is a decrepit man with sparse hair, rotted muscles and fragile bones. He is the perfect blindness that suffuses the Greater Titan. Huehuateotl keeps no sanctum in the realm, preferring instead to wander aimlessly, accompanied by blind crows that long to peck out and devour the eyes of any who come near him. It pleases Huehuateotl that his crows starve yet do not die and are as skin-and-bones as he. It means that no creature he meets has sight for his pets to consume.

Challenging Huehuateotl is a dangerous endeavor. The Titan's typical response to threat is to do away with his opponent's senses. Eyes disappear first, either eaten by crows or dissolving into the head, and other sources of input follow. Huehuateotl applies conceptual blackout to each of the target's senses. Hearing fades to nothing, taste and smell shut down, and eternal numbness overwhelms the sense of touch. Other senses are equally blocked, including other methods of communication and senses of the future (such as through Prophecy). Only information Huehuateotl permits pierces the sensory shroud, a condition that remains until it is lifted through powerful magic, Huehuateotl's death or his agreement. Huehuateotl's ability to restore his victims' senses gives him in a position of strength that he enjoys abusing.

Huehuateotl's ultimate desire is to blind the entire World forever. Mikaboshi's plot for the World's utter destruction is a final solution that includes permanent blindness, so Huehuateotl supports Mikaboshi without reservation.

CREATURES

Huehuateotl's favorite servants are his blind crows, beasts that share his instinct to rob others of their sight. Unlike most animal servants of the Titans, these crows are neither nemeans nor typhonians. Their sizes are normal for crows, and they rest on Huehuateotl's mortal-sized shoulders or fly nearby where he treads. Supernatural power gives them the speed necessary to strike at the eyes of their master's enemies.

His influence over other blind creatures is considerable, but he approves of few such beasts' temperaments. They follow motives too close to their counterparts in the World, digging and feeding and spawning young. Huehuateotl trains some to assault intruders who have the capability for sight, but it is only a diversion from his wandering. The warren's blind albinos obey Huehuateotl willingly but prefer Erebus, so the Aztec avatar leaves them be when he doesn't have to use them.

EHEKATOYAATL-SKY

The Greater Titan of Sky is a hurricane stronger and larger than any seen on Earth. As a metaphysical realm, the eternal storm occupies greater volume than the entire globe, all without a speck of solid land. Possessing or borrowing flight Boons is necessary for any visitors who cannot fly naturally. Mechanical substitutes, such as hang gliders, suffice in the hands of a skilled user (a Scion of the Dodekathemon with several dots of relevant Arete might do) but are still terribly risky.

Vast bands of hurricane-speed winds make up Ehekatoyaatl, like thousands of the World's jet streams but wider, faster and full of smaller streams. Each is several miles wide and has its own path through the Greater Titan, never ending but merging with other streams or splitting into multiples, like a series of freeways made from wind. All together, these jet streams are a Gordian Knot of passages many times more complex than the most fiendish mortal cloverleaf.

Eyes dot the storm-realm, bastions of calm air created for the Titan's avatars or their titanspawn. Clouds form palaces and fortresses here, made firm with solid wind, providing respite for weary fliers. They also serve as mustering grounds for the avatars' war on the Atzlánti, or on each other. Hundreds of miles of jet streams connect these redoubts, making them necessary stops for any creature without much Epic Stamina.

PROMINENT FEATURES

The general landscape of Ehekatoyaatl is that of a broad sky, mostly clear with a few clouds, as seen from the center of that sky. Winds buffet anyone who flies the realm, jerking them back and forth. Even people with the skill and reflexes to react to the immediate changes in air pressure find their sudden adjustments giving them whiplash. Epic Stamina is a must to fly within Ehekatoyaatl. Treat flying in the realm as a (Damage 12B, Trauma 15L) threat, reducing the Trauma level by one for every dot a flier has of Epic Wits and/or Epic Dexterity.

In addition to the clouds, winged creatures are visible in the distance. They never seem to be more than specks in the sky until one gets too close—then they grow rapidly into the monsters they are.

Getting from one point to another in Ehekatoyaatl is harder than it first seems. The eternal storm is mostly clear, with few obstructions worth counting unless one is near a cloud fortress or being accosted by a roc. So *seeing* where one wants to go is easy, even if identification requires a little more work. The complication is that one cannot simply point at a destination and fly directly to it. Ehekatoyaatl's maze of jet streams resembles a world-sized ball of string

after it's been given to a kitten for a week and then pulled tight. Simply flying in one direction means a jet stream first pushes the character to the left, then to the right, then up, then at an angle, then forward, then backward, ad nauseam.

Not only is it impossible to fly in the opposite direction of a jet stream, there is no guarantee that flying through a series of jet streams will cancel out the adverse effects of the others rather than just blowing the character further off course. They're too tangled up for that to be a sure thing. Therefore, navigation through this realm requires forethought. Riding a single jet stream in as much peace as possible, a God with Epic Perception can watch bits of cloud and distant creatures entering and exiting jet streams. Using her incredible sense of perspective, she plots a map of the jet streams that these creatures and things reveal to her. She's only able to remember a small region without Epic Intelligence, though. Successful navigation requires a successful (Perception + Awareness) roll and a successful (Intelligence + Science [Meteorology]) roll.

The difficulty of each roll is equal to how many miles away the destination is, as greater distance increases the challenge posed by increasing the information to pick out and retain. Two people can work together, one watching the jet streams and describing them to his genius friend who constructs a mental map, but the difficulty increases by five for both. Threshold successes on the first roll provide bonus dice on the second; threshold successes on the second allow the God to discover shortcuts or take care to avoid monsters en route.

Weather Husbandry (Sky ••••• •••••) can calm or bend the jet streams, but the difficulty on the activation roll becomes 10, and only threshold successes count toward combating effects such as Levin Fury and Tornado Tamer.

CLOUD FORTRESSES

Every eye in the perpetual storm of Ehekatoyaatl contains some clouds, homes and rest stops for the Greater Titan's many inhabitants. Some are no more than roosts for the great birds native to the realm, while others are sprawling, opulent palaces. Those nearest the center, closest to Acopa and the hated Atzlánti, are fortresses, watchtowers and way stations for the warriors flying against the Gods.

Cloud fortresses are solid to natives of Ehekatoyaatl. The clouds aren't so hard to breach as earthworks or stone, but they offer enough resistance for one to rest on them and not worry about falling. A flier who builds up enough steam and is solid enough to survive the impact can burst through most cloud battlements or nests. Certain native birds' talons, if ground up and applied to

a God's feet, provide the ability to walk on the clouds as they do. It lasts a limited time and affects only those surfaces of the body that have actually touched, but it lets Gods and other creatures who aren't able to fly without rest take a break. Gods with Cloud Sculptor (Sky ●●●●●) can shape cloud structures within the strictures of the Boon. Shaping too noticeably attracts the attention of the clouds' architects or caretakers, however.

In the main, clouds are for resting. When used for war, cloud walls are made thicker and packed tighter. They still provide little solid cover against tangible attacks, such as hurled boulders, dive-bombing Gods or lightning bolts. The main defense they offer is that of obscurity, as a creature takes cover behind the clouds, and his enemies lose him until he dashes back out at them. It goes both ways, of course, but the titanspawn of Ehekatoayaatl consider themselves better fliers than their enemies, and they're often right.

Fortresses are large affairs that contain several hundred troops (all airborne, naturally) ready to assault Acopa or to defend their home against intruding Gods. Humanoid titanspawn troops supplement their power by keeping nemean and typhonian avians trained for war and commanded by Huracán to fight to the last. Some fortresses are nothing more than enormous aeries to keep Ehekatoayaatl's equivalent of bombers and fighter planes ready for battle.

Notable cloud palaces include those belonging to the Titan avatars and are often attended by cloud creatures. Cloud creatures take any shape but incline toward a featureless human form of a like composition to the clouds in which they serve. Huracán's palace is a huge edifice of dark storm clouds, flickering with lightning in the center of a great hurricane littered with lightning fields—the violence of Ehekatoayaatl writ small for Huracán's benefit. Huracán's storm-cloud palace rains thick drops of blood from the many sacrifices he demands from his subjects and titanspawn.

Kaminokaze's palace, unlike most constructs of cloud, rides the jet streams in endless loops. Its master could never stand to be away from the howling winds just to relax in a palatial cloud home. The cloud palace follows a series of jet streams that cause it to loop every 44 years. A brilliant mind could calculate where Kaminokaze's palace will be at any point in the future. Something to note for an ambush, perhaps.

The cloud palace of Ouranos floats serenely in the second-largest zone of quiescent air, caused by the Titan's presence. It is a duplicate of Hadrian's Villa, which Ouranos considers an acceptable layout when he musters the energy to opine on such matters at all. He reclines by the pool (filled only by a thick mist) while cloud servants feed him and winged entertainers gambol while failing to amuse him. Nothing serves to rouse Ouranos from these pleasures he does not truly enjoy.

Shu keeps his palace in the largest region of still air—still because he wills it so. It is far from the front at Ehekatoayaatl's center in order to keep it (and its owner) away from the tumult of war. Shu makes sure his palace remains near the passage from his realm to the Drowned Road, a secret he discovered a while back and has used since the Titans knew they would escape their prison.

Of all the Titans of Sky, Tuisco is the only one who does not keep a palace. Where he spends his time and takes his rest are mysteries to his peers and their most able spies.

WHIP STREAMS

Wind speed and the sound it makes as it tears through space climbs rapidly during the approach to a whip stream. Even the high speed of Ehekatoayaatl's standard jet streams seems average to a God riding them. Beside that perspective, a whip stream has a breakneck pace. The howling winds that a flying God hears in her ears at all times—especially in Ehekatoayaatl—is nothing next to the screaming of a whip stream's winds.

Whip streams are the fastest jet streams in the Greater Titan of Sky, moving orders of magnitude faster than the latter. Whip streams are also long, connecting distant places. Daring travelers can use the few dozen known whip streams to cross the vast breadth of Ehekatoayaatl in a few short hours. Whip streams also make excellent traps. Since their wind is too fierce to fight, a creature inadvertently sucked into one is miles away before it has a chance to escape into a gentler jet stream.

Negotiating a whip stream requires a ([Dexterity or Wits] + Athletics) roll at difficulty 15. Failure indicates that the whip stream pulls the character along to someplace he did not intend to go.

PRISON EDDIES

The jet streams of Ehekatoayaatl are not subject to heat, global rotation or tidal forces as they are on Earth. Only the Greater Titan's tempestuous nature causes them to howl across the empty sky, and they follow whatever rules they choose. Prison eddies are small streams of wind that wrap around a hollow sphere of dead air and bite their own tails. Their gales are strong enough to prevent anyone inside from flying outward through them into the rest of the realm.

Unlucky Gods unaware of the prison eddies' design might fly into one and become trapped. They are hard to map—natives know where the prison eddies are and avoid them, and any bits of cloud caught in them have long ago floated to the center of the prison and come to rest. From a distance, they appear to be either uninhabited space or a small section of dead air, since any creatures within aren't moving with the speed of a typical jet stream. Many prison eddies contain tiny cloud fortresses, just large enough for a single chamber, in which prisoners may rest their weary wings (or whatever).



Huracán has scattered hundreds of prison eddies across Ehekatoyaatl. Just over half of them contain minor entities: godlings and manifestations of sky and storm that disagreed with Huracán's policies. None are major avatars of Sky. Some are willing to help rescuers, but not all. Many consider the realm's freedom to be worth the price of their own (not that some won't lie about it to be released).

Escape from a prison eddy is easy with great enough mastery of the Psychopomp Purview, or with Weather Husbandry (Sky ••••• •••••). Other Boons can also help. Otherwise, the eddy is a true prison.

LIGHTNING FIELDS

Lightning must strike between two places. When lightning lashes out, it usually leaps from a cloud that has built up the potential to a lesser cloud or a passing inhabitant (never a Titan). Some regions have such turbulent cloud structures that the potential to create or receive lightning shifts constantly, and bolts flicker back and forth between multiple layers of clouds. The simplest have only two layers, parallel planes between which columns of electricity leap every few seconds. Others involve three or more cloudbanks, not parallel, with lightning lancing between any two points.

Passing through lightning fields, especially the more complex ones, is dangerous for anyone. Intelligent natives use them as tests of courage and skill among themselves, as well as traps for their foes. Some have the power to quell the bolts for a short time, making

an area seem safe until they let the wards drop and the lightning resume, usually when an enemy follows them through it.

Huracán leaves lightning fields active around his palace, using them to make the approach to his sanctum difficult.

SAMPLE PASSAGES

The heaven of the Atzlánti was once a realm of gentle clouds and tranquil sky—at least, if the Gods wanted it to be. Now, it is the eye at the center of Ehekatoyaatl, a heaven under siege by killing winds, endless storms and ravenous sky monsters with a taste for ichor. Going from one to the other is an easy task: Fly into the air and let a jet stream grab on. It's getting where a God wants to go in the Titan realm that's hard; getting back out is even worse.

Not all of the Titan of Sky's clouds are beautiful white cumuli. More than a few are dark cumulonimbus towers or terrible circling tornadoes reaching from one cloud fortress to the next. Heavy with rain, some storm clouds pour out their liquid fury on whatever jet stream or dead zone is nearby, and they never seem to dry out. One collection of clouds in particular lets all its rain flow inward toward a center obscured from all vision by its dark mists. The cloud catches its own raindrops and lets them drop again, never stopping. Flying into this cloud's center, a God finds himself unexpectedly swimming—and traveling through the Drowned Road rather than Ehekatoyaatl.

HURACÁN



Self-proclaimed ruling aspect of Ehekatoyaatl, Huracán is a monster's monster. His nose is a mix between a hog's and an anteater's. A smoking cigar rests in his mouth. An axe drenched in steaming blood pierces a mirror, pinning it to Huracán's forehead. The parts of Huracán's body that resemble a human's are shriveled and ugly. Even his vaguely human appearance is ruined by the giant viper that replaces one of his legs.

The avatar has always gloried in the power that air and storm holds over humans and the life that dwells on land. It brings the droughts that kill and the rains that soothe and feed. Wind carries the heat that opens spring blossoms and the cold that kills crops and shuts windows. It catches ships in doldrums, speeds them on their way or sinks them by lifting the waves high enough to crush insolent humans who thought themselves its master. The right breeze carries a deluge that washes away cities, and no one denies tornadoes the paths they choose. Sky engulfs the World and rules it from on high, as is right.

When the Titans escaped the Underworld and Huracán looked again at the sphere of air that caused his gloating, he was shocked. He saw rockets launch beyond Sky's influence. There were ships that rode on the wind as though it were tame. Before Huracán's capture, humans possessed nothing greater than fans and bellows and sails, the first two pale attempts to mimic the Titans' control of the all-important element and the last a gesture of respect and a plea to share the wind's strength. Now, the mortals of Earth presume too much, and they must suffer.

Huracán collaborates with Mami Wata and, to a lesser extent, Tethys to again flood the entire World. His does not seek the World's complete destruction, but Huracán longs for a return to the simpler age when there was only water and sky and nothing between. The avatar doesn't require all mortals' deaths. He would be satisfied to cast them eternally upon the seas, where they would lack the fundament that defends them against his winds and allows them to defy his authority by flying above him. This pleases Mami Wata enough, as it would make mortals slave to her currents and waves.

CREATURES

Huracán claims to have created the coatl by shedding a snake's skin from his leg and breathing life into it. His breath also gave it the ability to ride the winds without wings, as was his intention. The Gods lured the coatl's allegiance from him, however, by promising it a coat of beautiful feathers. Not knowing it was already attractive in its father's eyes, it betrayed him. Huracán re-created the creature in his imprisonment and gave it power beyond what the

Gods could do. It is now over a mile long and possesses many powerful Boons in several Purviews. The Great Coatl and its siblings are loyal to Huracán. All know that the featherless serpents live on air the Titan gives them and that they could die with his next breath.

During his time sealed away from the World, Huracán took clouds and storms as his lovers. The products of his love became known as Huracán's children. Each child of Huracán shares one of Huracán's oddments of form: An axe pins a bronze mirror to each child's forehead, blood streaming and steaming from the wound. The titanspawn have command over Sky, Epic Strength and the use of Itztli, among other powers that vary from child to child.

KAMINOKAZE



Before the original conflict between the Titans and the Gods came to a head, Kaminokaze curbed his anger and worked with the Amatsukami. His task was to keep or release the World's strongest winds. In the end, Kaminokaze was too unpredictable for the Gods to risk not imprisoning him with the rest of the Titans. This betrayal didn't so much anger the avatar as convince him of what he already suspected: The Gods never intended for Kaminokaze to go free and would never have let his winds blow across the World as they are meant to do. He will not make the mistake of trusting the Amatsukami again.

Kaminokaze appears as an overlarge oni. His skin is dark and greenish, he wears a leopard's skin around his waist and he always has his large bag of winds. Kaminokaze is not a complicated creature. He wants only to release howling winds from his bag with impunity. He is a poor ally in combat, as the joy of hurling gusts about overcomes his judgment and he fails to choose his targets well. The Titan believes he will never again be taken in by the Gods, but persuasive Scions could convince Kaminokaze to work on their behalf again. Keeping the Titan from going overboard with his winds and storms calls for a gentle overseer, the sort of person who can guide a mighty wind demon while seeming to acquiesce to Kaminokaze's demands.

CREATURES

Winds and oni-like wind kami live in Kaminokaze's bag. The Titan normally releases gales with quiescent kami (such as those accessible through Tsukumo-Gami). He prefers his power to be uncomplicated and unable to talk back or make its own decisions. From time to time, he has need of smarter servants, and he releases one of his gale kami from his bag. These servants resemble smaller versions of himself (which means they're normal-sized oni) that fly on fast winds to scout or cause catastrophes on their master's behalf.

OURANOS



After his castration, Ouranos calmed. His passivity makes him the embodiment of all the stationary parts of the sky, including the eyes of Ehekatoyaatl's storm. This nature makes Ouranos unlikely to act for either side of the Overworld War. He lends his strength to Huracán because the latter avatar demands it, but Ouranos is too tired to hate anyone. He manifests as a giant of a brusque handsomeness, a bit out of shape, resting in his cloud-imitation of Hadrian's Villa. He is often asleep and wakes only to the roughest treatment or the loudest noises. Ouranos is a poor conversationalist because few statements or interrogatives interest him enough to elicit a response. He makes an excellent hostage from Ehekatoyaatl since he hasn't the will to fight back.

This could change, however. Powerful divine abilities might be able to regenerate even Ouranos' wound, or to craft a replacement for his mojo. With a libido intact or replaced, Ouranos regains his vigor and reclaims his position as a mover and shaker on the Overworld stage. Whether he would feel any gratitude toward any Gods who help him is anyone's guess.

CREATURES

First among the servants of Ouranos are the cloud people and winged entertainers around him at all times. They perform their tasks of feeding and dancing for him with skill, but their primary mission is to guard Ouranos on Huracán's behalf. Equally bodyguards and gaolers, the creatures react to intruders' presence with an instant change in demeanor. Ouranos knows his peer has set guards about him but doesn't care.

Other titanspawn tied to Ouranos live in the Greater Titan of Sky, including harpies, a phoenix gifted to him by Aten, one of the Gigantes given by Gaia and other winged things. All of them serve Huracán in the war on the Atzlánti. Huracán requests Ouranos' indulgence any time he commits one of these creatures to battle, but it is a polite fiction, as both know that Ouranos is too unmotivated to contest Huracán's orders.

SHU



Like Ouranos, Shu is a calm avatar of the air and sky. Unlike Ouranos, Shu has desires that he seeks to make reality and has no missing pieces. He dislikes turbulence in air beyond a minimal amount, preferring to see undisturbed air stretching for miles around him. Shu tried to cut all motion in the World short so that his precious air could be still.

Free again, Shu's plan is to replace the World with a massive construct of calm air, ruffled only by the slight disturbance of creatures' passage through it. He

recognizes that turbulence comes from the interactions that occur on boundaries, so he would wipe away the Earth, the waters, the sun and all other facets of space and vacuum, leaving only clear, calm air as far as the eye can see or the psychopomp can travel.

Shu works with Huracán in the war. They complement each other as aspects of Sky. More than one God has been torn in half by being trapped half in one of Huracán's gales and half in Shu's zone of completely unmoving air. But both know Shu's nature is far different from Huracán's. Huracán assumes he knows everything Shu does, but he is wrong. Shu moves behind the scenes without revealing even a whisper, making secret pacts with many other Titans and even some Gods. His coalition works to usurp the World from either the Gods or Titans, whichever comes out victorious, and remake everything in its own image. What image a coalition of Titans and Gods could agree upon is a very good question.

Shu manifests as a young man clad entirely in peacock feathers. When he drops a peacock feather, all motion near him ceases for a moment, and all air around the feather becomes perfectly still until he lifts it again.

CREATURES

Shu is not feared for his horde of war peacocks, but he fields them anyway. They are not strong in personal combat; rather, the nemean peacocks are tactical resources. They allow Shu's allies to control the battlefield through application of the many various Boons they are trained to invoke. Fragile, the peacocks die often, but their sheer number makes them effective tools in battle.

Allies of Shu may come to his aid, especially in secret. Every member of his coalition of entities knows that Shu is the calming influence that allows them to remain cohesive. If they want to see their plans succeed, they must make certain Shu remains alive and free.

TUISCO



Little is known of Tuisco. His appearance is reminiscent of the God Tyr's in all ways, without being identical. His hair reminds one of Tyr's hair, his hand makes one think of a severed hand, his judgment makes one think of flawless justice—all without actually *being* any of those things. Tuisco believes that Tyr's existence prevents the Titan from joining the Norse pantheon, and he wants Tyr dead. The avatar is an excellent judge of character and worth, so Huracán comes to Tuisco for help weighing one strategy over another. Every battle plan Tuisco approves for the commanding avatar leads a little closer to Ragnarök and Tyr's death. And once Tyr is dead, Tuisco will claim Tyr's place among the Aesir.

Things aren't really that simple, of course, but no one said the Titans would be sane.



THE HEROIC SAGA

Welcome to the final chapter in the heroic saga that began in “The Long Road to Heaven” (in **Scion: Hero**) and continued in “The Ragnarök Gambit” (in **Scion: Demigod**). As heroes, the Scions fought on the fringes of the Overworld War, encountering minor minions and monsters. As demigods, they fought the greater servants of the Titans, stopped a plot to devastate the World and unwittingly helped the Gods to imprison one of their Titan foes. Now, as Gods, they face the Titans themselves.

TITANOMACHY

“Titanomachy” is less structured than the preceding chapters. The Scions enjoy greater freedom in their actions. They have comparatively low rank in their pantheons, but their divine parents can no longer simply tell them what to do, as they did in “The Long Road to Heaven.” Fate doesn’t offer them a single, overwhelming threat they must defeat right away, as it did in “The Ragnarök Gambit.” Instead, several Titans attack the Overworld homes of the six pantheons to which the Scions belong, posing roughly equal threats. The pantheon rulers give the Band a key role in defeating the Titans, but the characters have great freedom in their methods.

Just as importantly, the Titans are reactive. They notice the Scions’ attacks upon them and take action to defend themselves and strike back. Each attack by the Scions brings a counterattack from the Titans; each plot a counterplot. “Titanomachy” offers a basic framework of story, with scenes rated according to their Mental, Physical and Social challenges. You must also customize these scenes based on the evolving story line and the information in the rest of this book. After the practice the previous chapters of this saga offered in dealing with players and their often-surprising choices, however, you shouldn’t find this too difficult.

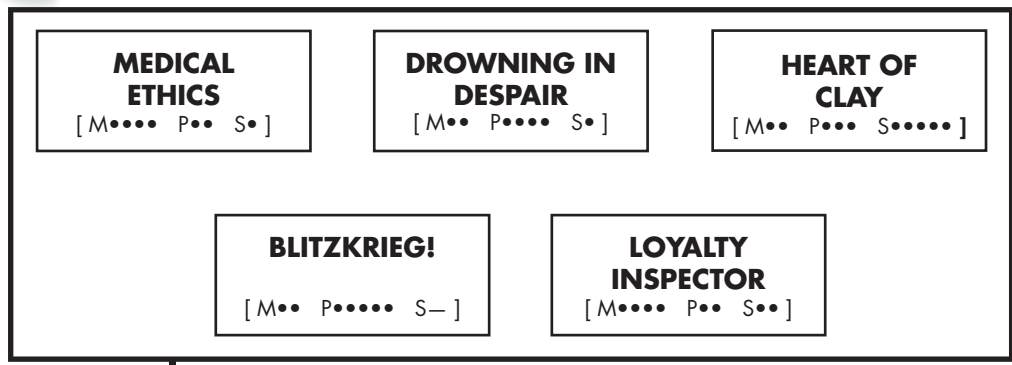
“Titanomachy” is divided into five acts. Act One consists of short, solo vignettes for each Scion. These vignettes give players a chance to try out their characters’ formidable new powers. They also introduce the Titans and their favored strategies against the Gods. Act Two brings the Band back together to save a Godrealm from an enemy who wasn’t as defeated as everyone thought. Act Three covers the bulk of the story, as the Scions campaign against the Titans. In Act Four, the Scions’ labors enable the Gods to try to bind the Titans back into the Underworld—but the Band must also contend with treachery among the pantheons. A final section discusses potential consequences or continuations of the Overworld War, including alternative methods for removing the threat of particular Titans.



THE HEROIC SAGA

Scenes 15 [Mental ... Physical Social] XP Level 250+

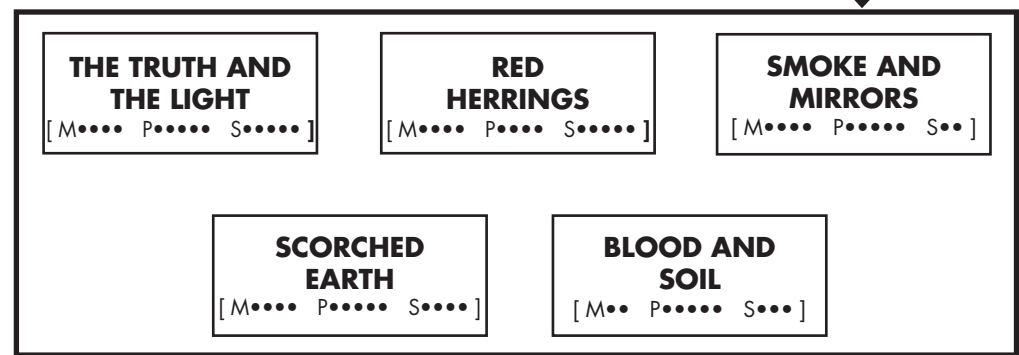
ACT ONE: WAR STORIES



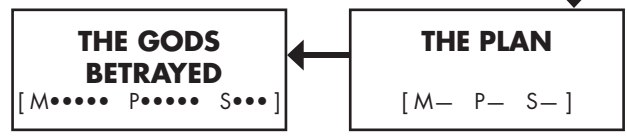
ACT TWO: SHADOW PLAY



ACT THREE: TITAN HUNTERS



ACT FOUR: BINDING THE TITANS



SIDE ADVENTURES

Hunting the avatars of the Titans is the most important task facing the Scions, but it doesn't have to be the only one. The Gods can't bind the Titans if the Titans defeat them first, so the Gods must also strengthen their position by recruiting allies, acquiring potent weapons and forestalling the Titans' attempts to outflank them or undercut them.

Other stories can seem unconnected to the Overworld War. On their long road to godhood, the characters acquired friends, enemies and even worshipers. Those connections, and the responsibilities that come with them, don't go away just because the Scions are busy saving the World. Such minor side-plots offer chances to explore what it means to be a God in the modern World. These stories can also turn out to be part of the Overworld War after all. When a character's cult comes under attack, it might be just some mortal fanatics—or it could be a minion of the Titans attacking a Scion through the mortals who revere her. The characters don't know. More importantly, the *players* don't know what's a minor digression and what's a ploy by the Titans.

"Titanomachy," therefore, includes several boxes with brief descriptions of side adventures for the Band. You can develop them however you want, or ignore them, if that's what you prefer.

ACT ONE SCENES FROM THE WAR

This chapter offers each Scion a chance to shine in a vignette devoted to him or her alone. Other Gods appear in minor roles, if at all. The presumption is that each pantheon has called its Scions to the defense of its part of the Overworld, splitting up the Band. The vignettes offer each Scion a chance to contribute to the Overworld War as individuals. They also provide a chance for each Scion to acquire some relic, spell or bit of information that could become useful in Act Three. The final vignette sets up Act Two.

Unlike the personal story lines in "The Long Road to Heaven," the characters aren't near each other and can't assist each other. These are genuinely solo stories. That does present you a problem: While you run the vignette for a particular Scion, what do the other players do? It's *not good* for players to sit around bored.

So, don't run the vignettes in a series, one after the other. Run them all at once. Spend just a few minutes at a time with each player. This is enough for a few actions in combat or a bit of character interaction. Then jump to the next player and her Scion's vignette. Depending on how long your group meets to play, you might run through the solo vignettes in one session, and begin Act Two in the next.

OVERVIEW OF THE WAR

The Godrealms of the Aesir, Atzlánti, Dodekatheon, Loa and Pesedjet each face attacks by a single Titan. The Amatsukami seem to have gotten off easy, but they still face incursions from assorted minions while they rebuild and prepare to assist the

other pantheons. The Gods fight valiantly, but they have finite manpower. The Greater Titans don't. No matter how many of their servants fall, the Titans just spawn more of them—and each yard of ground lost to a Greater Titan becomes infused with its substance and absorbed into its body. Pantheon victories are temporary; losses are permanent, unless the Gods can find some way to bind the Titans once more or drive them away from the Overworld.

The Gods might be able to kill the Titans, but a Titan's death could devastate the World and kill billions of mortals. Even a lesser avatar's death can wreak havoc. The Gods don't want to

EXPANDING THE VIGNETTES

Maybe the players don't want to have their characters go their separate ways after becoming Gods. The pantheon rulers can't actually forbid the Scions to associate (and indeed have no reason to do so as long as the Scions divide their attentions equally between the six pantheon realms). For that reason, each vignette comes with notes on expanding it into a full scenario for the entire Band, showing how the Scions help each of the pantheons in turn. You can run these expanded stories in any order.



do that. None of the Gods knows what effect the extermination of most of humanity might have on the Overworld and Underworld. Plus, they aren't monsters. The Gods *care* about humans, even if some of them show it in ways that mortals don't always appreciate.

The pantheons seek allies in their shared war against the vengeful Titans. If they can pull together a large enough coalition of Gods and other legendary creatures, they might be able to drive the Titans back to the depths of the Overworld or bind them again by main force. Every pantheon knows that the Titans threaten them all, even if not all of them are willing to join the battle. Some Gods believe that if they avoid attacking the Titans, they can build up their strength enough to repel the Titans' assault on their own. Other pantheons simply can't bear to work with one or another of the six allies.

So, the pantheons that face the bulk of the Titans' ire hold the line as best they can. They need to buy time until they can build their coalition or find some crucial weakness of the Titans. In this time of desperation, the pantheons must entrust important missions to single Gods, because they just don't have enough deities to assure victory every time.

ALTERNATIVE ENTRY POINTS

Perhaps your gaming group uses characters you created yourself, or perhaps some of these sample characters died in the course of play. No problem! You just take these vignettes and assign them to whatever character fits them best. If necessary, have different Greater Titans attack each pantheon. For instance, suppose your Band's resident Scion of the Aesir is a slick communicator (such as Sly Guiler, the Scion of Loki from the previous two books) instead of a brawler like Eric Donner. In that case, you could run "Blitzkrieg!" as a divine con-job. Or you could have Jord attacking the Aesir on Terra's behalf, and the character plays through the "Heart of Clay" vignette. These vignettes are examples, not scenarios you *must* run for the indicated characters and no one else.

Or, you can expand each vignette into a full scenario that involves the entire Band. Odds are, at least one character in your Band has a reason to participate in each vignette.

Scene
MEDICAL ETHICS

MENTAL •••

PHYSICAL ••

SOCIAL •

The 13 heavens of the Atzlánti rise through the Overworld, layer upon layer... and the Titan Ehekatoyaatl, the Endless Sky, churns above and around them all. Tlaloc, Quetzalcoátl and lesser Gods of wind and weather run themselves ragged as they turn back the whirlwinds, gales, hailstorms and lightning that push into the Gods' realm of Acopa. The Titan of Sky also fields a nightmarish array of titanspawn, however, from the gaudy war-peacocks of Shu to Huracán's mile-long cloud-serpent. These forces offer the Atzlánti a wide variety of physical and metaphysical dangers. The peculiarly penetrating nature of Sky enables many of these minions to slip past any guard and rampage on any layer of Acopa until a God of sufficient power finds them and kills them.

Doctor Aaron Tigrillo, newly ascended to divinity among the Atzlánti, does not participate in the front-line battles or titanspawn hunts. His talents are chiefly mental and mystical. The Aztec divinities call on his facility with Mystery and Prophecy when his father, Tezcatlipoca, is too busy to oblige.

The good doctor does not confine himself to issuing oracles, however. Like any war, the Overworld War leaves wounded. Doctor Tigrillo gives the Atzlánti an asset few other pantheons can match: a brilliant surgeon who can apply the latest medical techniques to divine ichor. Whatever he can't figure out using his Epic Intelligence, he works out through the Mystery Purview. He can even use Prophecy to divine whether an experimental treatment will work or not, which saves a great deal of time.

The battlefields of the Atzlánti now include tlaloques trained as corpsmen, who fetch wounded Gods and lesser immortals and waft them swiftly to Dr. Tigrillo's field hospital. Many a wounded spirit now lives to fight again. Word of the Crescent Moon Surgeon spreads throughout Acopa... and beyond.

Each morning, Dr. Tigrillo forecasts the likely casualties of the day and sends messengers to the Atzlánti palaces to requisition appropriate supplies. This morning, his daily Prophecy warns him to expect an especially difficult case that brings great danger to his hospital. The danger will be worse if he calls the Atzlánti for help. The tlaloque have just removed every patient who is stable enough to travel when a great wind suddenly whips about Dr. Tigrillo's hospital...

DOCTOR TIGRILLO'S FORCES

The hospital consists of a rectangular stone platform with four buildings around its perimeter. One end holds a small pyramid-temple where Dr. Tigrillo and his

staff perform their necessary devotions. The opposite end holds a mess hall. Along one side runs a long, narrow convalescence ward attached to an operating room. The other side holds a matching building with quarters for Dr. Tigrillo and his staff. Everything is built of solid stone, with only a small amount of carved ornamentation. Despite the characteristically Central American architecture, the compound carries the unmistakably institutional aura of a hospital rather than a shrine. A whiff of disinfectant creeps underneath the perfumes of the surrounding jungle. Outside the platform, herbs grow in tidy rows, each in its own bed. Most of them were created using the Fertility Purview, to Dr. Tigrillo's designs. They produce a wide variety of divine narcotics, antibiotics and other medicines. The whole hospital, including the gardens, rides on the back of a giant caiman, so it can move about. The typhonian caiman spends most of its time asleep, though, and has no interest in fighting.

Dr. Tigrillo's chief assistant is Orlanda Elliot. The onetime emo girl is not happy. Just as she thrilled to the realization that she had really, truly become a *God*, her father Xipe Totec brusquely told her to work for one of her former arch-rivals. She supplies the little hospital with the Health Purview to speed recoveries and the Fertility Purview to keep the medicinal herbs growing quickly. Doctor Tigrillo completely lacks these Purviews... but *he* has infinitely greater medical and metaphysical knowledge. Orlanda couldn't probe at a God's wound, look at a smear of ichor under a microscope and invent a cure for a supernatural poison the Titans fielded the day before. The Atzlánti made it very clear to Orlanda that her duty lies in doing whatever the Crescent Moon Surgeon commands. So when Dr. Tigrillo addresses her as "Nurse," she grits her teeth and does what she's told.

The doctor doesn't even have the decency to bed her and so grant her a modicum of personal power. She wishes he was a bit more Dr. McDreamy and a bit less Dr. House. Sometimes, Orlanda snidely wonders if Dr. Tigrillo sacrificed those bits to power a spell.

A half-dozen or so lesser immortals serve the two in every role from orderly to janitor. They're all completely loyal and proud to work for Acopa's new superstar. None of them have much power, though, compared to Gods.

Doctor Tigrillo still has his maquahuítl and Xiuhichimalli, but they usually hang on the wall of his office. Orlanda still has her obsidian dagger, and frequently uses it to cut the ends of sutures. The lesser immortal servitors have maquahuítls, atlátlis and other

DIVINE MEDICINE

Practicing medicine upon Gods and spirits is a bit more difficult than practicing it on mortals. Ichor isn't flesh and blood. Medical diagnosis and treatment for Gods and creatures that don't consist of mortal flesh, from ghosts to Titan avatars, requires simultaneous use of Medicine and Occult. The player rolls the lower of the two applicable dice pools, at a -4 penalty (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 179). *Every Medicine roll called for in this vignette is actually this simultaneous-Ability multiple action roll, but it's tedious to keep saying, "lowest of Medicine or Occult, at -4 dice."* What luck that Dr. Tigrillo has Epic Intelligence and great proficiency with both Abilities.

minor weapons, but they cannot hope to fight anything stronger than themselves.

EHEKATOYAATL'S FORCES

The sudden gale-force wind strews leaves and branches throughout the hospital, bursts through doors to send patients' charts flying and knocks unwary spirits ass-over-teakettle. A moment later, six figures occupy the hospital's plaza. A giant, easily 60 feet tall, lies on a litter made from two tree-trunks and vines. His skin is a swirling gray, and his hair whips in a nonexistent wind. A cloud-hued bandage wraps around his waist, and dark wetness seeps through. His eyes crackle with lightning, and serpents of lightning wrap around his forearms. Massive ornaments of turquoise adorn both ears, his lower lip and a broad collar of silver-gilt leather. This giant wavers in and out of consciousness and looks profoundly ill as well as wounded.

Next to him stand four younger versions of this giant, only 40 feet tall, each carrying a club of ice and a spear twined with lightning. They wear headdresses of black and green feathers, as well as loincloths and mantles of dark gray that look like windows into a rainstorm. Ornaments made of ice pierce their lips and ears. One of the giant warriors shouts, "Bring forth the Crescent Moon Surgeon! He will heal our father, or everyone here will die!" His voice roars like a storm-wind.

The sixth figure is a young woman, human-sized, dressed in a storm-hued tunic with a necklace of hailstones, a belt of lightning-serpents and her hair bound back with a turquoise clasp. She has no weapons but carries a large gourd and a wicker hamper.

The wounded giant is Nacom-Cakulha, Commander Lightning (one of Huracán's vassals), with his four sons North, South, East and West Lightning,

and his daughter, Center Hailstone. Use the Generic Elder Giant (from **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 268-269) for Commander Lightning's sons and daughter, with the addition of two dots of Epic Dexterity and five dots of the Sky Purview. Nacom-Cakulha himself is Legend 8 and comparable to Utgard-Loki (**Scion: Demigod**, pp. 270-272), but he is too injured to act.

DIAGNOSIS

The five junior titanspawn are very clear. They intend to hold the entire hospital hostage until Dr. Tigrillo heals their father's wound, which they know is poisoned. (They know because Commander Lightning has easily recovered from worse damage than this.) They aren't bluffing. If Dr. Tigrillo refuses to help them, they start killing patients, and any servants who try to fight them. They won't try to kill Dr. Tigrillo or Orlanda, but the two Gods can't stop the four titanspawn before they level the hospital. They stop only once Dr. Tigrillo agrees to heal their father.

The wound itself was clearly made by an oversized maquahuitl, but the gash festers, and lines of corruption extend from the wound to Nacom-Cakulha's heart. As the giant's children suspect, the weapon indeed must have carried some form of poison. Such a general diagnosis requires a successful (Intelligence + Medicine) roll. Basic success is utterly trivial for a character with any skill and Epic Intelligence. Roll only to find how much *more* he can figure out.

Dr. Tigrillo knows how to keep Commander Lightning alive, and the titanspawn will probably heal in a few weeks. The giant's children would prefer a quicker therapy but would accept it with ill grace. They can stick around as long as they want. Center Hailstone has packed her hamper full of food (all viands grown in Ehekatoyaatl, made of cloud, rain and ice) and brought a gourd of pulque (a traditional alcoholic beverage of Central America). The titanspawn's daughter gives her father a drink of pulque every now and then.

In the weeks of convalescence, however, the Atzlánti will certainly notice a giant, high-ranking titanspawn patient. Maybe the Atzlánti will be cunning enough to mount a surprise attack quickly enough to avoid destroying the hospital. Maybe.

With eight successes on the diagnosis roll, Dr. Tigrillo knows in detail how the poison works. The magical venom is destroying the storm giant's heart. Healing him quickly requires a heart transplant from a similar being of comparable Legend, or two hearts from beings of lesser Legend. The only options, really, are two of Nacom-Cakulha's children.

With 15 successes, the doctor recognizes his father's handiwork. Tezcatlipoca, Lord of Misfortune, brewed this supernatural toxin. He won't be pleased to see his son defeat it to save a titanspawn's life.

Unfortunately, Dr. Tigrillo has already used up his Prophecy for the day. His player will have to make

the decision without any supernatural knowledge of the consequences. And this is—pardon the pun—the heart of the vignette.

OPERATION SUCCESSFUL; PATIENT DEAD

Obtaining two transplant hearts from Nacom-Cakulha's children might seem difficult, if not absurd. What, they're going to volunteer? No, they're not, but that doesn't make the task impossible. Nacom-Cakulha raised his children to obey him without question. Their Zealotry could overpower their Ambition.

Convincing the sons to make this ultimate sacrifice requires two steps: first, five successes on a ([Charisma or Manipulation] + Presence) roll, at a dice penalty equal to the sons' Ambition. Then, you should roll Zealotry for each son. Success indicates that that son is willing to give his life. If Dr. Tigrillo can make Nacom-Cakulha temporarily lucid enough to speak and understand the plan, the giant simply commands his sons to give their lives. This command constitutes a (Charisma + Command) roll for Nacom-Cakulha, at the same penalty, which provides another chance to persuade each son. Center Hailstone will volunteer right away and mock any son who show less devotion than herself, for a third attempt to convince the four titanspawn.

Then again, it might prove easier to persuade the giant's children to volunteer each other. In this case, the giants' Ambition becomes a *bonus* to the roll by Dr. Tigrillo's player. No roll is needed to convince Center Hailstone. Her filial devotion knows no bounds, and she will gladly help Dr. Tigrillo and Orlanda capture two of her brothers and take their hearts. He only needs to ask. After that, it's just a matter of separating the four brothers and bushwhacking them one by one. They are powerful warriors, but Dr. Tigrillo and Orlanda are not completely useless in a fight either. Plus, the hospital is full of drugs that can sedate even a giant or God.

Transplanting two hearts into one body is weird even for a divine surgeon and a titanspawn patient. Success requires 20 successes on an extended (Dexterity + Medicine) roll, with each increment representing an hour of work. Orlanda can assist with Health Boons. The (Stamina + Medicine) roll for Heal/Infect or Holy Font/Epidemic gives a limited cooperation bonus to the roll by Dr. Tigrillo's player; the (Intelligence + Medicine) roll associated with Restore/Wither gives a full cooperation bonus. For trying to affect titanspawn in the middle of a surgical operation, however, Orlanda's player suffers the penalty for simultaneous Ability use.

Conceivably, Dr. Tigrillo might decide that once two of Commander Lightning's sons are incapacitated, the odds shift greatly in his favor. If he can find a way to bushwhack or drug all four of the sons, he and Orlanda

merely need to fight Center Hailstone. Nacom-Cakulha himself is too weak and is easily slain. Or, that might be the plan all along—pretend to go along, then trap and slaughter the titanspawn. Without volunteers, however, Dr. Tigrillo's player must *fail* Conviction rolls for each giant so callously murdered when they came for his help, in gross defiance of his Hippocratic Oath.

POST-OP

Most courses of action have some negative repercussions with the Atzlánti, which Dr. Tigrillo must cope with as best he can. No matter what he chooses, the doctor offends someone.

Defying the giants' demand and getting the hospital destroyed pleases those Atzlánti who saw the place as a suspicious innovation and those who respect all shows of intransigent opposition to the Titans. Other Atzlánti are angry, though, that Dr. Tigrillo lost this significant military asset—a quite expensive asset, too, in a time of war. If the Atzlánti can kill Nacom-Cakulha in the fighting, the “victory” mollifies some of the doctor's critics... but not all.

If Dr. Tigrillo *does* try to heal Nacom-Cakulha, he angers many Atzlánti. What's he doing helping the enemy? Even if the Gods find and kill the ailing titanspawn within a few days, some Gods insist that Dr. Tigrillo should have tried to kill the giant himself, even at the cost of his own life. They accuse him of cowardice, if not outright treachery. Doctor Tigrillo will need to pull off some fancy talking if he wants to keep any prestige among the Atzlánti. Even if other Gods know that such accusations are unreasonable, they don't stand up for him. They wouldn't want to be too closely associated with a novice God who seems weak or politically incapable.

Still, if Dr. Tigrillo can somehow manage to save Nacom-Cakulha's life by giving him the hearts of two of his offspring, he has two dead titanspawn to show for it. How many Gods can claim they talked two powerful titanspawn warriors into suicide? Some Gods would consider this is a fair trade for Commander Lightning's life, even if the result isn't everything they'd like.

The only way Dr. Tigrillo can please all the Atzlánti is by killing all the titanspawn through subterfuge. Tezcatlipoca in particular becomes immensely proud of his son and praises him as a true and worthy Scion of the Lord of Misfortune. Whether this is a reward, Dr. Tigrillo must decide for himself.

THE PRIZE

Exactly what Dr. Tigrillo pulls from this vignette depends on what course of action he chooses. Here are the possibilities:

- He might end up with one or more giants' hearts, whether through discarded transplants or murder. Unlike the default giant, the heart's blood of Nacom-Cakulha's children does not confer increased Strength



or Stamina. Instead, it grants one day's use of the first three Boons in the Sky Purview. These Boons carry the normal Legend cost to use.

- Nacom-Cakulha's poisoned heart lacks this power, so this mighty giant has no trophy at all. Yet there is no physical relic more intimately connected to a being than its heart. Casting the Fateful Connection spell (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 97) on Nacom-Cakulha cannot fail when the sympathetic link is the giant's own removed heart.

- If Dr. Tigrillo saves Nacom-Cakulha's life, his power over life and death astounds Center Hailstone. (His Epic Appearance doesn't hurt, either.) She falls passionately in love with him. Since she remains completely loyal to her father, her plan is to marry Dr. Tigrillo and bring him into the family. Whether her affections are a prize or a curse, only time will tell.

- Finally, the gourd of pulque is apparently inexhaustible. The potent liquid goes down cool and smooth as the clouds from which it was made, but it has a kick like whiskey—there's lightning in it. Center Hailstone gives the gourd in payment for saving her father's life, along with her and her brothers' ornaments of turquoise and forged lightning.

The gourd doesn't literally produce inexhaustible pulque, though. It merely has an interior the size of a small lake. The Scions could (eventually) empty

it, and then fill it with something else. If any part of something can fit within the gourd's opening, one merely needs to say, "Gourd, be full!" and all of whatever-it-is goes inside. This power does not work on any conscious, living creature, but the gourd can suck in an unconscious creature and hold it in changeless stasis. The gourd can hold only one object or substance at a time, no matter what its size.

EXPANDING THE VIGNETTE

It might superficially seem like you can expand this vignette just by increasing the number and power of Nacom-Cakulha's children to compensate for the presence of the full Band. Commander Lightning's sons still won't present much threat to the full Band; their whole strategy is to threaten the patients. If the characters don't decide to fight the giants, though, what do the other Scions have to do while Dr. Tigrillo operates?

In this case, you bring on the Arbitrary Scavenger Hunt. Dr. Tigrillo can perform the transplants or concoct an antidote to the poison, but he needs five special ingredients (one per member of the Band)—which the Scions have to find elsewhere in Acopa or possibly in other realms. Just skip between Dr. Tigrillo's dealing with the giants and each character's searching for a particular ingredient. Of course there's also a time limit, for extra pressure on the characters.

Scene
DROWNING IN DESPAIR
MENTAL •• PHYSICAL •••• SOCIAL •

The Loa come under the attention of the Titan called the Drowned Road, particularly its subsidiary personality Mami Wata. The Drowned Road has completely infiltrated the waters around Ville au Camp and filled them with monstrous prehistoric beasts. Carribe is entirely surrounded. Terreiro faces the Drowned Road and the jungle around it slowly washes away as arms of the demon-ocean stretch inland to surround it. Old Muddy, running past the Vieux Carre, has become enemy territory. Only Ife and the Crossroads itself resist the Drowned Road, at least so far—and even there, the susurrus of the waves now sounds. The roads themselves, however, are frequently cut by flash floods that leave marshy sloughs or stream-filled gullies in their wake. The Loa repair the roads quickly, of course, but the labor never ends.

The Drowned Road has recently found a new tactic. It calls forth bloated zombies of African slaves who died on the Middle Passage. The dead call out in their gurgling, drowned voices: *Where were you when we needed you? When we lay in our own filth on the ships? When plague took us and we were given to the sea? Atone for your betrayal. Join us in the deeps where the light never reaches, where no one will see your shame.* While the Loa stay awake, they drown out the voices with drumming and song. When they sleep, the voices fill their dreams. They hear again the prayers of the dead that they didn't answer before.

One by one, the Loa give in to the voices. One by one, they walk into the sea, going to their people. They walk the Drowned Road and are never seen again.

Brigitte De La Croix knows nothing of this new menace when she returns to Ville au Camp from her duties in the World. All she knows is that her kin among the Gods no longer speak to her. Even her father, always loving in his fashion, has fallen silent. Unlike last time, the way to the Overworld is open, so Brigitte goes to Ville au Camp to find out what the hell is going on.

She finds several of the Loa gone already, gone to the sea or fled to the World, the Underworld or the safety (so far) of Ife. The rest are near collapse from exhaustion—not so much physical exhaustion as mental and spiritual weariness from the constant, accusing voices of the dead. All their might cannot shut out the bitter prayers sent to them through the Titan's power. The Drowned Road gives them nothing to fight except mindless beasts and the bodies of former worshipers. Everything they try seems futile. With each God who surrenders to the Drowned Road, the sea rises a little higher around the threatened territories,

the Titan's minions swim a little closer and the voices get a little louder. Carribe has been cut off completely: The Titan has washed away the stones that lead to the island domain. Psychopomp Boons such as Rainbow Bridge cannot cross the Drowned Road's currents either. The remaining Loa don't know what happened to their fellows on the island... including Brigitte's father, Baron Samedi.

BRIGITTE'S FORCES


Brigitte has nothing on her side save her own wits, will and divine power. The other Loa can barely hold out against the soul-eroding pressure from the Drowned Road. They can't help her. In fact, they need Brigitte to help *them*. Still, she has a free hand in whatever plan she devises to reach Carribe and learn her father's fate.

The young Scion has one possible ally: the legendary Mike Fink, the toughest, meanest, orneriest man who ever piloted a flatboat down the Big Muddy. He was too plain stubborn to die, and Hell was scared to take him anyway, so the Loa took him into the Overworld. Mike Fink isn't afraid to attempt the crossing to Carribe. Every titanspawn who ever crossed him so far has ended up dead, fled or whimpering in a corner, 'cause he's just that mean. He charges a pretty

THAT'S NOT IN THE RULES

Astute readers might notice that Chapter Three doesn't describe a Boon by which a Titan could block use of Psychopomp, even The Way. Keep in mind, however, that the Greater Titans are primal, cosmic entities. They have powers that even the wisest Gods don't comprehend. The Drowned Road can also block any use of Mystery or Prophecy with regard to itself, its avatars or anything within its depths. It embodies the cosmic principle of the Unknown, as well as the material element of water.

If that doesn't satisfy you or your players, just say the Drowned Road—and other Titans—have more Purviews than the **Scion** series has room to describe. The Drowned Road can use an 11-dot Boon to prevent anyone else from bypassing it or discovering its secrets by means of other Boons... barring intervention by Fate, which trumps even the Titans.



penny and there'd damn sure better be drink and dames waiting for him at the end of the trip, but he'll take the job.

Mike's as good as his word, though the crossing's rough. One of Mami Wata's giant sea 'gators (tanninim, really; see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 204–205) surfaces and swims toward the boat. Mike Fink's face lights up, he shouts, "Boots!" and pulls out his knife. That 'gator turns around right quick and swims away.

Once the two reach Carribe, Mike Fink heads straight for a bar and isn't coming out until all the rum and whiskey runs dry. Brigitte is on her own.

A few of the Loa are left on Carribe, including Baron Samedi. Some of them were too stubborn to leave as the power of the Drowned Road grew, while some were too scared to take the stepping-stone path across the sea. Baron Samedi was there trying to talk the other Loa into evacuating when the riptides of the Titan washed away the stepping stones and cut off the island. Now he's in as bad a shape as the other Loa. Worse, in fact: The Titan's avatar Mami Wata recognized him as one of the greater Loa and made a special effort to drive him to despair. Brigitte can't find him at first. Then she spots him walking into the surf, while the gloating whispers of the dead grow louder and terrible sea monsters breach the surface farther out to sea.

Alerting the other Gods doesn't help. They say only that the Baron is gone, and they don't yet wish to follow. The Drowned Road has broken the spirit of community so central to the Loa. Brigitte must rescue her father herself.

THE DROWNED ROAD'S FORCES

By the time Brigitte reaches her father, the water has closed over his head and he walks the road that leads to the abyss. A school of dunkleostei (see pp. 305–306) swims around the road and the two Gods, keeping a safe distance at first. Bloated corpses drift in and out of view. As long as the two Gods head out to sea, they can breathe underwater and the beasts merely follow and watch.

The voices of the dead can also be heard more clearly under the waves. To the general litany of guilt, they add Brigitte's personal failures. They know about any mortals she betrayed or failed to save, or who suffered because they became Fatebound to her. That includes mortals who became her enemies. No matter how villainous their deeds were, the dead remind Brigitte that it's *all her fault* for making them part of her legend.

Brigitte cannot use her Psychopomp Boons to pull herself and her fellow God to safety. Once you walk the Drowned Road, it becomes the only possible path. She must pull her father back by main force. Fortunately, Baron Samedi doesn't struggle that hard. (It's hard to put up much of a fight when you're convinced that everything is futile.) As soon as Brigitte tries to go

back to shore, however, the dunkleostei move in. The Drowned Road has an unlimited supply of these huge fish, but only one or two of them can attack in each action. They are also relatively minor minions. This close to shore, the water is still too shallow for greater beasts such as megalodons and sea serpents... but Brigitte can see them in the distance. The dunkleostei merely make a few desultory passes until six of Mami Wata's zombies can close in. The zombies of the Drowned Road are a bit more powerful than the zombies known to the Loa, for they carry the power of a Titan as well as the Loa's own guilt and shame. They try to grapple Brigitte and Baron Samedi to pull them back down the road, down into the depths. They attack until they are destroyed. They'll even pursue the two Gods onto land.

THE GREAT WAVE

Mami Wata doesn't like giving up victims. Just as Brigitte returns to Carribe, the Titan-possessed sea recedes from the shore, out, out, out. Any character with at least two dots of Intelligence knows what that means: Tsunami!

Brigitte has five minutes to rouse the other Loa (and Mike Fink) to secure themselves or do whatever they can to resist the Titan-sea's wrath. Then the water surges back to roar over Carribe itself. There is no ground high enough to escape this wave. Brigitte's player must roll (Strength + Athletics) at difficulty 5 to resist the sucking, surging water. (The roll is virtually meaningless considering her Epic Strength. It's just to make the point that Gods can resist events that would kill mortals.)

While she is blinded and buffeted by the water, Brigitte hears a new voice that cuts through the screams of rage and accusation from the dead. *You have spirit, little girl-godling. I'll take special pleasure in crushing it.* And for a moment, Brigitte sees Mami Wata floating amid the turbulent currents, before the water recedes from the smashed and soggy wreckage of Carribe.

ESCAPE FROM CARRIBE

After the tsunami, the seashore has advanced a hundred yards, to the very edge of Carribe's settlement, and breakers eat away more land by the hour. Carribe is clearly doomed. Brigitte and the other Gods have to leave as soon as possible. Unfortunately, the tsunami washed away Mike Fink's boat, leaving him a little soggy but unharmed. When he sees his boat is gone, he screams in rage and swears so ferociously the air smells of brimstone.

Escape from Carribe is left as an exercise for Brigitte (and her player). Once she can rouse the other Loa to help her, though, a variety of methods become possible. Any plan, however, *must* come from Brigitte.

- Baron Samedi is one of the Loa's greatest masters of Psychopomp. Brigitte and a few other Loa on the

island share this Purview to a lesser degree. If Baron Samedi becomes The Way and the other Loa use their Boons in unison, they might be able to force a way past the Drowned Road and carry everyone off the island.

- All the Loa have Cheval to some degree. With the pinnacle Boon of this Purview, a Loa can take possession of titanspawn. With sufficient expenditure of Legend, a powerful God (or maybe several Gods working together) could force one of the typhonian beasts to carry everyone across the Titan-sea. For instance, all the remaining Loa could fit onto the back on one of those tanninim. A master of the Animal Purview could achieve the same results. So might a God with high rating in Animal Ken and a variety of Epic Attributes (Strength to wrangle a beast, Charisma to intimidate it, and perhaps Stamina to survive the process). Be sure to take Mike's knife away, though, or he might not be able to resist the chance to carve out a new pair of boots.

- The Gods can build a boat from bedraggled trees and sodden wreckage. Leaving Carribe will be far harder than Brigitte's arrival. Mike Fink won't intimidate sea monsters driven by the will of the enraged Mami Wata. With multiple Gods, however, the fight is fairly moot and can be hand-waved.

- Any other plan can work as long as it derives plausibly from the Epic Attributes, Knacks and Boons of the Loa or has a suitably epic, tall-tale feel.

THE PRIZE


The Loa lost two or three more of their number in the tsunami, and at least one Loa is angry at Brigitte for goading the Titan. Brigitte's courage, however, has reminded the other Loa of the need to fight the chaos of the Titans. The Drowned Road attacked them through their sense of Harmony, Order and Piety by bringing up the horrors their worshipers suffered in the past. Whatever happened long ago, the Loa vow they won't betray their modern worshipers by abandoning them to the Titans. The time has come to focus on the fourth of their favorite Virtues: *Vengeance*.

Brigitte has also gained a prize she won't understand until later in the story arc. She made herself the focus of Mami Wata's ire, and the Titan's avatar slipped up by showing her true form to a God whose Purviews grant her multiple forms of mystic perception. Brigitte can now recognize Mami Wata no matter what form the Titan avatar takes. That will become important in Act Two.

EXPANDING THE VIGNETTE

If the other Scions join Brigitte in rescuing the suicidal Baron Samedi, the Drowned Road drops into the oceanic abyss almost at once, and the Band must fight more of the Drowned Road's zombies, plus megalodons (see pp. 308-309) and krakens (see *Scion: Demigod*, p. 265). They might even have to pull the Baron from the Gallery of Corpses itself (see p. 160).





Mami Wata also evokes a nightmare scene from each Scion's past that challenges the character's lowest-rated Virtue. Escaping the nightmare requires a successful Virtue roll (with stunt bonuses for good roleplaying of the character's attempt to uphold the Virtue). If no such scene already exists, create a scene based on the character's fears about situations that *might* happen. Only Scions who escape their nightmares can fight the sea monsters and help drag the other characters to safety. The others walk on into the black depths.

In the tsunami afterward, Brigitte is still the one who sees Mami Wata's true form. None of the other Scions have her sheer number of Boons devoted to supernatural perception, or as much experience at using them (though Dr. Tigrillo comes close). In the escape from Carribe, ask the Band members to rely on their own Boons and Knacks to find a way off the island. The Loa are too exhausted from the long struggle against Mami Wata to assist them.

Scene

HEART OF CLAY

MENTAL ••

PHYSICAL •••

SOCIAL •••••

The Dodekathemon fights a constant battle against the Gigantes spawned by Terra through the Titan's most potent avatar, Gaia, as well as hordes of lesser minions. The Gods fought Gaia's monstrous children once before, in the Gigantomachy described by the Greek author Apollodorus. In that battle, Hera prophesied that no God could kill the Gigantes. Only the still-mortal Heracles could finish them off. Furthermore, the Gods had to obtain a magical herb of invulnerability before the Gigantes found it. Gaia learned from the mistakes of her earlier children. This time, she sent her servants after the magic herb *before* initiating her attack on Olympus.

All the Gods of the Dodekathemon fight as valiantly as ever, but the new Gigantes enjoy a great advantage over their predecessors: Magic cannot affect them. The magic herb is *moly*, the same that protected Odysseus from Circe's enchantments. It protects the Gigantes from the spells of Hermes and other Gods of Magic, who would otherwise turn Fate against the titanspawn. And as before, the Gigantes cannot be slain while they remain on their native soil. The power of Terra resurrects them unless the Gods can pull them out of the Titan's territory... which means pulling them onto Olympus.

Only one patch of moly ever grows at a time, for reasons known to neither Gods nor Titans. The Gigantes have the moly; the Gods could equalize the fight if they could steal it. Unfortunately, a war party strong enough to seize the magic herb would leave Olympus itself under-defended. The herb also blocks any attempt to steal it through illusion or enthrallment. The Dodekathemon can obtain it only through stealth or trickery... mundane skills, amplified by Arete. And the deed must also be done by someone Gaia and her children don't know—which rules out trickster Hermes and most other Gods of the pantheon.

As Zeus explains at the council of the Gods, the job requires a Scion newly come to divinity, and a consummate manipulator of trust and emotions. Everyone looks at Donnie Rhodes.

Donnie really has no way to avoid this task. Refusal would earn him the enmity of the entire pantheon. More importantly, it would endanger the World. He knows it, and the other Gods know he knows it. But he can still demand a hell of a lot from the Dodekathemon. Donnie's player can decide how much the Scion wants in return for risking his life.

DONNIE'S FORCES

In keeping with their penchant for personal initiative, the Dodekathemon expects Donnie to acquire the moly all by himself. On the other hand, the Gods loan Donnie damn near anything he says he needs for his plan. He can borrow any God's relics other than weapons, and he can recruit noncombatant lesser immortals (such as Chiron, from p. 249–250 of **Scion: Demigod**). Zeus would very much like Donnie to obtain the moly in three days... a measure of how hard the Gigantes press against Olympus.

TERRA'S FORCES

Twenty-four Gigantes besiege Olympus, just as in the last Gigantomachy, as well as countless nemean and typhonian beasts and various lesser minions. The Gigantes camp in their birth-ground of Phlegra, the peninsula due east of Mt. Olympus, across the gulf of Salonika—or rather, the area of Terra that corresponds to this location. Phlegra is mildly volcanic, with occasional vents of gas and flame in some locations. The Gigantes make their beds from snapped trees the way mortals might make beds of straw. They do not truly need to eat in their birth-land, but they still pluck wild oxen and elk from the forests and pop them in their mouths, alive, as men might toss back raw oysters as a treat.

The Gigantes, however, are not in charge of the moly. That task goes to Cottus, one of the mighty Hekatonkheires. (See pp. 333–335 for the traits of the Hekatonkheires.) This child of Terra carries the moly in a bathtub-sized flowerpot that it passes between his hundred hands (or, more often, *tentacles*). His

multiple heads sleep in shifts, taking turns watching the pot. The amorphous, primal giant could fight a dozen Gods and still have limbs left over. No one can obtain moly unless Cottus gives it to them... or without a really good plan.

GAIA'S ELDER SON

Gaia gave Cottus clear instructions. Whenever she commits the Gigantes to the fight, Cottus plucks 24 leaves from the patch of moly and gives one leaf to each of the Gigantes. For the rest of the day, this leaf protects its bearer from all magic and any supernatural force meant to bewitch them.

Cottus takes pride in his duty, and looks forward to the defeat of the Dodekathemon and all the other Gods. The Hekatonkheire has mixed feelings about the Dodekathemon, though. Some of the Gods were kind to him and his brothers Gyes and Briareus. Oh, he knows they tricked him into helping them against the Titans. Their duty as guards of the Titans' prison was only a cunning ploy to hide them away in the Underworld, where the Gods would not have to look on them and remember their treachery. But it was a beautiful illusion while it lasted.

The Hekatonkheire knows that Gods tell lies. Beneath the resentment, though, he's bored and lonely. The Titans themselves spurned the Hekatonkheires. Only his "mother" Gaia has ever loved him, and that's not enough. While Cottus holds the Overworld's entire supply of moly, no Boon or Epic Attribute can bedazzle him into betraying Gaia. Yet cunning use of basic Abilities (and good roleplaying from Donnie's player, for stunt bonuses) can draw out the titanspawn's motives and persuade him to accept Donnie as a friend... or at least, as someone who can help Cottus pass the time with a poker game. To ease personal interaction, Cottus takes a roughly humanoid form, albeit one that produces limbs as needed.

It helps if Donnie can offer Cottus a drink of Dionysus' wine (forget about getting the Hekatonkheire drunk, but it's *excellent* wine), bring in some nymphs to sing and dance, and generally show Cottus a good time. On the other hand, bamboozling the titanspawn becomes more difficult (-2 dice on all Social rolls) if Cottus knows that Donnie is part of the Dodekathemon himself.

If Donnie seems to acquire the moly too easily, you can always end the vignette by having another of Terra's titanspawn arrive just as Cottus lets go of the magic herb. In that case, Donnie faces a bit of physical peril from the new titanspawn—and has to escape a barrage of trees and boulders thrown by Cottus, enraged by yet another trick and betrayal.

THE PRIZE

This vignette offers a number of prizes. Most importantly, Donnie can acquire the pot of moly. With the magic herb in the hands of the Dodekathemon

FAMILY CONNECTIONS

One mythic genealogy says that Cottus is Donnie's uncle. According to Hesiod's *Theogony*, the Titan Cronus castrated his father Ouranos at the behest of his mother Gaia. The severed genitals fell into the sea, and Aphrodite appeared from the bloody foam, making her the daughter of Ouranos. Cottus, meanwhile, is the son of Ouranos and Gaia, making him Aphrodite's older half-brother. This would make Donnie closer kin to Cottus than he is to the rest of the Dodekathemon, who are all descended from Cronus.

It might not be important. Other genealogies call Aphrodite a daughter of Zeus, making Donnie's relation to Cottus a bit more remote—and all the myths that connect the Gods to the Titans should probably be viewed as symbolic rather than literal. But you never know what myth might become a conduit for the mysterious power of Fate... especially if a character actively tries to make it so.

If Donnie uses the Hesiodic genealogy to gain his mark's trust, he might bind their fates together. Cottus might hold Donnie to the obligations of kinship. In fact, the *Dodekathemon* might hold him to those obligations, no matter how that might conflict with Donnie's oaths and responsibilities to the pantheon. Many Greek tragedies deal with conflicting duties and taboos, such as Orestes' dilemma when he had to avenge his murdered father, but the murderer was his mother. Don't pass up a chance to catch Donnie (or any other character connected to the Dodekathemon) in similar quandaries.

instead of the Gigantes, the battle swings to favor the Gods... for a while. Gaia responds by bringing in more titanspawn, including the other Hekatonkheires.

Moly protects against supernatural attempts to change the mind or body. A single leaf offers a single day of protection. Only 11-dot Knacks or Boons can trump the magic herb. Cottus receives even greater benefit, since he holds the Overworld's entire supply. The leaves cannot be plucked and stored for later. Moly is also impossible to cultivate. Gaia's own power keeps the herb alive in its pot. Without her influence, the herb slowly withers and will die in a few weeks. In a few years, a new patch will grow somewhere in Terra.

Cottus himself offers a less obvious prize, through his memories. The titanspawn remembers the ancient



war against the Titans and remembers some events a bit differently than how the Gods describe them. Indeed, this ancient entity remembers the conflicts between the Titans from before the Gods existed, including how they trapped each other's avatars in prisons very much like the one used by the Gods. The Sky-Titan Ehekatoaatl's avatar Ouranos imprisoned the Hekatonkheires in one such prison, until Cronus let them out to join his fight against Ouranos. Then Cronus imprisoned the Hekatonkheires, and the Dodekathemon let them out and recruited them for *their* fight against the Titans. Cottus knows a great deal about binding Titans, because he experienced it from both sides. Clever questioning might get him to tell more than he intends.

If Donnie's player comes up with a plan that makes Cottus happy—for instance, using his pistol Eros to make a nymph fall in love with the titanspawn—Cottus might not care much that Donnie stole the moly from his hands while the giant was, um, distracted. Play it right, and Cottus might even become an ally.

On the other hand, if Donnie obtains the moly through a cheat and Cottus *knows* it was a cheat all along, the Hekatonkheire becomes a deadly enemy. (His name means "Grudge," and he has a lot of hands to hold one.) No matter where Donnie goes in the World, Overworld or Underworld, he runs the risk of hills approaching on ballistic arcs, as Cottus attempts revenge. Gaia will even take time out from the war to ferry her son between worlds.

EXPANDING THE VIGNETTE

A group of divine Scions from different pantheons can more easily present themselves to Cottus as having no connection to the Dodekathemon. On the other hand, they have a harder time convincing Cottus that their presence has nothing to do with the moly. The Storyteller can also complicate the situation by giving Cottus a minder, a weaker but wiser titanspawn whom the Scions must somehow

TELETHON

An activist group that seeks a cure for some deadly disease asks Dr. Tigrillo and Donnie Rhodes to anchor a fundraising telethon: The celebrated surgeon for scientific respectability, and the telegenic Rhodes to bring in the audience. Other members of the Band who have become famous in some way can add their appeal. Meanwhile, the Scions who've kept a lower profile can prepare for the trouble that must surely come.

And come it does, whether in the form of rival Scions or titanspawn who see a chance to kill the hated enemies of their masters. Of course, the Scions must keep any trouble backstage: They can't have Gigantes or Hands of Aten rampaging on national television, forcing them to use their divine powers and Fatebinding themselves to millions of viewers.

neutralize or remove—but subtly, lest Cottus know they want the moly and mean him ill.

Cottus is powerful enough that even a Band of young Gods couldn't be sure of defeating him in a straight-up fight. The martially inclined Scions might last long enough against him that another character can swoop in and grab the moly away from him, but it would be risky.

If the Band actually talks Cottus into handing over the moly, additional peril comes from a few Gigantes. A titanspawn spy *did* observe them without their knowing and hurried to the battle to fetch some of the Gigantes to crush them. The Scions will have to fight their way free.

Scene

BLITZKRIEG!

MENTAL ••

PHYSICAL •••••

SOCIAL —

The Aesir face attack from the Greater Titan of Fire, which they know as Muspelheim. The Titan's avatar of Surtr now leads an army of fire giants against Asgard. Old and experienced Muspel-spawn who have walked the World since the Titans were bound have taught Surtr about the new ways of making war. The giants wield simulacra of modern military hardware, from rifles to tanks.

This new army presses hard against the Aesir. By calling in allies such as the dwarves and the alfar, the Gods hold the line—just barely. The dwarves build a mechanized arsenal for Asgard as fast as they can.

Then matters suddenly get worse. Squads of fire giants appear deep in Asgard, burning and destroying everything in their path, having somehow bypassed the vigilance of all-seeing Heimdall. Just as disturbing, somehow they get out again, equally unseen. The last group of raiders included a tank, which damaged Freya's hall in Fólkvangr. Frigg divined the answer: The giants somehow opened roads from Midgard into the heart of Asgard. The squads were just scouts and tests. Soon, the Muspel-hordes will invade in force to strike at the battle-lines from the rear or perhaps to assault the halls



of the Gods directly. The imminent doom of the Gods becomes far more certain if they cannot destroy the giants' base in the World.

Once they knew what to look for, the Aesir quickly found the giants' base: the volcanic island of Surtsey. Named for Surtr's island fortress, this island emerged from the sea near Iceland in 1963. Odin, Thor and Tyr ponder their options and conclude that a small force, striking from surprise, might slaughter the giants... and just as importantly, capture or destroy their means of reaching Asgard. The senior Gods are all needed to hold the Muspel-hordes at bay, so they send the most powerful and experienced of their Scions: Eric Donner, newly come to divinity. He shall receive his first true command, a company of lesser immortals and elite einherjar.

Transport from Asgard to Surtsey is just slightly problematic. Bifröst can drop the divine warriors anywhere, but letting it manifest near the hordes of Muspelheim is unwise. The prophecies say the fire giants will wreck the bridge in their attempt to cross, and a massed tank charge might just be too *heavy* for the bridge. Therefore, the Gods will drop off Eric and his forces a mile *above* Surtsey, and they must descend by parachute. (The Aesir aren't sure they can position Bifröst accurately enough that Eric could just plummet into the giants' bivouac.)

In short, the plan is a paratroop attack into an erupting volcano that's swarming with heavily armed giants. Half the Aesir tell Eric how jealous they are that he gets to lead this gloriously insane commando raid. *And they mean it.*

ERIC'S FORCES

Eric Donner leads a company of five lesser divinities (some lesser immortals, some Scions who have built their Legend to demigodhood) and 35 of Valhalla's best einherjar. Since this is Eric's vignette, these supporting characters don't actually need traits. The Storyteller simply describes bits of action in the background of Eric's battle.

The demigods and einherjar carry a variety of weapons, from axes and rifles (to fight the giants) to LAW rockets and satchel charges (to destroy the tanks). Those who are not intrinsically fireproof wear dwarf-made fire suits, much like the ones firefighters use when they enter burning buildings. These suits give defense equal to riot gear, at the same mobility and fatigue penalties.

If the Storyteller has developed any particular demigods or einherjar as special characters, this is a good opportunity to use them. Their heroism in battle can inspire Eric and set the bar for him to jump over. Their deaths in battle can underscore the seriousness of the conflict and give Eric a personal hatred of the fire giants (if he doesn't have one already).

This is Eric's fight, though. Ask Eric's player to design a strategy for the young God and his troops. The

Aesir know that these new giants fight as a disciplined, tactical army rather than a mob of dumb bruisers: Eric and his troops need tactics of their own.

MUSPELHEIM'S FORCES

Thirty fire giants bivouac in Surtsey's crater. Twelve of them man the platoon's four tanks; the rest are infantry. They use the traits for Muspel giants given in **Scion: Demigod**, pages 272–273. Instead of the usual giants' skeggox, however, they carry huge assault rifles—oversized copies of the AK-47, each one mounted with a bayonet of blackened, twisted iron. Each giant also has a web belt of six rifle-propelled grenades.

The tanks of Muspelheim are near-copies of a Russian BT-7 scaled up for giants. The main gun shoots shells that explode in bursts of white-hot fire and brimstone, while the two side-mounted machine guns spit smaller bullets of fire. The tanks can also radiate flame just like a fire giant can. One occupant spends a Legend point, as if to burn something by touch, but instead, the entire tank is sheathed in flame. This flame deals (giant's Legend x 2) dice of lethal damage to whatever touches the tank on that action.

The various guns also work through the Legend of their wielders. Five Legend points supply one shell for a tank or a clip for a rifle. Each shot of the machine gun costs one Legend. Only the RPGs do not cost Legend points, because they aren't reusable. Use the following traits when these armaments are being employed:

Tank: Armor 30, Mass 40, Maneuverability -2, Health Levels 60

Tank Main Gun: Accuracy 12, Damage 50L, Range 1,000, Clip 1, Speed 6, P

Tank Coaxial Gun: Accuracy 12, Damage 30L, Range 300, Clip 1, Speed 6, P

Muspel Rifle: Accuracy 8, Damage 20L, Range 125, Clip 30, Speed 5, P

Muspel RPG: Accuracy 12, Damage 25L (radial, decreases by 5L per five yards distance from the explosion), Range 125 (minimum range of 10), Clip 1, Speed 5 (2 actions), P

Giant Bayonet: Accuracy 10, Damage 23L, Parry DV 5, Speed 5

The giants are led by one called Hrungrir... the same name as a giant that Thor fought. Like his namesake and grandfather, this Hrungrir has a stone shield, a "stone head"—actually a helmet—and a whetstone. All his Physical Epic Attributes are one higher than the other giants, he has a Legend of 8, and his round shield gives him a +1 bonus to both of his DVs. He wears armor made of stone, giving him extra defense equal to riot gear. Hrungrir also has the same power of illusion as an elder jotun (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 270). He can use this to hide his true position, giving him a +5 bonus to his Dodge DV while in combat, and making him virtually

impossible to attack if he refuses to fight (barring use of Boons or Knacks to see through illusions).

THE BATTLE OF SURTSEY

A trifling exercise of Muspelheim's power pushed the dormant Surtsey volcano into renewed eruption. The lava fountains drove away sightseers and provided cover for the giants' entry from the Overworld. Hrungrir's illusions hide the giants' bivouac from the vulcanologists who periodically fly over the volcano to study its eruption. Surtsey has calmed somewhat, but it still spits up the occasional lava fountain or puff of ash.

Surtsey's crater is a wide, irregular bowl of rough basalt, strewn with boulders and flows of hardened lava. Only when one comes within 100 yards can one see the giants, their tents and the tanks lined up in single file. In the center bubbles a black-scummed pool of orange lava.

Since the Aesir need as much surprise as possible, the plan is for a HALO (High Altitude, Low Opening) drop—the warriors of Asgard pop their chutes at the last moment to avoid smashing into the ground. Mortal soldiers find this quite dangerous, but it's nothing for Gods, and these einherjar were all Fallschirmjäger "Green Devils" in life. Fortunately, the giants are also taken by surprise and have only two actions to shoot at the descending warriors with their rifles and RPGs. Eric's Dodge DV is cut in half, since it's hard to dodge when you're hanging from a parachute. Of course, Eric can shoot back. Not everyone makes it down. At least

one einherjar is shot, loses control of his parachute and drifts to a burning doom in the lava pool.

From the first shot of Giantbane, the giants recognize that Eric is their primary foe. Even taken by surprise, they aren't dumb. They concentrate their attacks on him as much as the other Asgardians allow, for two to three attacks every action. The giants also keep one tank crew ready at all times, and the other tank crews start up their machines as quickly as possible—two on the fourth action after Eric lands, one on the fifth action. The giants keep their distance at first and only attack Eric through gunfire and RPGs, hoping the tanks can take him out. If Eric closes with them, however, they have no choice but to use their bayonets or unarmed combat.

Of course, a heroic battle must come down to two champions, and so, Hrungrir bellows a challenge to fight Eric one-on-one. This is not to say that Hrungrir fights fair. He defends himself with illusion while the other giants concentrate on wiping out the einherjar, lesser immortals and demigods. Most importantly, he keeps Eric from destroying the tanks. For each action Eric takes, you should interject one description of another Asgardian warrior falling. If Hrungrir can keep the fight going for three actions, he shouts, "Shoot him!" and every giant who can act on that tick turns and attacks Eric—at least three rifles, an RPG and one tank (both main gun and coaxial gun). If this doesn't take Eric out of the fight right away, Hrungrir's nerve breaks and his



illusions with it. From then on, he's a mere giant facing a God, and the battle becomes quite short.

THE PRIZE

The giants move between worlds using a magical whetstone. Dwarves enslaved by Sinmore, Surt's queen who escaped imprisonment in Tartarus, labored 100 years to craft it. Sinmore intended to use it to free the Titans... and just as it was ready, someone else let them out. The giants still find it useful, however, and cannot replace it.

The Whetstone of Worlds only works in Midgard, and it requires two other components: a relic blade and divine blood. To use it, hone the blade with the whetstone until it becomes sharp enough to cut a beam of light. (This takes about five minutes.) Then plunge the blade into the body of a God or the acknowledged child of a God. Name a realm anywhere in the Overworld or the Underworld, such as "Asgard!" and the gash opens into a bloody portal to that realm, with the still-living body of the victim stretched around it. The duration of the portal depends on the potency of the blood: five minutes for a true God, one minute for a demigod or lesser immortal and 12 seconds for a still-mortal Scion. As many people, beasts or vehicles can pass through in single file as have time, the portal stretching wide enough to accommodate a tank. When the portal closes, the victim is reduced to Incapacitated (he's still been gutted). If the victim was already wounded, each pre-existing wound is subtracted from the character's Dying health levels. Up to a day later, the wielder of the blade can say, "Return!" and stab the air. The victim's body distends once more into a portal between worlds, lasting the same time as before. This act certainly kills the victim. Instead of closing at the end, the victim's body rips in half.

The fire giants captured four Scions and have slain three in their tests of the whetstone. They intend to kill the fourth for their great assault on Asgard. One of the giants' tents holds this Scion (one of the junior Scions from **Scion: Demigod**, now a demigod himself or herself). This character can explain how the whetstone works. The giants have gathered the largest force they believe can enter the portal in one minute. If they can capture Eric, a full God, they will send to Muspelheim for a greater force to invade Asgard.

Once a whetted blade has opened a portal between worlds, anyone can hold the blade and activate the return portal. On the other hand, no one can evoke the returning portal if the blade breaks or the sacrificial victim dies. If no one calls the return portal, the victim might survive and heal. The giants haven't realized it, but the last person through on an outgoing portal could grab the victim and pull him through the closing portal in his own body—but the victim loses all but his last Dying health level. His survival depends on immediate, and heroic, medical care.

A MARRIAGE MADE IN HELL

As the Band might have learned in "The Long Road to Heaven," Hel, the Norse Queen of the Dead, has a boat that can sail between Worlds: *Naglfar*, the ship of dead men's nails. It can also hold a crew of any size: Prophecies of Ragnarök say *Naglfar* will carry the entire jotun army. Such a troop transport would be a useful asset in the Overworld War.

The Band is sent to Niflheim to recruit Hel as an ally of the Aesir. They soon learn her price: She wants a husband, specifically Baldur. Either the Scions must persuade Baldur to marry Hel (and thus obliquely fulfill the prophecy of his death, not to mention outraging his mother), or they must persuade Hel to accept another mate. Oh, and find the replacement groom too. Will any male Scion make the ultimate sacrifice?

If the Band can recruit the jotuns' king, Utgard-Loki, to the Gods' side, they can fulfill the prophecies completely. If not, Hel can supply a replacement crew. The dead of Niflheim are dishonored one and all—cowards, oathbreakers, murderers and the like—but they include fighters as competent as any of Odin's einherjar. *Naglfar* can set sail for Ragnarok with a crew that ranges from Vikings who betrayed their chiefs to guards from Auschwitz, all hoping to redeem themselves in battle.

The Whetstone of Worlds works for anyone with Legend. Whether the Scions use it is between themselves and their consciences.

EXPANDING THE VIGNETTE

If Eric comes with the rest of the Band instead of some lesser immortals and einherjar, the giants need reinforcements if they are not to be hopelessly overmatched. The simplest solution is to give them more tanks. You can also reinforce them with Mökkurkálfi (from **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 229–230), brought to full power by the heart of a slain Scion. Appropriately, Mökkurkálfi was the original Hrungrir's second in his duel with Thor.

You can also give Hrungrir a magical control over Surtsey, so the volcano sprays lava everywhere. This environmental effect is equivalent to an acid bath (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 184). That's probably nothing to Gods, but it prevents most followers from being effective.



Scene

LOYALTY INSPECTOR

MENTAL •••

PHYSICAL ••

SOCIAL ••

The Pesedjet face attack from the Greater Titan of Light, whom they know as Akhetaten. The Gods of the Pesedjet revere the Sun as the supreme beneficent power, incarnate through the pantheon's ruler Atum-Re and a number of other Gods. The light of Akhetaten superficially resembles that of the Sun, but the Titan's light is not the light of life and growth. Atum-Re shines his light on the life-giving water of Iteru and the fertile, floating gardens of Geb; Akhetaten shines on barren desert, parching the land with light that never ceases. The Titan's avatar Aten sends wave after wave of shining spirits, his "Hands," to assail Iteru and force the Gods to surrender their realm and their souls. The ruling personality of Akhetaten desires that in all the worlds, all creatures will see only Aten, know only Aten, *be* only Aten.

The Hands of Aten fly as far into Iteru as they can and then explode where they can do the most damage. Enough of these Hands exploding together can kill even Gods. They also destroy the boats that sail the Iteru and eat away at Benben. Slowly but surely, the Hands of Aten force the Pesedjet into fewer boats and chip away the realm's Axis Mundi itself.

Most groups of Hands consist merely of cherubim and angels. Sometimes, however, an archangel or seraph accompanies the lesser Hands of Aten. They try to abduct the Gods who battle the Hands and carry them back to Aten itself. The Pesedjet inevitably sees these captured cousins again... or at least entities that wear their forms. Mere days later, an abducted God returns with a company of Hands, demanding that the Pesedjet surrender and accept the single truth of Aten. Every attempt to capture these brainwashed Gods ends with the Gods exploding.

Worst of all, Aten has learned to dissemble. The Pesedjet once readily took in refugees from other realms of myth that the Titans have overwhelmed—but no more. Twice, refugee Gods have moved among the Pesedjet for days before shouting, "Submit to Aten!" and exploding, gravely wounding a number of Pesedjet Gods.

The Pesedjet faces a quandary. Most of the refugees want to fight the Titans any way they can. Gods are proud, however, and insist that the Pesedjet treat them with respect, as trusted and valued allies—not with suspicion, as possible assassins. The Pesedjet needs some quick, sure way to verify that a God is not secretly loyal to Aten. Reading a God's mind is apparently not enough. The last suicidal assassin had her mind inspected by Thoth himself, and the God of Writing read no treachery therein. Thoth is now recovering from that God's detonation.

Sages and sorcery have failed, so the Pesedjet tries a detective. The Gods give the problem to Horace Farrow—right before one of the scouts who watches the bounds of Iteru brings in a group of refugees from the sunburned wastes of Akhetaten.

HORACE'S FORCES

Horace has the run of a small temple-barge converted into a reception center for this latest group of refugees. The massive, newly installed doors are purely for the visitors' own protection. (It would not be good manners to notice that the doors lock from the outside.) None of the Pesedjet's magicians (of whom Isis and Thoth are merely the most powerful) can join him, however. They are all needed for the defense against Aten, and their lives cannot be risked.

Nobody gets out until Horace can identify any agent of Aten, or vouches that none of the Gods are brainwashed assassins. His credibility with the Pesedjet is on the line, as is his life.

ATEN'S FORCES

The three refugees include one relatively minor God, a demigod Scion and a lesser immortal from the Annuna, or Mesopotamian pantheon. They are:

- Ištaran (not to be confused with the better-known Ishtar), a Sumerian and Babylonian God of boundaries, particularly for adjudicating border disputes, and patron God of the ancient town of Der. His totem animal, a snake, appears on ancient boundary stones.

- A lesser immortal with the body of a man and the head and wings of an eagle. He is one of the Apkallu, or Sages, a group of protective minor deities. The Mesopotamians also had other Apkallu with different appearances, so modern archeologists also call these particular godlings "griffin-demons." They are also called the Sebittu, or Seven—a name they also share with other Mesopotamian lesser immortals.

- Sahar "Dawn" Qazi is a Scion of Shamash (also called Utu), the Mesopotamian Sun God. This attractive young lady wears hard-worn US Army fatigues. She carries a curved pruning saw and a bag of assorted small idols, carved cylinder-seals and other relics of the Annuna, every one of them a potential Birthright.

Jackal-headed Duamutef, Horace's *much* older half brother, guided them to Iteru. (The heads of Duamutef and three other sons of Horus adorn the Canopic jars that hold the viscera taken from a mummy.) Duamutef is one of the lesser members of the Pesedjet. His Legend is as low as a God's can be. Atum-Re assigns Duamutef



to assist Horace in guarding the refugees. Duamutef doesn't leave, either, until Horace makes his decision.

Of course, nobody admits to serving Aten. One person is lying.

INQUEST

Horace can attempt whatever mystical forms of investigation his player can imagine, as long as they're possible with the resources at hand. If Horace wants spells or the use of Purviews he doesn't know himself, a number of man-headed *ba*-birds hang around to carry messages to the other Pesedjet. A God with the desired Purview will come to Horace's barque when one becomes available. The barque's temple doors have a narrow, shuttered slit through which a God can peer to examine somebody on the inside. Getting the refugees and Duamutef to cooperate with such an examination is Horace's problem.

Ba-birds are a sort of soul in the complex Egyptian concept of the self. Represent these birds using the Bird (Raptor) from **Scion: Hero**, page 329, but add sentence, speech and a Legend of 2, and take away the Bite attack.

Neither spells, the Mystery Purview nor any other Purview will reveal that a particular God, demigod or lesser immortal is a servant of Aten. Prophecy can impart that one of them definitely *will* reveal himself or herself as an enemy of the Pesedjet, but it won't say which one. Horace must rely on his investigative prowess to look for clues in their behavior and testimony.

Ištaran's Tale

The God of Borders can give detailed accounts of how the Mesopotamian pantheon fought the Titans. Akhetaten's forces attacked from one side, Ehekatoyaatl's (led by the primal avatar Anshar) from the other. Even though the Mesopotamians called in every allied sub-pantheon (Elamite, Kassite, Ugaritic... over the millennia, the Annuna spun off and absorbed many groups of Gods), the two Titans recently overwhelmed them. Many Gods were slain. Others were captured. Still others were scattered and, like Ištaran, sought refuge. Ištaran escaped with a team of seven Apkallu into the wastes of Akhetaten. Repeated clashes with Hands of Aten reduced the seven to only one, but fortunately, they also encountered first Sahar, then Duamutef.

Ištaran cannot say whether his griffin-demon companion was ever out of his sight. At one point, the Hands scattered four of the Apkallu, and three of them made it back to the group. The Seven are identical, to the point of lacking names, so Ištaran cannot say whether his companion was one of the three who could've been brainwashed during their period of separation.

The Boundary God had seen Sahar before, briefly, but hadn't spoken to her. Three days ago, they met when a group of Hands attacked. The Hands killed one of the Sebittu and captured another, but Sahar's sudden appearance convinced the Hands to retreat instead of finishing off Ištaran and the final member



of the Apkallu. Since then, they have stayed together. The only times Sahar has been out of Ištaran sight, she was with the griffin-demon, and they were all in a warded cave. Though Ištaran won't point this out himself, he concedes that this does mean that, at one time, he was alone for at least half an hour.

Ištaran, the Bereft God

If you need combat traits for Ištaran, use the Attributes, Abilities and Epic Attributes of Brigitte De La Croix. The God of Boundaries is a decent but not exceptional fighter. He has the one-dot through seven-dot Boons of Animal (Snake), Guardian and Sun. He also has the one-dot through five-dot Boons of Earth, Fertility and Water.

The Apkallu's Tale

The griffin-demon has decided to take a name, now that he's the only one left of the Apkallu. Sahar has named him Rashid ("Brave"). His story matches Ištaran. Rashid claims that when the Hands scattered the Apkallu, he was one of the scattered four, and the first to rejoin Ištaran after he managed to kill the Hand he fought. He was alone, he thinks, for only 20 minutes or so. Since then, he has stayed close to Ištaran and Sahar.

If pressed, Rashid admits that the day before Duamutef found them, he and Sahar had left Ištaran by himself for about half an hour. They were hiding in

a cave, however, and Rashid had warded the entrance against Hands, so he's sure no one could have gotten in to brainwash Ištaran.

Rashid, Last of the Apkallu

Rashid the Apkallu is a typical example of a protective lesser immortal. Most mythologies include such minor deities. The Dodekathemon has warrior-spirits called Kouretes, while the Norse asked the landvaettir to help and protect them. The Mesopotamians stand out, though, for having at least a dozen varieties of protective godlings. Other varieties include the girtablilu, or "scorpion men," who have a human torso, bird legs and scorpion tail; winged but otherwise human genies; and another group of Apkallu who look like bearded men dressed in oversized fishskins. Storytellers can use Rashid as a model for writing up other such lesser immortals.

A griffin-demon looks like an athletic man with an eagle's head, a crest of upstanding feathers, and eagle-like wings springing from his shoulders. Ancient carvings show them wearing a short-sleeved shirt and a fringed, wrap-around garment, and carrying a bucket and an object that looks like a pine cone, used to bless and purify.

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4; Charisma 4, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3; Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Virtues: Duty 3, Endurance 3, Piety 3, Valor 3

Abilities: Academics 2, Athletics 4, Awareness 4, Brawl 4, Empathy 3, Fortitude 4, Integrity 4, Marksmanship 2, Melee 5, Occult 2, Presence 3, Survival 2, Thrown 2

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Aegis, Come Running, Divine Radiance, Heavenly Flare, Penetrating Glare, Unbarred Entry, Unerring Orientation, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward, Where are You? (The Annuna call the Sun Purview "Melam," or "Awe/Radiance"; it is the universal attribute of divinity for that pantheon.)

Epic Attributes: Epic Dexterity 2 (Cat's Grace, Untouchable Opponent), Epic Perception 4 (Predatory Focus, Subliminal Warning, Telescopic Senses, Unfailing Recognition), Epic Stamina 2 (Damage Conversion, Self-Healing)

Flight: Rashid can fly at five times his ground movement rate, applying the normal DV penalties for Move and Dash actions in combat. Out of combat, Rashid can fly about 40 miles per hour.

Join Battle: 8

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 9, Damage 5B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 8, Damage 8B, Parry DV 6, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 10, Damage 5B, Parry DV 7, Speed 4

Spatha: Accuracy 11, Damage 9L, Parry DV 8, Speed 4
Hankyu: Accuracy 8, Damage 7L, Range 30, Speed 5
Soak: 2A/4L/6B

Health Levels: -0/-0/-0/-0/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 10 **Willpower**: 6

Legend: 6 **Legend Points**: 36

Other Notes: Rashid channels the Guardian Purview through the pinecone-shaped flower of a date-palm; protecting a target involves marking it with pollen. Other creatures of Legend could use this as a relic for channeling this Purview. The griffin-demon's sash is a relic for channeling the Psychopomp Purview. As a spirit who was never truly mortal, Rashid does not need these relics but gains a minor bonus for doing so, as if he were a true God. A small bucket that Rashid also carries is merely a container for the palm-flower. His Assyrian-style sword (equal to a *spatha*) and bow (equal to a *hankyu*) are mundane items.

Sahar's Tale

Sahar says her mortal parents were Assyrian Christian Arabs from Iraq who emigrated to the United States; Shamash took the guise of her father to impregnate her mother. Shortly after the American-led invasion of Iraq, Sahar joined the Army Reserve so she could help free her parents' homeland and serve as a translator. Her Visitation came during a night attack by a group of Fedayeen Saddam. Since then, she has helped both the Coalition forces and the Annuna fight the native titanspawn, who find the chaos of Iraq an excellent cover for their own vile activities. Her full adventures would take hours to recount.

Sahar was at the fall of the Annuna's realm, though, and barely managed to escape. Her command of the Sun Purview helped her both to survive the wastes of Akhetaten and to deceive the Hands she met. According to Sahar, the Hands are dumb as posts and easy to fool once you get the hang of Aten's rhetoric. Glow a bit, sound like a fanatic, and they let you by.

When Sahar saw a gang of Hands fighting someone in the distance, though, she couldn't ignore a chance to rendezvous with other foes of the Titan. That's how she met Ištaran and Rashid. She's sure that none of them could be agents of Aten. It wasn't long after they met that Duamutef found the three and led them to Iteru.

Sahar is a lot more patient with the interrogation and detention than are the other two. She reminds Ištaran and Rashid that the Pesedjet can't be too careful. After all, the Annuna suffered from suicide attacks too.

Horace can hardly avoid noticing that Sahar and Rashid don't say why they left Ištaran alone in the cave. If pressed, they say they wanted to talk, but Sahar blushes. They also look at each other a lot, or studiously avoid looking at each other. It doesn't take Epic Wits to figure out that they've become lovers.

Sahar "Dawn" Qazi, Scion of Shamash

If you need combat traits for the daughter of Shamash, use the Attributes, Abilities and Epic Attributes for Seth Farrow that appeared in **Scion: Demigod**. Her Boons include the first two Boons of Fertility and the first three of Justice, Sun and War. She channels Fertility and War through a relic pruning saw, which also serves as a weapon equal to a machete. She channels her Justice Purview through a cylinder-seal carved with a scene of Shamash enthroned.

EXPOSURE

By comparing the refugees' stories and applying his own Knacks and Abilities, Horace can find no suspicious contradictions in the testimony. (The contradictions are all the sort that come from normal, fallible memories. If the stories matched exactly, that would be *really* suspicious.)

Duamutef stays quiet through the questioning. If Horace interrogates him, Duamutef rather tersely says that he met the three only a few hours ago, while he scouted the borders of Akhetaten and noticed them in the distance. He ran out, guided them to Iteru and then sailed them to the guest house like he was supposed to.

If he wants, Horace can devise tests to reveal subconscious loyalty to Aten. For example, even a good liar can reveal himself through momentary flickers of expression or shifts of posture. The Storyteller should give any halfway-plausible plan a chance to work, but success requires simultaneous use of Empathy and Investigation. Horace's player rolls (Perception + [lowest of Empathy or Investigation]) at a four-die penalty in a contested roll against each test subject's (Manipulation + [highest of Integrity or Larceny]) to assess the target's subconscious. Since Horace has Epic Perception and none of the three have Epic Manipulation, success is almost certainly assured. What Horace's investigation reveals is that none of the three refugees are secretly brainwashed servants of Aten.

The crucial choice is whether Horace tests Duamutef. His half brother is brainwashed. He was captured several days ago during his patrol, brainwashed and made into a suicide bomber, just waiting for a chance to get close to greater Gods and blow himself up. Duamutef intercepted the refugees in hopes of capturing them for Aten, but he didn't have an opportunity. Now he plays along with Horace in hopes of getting out so he can try to murder one of the movers and shakers in the Pesedjet.

Duamutef carries just one item that isn't part of his usual gear: a small golden amulet, the size of a soldier's dog tag, in the shape of a cartouche. The amulet bears the hieroglyphics of Duamutef's name, but with each glyph flipped or tilted a different way. This amulet enables Duamutef to maintain the illusion of his

former personality. If it is removed, he knows the jig is up and tries to explode and take as many Gods with him as he can.

The explosion deals 45L damage in a 27-yard radius. Each sturdy, Egyptian stone wall blocks 15L of the explosion. When Duamutef decides to explode, he screams, "Submit to Aten!"—and Join Battle is rolled for him, Horace and everyone nearby. Reaching cover requires the ability to act before Duamutef. Grabbing a person and carrying him or her along to cover adds one tick to the rescuer's action.

Duamutef, Elder Son of Horus

This son of Horus is a typical example of a minor God, born of other Gods but who never established much of a Legend among mortals. Such Gods haven't reached their full potential for power and probably never will. In Egyptian funerary ritual, Duamutef guards the jar that holds the stomach of the deceased.

Duamutef typically looks like a swarthy, jackal-headed man, though he can appear completely human if he wants. He gets upset when people mistake him for Anubis. He's also quite jealous of his much younger half brother Horace Farrow, who has risen so high so quickly. Duamutef usually wears just a kilt and sandals, with a baldric for his khopesh. On guard duty or patrol, he also carries a modern-looking riot shield.



BRED FOR EVIL, PART ONE

An FBI contact asks Horace Farrow to look into the disappearances of several young women in a region along the Mexican border. The FBI is quite sure that a Mexican gang kidnaps the women (along with many, many more on the Mexican side of the border) and uses them as sex slaves in a notorious brothel. The local Mexican authorities, however, won't take action because they are all bribed, intimidated or dead. Perhaps Horace could rescue the kidnapped women?

Horace quickly finds evidence of titanspawn. Worse, a lesser Titan avatar such as Huehuetotl (who has somehow escaped imprisonment with the rest of Soku-no-Kumi) or Gran Bois runs the gang and brothel. The avatar seeks to breed pseudo-Scions of itself, with the same potential for power as the Scions of the Gods, and as free to work within the World. Several of these infants have already been born.

The situation offers diverse challenges, from tracking down the avatar's cultists (who pose as people on every level of local society) to battling the avatar itself. Finally, what do the Scions do with the Titan-bred infants? Can they be saved and raised to become proper Scions, adopted by and loyal to the Gods? Or will blood tell, and they must inevitably become monsters? Even Prophecy gives no clear answer. The Scions must decide, because Fate has not.

Attributes: Strength 7, Dexterity 5, Stamina 7; Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2; Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Virtues: Conviction 4, Harmony 3, Order 4, Piety 3

Abilities: Animal Ken 3, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 5, Control 3, Fortitude 5, Integrity 4, Investigation 4, Melee 5, Stealth 5, Survival 5

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Aegis, Animal Aspect (Jackal), Animal Command (Jackal), Animal Communication (Jackal), Animal Feature (Jackal), Animal Form (Jackal), Awakening the Akh, Come Running, Confer Immunity, Confer Knack, Create Animal (Jackal), Divine Radiance, Dream Wrack, Epic Enhancement (Jackal), Guilt Apparitions, Heart Scarab, Heavenly Flare, Influence Ba, Judgment, Ka Repository, Khaibit Trap, Penetrating Glare, Phase Cloak, Ren Harvest,

Ride Animal (Jackal), Scarlet Letter, Sekem Barrier, Sekem Blaze, Shield of Righteousness, Smoking Mirror, Sympathy Pains, Tidal Interference, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 5 (All Knacks in **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Dexterity 3 (All Knacks in **Scion: Hero**), Epic Stamina 5 (All Boons in **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Perception 2 (Predatory Focus, Subliminal Warning), Epic Wits 2 (Instant Assessment, Meditative Focus)

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 8L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 11L, Parry DV 8, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 8L, Parry DV 10, Speed 4

Khopesh: Accuracy 10, Damage 12L, Parry DV 10, Speed 5

Soak: 5A/15L/18B

Health Levels: -0x17/Incap

Dodge DV: 14 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Other Notes: Duamutef carries a khopesh that is as effective against ghosts and other dematerialized entities as it is against solid creatures. It can also be used as a Birthright to channel the Guardian and Moon Purviews.

THE PRIZE

If Horace can save the cartouche from Duamutef's immolation, he can present it to Isis and Thoth. From it, the two sorcerer-Gods reconstruct the spell that

enabled the suicide attackers to conceal their intent. The spell hides the brainwashed God's true mind behind a mask of another version of his personality. It can confer any personality the subject *could* have had, if events in the past had gone a different way. The suicide attackers mask their fanaticism behind the personality they would have if Aten had never captured and brainwashed them. (This spell, the Alternate Fate Disguise, requires eight dots in the Magic Purview.)

Duamutef himself can be saved if Horace and the others can prevent him from speaking the fatal phrase. This requires a successful surprise attack to grapple him, with a -4 penalty because the character must simultaneously restrain Duamutef and hold his mouth shut. Then someone must render Duamutef unconscious. Ptah quickly rigs a gag for Duamutef, and the Pesedjet can work on a process to deprogram him.

EXPANDING THE VIGNETTE

You could expand this vignette by having the Band notice the three refugees while inspecting the border between Iteru and Akhetaten. They reach the refugees at the same time as Duamutef and a squad of angels—all from different angles, so there's no reason immediately to suspect that the son of Horus might be an enemy. On seeing the Band, Duamutef joins them in trouncing the Hands of Aten. After that, the rest of the Band can assist Horace in devising ways to test the refugees for secret brainwashing. Still, it's a brief story that best serves as an introduction to some other adventure.

You can also replace Duamutef with some other member of the Pesedjet whom the Scions already know. In fact, this is recommended. An established character blowing himself up has greater emotional impact than a God the characters just met.

Scene

A BIT OF POINTLESS VANDALISM

MENTAL ••

PHYSICAL •••••

SOCIAL —

Following the events of "The Ragnarök Gambit," the Amatsukami have enjoyed a respite from the insidious attacks by Mikaboshi and its minions. Soku-no-Kumi, the Greater Titan of Darkness, is bound in New Tartarus and its avatars with it. Only a scattering of minions remain to trouble the High Plain of Heaven. These titanspawn attack outlying regions, but they pose no threat to the Amatsukami as a whole.

The Overworld War is not over for the Gods of Japan, though. The Amatsukami busily rebuild their forces so they can aid the five allied pantheons, who all remain hard pressed. They also repair the damage to the palaces, shrines, sacred lands and other locations favored by the greater Amatsukami. The second tier of kami is largely left to fend for itself.

In this time of mustering and rebuilding, the God Susano-o decides that his daughter, known to the World as Yukiko Kuromizu, should complete her education in life in the High Plain of Heaven. No one denies her great achievements in battling the Titans and becoming a God, but she should also learn about her new home. She must also learn the refined etiquette of the Amatsukami if she expects the Gods to accept her among their number. Yes, Susano-o, who possesses an absolute genius for boorish behavior, is a howling hypocrite. He's also right, and Yukiko knows it.

So it is that Yukiko flies across Takamagahara toward the sanctum of Tenjin, God of Scholarship, one of the more influential kunitsukami and a onetime Scion like herself. As she flies over a large

and exquisite pagoda nestled among the pine trees of a mountain pass, Yukiko notices something out of place. Three giant ants are eating the pagoda. She recognizes the creatures as the night-black, typhonian ants that infest the deeps of Soku-no-Kumi (see p. 341). The law of the Amatsukami enjoins all Gods to destroy the remaining titanspawn whenever they can do this without too much risk to themselves. A few giant ants definitely qualify.

YUKIKO'S FORCES

Yukiko has no one but herself. The presence of the ants suggests that the pagoda lacks inhabitants, or at least any who can assist her. The kami of the pagoda itself are no doubt too frightened to face the terrifying insects.

SOKU-NO-KUMI'S FORCES

Yukiko is in for a nasty surprise. Three giant ants have dared to venture into the light of Takamagahara. Thirty more wait inside the pagoda, busily chewing away at the woodwork and digging down from the floor to begin a nest. They have already toppled the golden statue of the Buddha. From the outside, the pagoda doesn't look big enough to hold 30 giant ants, but the inside turns out to be considerably larger.

Worse, the ants are guided by... a camazotz? These powerful bat-vampires (described in **Scion: Demigod**, p. 258) are old enemies of the Atzlánti—they have no business in Japan! This particular camazotz, named Itzchimalpilli ("Obsidian Shield Prince") is exceptionally

SHRINE OF AN IMMIGRANT FAITH

Anyone who knows Japanese religion (as Yukiko does) can recognize the pagoda as a Buddhist shrine. The Japanese long ago resolved any conflicts between native Shinto beliefs and the Buddhism that crossed over from China. Shinto beliefs don't conflict with Buddhist mysticism; Buddhism doesn't reject the existence and legitimate rights of local spirits. Indeed, Buddhist saints and sages become famous for preaching the doctrine to spirits and converting them to Buddhism. A significant fraction of the kami has adopted Buddhism, and the faith has reached Takamagahara. Some of the Amatsukami consider the newfangled faith a bit vulgar for elevating the human Buddha above the Gods, but they still permit the practice of this imported religion.

powerful, having suckled on the foul ichor of a Titan's avatar. For Itzchimalpilli's traits, use the basic camazotz from **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 257 and 258, but give him Legend 7, Epic Dexterity 6, Epic Strength 5, Stamina 5, the first six Boons of the Sky Purview and the first four Boons of the Darkness Purview. He also has Command 5 and Marksmanship 5.





Itzchimalpilli carries three relics. The first is the Obsidian Shield of his title, through which he channels the Darkness Purview, and which grants a +6 DV bonus. The second is a maquahuitl that channels the Sky Purview, and has Accuracy +3, Damage +6L, Defense +0, Speed 5. The third is a helmet that looks a bit like a classic samurai helmet, but also a bit like the head of an ant. This relic enables him to summon the giants ants of Soku-no-Kumi and control them as a free action. Itzchimalpilli also packs an M16.

The camazotz initially looks like a handsome man with the mahogany skin, black hair and aquiline nose of a native Central American, carrying a maquahuitl and black glass shield, but dressed in a black kimono embroidered with silver bats. The robe shreds when the Obsidian Shield Prince assumes his combat form as a huge, partly humanoid bat whose eyes crackle with lightning and whose wing-arms gather shadows around him.

THE BATTLE OF THE PAGODA

Itzchimalpilli knows he has little chance of bamboozling or mesmerizing this unexpected God, but he makes the attempt anyway. He tries to keep Yukiko talking while several ants move behind her, in hopes he can manage a surprise attack.

Whether or not that succeeds, the camazotz tries to keep his distance from Yukiko while sending waves of giant ants to attack her. He makes sure that five ants attack Yukiko at once so she has a DV of 0 against one of them (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 193). He also tries to coordinate their attacks (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 190) if Yukiko gives him an action in which to do so. For his final action before destruction, however, he calls a lightning bolt (using Levin Fury; see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 87) to strike the pagoda and set it on fire. The lightning and fire drive the remaining ants mad with fear. They charge out of the pagoda at top speed... many of them through the walls, which sends the already-damaged structure crashing to the ground six ticks later. The ants burrow into the ground as quickly as they can.

THE PRIZE

Itzchimalpilli leaves his shield, maquahuitl and helmet. Unfortunately, any touch of sunlight renders the helmet powerless until it is bathed in the life's blood of a Scion and buried in complete darkness for a month. Yukiko can also collect the antennae of any giant ants she slew (see p. 341).

The helmet has one additional peculiarity. It was enchanted like any relic, but the helmet itself bears a modern hallmark stamped in the metal, with an Osaka address. A little basic research with a Japanese business directory turns up an artisan, Fuseya Nobunaga, who makes reproductions of historical Japanese armor. He received the order and specs by email, was paid by a direct fund transfer to his bank account and shipped

the finished helmet to an address he was given. Weird, yes, but the commission paid extremely well.

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

None of the Amatsukami can explain why an Aztec vampire would invade the High Plain of Heaven and destroy an obscure Buddhist shrine, except that, as an undead minion of the Titans, it's, you know, evil. *How* it entered Takamagahara is more easily explained: the pagoda was a very minor sub-realm. It had its own Axis Mundi that linked it to a damaged and derelict Buddhist temple in the north of Honshu. That portal between worlds is now broken. The kami who tended the pagoda, and all the kami of the building itself, are now dead.

Inquiries on Earth can show that the temple at the other end of the Axis Mundi was also blown up at about the same time as the battle in the pagoda. The police cannot offer any plausible motive. The prevailing theory is that this was a particularly obtuse bit of terrorism.

Only if Yukiko (and her player) think to investigate other links between Takamagahara and the World does a pattern emerge. In the last six months, titanspawn attacks have broken at least four other Axes Mundi

BRED FOR EVIL, PART TWO

Does one of the Scions have a mortal boyfriend or girlfriend? In a cruel trick of Fate, that person is actually a half-mortal titanspawn bred in an earlier program to create Titan-Scions and was lost by both Gods and Titans—until a brush with another titanspawn provides an accidental Visitation, activating the Titan-Scion's latent powers.

The new Titan-Scion can be written up as a normal **Scion** character, with Purviews, Epic Attributes, Knacks and so on—but the character needs titanspawn trophies to use her Boons. Conveniently, the Titan-Scion becomes a target for various titanspawn, whom she and her friend/lover can defeat. Maybe too conveniently. The Titan-Scion gains power with remarkable speed, and each Boon comes with a monstrous twist. Even worse, the Titan-Scion can raise her Legend at will, at cost of replacing one Virtue with a Dark Virtue. She doesn't want to, but as titanspawn attacks continue, she needs to call on greater power to protect herself. Can the Band save the Titan-Scion? If the characters fail, they might have to kill a monster who was once close to them.

in the High Plain of Heaven. On Earth, meanwhile, dozens of minor terminal-points for lesser Axes Mundi have been destroyed through vandalism, arson and other ordinary means. Someone wants to make it harder to go from the World to Takamagahara. They can't really isolate the High Plain of Heaven, though, for the Pillar of Heaven enables the Amatsukami to go any place where Japanese culture is strong. Again, the activity seems pointless. If anything, it *increases* the Amatsukami's security.

Unfortunately, the Amatsukami are one of the weakest pantheons when it comes to supernatural detective work. None of the major Gods are very good at Mystery or Prophecy. They also have more important activities than investigating pointless vandalism, even if it's done by titanspawn. Yukiko's father makes the obvious suggestion, if Yukiko doesn't come up with it herself: Why doesn't she bring in her Band? Surely the

lawman Horace Farrow and that smarty-pants Dr. Tigrillo can come up with something. The rest can be on hand to boot some titanspawn ass when the time comes.

EXPANDING THE VIGNETTE

This vignette serves to introduce Act Two, so expanding it is just a matter of making room for the other Scions. The whole Band can be in Takamagahara to assist in mopping up Mikaboshi's remaining minions, to help rebuild damaged defenses or to do anything else that seems plausible and gives the characters a reason to travel.

Even an extra-powerful camazotz won't provide a decent fight to an entire Band of Gods. Instead, write up Itzchimalpilli as an actual God who threw in his lot with the Titans, or replace him with Ama no Zako (see pp. 339-340), with the addition of the Ant Helm. After the fight, move straight into Act Two.

ACT TWO SHADOW PLAY

During the time in which the Scions have seen the Overworld War for themselves and tested their new powers as Gods, someone has attacked the Axis Mundi connections between Takamagahara and the World. In fact, a great many someones have joined in these attacks—mostly minions of Soku-no-Kumi, the Greater Titan of Darkness, but many

other creatures too. When someone goes to so much trouble for such pointless results, either they're stupid... or the activity is part of a deeper and subtler plan. Either on her own initiative or at the suggestion of her father Susano-o, Yukiko contacts other members of her Band to ask their help in solving this mystery.

Scene THE BAND INVESTIGATES

MENTAL •• PHYSICAL — SOCIAL •••

This scene is one of pure investigation. Most likely, the Band begins its inquiry using Mystery and Prophecy. Fate won't just tell them what the hell's going on, but it might confirm that something big really is going on and suggest avenues of investigation.

Successful use of Prophecy confirms that the characters are on to something important. It doesn't much matter what question a character asks, as long as it has something to do with the current inquiry. The Prophecy says that within a month, Takamagahara risks destruction.

Successful use of Mystery indicates that cutting off Axis Mundi connections is only part of a wider operation. The shadow behind the attack has done other things to cut the Amatsukami from the World too.

And that's *all* the two Purviews reveal, because the Scions can find out everything else by themselves.

ATTACKS ON THE AMATSUKAMI

Whether guided by Mystery or curiosity, the Band probably wants to know about other recent attacks on the Amatsukami. If an attack on a pagoda revealed a plan to restrict access from the World to the High Plain of Heaven, maybe other titanspawn activities will show other aspects of the putative Master Plan.

Here, the Band faces a critical difference between Takamagahara and Earth. The characters can't simply go through newspapers or police blotters to find all the ways the Titans have attacked the Amatsukami. On Earth (at least in the developed World), various institutions strive to document every damn thing that happens, but these mortals don't recognize the activities of the Titans' minions. The Amatsukami are more likely to recognize these attacks for what they are, but they don't systematically collect and collate the data. To gain a wide-angle view of titanspawn attacks on

FISH STORY

Despite the prophecy and the destruction of several minor Axes Mundi, none of the Amatsukami worry about Takamagahara's defining Axis Mundi, the Pillar of Heaven. Some Gods say the High Plain of Heaven and the mortal islands of Japan sustain each other. While one exists, the other is indestructible. Thus did Izanagi and Izanami place two realms in two Worlds in perfect balance. Only those two elder Gods could really explain this interdependence, though.

Neither of the ancestral Gods wants to talk about the origins and underpinnings of Takamagahara, but persuasive and determined characters could extract the story. Takamagahara actually has *two* Axes Mundi. Either could sustain the pantheon's realm, and neither can be damaged while the other one exists. Therefore, anyone who wanted to destroy the Pillar of Heaven would have to destroy the other pole of Takamagahara at the same time.

Now, a single Overworld realm can't contain two equal Axes Mundi—but the other pole isn't in the Overworld. It's on Earth. The gardens of a shrine at Kashima hold a small stone disk set in the ground, called the *kaname-ishi*. Legend calls it the hilt of a granite sword that pins the islands of Japan to the back of a 700-mile-long catfish, the Jinshin-Uwo or "Earthquake Fish," and keeps the fish from swimming away. The legend isn't quite accurate, but it's close. The *kaname-ishi* doesn't hold the islands of Japan in place, it fixes Japan's counterpart in the Overworld, the High Plain of Heaven. The Greater Titans and their avatars dare not act on Earth for fear of becoming Fatebound, so the monument is safe, and therefore, so is the Pillar of Heaven.

the Amatsukami, the Band must go to Takamagahara and talk to a great many Gods. Alternatively, the characters could persuade someone with sufficient authority to command the Gods to tell whatever they know that might be relevant.

The first course promises to take a great deal of time. In Takamagahara, you can't just knock on a God's door and say you have some questions. You have to follow the proper etiquette of an introduction, polite exchanges of pleasantries, a tea ceremony or

other social ritual—and never let the subject think he's the target of an interrogation. The complete rigmarole takes hours before you can even think of discussing something as delicate as attacks that were not so public that everyone knows about them. Each successful cajoling of a God nets the news of one to three attacks. Even if a God has not suffered any attack herself, she might know of attacks suffered by other Gods, through the Amatsukami's exquisitely refined gossip.

Such well-mannered and covert interrogation *always* requires simultaneous use of Investigation with another suitable Ability. For instance, a character might use Academics to impress a God with an improvised poem, Empathy to show proper regard for the God's feelings or Larceny to disguise the thrust of an entire conversation. Succeed or fail, each attempt consumes half a day.

A Scion can, of course, cut to the chase through the use of Knacks or Boons. This approach even works once or twice. After that, word *somehow* gets around that the Scions are boors and barbarians and nobody wants to talk to them. (Well, except for Raiden and Susano-o, who are more comfortable around boors and barbarians.) If the Scions persist, they make trouble for themselves, and Amaterasu banishes them from Takamagahara.

The second course can save some time by concentrating the social niceties on one God—at the risk of complete failure if that one God won't agree to help them. The Band can approach either Amaterasu or her father, Izanagi. Amaterasu can command the other Gods to report whatever they know, while Izanagi can exert a gentler pressure through the respect owed to him by his many children and grandchildren. In this case, the Scion's player must roll for simultaneous use of Politics and another Ability, depending on whatever strategy the character uses to attempt persuasion. Succeed or fail, the attempt takes a full day—it takes time just to get an audience with the God—and information takes two more days to trickle in.

Any use of Knacks or Boons to compel these Gods results in banishment. Even if it works, the God soon realizes what happened and cannot tolerate this challenge to his or her authority.

If either approach nets success, the Band does accumulate additional reports of attacks. Many of the Amatsukami have assets in the mortal World: property, including corporate stock or businesses; mortal allies that range from a politician who knows a God's cover identity to the faculty of a college a God supports; and Legendary associates such as tengu communities or Earth-dwelling kami. In the last six months, at least two dozen titanspawn attacks have stripped individual Amatsukami of their assets in the World. Allies both mortal and legendary have died. Properties have been

destroyed and businesses ruined. Once again, the perpetrators (when known) constitute a diverse mix of minions, from nemean beasts to Titan cultists, but showing a preponderance of creatures affiliated with the Titan of Darkness. Worst of all, the attacks have slain several of the pantheon's Scions who hadn't progressed to demigodhood.

Merely mortal investigations can't go any further, at least not in the time constraints that limit the Band. Godly levels of Epic Intelligence, however, can correlate the attacks with a wide spectrum of other data, as can the Mystery Purview. The attacks have one additional factor in common: In the same city or within an hour's travel, there was a branch office or facility owned by Kuroko Industries.

Kuroko Industries: a company in the second or third tier of multinational corporations. Suspected, in certain business and law-enforcement circles, of being a yakuza front. Known by the Scions as the creation of their onetime arch-nemesis Kane Taoka, mad Scion and servant of Mikaboshi. He's dead or worse than dead. They saw him trapped in the Atlantean underworld (in the conclusion to "The Ragnarök Gambit," in **Scion: Demigod**) as Soku-no-Kumi poured into that realm and the Gods sealed it off as a new Tartarus. But that doesn't mean his company might not still serve the Titans. Someone can still use it to reduce the Amatsukami's power and influence in the World.

BUSINESS PAGES

The Scions might want to know if mortals have noticed any odd changes in Kuroko Industries. Gleaning such information from business magazines and websites involves a successful (Intelligence + Academics) roll—or a character can just talk to a financial analyst.

As it happens, Kuroko Industries stock has crashed in the last six months. The recent disappearance of CEO Kane Taoka caused a period of reorganization. In the last six months, the company has spent enormous amounts of money on undefined "reconstruction" and "secret projects" while regular business has languished. Investors sensibly fled. The company survives on sheer inertia, as creditors close in like sharks.

A character with law-enforcement connections (such as Horace Farrow) can obtain a different view. Police around the world have long known that Kuroko Industries has extensive ties to the yakuza. In the last few months, however, the *yakuza* pulled out. Wherever the company money has gone, it isn't to the yakuza... and those guys just don't allow their assets to self-destruct this way.

Scene

SHAKING THE PILLAR OF HEAVEN

MENTAL ••

PHYSICAL ••••

SOCIAL ••

This scene can actually be two scenes, depending on the Scions' choices. The two fight scenes immediately flow into each other, though, so they can still be treated as one. Their only potential social challenge is how to decline Amaterasu's invitation to join the sack of Kuroko Industries (assuming they choose to do so) without seeming cowardly or ungrateful.

The news that Kuroko Industries seems to be behind the recent attacks on the Amatsukami outrages many Gods. For all their vaunted intellect and refinement, they do represent a warrior culture. This underhanded, cowardly campaign cries out for retribution. No matter what the Scions say, half the Amatsukami vow to annihilate Kuroko Industries. As a shrewd politician, Amaterasu endorses the plan. Gods will strike swiftly at Kuroko Industries facilities around the World. No subtle campaign, this—they intend to leave smoking rubble. Conveniently, Kuroko Industries has even set up a fall guy for the attacks. Mortals will think this

is the yakuza taking revenge for the company's recent actions. The Amatsukami graciously offer the Band a part of their revenge, since the characters helped bring the company's actions to light and their enemy created the company. They can attack the company's head office in Nagoya, Japan.

The Scions face a number of options. They can join the Amatsukami's plan and assault the Kuroko headquarters. They can guard the Pillar of Heaven, since destroying it is one way someone could unmake Takamagahara. They can guard the *kaname-ishi*, since anyone who wants to destroy the Pillar of Heaven must simultaneously attack the stone on Earth. Or they can follow some course of their own.

ATTACK ON THE KUROKO BUILDING

The world headquarters of Kuroko Industries is an excitingly contemporary, irregularly angled box of black



and gold glass windows in a Nagoya office park. The Kuroko Building stands six stories tall, with a parking lot and a lawn just large enough for the executives to gather each morning for exercises and repetition of the company slogans. Those meetings haven't taken place in several months, however. Half the employees no longer leave, because Mikaboshi killed them and raised them as zombies. Another third might as well be dead, so thoroughly has the avatar taken control of their minds. The remainder are titanspawn, including all the executives who used to gather on the lawn.

When the Scions assault the building, they can pretty much ignore the office drones, who turn out to be shinobi (from **Scion: Hero**, p. 322). The shitidama who materialize out of the shadows, and the executives who reveal themselves as shapeshifted amanojaku (see pp. 344-345 and **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 274-275) are not quite so easily ignored. The zombie security guards lead organ beast dogs (see p. 343 and **Scion: Hero** pp. 293-294 and 331). When the Scions reach the boardroom—located in the center of the building, rather than the top floor—they find a meeting between seven individuals in progress: a man in a black business suit, a woman in a black blouse and skirt, and five figures in shrouding white robes. Six of them wear identically smiling white porcelain masks; the woman wears a snarling demon-mask. These are five shinigami, the fallen Scion Ama no Zako and what's left of Kane Taoka. (See pp. 343-344, 339-340 and 278-279 for these characters and creatures.)

Kane Taoka now uses the traits of Mikaboshi (see pp. 338-339), but he doesn't stick around. He says, "This one... remembers you. Hates you. But you do not matter anymore. Night already falls for the Gods. Kill them." He then vanishes in a swirl of shadow, leaving the Scions to fight a psychotic former Scion and five phantoms whose touch means death. The Scions know, however, that this isn't the important location: The Axes Mundi face imminent attack.

DEFENDING THE AXIS MUNDI

Because of the interdependence of the Pillar of heaven and the *kaname-ishi*, the Band has to defend only one of them. If the characters travel as fast as possible after Kane Taoka disappears from the Kuroko Industries boardroom, they can arrive at the Axis Mundi in time to save it. Ripping out the *kaname-ishi* and toppling the Pillar of Heaven each takes 25 ticks, counting from when Kane disappears. If the Band decided to guard one of those locations, of course, Mikaboshi's forces have to get past them before they can even initiate the process of destroying the Axis Mundi.

Wherever the Band goes, Mikaboshi goes also. The Titan avatar doesn't specifically choose to go to the same location the Band chooses to defend; rather, the power of Fate demands that the Band and its Titan-possessed nemesis *must* meet for a final, decisive battle. Kamimusuhi, a lesser avatar of Terra, oversees the attack on the other location. (In the event that the Band

already disposed of Kamimusuhi, substitute Coatlicue.) Each avatar commands a mixed force of titanspawn.

At the Pillar of Heaven, the commanding avatar brings:

- A dozen black sand cobras (see pp. 320-322) and another dozen Stymphalian birds (see pp. 352-353) to engage the remaining inhabitants of Sakokushiro
- A Gigas (see pp. 331-332) to push over the Pillar of Heaven
- An indeterminate number of shitidama and amanojaku to race through the palace compound of the Amatsukami and loot everything that isn't nailed down, especially any relics

If they choose this location, the characters must fight at least Mikaboshi, the Gigas and a pair of Stymphalian birds. If the Gigas gets a chance, it body-checks the Pillar of Heaven. The immense jade shaft tips slightly, while all of Takamagahara shakes. If the attack on the *kaname-ishi* fails, though, the tilting pillar snaps back upright and whacks the immense giant in the face as it attempts another shove.

At the temple of Kashima, the Band encounters Mikaboshi again, plus:

- A Legend 8 sandstorm of Meretseger (see p. 324) tasked with clearing out the priests and tourists;
- A quartet of elder oni (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 268–269, for information about elder giants) carrying equipment to pull out the *kaname-ishi*;
- Plus two gyuki (see p. 342) and two shinigami to help fight any interfering Gods.

The plan is for the oni to set up a tripod with a block and tackle, attach hooks and a cable to the small granite disk, and heave with all their might. As the oni pull, the disk is revealed as the tip of a huge granite sword-hilt. If the oni can pull out enough of the granite sword, the Pillar of Heaven becomes vulnerable. If the Pillar of Heaven doesn't fall, though, the cables snap and the sword slams back into the ground.

Formidable though the assembled titanspawn are, the real danger is Mikaboshi. The Titan-possessed Kane Taoka attacks with all Mikaboshi's Purviews and his special Crushing Fear of Night power. The possessing Titan freely recounts how it escaped in Kane's body. On the other hand, the Titan is also the weakest link of the attacking force. If anyone can grapple Kane-Mikaboshi, another character can pull the mask from his face.

When that happens, tendrils of darkness rip outward from Kane's body, progressively shredding his physical form. Mikaboshi can keep fighting for 10 more ticks before exploding into a huge but harmless cloud of darkness, which funnels into his porcelain mask and disappears. All that's left is the porcelain mask.

MIKABOSHI'S PLAN

The Scions might find it puzzling that Takamagahara faces destruction when the Amatsukami's Titan enemy, Soku-no-Kumi, is imprisoned and Kane Taoka is dead or imprisoned with his master. In fact, Kane is alive, sort of, and the Titan's principal avatar Mikaboshi is at large in the World, sort of. At the last moment before the Gods sealed the Atlantean underworld from the rest of the Underworld, Kane caught a ride out with the malevolent Charon (whom the Scions encountered in "The Ragnarök Gambit"). By that time, however, Kane was little more than a shell for Mikaboshi. Only its porcelain mask enables the Titan avatar to keep its full power within Kane and stable within the World.

Mikaboshi has called on every titanspawn it can command or that it can recruit using Kane's knowledge and resources. Over the last six months, its minions severed the mystic links between the World and Takamagahara, so most of the metaphysical connection would depend on the Pillar of Heaven. The attacks on the pantheon's worldly assets were calculated to provoke a massive retaliation—as it has done. When the vengeful Gods leave Takamagahara relatively undefended, Mikaboshi and its most powerful minions attack the Pillar of Heaven and the *kaname-ishi*. When its Axis Mundi breaks, Takamagahara will dissolve back into the substrate of the Overworld, and the Amatsukami will be left homeless. A sufficient number of lesser Axes Mundi for its subrealms might enable the High Plane of Heaven to survive long enough for the Gods to make repairs, so Mikaboshi destroyed as many of them as possible too. Any remaining subrealms, such as the cave of Amaterasu, will be too few and too small to matter.

THE PRIZE: THE MASK OF MIKABOSHI (RELIC ☆)

The Band can collect various trophies and relics from the titanspawn and Ama no Zako, but these are nothing compared to Mikaboshi's mask. As a relic, the mask can be used to channel the Darkness, Death, Moon and Psychopomp Purviews. More importantly, it imposes form on the formless. A ghost or similar entity can materialize at no Legend cost just by sticking its face in the mask; the spirit remains material until it takes the mask off.

What's more, the mask can *force* an entity to assume a material form. Anyone who can perceive the entity can slap the mask over its insubstantial face—and the entity becomes solid, and in its true form. It must stay in that form as long as it wears the mask. If the creature cannot remove the mask, (say, because Scions have

grappled it and hog-tied it), it cannot dematerialize or change its form.

Most importantly, the mask is a link between New Tartarus and the outer Worlds. The Gods quickly recognize the importance of the mask. Indeed, they build their entire strategy around it.

ACT THREE TITAN HUNTERS

A cross-pantheon committee of Gods who study the mysteries of Fate and magic suggest a way to bind the Greater Titans without the need for a devastating war in which many more Gods would die. They can cast Akhetaten, the Drowned Road, Ehekatoyaatl, Muspelheim and Terra into New Tartarus to join Soku-no-Kumi, if they can merely capture the dominant avatar of each Titan. Taking the trophy of the dominant avatar would work just as well, though only if the trophy can be taken without killing the avatar from which it came.

The leaders of the six allied pantheons want the characters' Band to invade each of the five Titan-realms assaulting their coalition of pantheons and to kidnap their ruling avatars. The Scions might lack the power of older and more experienced Gods, but they have displayed a gift for dealing with difficult and uncertain situations. Clearly, Fate is with them. Besides, the Titans know all the major Gods of the six pantheons. These Gods would have trouble taking the Titans off guard. For all their past successes against the Titans and meteoric rise to Godhood, the characters have not yet become equally notorious in the Overworld. The Band has a better chance to take the avatars by surprise. And the characters *will* need to strike from surprise. The avatars learn quickly, so the Band most likely has only one chance to capture them.

Beyond that basic plan, the Gods leave the details in the Scions' hands. The Band can go after the Titan avatars in whatever order seems best, using whatever

strategies offer the best hope for victory. The Gods demand nothing except success.

A Note on the Storytelling Adventure System: The six Titan hunts are full-length stories in themselves, or at least full chapters. In play, each hunt will require several scenes. You must plot out these individual scenes yourself, which shouldn't be difficult with the practice and examples from "The Long Road to Heaven," "The Ragnarök Gambit" and the first two acts of "Titanomachy." Each chapter, however, comes with overall ratings for its Mental, Physical and Social challenges, which you can use as guidelines.

OLD HOME WEEK


If you like, the pantheon representatives can brief the Band on the plan at the Wynn Hotel and Casino, in Las Vegas—right where it all began, back in "The Long Road To Heaven." If Karma Jenkins survived having Scions, lindwurms, Ulfhednar, zombies and Gods-know-what-else in her hotel, she's still there too, and as nosy as ever. The Scions may decide for themselves how to deal with her now that they are among the "big shots" engaged in mysterious meetings. And maybe a new group of still-mortal Scions are tasked with making sure the Gods are not disturbed...

Scene THE TRUTH AND THE LIGHT MENTAL PHYSICAL SOCIAL

The Scions know that the Titan's avatar occupies the center of Akhetaten's immense body-realm. They also know that every titanspawn they encounter in Akhetaten is a reflection of Aten's will and probably knows in what direction the center lies. Most importantly, the demigod Sahar (from Act One) has briefed the Pesedjet on the fanatical rhetoric the

Titan's minions say to each other. As long as the Scions encounter nothing smarter than an angel, they can talk their way through.

The Pesedjet Gods also keep close watch on their borders with Akhetaten. These borders manifest as miles-long mirages that hover above the boundless water of Iteru during the day. The mirages disappear during the



night, but reappear with the Solar Barque's return. Any creature of Legend can approach these mirages and step through into the blazing space that is Akhetaten. The Egyptian Gods know that closing such a border requires use of a transcendent expression of divine power (i.e., an 11-dot Boon) from a variety of Purviews. They have used The Sentinel to block passage, The Glory to assert the supremacy of Atum-Re's light, The Abyss to drown Akhetaten's light, and The Way to turn the invading Titan's portal back on itself.

The Gods don't shut every portal as quickly as possible. Akhetaten opens a new border-mirage for each one the Pesedjet shuts, and then, the Gods have to find it again. They prefer to know whence attacks will come; the Gods only shut portals that open too near Benben or the Gate of Stars and Gate of Clay. Lesser Gods (such as Duamutef) keep watch at each mirage-portal for incoming Hands of Aten or other attackers. The Scions can enter Akhetaten through any one of these portals. Even using Prophecy or Mystery, the Pesedjet can obtain no reason to prefer one portal over another.

None of the Gods have any idea what the Scions will encounter when they find Aten. None of the Pesedjet have ever seen Aten himself, his palace at the Greater Titan's center, or what else might share that location. At least, no one has seen them who didn't return as Aten's brainwashed, suicidal slave.

CROSSING THE BORDER

Even though many Hands of Aten come through each border-mirage daily, the titanspawn don't mount any guard. Akhetaten *wants* other creatures to enter and behold its blazing glory.

TRAVEL THROUGH AKHETATEN

See Chapter Five for detailed descriptions of Akhetaten's interior. Before anything else, the Scions need some way to protect their eyesight from the Titan's radiance. The omnipresent light ranges from the rich gold of sunset to the fierce blue-white glare of an arc-welding torch. The regions immediately adjacent to Iteru are no brighter than an earthly desert at noon, but some parts of Akhetaten shine so brightly they can blind even a God. Akhetaten imposes conditions of poor visibility, but from too much light instead of too little. (See **Scion: Hero**, pp. 185–186, for the visibility rules.) In most locations, visibility equals that of a foggy day.

The supernatural light of Akhetaten burns through any mundane protection in minutes. Characters might protect their eyesight by enchanting welder's goggles (or similar gear) as Birthright relics. In this case, normal visibility becomes comparable to that beneath a full moon over grass or a leafless forest. Yet such goggles (or any similar protective device) cut the benefits from Epic Perception in half, at least for

sight. Any character with at least three Boons in the Sun Purview is innately immune to the brilliance of Akhetaten, except for a few special locations.

Nonetheless, a God can't penetrate the veils of light that conceal Aten's stronghold of Rashith ha-Gilgalim. Every minion of Aten knows that only creatures with true and complete submission to Aten can find the Center of Whirling Motion, and no creature at all can see Aten without going blind.

Nevertheless, the Scions do have a number of ways to reach Aten. For instance:

- The characters can let themselves be captured. Their captors will certainly take them directly to Aten for brainwashing. Of course, the Titan will then have many Hands nearby to restrain the Scions while it burns away the prisoners' free will.

- If Horace retrieved sufficient information for the Pesedjet to reconstruct the Alternate Fate Disguise spell, the characters can give themselves false identities as converts to Aten. Doing so *won't* enable them to penetrate the Titan's sanctum, but it can get them into a group of pilgrims who can pass the veils of light. At that point, they can resume their true personalities and go on from there. Their arrival will, however, be known to Aten's greater acolytes, who aren't as gullible as the single-minded cherubim and angels are. Aten's lieutenants will raise an alarm as soon as the Scions do something that doesn't match the behavior of a worshipful and obedient pilgrim.

- The Scions can try to force a minion to lead them past the veils of light, but this tactic has absolutely no chance of success. Any creature loyal enough to pass the veils is loyal enough to detonate rather than help an enemy.

- The Band can try to sneak along behind someone who can find the way to Rashith ha-Gilgalim. This also doesn't work. The veils of light are charged with Fate to blind and redirect anyone who tries to pass them by their own will. To pass, one must worship Aten completely, or literally walk hand-in-hand with someone who does.

The Scions may also speculate about some magical means to pass the veils. This calls for the Mystery Purview. Each success on a character's use of the Purview reveals one detail, in the following order:

- Yes, there is a way to pass the veils against Aten's will.
- The Band must possess three relics of Aten's body.
- The jackal of ice is the finger of Aten.
- The eldest phoenix carries the virility of Aten.
- The eye of Aten beholds a forest of glass.

Given this information, the Band can interrogate any of the more intelligent dwellers in Akhetaten to find the most probable locations for these relics.



HANDS OF ATEN

At least once per day of travel, the Band encounters groups of two to 11 cherubim (roll one die and add one) or two to six angels (roll one die, divide by two and add one). These Hands of Aten are on their way to attack a Godrealm or just flying some long orbit through the Titan while singing praises to their creator.

The Hands attack anyone who doesn't convincingly present herself as a fellow worshiper of Aten. Fortunately for the Scions, Sahar was right: The Hands think in rigid patterns. The Scions just have to reply to each slogan with a slogan of their own. For example, when Hands challenge the Scions with a shout of, "Submit to Aten!" the Scions must respond, "The only truth is the light of Aten!" or "Aten alone is great!" After such exchanges, the Hands go about their business and expect the Scions to go about their own.

Getting information from the Hands of Aten is more difficult. Devotees of Aten already know whatever Aten thinks they need to know in order to work his will. Any attempt to question Hands of Aten, therefore, must come wrapped in slogans and hosannas. Such an attempt involves both (Manipulation + Investigation) to extract intelligence from the Hand, and (Wits + Presence) to keep the titanspawn from getting suspicious. Both rolls are at difficulty 3. As usual for multiple actions, the player should roll the smaller of the character's two dice pools, at a -4 dice penalty.

If the Scions fail to allay the Hands' suspicions, or if they just don't feel like talking their way

through, they have to fight the Hands. The last surviving Hand always tries to flee, to carry word to mightier titanspawn.

ANALECTS OF ATEN

Aten's minions all memorize the parables, apothegms and commandments of their master and his closest disciples. These teachings have been collected in a book, the *Analects of Aten*. Some of these quotes are enigmatic; quite a few of them contradict each other. For example:

A priest of Amun came to the Pharaoh Akhenaten and said: "How can you speak for the only true God? Have we not beheld many Gods and heard their words? I have not heard Aten; I hear only the worlds from your mouth."

And Akhenaten replied: "As a blind man may yet know the sun's light through its warmth on his face, so may all men know the truth of Aten without words. Much silence is speech that the profane do not hear."

Such parables provide endless material for hairsplitting theological disputation—a favorite recreation among Aten's minions, as they strive to come closer to their master by showing their greater comprehension of his thought.

COLLECTING RELICS

Each relic of Aten's body has a guardian, as described in Chapter Five. To collect these three keys to Rashith ha-Gilgalim, the Scions must visit each location and slay the guardians. The three locations are equally spaced around the Desert that is Seth, forming a triangle with Aten's palace *somewhere* in the middle.

Six Gods together can defeat the guardians with little personal danger, but they run the risk of alerting Aten's forces. They could split up so two Scions battle each guardian, but doing so increases the chance of serious injury. Prophecy doesn't suggest which course is better; it merely lays out the options.

See Chapters Five and Seven for most of the information about the three guardians and their locations. The following sections provide game mechanics for each encounter.

The Snow Plains

Here dwells a jackal of ice, transformed into a typhonian beast by the power of Aten's little finger. For characters who lack any sort of visual protection, visibility equals No Moon, Grass or Leafless Forest on the visibility chart (**Scion: Hero**, p. 185). For shielded eyesight, visibility equals No Moon, Snowy Ground or Desert. A character with unprotected eyesight goes completely blind in one minute, plus one minute per extra success given by the character's Epic Stamina or Epic Perception (whichever Epic Attribute is greater).

The poor visibility and the jackal's great stealth gives it an excellent chance of initiating combat with an unexpected attack. It attacks any group that seems not to belong. A group that sings the praises of Aten may pass unharmed, but the jackal won't declare itself to them.

See pages 295-296 for the jackal's description. When slain, its body collapses in a huge heap of snow. (Despite the luminous template, the jackal doesn't detonate. That would leave Aten's precious finger ungarded.) From the snow, the Scions can pull a pinkie finger carved of crystal with a faint golden sheen and a plate-gold nail. This is the jackal's sole trophy.

The Summit

The Great Phoenix knows that nobody except certain powerful servants of Aten have any business coming to her nest. She can talk and may reply to characters who attempt conversation, but she watches for opportunities to attack. The Great Phoenix is one of Aten's chief disciples and does not fear to explode if that seems like the best strategy to finish off wounded Scions. (See pp. 289-290 for the creature's traits.)

The Great Phoenix's nest holds six cantaloupe-sized, silvery-crystal eggs with a golden yolk visible within. For one of them, the softball-sized yolk is the testicle of Aten. The others form an auxiliary trophy. When broken, these eggs explode like a detonating angel. A character

who has the Animal Command Boon (**Scion: Hero**, p. 139) and an affinity for birds could instead command an egg to hatch. The hatchling would be a baby benu (**Scion: Hero**, p. 324), since the bird was hatched under the influence of a God rather than a Titan.

The Forest of Flames

Aten gave one of its eyes to the powerful but dull-witted Great Cyclops, whom it received from Surtr as a gift. (See pp. 288-289 for traits.) This monster now resides in the hottest part of Akhetaten, a forest of glass whose leaves are flames as bright and hot as those of a welding torch. The one-eyed ogre is nigh indestructible as long as it remains within the forest. To defeat it, the Scions most likely need to lure it out of its glass-and-fire home. The Great Cyclops itself knows nothing of Aten's doctrines, the war against the Gods or anything else of importance. It knows only that it must slay anything that enters its forest.

BEYOND THE VEILS

When the Scions reach the Desert that is Seth, they can see the pillar of radiance that rises from Aten's own citadel to sustain the sun of this realm—but the base of the pillar always lies over the horizon, receding like a rainbow or a mirage. Only The Way can trump the invisible barriers of Fate and illusion that surround Aten's palace.

If one Scion carries the finger, eye and testicle of Aten, however, that character can travel straight toward the pillar of light and guide the others. This Scion sees spinning walls of iridescent light appear before her, layer on layer, circling the pillar of light in the distance. She can also see the periodic gaps in the walls that sweep past, and can guide the rest of the Band through them. Once inside the seven concentric walls, everyone can see them.

Inside the great cylinder of spinning walls, rings of cherubim, angels and archangels fly in continuous orbits around an immense pyramid of glass and mirrors. They constantly sing "Holy, holy, holy is the name of Aten! Forever may he shine! All praise to Aten, the glorious, the triumphant! Over all worlds may he shine!" And so on.

No matter what direction the Scions came from, a mirror-surfaced causeway leads them across the desert to the pyramid, from which the immense beam of light rises to the sun. As in the Snow Plains, the light is so bright and glaring it is nearly impossible to see through for more than a few seconds, though the glittering pyramid always remains visible until characters go blind. (Use the same visibility guidelines as in the Snow Plains.) The causeway from their entry-point to the pyramid is a journey of 10 miles.

As the Scions approach the pyramid, they see the causeway run between gigantic silver pylons topped with golden sun-disks, to a great doorway in the side of the pyramid. They have arrived at Rashith

ha-Gilgalim, the Center of Whirling Motion, the palace-temple of Aten himself.

RASHITH HA-GILGALIM

As described in Chapter Five, the interior of Rashith ha-Gilgalim consists of layer upon layer of shrines where the greater titanspawn of Aten hold court, receive pilgrims and strive to move closer to their master. The Hands of Aten enthroned in each shrine are all seraphim. Well, actually there are many kinds of angelic beings—Wheels, Flames, Thrones, Potencies and more—but aside from differences in their appearance and one Purview, they can all be treated as seraphim. Each seraph has a cluster of lesser Hands as sycophants and supplicants.

Once again, the characters face a choice: How do they get past all these titanspawn courtiers to reach Aten himself?

- They can fight. The titanspawn in the pyramid number in the hundreds, with tens of thousands more waiting outside, all of them eager to prove their loyalty to Aten by fighting blasphemous intruders to the death. This course is more or less suicidal, unless the Scions can defeat each group of titanspawn within 20 ticks: That's how long it takes for two more groups of titanspawn to arrive and reinforce the first. Four groups arrive in the next 20 ticks, then four more every 20 ticks thereafter. The Band cannot pass through to the next layer of the pyramid without either the permission or the trophy from a seraph, and the pyramid has six layers before the Band reaches Aten.

- They can talk. The seraphim themselves move inward by challenging each other to theological disputations. The Scions can do the same. In this case, it doesn't matter how obviously they are *not* brainwashed slaves of Aten. The seraphim can't refuse a theological dispute.

Winning a theological dispute requires a thorough reading of the *Analects of Aten* and accumulating successes equal to the seraph's Zealotry in an extended, resisted (Intelligence + Academics) roll at a difficulty equal to the opponents' Charisma. For one increment of this contest, a Scion's player may substitute a (Manipulation + [Larceny or Presence]) roll, to come up with some plausible theological bullshit, such as convincing the seraph to accept a parable the Scion invented on the spot.

For a variation on the plan, the Scions can present a seraph with a theological dispute to adjudicate, which the seraph can resolve only by appealing to another seraph on an inward layer. Each stage requires a single contested (Intelligence + Academics) roll at a difficulty equal to the opponent's Manipulation, until the Scions convince the seraphim that their puzzle requires Aten himself to set forth the true doctrine. Should they take this route, however, the characters arrive at Aten's door with a gaggle of six puzzled seraphim in tow.

- They can try something unspeakably clever using the many Boons and Knacks they possess, whose possible combinations are so numerous that they defy prejudgment. Perhaps your players can think of some way for their characters to tag along with a group of inward-bound Hands invisibly or overpower a seraph's will long enough to make it let them through, then forget what happened. If a plan stays within the rules of what the characters can do, and established powers and limitations of the Hands, give it a chance to work.

Finally, a pair of diamond-crusted golden doors open and the clearest, brightest light the Scions have ever seen pours out at them. They have reached the heart of the pyramid, where Aten himself sits enthroned.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE, STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE

Astute Scions might notice that the beam of light connecting Rashith ha-Gilgalim to the sun of Akhetaten comes from an open shaft. They may try to reach Aten by descending the mirror-surfaced shaft.

In this case, the characters suffer immediate blindness, as if inflicted by The Glory. The deadly intensity of light also inflicts environmental hazard equal to the Titan's Withering Howl (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 184). A Scion who carries the finger, eye and testicle of Aten—and *only that character*—is immune to the blinding and damage.

BATTLING ATEN

Fighting Aten is difficult. In the first place, every creature that beholds Aten feels compelled to worship and submit to it, as described in Chapter Five. Conceivably, not all the Scions can resist this effect.

In the second place, Aten remains immune to any physical or supernatural force as long as it maintains its solipsistic trance. In effect, Aten has an 11-dot Boon that it maintains most of the time, which renders it impossible to affect *except socially*. The Scions can talk to Aten, and the Titan avatar talks back. Aten refuses to admit that the characters exist as anything but figments of its imagination, however, which it has evoked on a whim.

Before the Scions can capture Aten, therefore, they must break its solipsism. Either they must force the avatar to admit they exist as independent beings, or they must otherwise tangle it up in an insoluble contradiction within its own dogma. You can handle this as a contested and extended roll of ([lowest of Manipulation, Intelligence or Wits] + Presence) between yourself (rolling for Aten) and the player of



the Band's chosen debater. Aten has a dice pool of 24, with 29 extra successes for Epic Mental Attributes. All the players can get involved by suggesting debating gambits, for a limited teamwork bonus, and the players can get stunt bonuses by roleplaying the debate. The Scions win by acquiring 10 net successes, or if their players can reduce you to spluttering confusion or laughter. In either case, Aten loses his temper and switches to the alternative debating technique of killing everyone who disagrees with him.

After that, the Scions merely contend with a murderous Titan avatar as powerful as any God they've ever met. At least they only need to fight Aten itself. The Titan is too arrogant and too single-mindedly fixated on the Band's destruction to call upon the legions of Hands beyond his chamber doors in Rashith ha-Gilgalim.

HUNTED BY ATEN

Aten itself will never pursue the Scions or order any of its minions to do so. His adopted Scion Akhenaten is another matter. Akhenaten (see pp. 287-288) definitely hunts the Band. If the Band has already captured a few Titan avatars, Akhenaten takes action

to protect his patron. If the Scions made Aten one of their early captives, Akhenaten tries to kill them and set Aten free.

Akhenaten can recruit dozens of Hands as backup for an attack, but he prefers to set an ambush. To this end, he locates mortals, other Scions or demigods who can get close to the characters and brainwashes them to become fanatical worshipers of the Greater Titan of Light, willing to kill or die for its sake. These brainwashed victims lure the Scions into a trap somewhere in the World where Akhenaten and his titanspawn can kill them. The attack most likely begins with the brainwashed victim shouting "Submit to Aten!" and exploding, as described in "Loyalty Inspector" (though with a force based on that character's Legend, as described on p. 290). Akhenaten freely spends the lives of the Hands, but he himself retreats if he seems likely to lose. He covers his retreat by ordering the remaining Hands to fan out and kill every mortal they find. The Scions can still try to defeat Akhenaten and prevent his escape, but that means letting many mortals die in a spectacular, highly public eruption of legendary activity.

Scene

RED HERRINGS

MENTAL

PHYSICAL

SOCIAL

Mami Wata, the dominant avatar of the Drowned Road, doesn't wait for the Scions to hunt her. She already vowed to hunt *them* after the events of "Drowning in Despair." Not for her, however, are the crude assaults and blustering threats of the other Titans. She lets the other avatars of the Drowned Road continue the siege of Ville au Camp while she studies the Band and plots its downfall. The Loa know the nature of their enemy has changed. The accusing whispers of the dead fade away, while tsunamis and attacks by Drowned Road zombies and oversized sea beasts increase.

Mami Wata decides to take the place of someone close to a Scion, someone trusted or even loved. She can spy on the Band and send information to her fellow avatars and minions. She can try to weaken the Band's morale and sow dissention among the Scions and their pantheons. At last, when the time is right, she intends to strike from surprise and destroy them. Mami Wata quickly realizes, however, that her moment of anger at Brigitte makes her scheming far more difficult. She can hide her true visage from any God *except* one who has already seen it, as Brigitte has done. Throughout her campaign of infiltration, she must not allow Brigitte to see her.

MAMI WATA'S IMPERSONATION

Take it as given that Mami Wata can find and replace anyone less powerful than a God. She has, in fact, used a version of the Cheval Boon *Met Tet* to occupy the victim's body and make it her own, body, soul and Fate. She knows everything the victim knew and copies his or her mannerisms perfectly. Supernatural attempts to locate Mami Wata fail: As far as Fate is concerned, there is no Mami Wata, only the person whose identity she stole. Nothing less than Ultimate Intelligence, Ultimate Perception or direct observation by The Wyrd can penetrate her disguise... except for Brigitte, because she saw Mami Wata's true form. Taking another form doesn't reduce Mami Wata's power in any way.

Once she claims her victim, Mami Wata tries to make herself useful to the Scion in minor ways that are appropriate to her assumed persona, from looking stuff up in Thoth's library to sharing the Scion's bed. Perhaps this is more helpfulness than the victim ever showed before, but Mami Wata says it's hit home how much the Scion does to protect the World, and she admires the Scion for it.

As a person who has plausible reasons to come near at least one of the Scions, Mami Wata can spy on

PREPARATION

This particular story requires you to lay some groundwork—the further in advance, the better. In particular, it requires that *several* Scions have other characters they're close to, whom they see fairly often and to whom they might confide their activities. If you suddenly push another character into proximity to one of the Scions, right when they start hunting the elusive Mami Wata, smart players might guess that you're setting something up. Earlier in the cycle, therefore, give the Scions opportunities to acquire a supporting cast of mortals, lesser immortals, creatures of Legend and demigods, whether friends, lovers, family members or people with useful skills or information. When the time is right, Mami Wata replaces one of them. The players might eventually suspect that one of their associates is a spy... but which one?

This chapter refers to Mami Wata as “she,” but only as a concession to her preferred gender of manifestation. She can take the place of a male character as easily as a female one.

them with ease. (A dice pool of 22 for eavesdropping, *plus* Epic Perception 8, *plus* the Clairvoyance Knack, equals She Knows Everything They Do.) She passes this information to her minions and her partner Rán, who use it to set traps and ambushes for the Band.

HUNTING MAMI WATA

The Loa (and other Gods who pay attention to the Drowned Road) know that Mami Wata is the guiding avatar of the Greater Titan. That's what various Gods said when they became The Wyrd. The Gods also know that Mami Wata shares her dominion with another avatar (maddeningly left unnamed by the voice of Fate), but she's the one the Gods need if they want to bind the Drowned Road. She's also the one who nearly drove the entire Loa pantheon to suicidal despair.

Unfortunately, none of the Gods have a clue how to find Mami Wata. They know she has a Gallery of Corpses somewhere in the deeps of the Drowned Road, but no one has mapped those abysses. The Loa can only guess that Mami Wata keeps her center of power somewhere near Ville au Camp. The wisest oracles of the Gods know all too well that the Drowned Road, and its avatars, can block their divinations. None of the Gods have any idea better than searching for information in the depths of the Drowned Road itself.

This aspect of the story, therefore, is completely under the players' control. The characters can search for information any way they like. Not that Mami Wata is above laying false clues for them, like baited hooks...

BEHOLD LEVIATHAN

Mami Wata and Rán continue their siege of Ville au Camp. They use that campaign to reinforce the illusion that Mami Wata is out in the Drowned Road, *somewhere*, directing the war. Their next major assault after the drowning of Carribe includes a simple ruse that they hope will draw the Band to its doom.

Dozens of tanninim (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 204–205) swim up the Big Muddy and emerge to terrorize Vieux Carre. The huge, supernatural sea crocodiles smash buildings with sweeps of their tails and gobble up any spirit who doesn't run. When the greater Loa muster for battle, the tanninim return to the river. A nommo herald who rides the last of the demon-beasts shouts out an ultimatum. “Submit to Mami Wata, Queen of the Great Deep! Go to the coast, where the road to Carribe has drowned and offer her fealty—or *prepare for destruction!*” The Loa scout the seashore and find Leviathan (see pp. 305–307) waiting offshore.

The next assault consists of nemean blue-ringed octopi that squirm into Vieux Carre through the plumbing. Natural blue-ringed octopi are palm-sized. These nemeans are the size of basketballs, but octopi can squeeze through amazingly small openings. Gods find themselves attacked in the bath or on other occasions when they use the town waterworks. The venom of the mundane blue-ringed octopus kills mortals in a minute or so. The toxin of the nemean version is equal to Jörmungandr's venom (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 182). A few Loa die. Another tannin-riding nommo repeats the ultimatum.

The leading Loa see this as a chance to capture Mami Wata. They call in the Band. The Loa plan to pretend to surrender, but their delegation—including the disguised Band—will actually attack Mami Wata when she appears to accept their submission. The greater Loa will use whatever 11-dot Boons they have, while the Band can use the pantheon's most potent weapons. Okay, it isn't a great plan, but it's all they can manage on short notice.

At the seashore, tanninim with nommo mahouts wait to carry the delegation out to Leviathan. As they approach the immense fish, the tanninim suddenly roll and dive, sending everyone into the water: a counter-trap! The demon-crocodiles harry the Loa, keeping them busy, while Leviathan itself tries to snap up the Scions. Some Scions can fly and escape Leviathan's reach... but they see the monster fish swallowing their comrades. If they want to attempt a rescue, Leviathan opens wide to oblige them.

Inside, the Scions find Leviathan's interior palace, and the sinister yet beautiful Queen of the Deep waiting for them on a throne of narwhal tusks and mother-of-pearl. She is nude, dressed only in ropes of pearls. They also find three dozen Drowned Road zombies (see p. 314) ready to attack them, along with several hundred nommos (see pp. 309-310). The enthroned Mami Wata mocks them for daring to oppose her. When the Scions try to attack her, though, she dissolves into seawater. She was never anything but a magical construct.

While the Scions fight, Leviathan swims down into the Drowned Road. For every tick the characters spend fighting, they must spend five ticks swimming for the surface. (Remember, the Drowned Road blocks use of Psychopomp.) As Gods, they no longer have to worry about the bends, hypothermia or other such problems, but they do have to avoid the megalodons that try to eat them. (See p. 308 for these giant prehistoric sharks.) If they can't escape from Leviathan within one minute, the great fish reaches the lightless, crushing depths of the Drowned Road. It opens its mouth, lets in the sea, and spits out the Scions. See Chapter Five for the difficulties that even Gods face in the abysses of the Drowned Road. If the Scions can resist the powerful current that expels them with the same Strength as Leviathan itself, the great fish carries them to Rán. How they escape from that potent avatar is the Scions' own problem.

If this trap doesn't kill any Scions, or at least teach them to stay the heck away from Mami Wata, she just plans more traps. Not all of them are as elaborate or deadly, but they're all at least annoying.

ROUTINE HARASSMENT

As the Scions hunt other Titan avatars and go about their business as novice Gods, Mami Wata looks for chances to make their lives even more difficult. Most of the Drowned Road's assets must stay in the water, but the nommos can travel on land. Mami Wata sends squads of four nommos each to intercept and follow the Band. When the Scions get into a fight, the nommos rush forward and fire off an attack with a potent mystical weapon, in hopes of tipping the battle to favor the Band's foe. Then, the nommos try to flee. The nommos may attack in the World, in the Underworld, in Godrealms of the Overworld, in Terra or (of course) in the Drowned Road itself. They will not enter the deadly heat of Muspelheim or Akhetaten, nor will they try to ride the winds of Ehekatoyaatl.

The nommos carry weapons that look like bazookas designed by H. R. Giger, all ribbed black metal with weirdly organic-looking appendages. They fire a mass of slimy tentacles that grapple a struck target, restricting her movement but causing no damage. Slobbering mouths also form from the gooey mass to moan "Mami Wata, Mami Wata" in bubbling, drowned voices. The bazookas have the following traits:

Tentacle Bazooka: Accuracy +4, Damage Strength 20 clinch, Range 100, Clip 1, Speed 6

The nommos try to attack from surprise. They have equal chances either to each attack a different Scion, in hopes of incapacitating more than one, or to try to coordinate their attacks upon a single Scion so they gain a greater chance to hit at least one of them.

The nommos received no personal communication from Mami Wata. They received their orders from their superiors in their black and eldritch undersea cities, who used their own potent magic to transport the squad to the same realm as the Scions.

WET DREAMS

Finally, Mami Wata can invade the Scions' dreams, just as she did with the Loa of Ville au Camp. The Scions really can't stop her until they reach Legend 12, though they can try to resist her dream-attacks enough times that she gives up.

Mami Wata engages in two kinds of dream-attacks: drownings and seductions. They use the same game mechanics, though the outcomes differ.

The struggle to control the dream is represented the same way as "Working the Crowd" (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 184). Roll Mami Wata's dice pool of 22, representing her attempt to break the Scion's spirit. Automatic successes from Epic Attributes do not apply. The targeted Scion's player resists with a roll of (Willpower + Integrity + Legend). The character can channel Willpower through a Virtue or attempt a stunt in his dream, but he cannot spend Legend. In dreams, every mortal is as powerful as a God, so Gods are denied this special supernatural power. For every net success acquired by Mami Wata's player, the target Scion loses one point of Willpower.

In a drowning attack, Mami Wata appears in the Scion's dream as a deceased enemy. The enemy says he wants revenge. He reshapes the character's dream into a scenario in which the Scion dies slowly: drowning, being strangled by the enemy, crushed, eaten alive by maggots or the like. The roll by Mami Wata's player represents her attempt to crush the Scion's will through terror. If the Scion's player wins the contested roll, the character wakes up. If the Scion's player never does win this contest, the character wakes up when his Willpower reaches 0... but he has also lost all of his health levels except for his Incapacitated level.

In a seduction attack, Mami Wata tries to break the Scion's will through an erotic fantasy. She might present herself in her own person or take the guise of someone the Scion loves... or even better, someone the Scion loved and lost. In between dreams of brain-melting sex, Mami Wata tries to persuade the Scion to turn against the Band or his pantheon.



For instance, she might suggest that the Gods are wrong to fight the Titans. The Gods are sick, consumed with their own egos. They shouldn't fear and fight the Titans. If they surrender, they shall know the fulfillment of uniting with something greater than themselves. In their religions, mortals seek union with their Gods, and the Gods can similarly find transcendence through the Titans.

Each roll by Mami Wata's player represents one such attempt at pillow-talk persuasion. If the Scion's player wins the contested roll, the character can resist Mami Wata's seduction and wake up. If the Scion's player keeps failing the contest and the Scion loses all his Willpower, the Scion wakes up the next day devoid of Willpower and committed to do something for Mami Wata. For instance, he might try to sabotage a Godrealm's defense, steal a potent relic and deliver it to Mami Wata or attack another God. Mami Wata's control ends when either the enthralled Scion completes his mission, completing it becomes impossible or the character somehow recovers a Willpower point.

CONTROLLED CHARACTERS

Some players relish the opportunity to play their characters as secretly controlled by an enemy. They might even throw the contest for the fun of playing a scene as Mami Wata's love slave. Other players don't. In fact, some players absolutely loathe being told that their characters' wills are no longer their own.

If you can, have Mami Wata aim her seduction at the character of a player who would enjoy the roleplaying challenge. If you can't, don't ask a player to treat her own character in a way she hates. Take the player aside after the contested roll reaches its conclusion, explain what's happened, then pick up the story where the other Scions confront the enthralled character, and run the seduced Scion yourself until the other characters can restrain him and give him a chance to regain a Willpower point.

THE ENEMY UNMASKED

As mentioned, the great weakness in Mami Wata's plan is that one Scion can see her in her true form. She does her best to avoid Brigitte, but she might

eventually slip up. Or someone might think it's odd that one Scion's associate somehow manages never to meet the Loa Scion. The Band might even suspect a mole in their midst and try to figure out who it is. Mami Wata is probably the most cunning enemy the Band has ever faced, but some situations just can't be evaded. If the characters decide to gather everyone they know for a classic Agatha-Christie-style "One of you is the murderer" confrontation, Mami Wata is pretty much stuck.

The moment Brigitte sees her fellow Scion's friend/lover/whatever, she doesn't see the person Mami Wata pretends to be. Instead, she sees Mami Wata herself, octopus tentacles and all. Mami Wata has no gambits left except to claim that Brigitte is crazy or working for Mami Wata herself, and hope her Epic Charisma enables her to brazen it out. If Brigitte can make a second character doubt Mami Wata's impersonation, though, the Titan's disguise crumbles and everyone sees Mami Wata in her true form.

Mami Wata still far from helpless, however. She is still a Titan avatar, as powerful as most Gods. She can even appeal to a Scion she seduced in dreams, in hopes that she still has some influence. This time, her attempt to Work the Crowd does benefit from Epic Charisma. On the other hand, the tentacles rather spoil her feminine charm. The dice rolls to represent her persuasions have their difficulty increased by 10.

THE MASK OF MIKABOSHI AGAIN

Mami Wata fears the mask of her fellow avatar more than anything except perhaps exposure by Brigitte. The mask can force her into her true form and keep her from any other sort of shapeshifting or escaping through Psychopomp. Indeed, a character under dream attack could gain a three-die stunt bonus to his player's roll by dreaming of slapping the mask on his attacker's face.

If you prefer, such an act might be even more powerful. Succeeding at such a counterattack might genuinely force Mami Wata into her true form, with the actual mask affixed to her face, and standing right by the awakening Scion. Even Titans take their chances when they meddle in dreams!



Scene

SMOKE AND MIRRORS

MENTAL ••••

PHYSICAL •••••

SOCIAL ••

Huracán, the guiding avatar of Ehekatoyaatl, offers a highly visible target to the Scions. This Titan is very much a battlefield commander, personally leading the hordes of the Storm-Titan in their assaults on the Atzlánti. In fact, Huracán frequently challenges Gods to single combat. The Atzlánti now know better than to accept these challenges, though, for the Titan has never lost one. Indeed, he slew Huitzilopochtli (though not permanently) and several lesser divine warriors (quite permanently). If no one stands and fights Huracán, though, he blasts hundreds of square miles with the winds that take their name from him.

So active is Huracán that simply finding him is no small challenge. He seldom spends more than a few hours in his palace before he's off to another battle, rearranging the jet streams of his progenitor, inspecting the latest Stymphalian bird chicks or making "diplomatic" visits to other avatars to make sure they remember his supremacy. Between his mastery of Sky and Psychopomp, the Titan can go virtually anywhere and bring a storm with him.

Huracán also recently became even more dangerous—something the Atzlánti had thought impossible. The Titan has somehow become indestructible. The mightiest attacks by the Gods

simply pass through him as if he were insubstantial as a cloud. No doubt, Quetzalcoátl or Tezcatlipoca, the greatest intellect and greatest magician of the Atzlánti, respectively, could figure out how the Titan has done this if they could get close to him. Yet when a war party that includes either God comes within view, Huracán disappears. The Titan has issued a challenge to both Gods, however, daring them to meet him in single combat and test their mystic genius against his power. Huracán *loves* that he has stumped these ingenious Gods, and he boasts of it to minion and foe alike.

CONFRONTING HURACÁN

Tezcatlipoca and the lesser prophets of the Atzlánti can hardly keep up with the Titan. They now use Prophecy in shifts. As Huracán appears in one location, the next God in the rota tries to predict where he'll attack next. It works as well as any weather prediction. Nevertheless, the Band can eventually arrange to be on hand when Huracán attacks.

The Scions also have a simpler method available to them. They can simply challenge Huracán to fight them. If they give a time and place to one of his titanspawn, he'll come. He'll even agree to fight the whole Band. After all, they're merely young Gods not



yet grown to full power, and he is mighty Huracán, the undefeated Lord of Storms!

FIGHTING HURACÁN

Whether the Scions issue a challenge or simply meet him on a battlefield, Huracán isn't afraid to fight the entire Band at once, as long as the characters don't have older and mightier Gods waiting to back them up. Just as the reports say, attacks go right through Huracán without harming him. His war club, however, is terribly solid when it strikes.

In addition to his other powers (see pp. 345-346), Huracán now possesses a form of invulnerability much like the Protoplasmic Nature of a Hekatonkheire (see p. 334). Virtually any sort of attack, whether bashing, lethal or aggravated, has as much effect as attacking the air.

So how do you attack air? Attacks that involve the Sky Purview are effective. Physical attacks that create shock waves, such as grenades and other explosions, also work. No matter what, though, an attack deals only bashing damage, which Huracán can soak.

HURACÁN SECRET

Even though the Scions have virtually no hope of defeating Huracán in battle, they can learn the secret of his invulnerability. With a successful ([Perception or Wits] + Occult) roll at difficulty 12, anyone with the Epic Perception Knack Sense Fatebond or the Epic Wits Knack Instant Assessment can tell that Huracán's fate is warped or damaged in some way. A character with the Magic Purview can figure out the truth if her player succeeds at a successful (Perception + Magic) roll at the same difficulty. The truth is that Huracán has no trophy. Somehow, he removed it from his body. Just like the ancient and worldwide tale of the villain who can't die because his heart is hidden somewhere outside his body, Huracán can't die or even suffer significant harm because his metaphysical essence is actually someplace else.

How do you identify Huracán's trophy, when it isn't there? A character who looks for some clue to the missing trophy can figure it out with a successful (Perception + Awareness) roll at difficulty 10: The bronze mirror pinned by an axe to Huracán's forehead does not reflect the avatar's surroundings. Instead, it reflects an image of a chamber all white as hailstone, with glimpses of stormcloud-gray warriors and black birds with claws of glittering brass. The trophy must be Huracán's mirror, which he has replaced with a Fate-linked copy.

The tale of the hidden heart incidentally reveals how to defeat Huracán. In the stories, a hero defeats the villain by finding the hidden heart and destroying it. The Scions don't want to kill Huracán because that would lead to catastrophic consequences for the World's atmosphere. But if they can find his trophy, it should work just as well as the avatar himself for

casting the binding spell. Even before then, the Gods can use it to cast other spells upon the Titan.

WHERE'S THE MIRROR?

In the stories, the villain usually has his heart in an egg under a bird that nests atop a mountain in a distant land, or something like that. Huracán seems to have chosen a more prudent option, by giving it guards. Perhaps the mirror is in his palace.

The Mystery Purview offers little help in finding the mirror, because the trophy is too disconnected from the characters. All they can learn using this Purview is that if Huracán's mirror isn't in his palace, someone there knows where to find it.

TRAVEL IN EHEKATOYAATL

See Chapter Five for the physical difficulties of travel though the Endless Sky of Storms. Not only must the characters fly, they risk being blown off course by whip streams, trapped in prison eddies, seared by lightning fields and eaten by rocs. Huracán's palace of storms is probably the easiest place to find in Ehekatoyaatl, for it hovers more or less over the heavens of Acopa. Reaching it, however, still requires a successful (Intelligence + Science) roll at difficulty 5 to navigate the tangled jet streams and avoid the lightning fields that surround it. Of course, they also need some way to move through it safely. The outer ramparts consist of compacted cloud, but most of the palace is just fog and snow.

THE PALACE OF HURACÁN

The palace is inhabited by many giants equal to those that Dr. Tigrillo encountered in "Medical Ethics." In fact, Nacom-Cakulha and his children are stationed there as well (assuming they survived their meeting with the Crescent Moon Surgeon). The Scions might persuade Center Hailstone to help them, or force Nacom-Cakulha through magic and his discarded heart. The palace also holds delegates from other avatars: a few of Shu's war peacocks, gale oni from Kaminokaze, and five hyades from Ouranos that Huracán uses as concubines. (See 353-354, 351-352 and **Scion: Hero**, pp. 316-317, for these creatures' traits.)

Of all the titanspawn in the palace, only the concubines know the secret of Huracán's mirror. The Titan's generals and courtiers know that Huracán removed his life from his body to make himself unkillable, but they don't know where he keeps it. Huracán is too smart to give his ambitious underlings a means of mounting a coup. He's not as careful with his concubines, however. They wheedled its location from Huracán. Center Hailstone (if she yet lives) knows that the King of Storms tells more to his concubines than he does to his minions.

Getting information from the hyades is no challenge at all. The nymphs deeply, truly despise Huracán with a loathing that can only come from decades spent being

PLAY BALL!

Some power blocs in the Three Worlds haven't decided what side to take in the Overworld War. Smaller, weaker pantheons might consider siding with the Titans in hopes that the victors would spare them. Entities such as the dragons owe allegiance to no one but themselves.

The Atzlánti receive an embassy from the Gods of the Chibcha, a culture in what is now Colombia. The Spanish conquest nearly exterminated the Chibcha themselves, but culturally related tribes extend as far north as Costa Rica. These communities interacted with other tribes that worshiped the Atzlánti, so the two pantheons occasionally dealt with each other as well. The Chibcha pantheon was always weaker than the Atzlánti, though.

The Chibcha Gods say they will choose a side based on a form of trial by combat. They believe a game of *ullamaliztli*, the sacred ball game of the Aztecs, Maya and other Central American cultures, will show whether the Gods or the Titans have the favor of Fate and, therefore, the side with whom they should ally. They insist that Huracán's team face a cross-pantheon team for the Gods, to test Fate's acceptance of such newfangled cooperation. The characters' Band, of course, is the natural choice.

In *ullamaliztli*, the participants strike a solid rubber ball with their shins, knees, hips or elbows, and try to knock it through a stone hoop. The simplest way to represent the game is as an extended and contested (Dexterity + Athletics) roll, but the characters can gain stunt bonuses through cool team tactics described by their players. Of course, Huracán's team cheats, and the Titan might even use the game as cover for some nefarious plan, such as attacking the Chibcha pantheon's realm while the Gods are all engrossed in the game.

raped by a monster. Huracán also loans the five to his generals, as special rewards for great victories. The hyades hoped that Ouranos would use their information to usurp the rule of Ehekatoyaatl, but Ouranos hasn't done so. Now, all the hyades want in return for their information is at least one day's warning before Ehekatoyaatl is bound again, so they may take knives and try to slaughter the sons and daughters they bore

to Huracán and his generals. (Unlike most hyades, these five have Vengeance 5, at least where Huracán is concerned.) They fully expect to die gaining their revenge. They don't mention it, but one of those children is Center Hailstone—as any Scion might guess with a successful (Perception + Awareness) roll.

If the Scions swear to assist the hyades in their revenge (or compel them in some manner), the nymphs reveal what they know. Huracán lets the rest of his court believe he keeps his life hidden within his private chambers, and many a general (as well as the war peacocks and gale oni) has ransacked Huracán's suite in search of it. Actually, Huracán hid it in a place he calls the Doorless Palace, which he visits daily using Psychopomp. The Doorless Palace is guarded by the fiercest winds and lightning of all Ehekatoyaatl, in the heart of an unceasing tornado, far from any other avatar's palace.

THE DOORLESS PALACE

Once the Band has a name and a description, they can find the Doorless Palace using the spell called Ariadne's Thread (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 154). Other Knacks or Boons of omniscience might also guide them. The mirror, however, has five layers of protection, and Psychopomp cannot take characters past those defenses until they have seen what lies beyond them.

The Doorless Palace is completely surrounded by a globe of thunderheads. Typhonian eagles—thunderbirds—nest in those storms and attack anyone who approaches.

The thunderheads englobe a perpetual tornado half a mile across. Its winds have an Epic Strength of 8, with which a character must contend to pass through it. (See the Tornado Tamer Boon from **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 87-88, for the Strength and damage of a tornado.) A character with Tornado Tamer and Weather Husbandry (see pp. 99-100) could try to force a passage through the screaming winds. Doing so requires pitting the character's (Wits + Control) against Huracán's dice pool of 24, for every action needed to get the characters through to the tornado's interior. The tornado's walls of wind are 50 yards thick.

The extremely low pressure inside the funnel makes breathing difficult. Lightning constantly flashes between the walls of wind-driven cloud, creating a mighty lightning field. The constant, intense electrical discharges create a strong, acrid odor of ozone. The screaming, hissing roar of the wind and lightning drowns out any other sound. Add 10 to the difficulty of any hearing-based Perception roll.

In the middle of the tornado floats a huge crystal of ice, like a three-dimensional snowflake. Pentagonal openings several yards across let characters enter the hollow interior of the Doorless Palace. The interior is a globe 200 yards in diameter. Five giants and five

Stymphalian birds wait at perpetual vigilance to attack anyone except Huracán himself. The giant warriors are equal to Nacom-Cakulha's sons (see p. 190), except their spears deal aggravated damage and have the Piercing quality.

Finally, a yard-wide crystal of ice floats in the middle of the Doorless Palace. Inside is Huracán's bronze mirror. The crystal has 20A/40L/40B soak and it has the Bulletproof quality, but it has only one health level. Also, any strike from the warriors' weapons instantly breaks the ice. On the other hand, any attack that fails to break the crystal bounces back on the attacker, never missing.

As soon as the ice breaks, Huracán knows that his trophy is in danger. He drops whatever he's doing anywhere else, and uses Psychopomp to appear there on his next action. At that point, the Band would find it prudent to leave, very quickly.

HURACÁN'S TROPHY

Huracán's mirror is a disk of polished bronze a yard across, penetrated by a gash where the axe pinned it to the Titan's head. The mirror is an unwieldy relic for channeling the Animal (Coatl), Chaos, Psychopomp and Sky Purviews. It also has a peculiar special power: It reflects the image of Huracán's current location, giving the image that ought to reflect in the mirror currently affixed to the Titan.

HUNTED BY HURACÁN

The principal avatar of Ehekatoyaatl believes he can defeat any foe, but he knows better than to

give an enemy a chance to become more powerful. When he learns that the Band has captured another Titan's avatar, he decides to kill the Scions before they come after him. Huracán challenges the Scions to face him in battle. He says he will take them all on at once, which isn't as foolhardy as it seems, considering his invulnerability. He lusts for the glory of defeating the Gods who defeated one of his fellow Titans. Besides, he fully intends to cheat by keeping several powerful warriors on hand and ready to strike the Scions from surprise if his own prowess should prove insufficient.

If the Scions refuse Huracán's challenge, they only convince him of their cowardice. To shame or enrage them into fighting him, he evokes powerful storms to batter each Scion's home town. His minions also kill one person close to each Scion, such as a school friend or a relative, while making the murder look like an accident of the storm. Then, Huracán repeats his challenge with a threat to keep killing the Scions' loved ones unless they fight.

After the Scions capture Huracán's trophy, the Titan doesn't move against them. Powerful magicians among the Gods cast spells on him through the mirror, threatening him with death if he continues the war. Huracán doesn't realize this is a bluff. (He doesn't care what happens to the World, so he can't image anyone else does, either.) Other avatars of Ehekatoyaatl take over the war, but they spend more time with their own struggle for dominance than with overseeing battles.

Scene

SCORCHED EARTH

MENTAL

PHYSICAL

SOCIAL

Before they begin their attempt to capture Surtr, the Scions know two things, one good and one bad. On one hand, Surtr should be easy to find. The Scions just have to backtrack his army's command and control. By now, railroads lead from the front lines back to Surtr's capital.

On the other hand, it's bad that Surtr *has* command and control. That means he has lots of giants and other titanspawn around him including messengers, staff officers, servants and guards. Unless the Scions can think of some way to ambush Surtr while he's alone—and find some time when he is alone—they don't have to fight just Surtr, but all the minions around him as well.

Captured giants say that Surtr rules from an immense fortress called Logevellir ("Fire-Crags"). This fortress occupies an island called Surtsey (where have we heard that name before?) in a lake of fire. The opposing shore holds Muspelheim's largest city, called Muspelgard. It's mostly an immense factory complex and military base.

Another great giant—whom the fire giants know as Smidhikunningr, or "Forge-Cunning"—designed this complex and oversees the factories. Here, the giants build their armaments, and Forge-Cunning tests new designs. A single iron bridge stretches out to Surtsey. As the Scions might suspect, Logevellir is full of giants who come and go as they direct the war. Every giant in the army has visited Logevellir and seen Surtr. They say the fire giant king stands a mile tall when he speaks to them, though he can make himself smaller.

That's all the Scions know. How they reach Logevellir and expect to fight Surtr is up to them. Depending on their choices, they could face certain difficulties along the way.

CROSSING THE BORDER

Muspelheim wraps around much of Asgard, except where the Aesir's realm meets the sea. Through the years of war, the border between Asgard and

DRAGONS OF MUSPELHEIM

Use the *xiuhcoatl*'s traits from **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 235–236, to represent Muspelheim's dragons. These dragons, however, cannot assume human form. They also look like classic European dragons, with serpentine bodies, crocodilian jaws, batlike wings and four short, powerfully clawed legs. Their scales look like black iron, and their eyes glow like burning coals. Unlike the dragons described in **Scion: Demigod**, however, these Muspel-drakes are titanspawn. Like giants, their trophy is their heart. While tales speak of a dragon's heart giving the power to understand the speech of birds and beasts, the hearts of these dragons give their devourer the Fire Immunity Boon (**Scion: Hero**, p. 142) for one month. Convenient, in Muspelheim.



Muspelheim has become a no-man's-land of trenches and walls, barbed wire, bomb craters, earthworks, guard towers and bunkers. Lately, the giants have added land mines that explode in immense gouts of sulfurous lava. Sentries ride along the border on huge, horse-headed motorcycles they control with reins and spurs, while dragons patrol the skies. Slowly but steadily, they push the Aesir back and the territory of Asgard is first scarred and ruined by war, then replaced by the lava-rock, coal, ash and stinking smoke of Muspelheim.

Dragon and giant sentries can't see everything, though, or be everywhere. Crossing into Muspelheim is quite a minor challenge for a group of Gods with diverse Boons and Epic Attributes.

TRAVEL THROUGH MUSPELHEIM

The characters cannot reach Surtr unless they can survive Muspelheim itself. (See Chapter Five for the environmental hazards of the Fire Titan's interior.) Scions who do not have the Fire Immunity Boon or sufficient Epic Stamina to resist Muspelheim's heat

and lack of oxygen must find some other way. Eating a Muspel-drake's heart is one of the most "mythic" options. At the other extreme, a technologically adept Scion might apply her Epic Intelligence to invent a heat-resistant, refrigerated suit with a built-in air supply. (After all, the super-genius inventor—from Edison to "Q"—has become a mythic archetype of the modern world.)

The Scions have a choice. If they stay on Surtr's roads, they can hardly avoid encounters with giants heading for the front lines. Maybe the Scions will have time to get off the road and hide, but maybe not. If the Scions leave the roads, they risk encounters with everything else that lives in Muspelheim, from bright-burning tigers to avatars such as Meretseger.

The railroads offer the fastest and most stylish way to travel, at least without using Boons or Birthrights. Most of the trains are plain, utilitarian machines of black iron designed to carry troops or bulk goods. The giants' generals, however, travel in upholstered railroad cars that are magically kept cool so the contents of

the liquor cabinets don't explode. Okay, so the drinks are as likely to be petrochemical as alcoholic, but the Scions could get lucky if they decide to hijack an officer's train. If they don't observe the schedules, though (which are posted, inconveniently enough, *inside* each tower on Asgard's border), they definitely cause a train crash. Granted, an intentional train crash would make for a keen distraction and disruption of supply lines.

MUSPELGARD, SURTSEY AND LOGEVELLIR

This information expands upon the descriptions given in Chapter Five, to cover circumstances that are particularly relevant to the Band's mission.

Gods can't just walk safely through a city of fire giants. Smoke-belching delivery trucks and convoys of tanks and other war machines crowd the streets, as do countless fire giants. Every few miles, Surt's military police set up checkpoints and bark "Papers!" at everyone who would pass. Anyone who cannot show proper identification (the "papers" are actually steel foil etched with Norse runes) faces arrest and questioning. Nevertheless, emissaries from other Titans do visit Muspelgard now and then, including Scions corrupted by the Titans. Therefore, the characters actually can operate in the city as long as they don't raise a ruckus. Forging appropriate documents requires a successful (Wits + [Art or Craft]) roll, difficulty 5, as well as an example from which to work.

Behind its stone-and-iron outer walls, Surt's citadel rises at least two miles high and five miles wide. It looks like a cross between a castle and an erupting volcano, rising in tiers and towers of contorted black stone and iron. An enormous pillar of fire rises from the summit to Muspelheim's smoky sky. Smaller vents send streams of liquid fire cascading in waterfalls down the walls. The outer walls curve forward to frame an open courtyard three miles wide facing the iron bridge. The black iron doors from the courtyard into the castle stand about 500 feet tall, carved in a pattern of leaping flames. Messengers come and go through two smaller portals to either side of the main gate. These doors are only 75 feet tall.

Every few days, Surt emerges to harangue the latest regiment of fire giants. At these times, he grows to his full, mile-high size. Most of the time, he stays about 200 feet tall.

Inside, Logevellir is built to a scale even giants find intimidating. All the ceilings are at least 250 feet high, and major halls rise two or more of these gargantuan stories. There's plenty of room for even the giants' tanks to maneuver. Everything is made of black iron, obsidian and basalt, lit by jets of fire.

Giants armed with rifles and bayonets constantly march about. Now and then, a tank accompanies

them. Intruders must also deal with messengers coming and going, groups of officers talking as they walk and servants keeping the whole place running. Each officer carries a gilded skeggox in a nod to tradition. The messengers and servants are unarmed, but they shout and raise an alarm if they spot intruders.


Surt seldom leaves his fortress. He won't until he feels Asgard's doom is sure. The Scions have to confront him here, in the very heart of his power. They can find him in one of five locations:

- **The Throne Room** is three "stories" (i.e., 750 feet) tall, 1,200 feet wide, and 2,000 feet long. It's fashioned of polished obsidian and gilded iron. Immense gilded pillars divide it into three aisles, with the central aisle 500 feet wide. Each pillar carries two cressets of fire, each 10 feet across. At one end stands a dais and the immense thrones of Surt and Sinmore, made of countless human skulls coated in steel and welded together. A pair of tanks flanks them on either side. Behind the thrones, two waterfalls of flame conceal a pair of passages. The left-hand passage leads to the War Room and the Feasting Hall, while the right-hand passage leads to the private quarters of the monarchs. Sixteen armed guards occupy this room at all times. Surt comes here to confer with his government ministers and courtiers, fellow avatars of Muspelheim and ambassadors from other Titans, as well as to pass judgment on his people. At these times, the tanks have alert crews.

- **The War Room** is two stories tall and 1,000 feet long and wide, with huge maps on the walls and tables showing locations in the World, the Overworld and the Underworld. Surt comes here to learn how the war proceeds and to plan strategies with his officers. This room always holds 10 guards, plus a half-dozen or so officers.

- **The Feasting Hall**, two stories tall, 250 feet wide and 500 feet long, holds two lines of giant-sized trestle tables and benches. At one end stands the high table, where Surt and Sinmore quaff gasoline with Surt's generals and honored guests. At such times, there are usually a few hundred giants drinking along with him.

- **Sinmore's Suite** consists of a bedroom, dressing room, private parlor and bath, all scaled for her immensity and wrought in polished obsidian, gilded iron and polished bronze and steel. Her bed has sheets and a canopy of woven asbestos; her bath is constantly full of liquid flame. Her taste in ornament runs to the pelts and stuffed heads of nemean beasts, interspersed with crossed spears or skeggoxes. The contents of her jewelry-box could buy a small nation: necklaces and armlets of hawser-thick gold filigree set with fist-sized rubies. She also has a selection of rings given to her by her husband, each one set with the preserved head of a God slain in the ages before the Titans were bound.



Surtr comes here for conjugal visits, of which the less said the better.

• **Surtr's Bedchamber** doesn't actually contain a bed. The room is a huge cylinder of basalt and obsidian that encircles the pillar of fire that runs through Logevellir. When Surtr sleeps, he steps into the huge column of flame and merges with it. In this state, he communes with the vast super-consciousness of Muspelheim. He is also invulnerable to damage. The most anyone can do is snuff or interrupt the column of flame—in which case, Surtr abruptly materializes. The experience disorients him a bit, so the Join Battle roll for Surtr suffers a -4 dice penalty.

If he prefers, Surtr can materialize out of the flames at the highest peak of Logevellir, ready to stride down the slopes to battle. He can also sink down the shaft to the immense mechanisms that set Logevellir in motion.

SMIDHIKUNNINGR

The Scions might want to find the brilliant engineer responsible for Muspelheim's military-industrial complex. Forge-Cunning's office is easy to find just by asking around. It's a large basalt box with skylights in its roof and black iron pillars around its perimeter. In fact, it looks very much like a brutal version of a Greek temple, scaled up for a giant. Inside are giant-size draftsman's desks, black iron slide rules the size of war-clubs, an abacus tossed in the corner, benches with various tools for working metal, and three harried fire giant assistants busy copying and cleaning up the master's sketches. Forge-Cunning is not here, though. The assistants know that their boss usually stays at home for reasons they don't understand. They can point out his giant-sized cottage on a hillside overlooking Muspelgard. If the Scions want to encounter Forge-Cunning, they have to go to him.

As explained in Chapter Five, the master artificer is better known as Prometheus, the Titan avatar who gave humanity the knowledge of fire. Unfortunately for the Scions, Prometheus' name means "Forethought," and he matches any of the Gods at Prophecy. Not only does Prometheus know if the Band seeks him, he already knows why... and has a pretty good idea how to manipulate the Scions.

Prometheus somewhat resents the Gods for his imprisonment in Tartarus—so much time wasted when he could have been busy in the World, driving forward mortal technology! He feels a particularly strong hatred for Zeus. When someone has you chained to a mountain with birds eating your liver every day, it's hard not to take it personally. Most of all, though, Prometheus wants to be free: free of the Gods, free of Surtr's demands and even free of Muspelheim. He knows the Gods want to imprison the Titans once more, and he has no intention of going to New Tartarus. He sees the Scions as a potential instrument for escaping that fate.

Prometheus is more than willing to use his reputation as a benefactor of humanity to play on the Band's sympathies. He can spin a story about still being partly bound by Zeus' curse and show them the flame-eagles that circle outside his cottage, eager for another taste of his ever-regenerating liver. He tells the characters he has to give the birds that taste every few days, in fact it's almost time... The wounds the eagles inflict on him are quite genuinely agonizing. The Scions could help free him to continue his good works for humanity, if they have the courage and fortitude to accept certain pains themselves.

If the Scions prove unsympathetic or actively hostile, Prometheus has another gambit. He coolly informs the Scions that, if they don't cooperate, there could be unfortunate consequences for their mortal friends, family or other loved ones. He names at least one person close to each Scion. As he explains, his position in Surtr's court enabled Prometheus to acquire agents in the World. Those agents can make life both unpleasant and short for the targeted mortals. And he doesn't ask for much to stay their hand.

Whatever his tack, Prometheus wants at least one Scion to wear a brazen band set with a chip of granite. Like his ring, the bands are made from the chain that once bound him, and a chip of rock from the same mountainside. He would prefer to place such a band around a Scion's heart, making it a gift the character can't easily renounce. If a Scion accepts, Prometheus pulls out a contraption that looks something like a rib spreader. He presses it against the Scion's chest. Saws and blades slice open the Scion's ribcage, exposing the heart, while another part of the mechanism winds a Möbius band of spine-studded bronze around the Scion's heart. The pain is quite extraordinary. Then the mechanism closes the Scion's chest, leaving her physically none the worse for the experience.

The brazen band has these properties:

- Prometheus knows the Scion's location, no matter where the Scion goes.
- A Dark Virtue replaces one of the Scion's Virtues. You select whatever Virtue most resembles one of the Dark Virtues of the Titans. For instance, a character's Duty could be replaced by an equal number of dots of Zealotry.
- Any attempt to bind or compel the Scion by spells, Boons or Fate itself suffer a -5 dice penalty. Any force that seeks to bind her must work past the existing binding to Prometheus.
- Most importantly, Prometheus becomes exempt from any effect that would affect Muspelheim as a whole. If Muspelheim is bound, Prometheus stays free. If Muspelheim dies, Prometheus still lives. The Scion serves as Prometheus' anchor in the Worlds for as long as she lives and wears the brazen band.

THE RING OF PROMETHEUS

Relic ••••• (1 Purview, Suite of Unique Powers)

After Prometheus gave humanity the gift of fire—the power of technology, especially smelting metal—Zeus chained the Titan to a mountainside and set an eagle to devour his liver every day. Heracles broke the chains in return for some help from the Titan. The curse of Zeus couldn't be rescinded, but Prometheus found a loophole: He wore a link of his chain around his finger, and set it with a chip from the mountainside, thus inventing both the finger ring and legal pettifoggery. He still wears that ring. It's his trophy.

The ring has the same effects on its owner as one of Prometheus' heart bands. In addition, it gives its owner +5 dice to any attempt to supernaturally restrain or compel another being. It also provides access to the Fire or Prophecy Purviews (pick one). The ring is sized for Prometheus, but it shrinks so a normal-sized person could wear it as an armband.

Removing Prometheus' band requires 10 successes each on both (Dexterity + Medicine) and (Intelligence + Occult) rolls, for its barbs latch into the Scion's heart both physically and metaphysically. Prometheus instantly knows about its removal and may take whatever revenge he sees fit. Prophecy about the consequences of removing the band invariably says that someone close to the Scion will die.

Then again, the Scions might attack right away or defy Prometheus' threats. The Titan of Forethought can work with that. He attacks. Then he lets the Band defeat him. The characters probably won't kill him—which, he points out, could catastrophically change the nature of fire in the World—but he'll buy his escape from other punishments by revealing the secrets of Logevellir and the best way to attack Surtr. Just don't take his ring, he pleads, for then the curse of Zeus will fall on him more heavily...

If the Scions somehow refuse or escape every stratagem to make them help Prometheus, the Great Engineer merely sends a telegraph message to Surtr alerting him to the Scions' presence. He also uses Prophecy regarding the Band's first attempt to capture Surtr, so the Scions can't take Muspelheim's master by surprise.

BATTLING SURTR

The Scions can decide for themselves where and when they attack Surtr. The moment Surtr hears that non-allied Gods are in Muspelgard or Logevellir, he increases his throne room guard to 12 tanks, plus another 12 in his bedchamber, feasting hall and war room. Sinmore must content herself with a mere dozen armed giants. More giants come running if they hear a ruckus, though.

The sheer number of giants in Logevellir might dissuade even a Band of Gods from an open attack on Surtr. Still, the characters might come up with a plan for a sudden assault that gets past Surtr's defenses quickly. They might instead try to sneak into Logevellir using the giant-sized furnishings for cover, as well as whatever Boons or Knacks might apply. The citadel's population makes it challenging to stay out of sight, but few giants are supernaturally observant.

The characters might try to approach Surtr through a trick, such as pretending to be ambassadors from a pantheon or claiming they want to join the winning side. Surtr is no fool, however. The Scions need a really good lie to get close to him. Persuasive Knacks don't help much in this case, since Surtr receives everything they say second hand. Just because the Scions bedazzle a go-between with their supernatural charm, that doesn't make their words intrinsically more convincing when they are repeated to Surtr. Still, they might triumph in a battle of Epic Wits or Epic Manipulation to deceive the master of Muspelheim.

Other possibilities include convincing a giant to help them approach Surtr or even seducing Sinmore. She's as ruthlessly ambitious as her husband, and she spent centuries ruling a scattered host of Muspel giants without him... which all counted for nothing once the Titans were free again. The Band might persuade her that, with its help, she could mount a coup. It wouldn't be easy—she's no fool, either—but it is *possible*.

At best, the Scions merely have to fight the most enormous giant they've ever seen—one armed with a flaming sword big enough to cut through sequoias. Surtr doesn't care how much damage he causes to Logevellir, either. If he brings down the roof by cutting through a few pillars, so be it. He might even consider pinning insolent Gods under tons of rubble before he grinds them under his burning heel a useful strategy.

There's more.

If the Band doesn't find some way to block other giants from reaching the scene of the battle with Surtr, a squadron of five giant guards arrives 15 ticks after the fight begins. Five more giants arrive every five ticks thereafter. A pair of tanks arrives 20 ticks after battle is joined, and another tank arrives every 10 ticks.

PUMP UP THE VOLUME

For extra pulse-pounding drama, the Scions could arrive just as Surtr decides the time has come to mobilize Logevellir and crush Asgard. Just as the Scions are sneaking through Logevellir, klaxons blare and all the giants start running around and tying things down, while the fortress starts to shake. As the Scions look out a convenient window, they see the fortress move up and out of the lake, trailing smoke and sparks from every pinnacle, while a mile-high Surtr roars to his people that Ragnarok now begins and the Gods will burn!

Alternatively, this can be the consequence if the Band finds itself forced to flee a failed attempt to capture Surtr. The Master of Muspelheim decides he can't let this assault pass unpunished and orders a final, total assault on Asgard, with his mobile fortress as his ultimate weapon.



If the Band does somehow prevent reinforcements from reaching Surtr, the giants use the tanks to blast through the wall. Fortunately that takes time.

No matter how large he's grown, once Surtr is unconscious, he reverts to his true size of 200 feet. Getting him out of Logevellir is left as an exercise for the Scions' ingenuity.

HUNTED BY SURTR

If Surtr isn't one of the earlier Titan avatars the characters go after, Surtr hunts them in his characteristic fashion: extreme force, brutally applied. He finds some place and time the Scions will be in the World or the Underworld, with a fair bit of room around them and sends his thane Farbauti after them, with 12 tanks and four Muspel-drakes as backup. Farbauti is one of the most powerful thanes of the fire giants, equal to most Gods. Use Sinmore's

Attributes, Epic Attributes, Abilities and Purviews. It might be a decent ambush, except the Scions receive warning several minutes before it happens. Loki sends the Scions a message, telling them to expect immediate attack.

Loki knows this because he has informers within Muspelheim, within the very heart of Surtr's power. The God of Mischief found a number of giants he could bribe or blackmail, and they passed word of the attack to him.

Loki has more than strategic interest in the battle. Farbauti is Loki's father. (The myth says Farbauti impregnated the giantess Laufey by throwing a lightning bolt at her.) Farbauti found the young Loki too runty for a proper giant and threw him out. The Aesir gave Loki a home. If anyone asks, Loki admits to having issues with his father, with Muspel giants in general and with Muspelheim as a whole.



BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

Prometheus and Surtr aren't the only ones to think of giant mechanical warriors. Without consulting their pantheons, Hephaestus, Ptah and Ogoun pool their genius to build an invincible automaton warrior, a colossus to make past colossi such as Mökkurkálfi and Talos (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 229–231) look like children's toys! These divine egos clash, however, and each God gives the Ultimate Colossus certain features he doesn't tell the other Gods about. Any mortal could have predicted the result: the moment the Gods activate the Colossus, it goes berserk.

Since the Gods are just a little busy fighting the Titan hordes, naturally they ask the Scions to destroy the Ultimate Colossus. The Scions battle the rampaging creation throughout the Overworld, for it can create its own portals between realms there (which, fortuitously, stay open for a few minutes after it passes through). They might even find themselves teaming up with titanspawn or even lesser avatars, as they try to stop the mad Colossus from destroying everything in its path. Heaven—or the Scions—help the World if the Colossus reaches an Axis Mundi...

To represent the Ultimate Colossus, use the traits for Gigantes (see pp. 331–332), but add in the one-to-eight-dot Boons of a half-dozen or so Purviews. It is immune to Epic Social Attributes or any other effect that influence minds, because it doesn't have one.

Scene

BLOOD AND SOIL

MENTAL ..

PHYSICAL

SOCIAL ...

When the Band turns to capturing Gaia, the dominant avatar of the Greater Titan Terra, the Scions face some small problem in finding her. In earlier battles between Terra and the Dodekathemon, Gaia sometimes assisted her children, the Gigantes. After Donnie Rhodes absconded with the moly, however, Gaia committed three Hekatonkheires to the siege and withdrew herself. None of the Dodekathemon find this a good trade. The Hundred-Handed Giants steadily bombard Olympus with house-sized boulders, gradually smashing the Gods' homes to ruin. Since then, the Gods have slain only one of the Hekatonkheires, Briareus.

Zeus and his councilors naturally want to know what Gaia is up to, as they don't think she avoids battle out of fear. Their natural and supernatural sources of intelligence say that Gaia traveled widely in Terra and visited other Titan realms. Now she has returned to Terra and settled in the Corycian Cave, in the part of the Titan realm corresponding to south-central Turkey in the World. This is bad. The Corycian Cave is where Gaia gave birth to the monster Typhon, the mightiest titanspawn of all time, who briefly drove the Dodekathemon from Olympus before his defeat and burial under Sicily's Mt. Etna.

Zeus requests that the characters attack the Corycian Cave as soon as possible. If Gaia has bred another Typhon, the monster must be slain before it reaches adulthood and its full power. The Dodekathemon simply cannot afford to let Gaia reinforce her Gigantes and Hekatonkheires with another monster.

Even the wisest Gods of the Dodekathemon have forgotten one very important fact. Gaia is more than a spawner of monsters. She is also a prophet. The famed oracle of Delphi was hers before Apollo seized it. Gaia expects the Gods to hunt her. Although she lacks the subtle, 10-steps-ahead intellect of Prometheus, she knows enough to plan for the confrontation that must come.

TRAVEL THROUGH TERRA

The Band's journey through Terra takes place without obstruction. Unlike Akhetaten, Muspelheim and some other Titan realms, no environmental effect makes Terra intrinsically dangerous. The Scions just have to cope with the realm's plethora of nemean, typhonian and chimeric beasts. If they want, the Scions can even use the Rainbow Bridge Boon to travel directly to the Corycian Cave. The Greater Titan does not interfere. The trip is almost suspiciously easy...

The Scions can easily learn a bit about the Corycian Cave. (The following information is available to any character with even a single dot of Academics who bothers to look for it; no roll necessary.) The cave is part of Mt. Casius, in the Taurus Mountains. The mountain is now called Jebel Akra, so characters can locate the mountain on a map before they go jaunting through the Titan-realm in the Overworld.

Hittite myth (which contains many antecedents to Greek myth) associates this mountain with the stone giant Ullikummi, who likewise threatened an

GAIA'S PLAN

In brief, Gaia has set up a trap and a diversion. She is not, in fact, at the Corycian Cave. She is at Delphi, on Mount Parnassus (or rather, the part of Terra corresponding to Mount Parnassus)—where there's *another* Corycian Cave, though the name wasn't used very often after Apollo claimed the oracle for his own. Gaia made a deal with another avatar, a better magician than her, to confuse the fates of the two caverns so Prophecy and Mystery would say she was in the wrong place.

Gaia has indeed bred new offspring. Like Typhon, they are sired by other Titans to combine their power with Gaia's own. Each one of them is a potential new Typhon. They wait in Asia Minor's cave, ready to battle the Scions. Meanwhile, Gaia extends the cave at Delphi toward Olympus, intending to attack the Gods from below. As the Band reaches the Corycian Cave in Asia Minor, her tunnel is nearly complete.

entire pantheon. This is just a bad place—the womb where Terra generates its mightiest monsters.

WOMB OF HORRORS

The Band encounters the first monster guarding the entrance to the cave. The Ophiotauros is a typhonian chimera about 200 feet long, with a bull's foreparts joined to the body of an immense serpent. Serpentine features are common among Gaia's spawn, and of course, the cave is in the *Taurus* Mountains. (One of the Hekatonkheires incidentally killed another Ophiotauros in the ancient war between the Dodekathēon and their Titan progenitors.) The Bull-Snake won't leave the entrance to the cave. It is a formidable monster, but no match for a Band of Gods.

The Ophiotauros has the same combat traits as the sea serpent of the *Henrietta Marie* (see pp. 310-311), but it has merely animal intelligence, it lacks Epic Appearance, and it has the geotic template instead of the piscine template. It attacks by goring with its horns, slapping with its serpentine tail or wrapping around a foe to constrict. The trophy of the Ophiotauros is its intestines. Burning its guts on a sacrificial altar gives the sacrificer the geotic template for one battle. The sacrifice must take place while the guts still steam and drip with blood, and the character must use the blessing within one month.

Inside, the Corycian Cave is bigger and longer than the Scions might expect. It descends through

a series of large tunnels and shafts for at least half a mile before opening onto a huge oval cavern. Mighty stalagmites rise from the irregular floor, while long stalactites hang from the ceiling. The weirdly beautiful cavern is about 1,000 feet long, 800 feet wide and at least 500 feet high. At the opposite end of the great cavern from where the Scions enter, a spring gushes from one wall and descends a series of low terraces to a crescent-shaped subterranean lake. This lake wraps around a stalactite-hung grotto no more than 30 feet across and 50 feet high, and the grotto's interior holds a great stone block that can only be an altar. The grotto is easy to see because a pair of flaming braziers flanks the altar, providing the only light in the huge cavern.

The lake is much deeper than the normal slopes of the cavern floor would suggest. It holds a huge creature, half serpent and half woman. Three more of these creatures, called dracaenae, hide behind the rippling draperies of white stone that cover portions of the cavern walls. Each dracaena has the torso of a woman but scaly skin and 10 squirming serpent-bodies and tails instead of legs. They are easily 100 feet long.

The dracaena in the lake serves as lookout for the rest. It waits until at least half the Scions are in the grotto with the altar. Then it erupts out of the lake and attacks. That's the signal for the other three dracaenae to burst out of the cavern walls and join the fray. One dracaena is near the entrance and the other two are spread at 330-foot intervals. The monster by the cave entrance starts by collapsing the tunnel, so no one can flee. The rubble forms a barrier with 8L/8B soak (it's just loose boulders, after all), but takes 200 levels of damage to clear. Feats of strength (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 181) can also clear away the rubble. Each feat of strength clears away health levels of barrier equal to the character's (Strength + Athletics) total, suitably modified by Epic Strength and Knacks.

The dracaenae are smaller than the Gigantes or Hekatonkheires, but no less powerful. Each one is Gaia's child by a different Greater Titan. The dracaena in the lake was sired by the Drowned Road. The next back derives from Akhetaten. Ehekatoayaatl sired the next. The monster that seals off the cave is a daughter of Muspelheim. Use the Hekatonkheire write-up (see pp. 333-335), but replace the Protoplasmic Nature special power with the basic geotic template, the first eight Boons of the Earth Purview, and the first six Boons of one additional Purview (Water, Sun, Sky and Fire, respectively). The dracaenae are still young (adolescents, in fact). In another year, each one will become powerful enough to fight an entire pantheon. Their trophies are fist-sized jewels set in their foreheads. Each jewel can serve as a Birthright for the Earth Purview and the dracaena's additional Purview.

Oh, and the grotto: The braziers burn as long as someone feeds each of them one point of Legend per day. (The dracaenae take shifts.) The altar bears the carved sign of Terra, a circled cross. As long as the braziers burn and the altar remains intact and in place, this Corycian Cave and another location are transposed for purposes of the Prophecy and Mystery Purviews. As soon as the Scions discover this property, they know they've been suckered. On the other hand, the spell would only work if the other location already had some connection of Fate to the Corycian Cave (through a shared name, for instance).

CAVERN CAPTIVITY

What if the four dracaenae defeat the Band? It could happen. Luckily for the Scions, Gaia doesn't want them dead... merely out of the way. The dracaenae don't finish the Scions off, merely incapacitate them. The Scions wake up wearing handcuffs that keep them from moving their hands more than a foot apart, and gyves on their feet connected by a rigid bar. These magical shackles cut all movement rates to one-third normal and have 10A/20L/30B soak and three health levels each (hands and feet). Breaking free with a feat of strength requires (Strength + Athletics) totals of 31 or more. This is no problem for some of the Scions, but the dracaenae let all the characters know that if any one of them breaks free, the others get eaten alive. The shackles lock and unlock by magic, at the will of Gaia, the dracaenae or anyone who can dissolve the enchantment through the Divine Unweaving spell.

Of course, plenty of Knacks and Boons could enable a God to escape without breaking the shackles. Here are a few options:

- **Straightforward:** With the Epic Dexterity Knack Escape Artist or the Psychopomp Boon Unbarred Entry, the character can slip free of the shackles or simply walk out of them.

- **A Bit Out There:** The character can physically reshape the bonds with the Earth Boon Shaping. With the Tsukumo-Gami Boon The Dancing Spirit, he can persuade the shackles' spirits to unlock.

- **Flat Out Weird:** The Chaos Boon Unintended Purpose can make the shackles into a tasty snack.

If the characters can't think of a way to escape, they just aren't trying. The real challenge is to escape before the dracaenae notice and attack the Scions who remain bound.

Also, the dracaenae are utterly devoted to Mother Gaia but extremely naïve. Gaia told them not to trust anything Gods say, but the four have no experience with anyone but their mother and a few typhonian beasts. For Gods with Epic Charisma or Manipulation, talking one of the dracaenae into removing the shackles is merely a matter of time. Roll Zealotry to see if obedience to Gaia can resist the God's persuasive power. (That roll will eventually fail.) After that, escape is left as an exercise for the ingenuity of the Scions' players. Until then, the Scions have another chance to learn how Gaia and her spawn see the Overworld War, and her specific



grievances against the Dodekathemon. They can also learn Gaia's true location, if they haven't guessed it already. Gaia's daughters, however, don't know their mother's plan... only that she intends to cast down the Dodekathemon once and for all.

DOOM AT DELPHI

Once the characters wreck the altar and braziers that sustain the Fate-transposing spell, they can supernaturally locate Gaia in the other Corycian Cave. Gaia's location can also be deduced through a successful (Intelligence + Academics) roll. It's difficulty 5 if a character works from memory alone (this is pretty damn obscure) but only difficulty 1 if performed as a dramatic action in a decent research library. Epic Intelligence Knacks can make deducing Gaia's location a snap.

Of course, the cavern at Terra's version of Delphi lacks the ruins found in the World's version. The initial, small cavern has an altar and braziers just like the ones in Asia Minor. In addition, a crack in the floor emits fumes that make people dizzy. Inhaling the fumes for five minutes also gives a five-die bonus to rolls for Prophecy. This is the true Delphi, the original site of the greatest oracle in the ancient world, where finite minds can touch the timeless, infinite consciousness of a Greater Titan. On the other hand, any *God* who uses the cave this way risks coming to the notice of Terra itself. Unless the player succeeds at a Willpower roll (difficulty 5), Terra strikes the character unconscious, the character loses all points of Willpower, the earth trembles, and Gaia knows of the Band's presence.

At the rear of the cavern, a wide tunnel descends into the depths of Terra, heading north and slightly west—straight toward Mount Olympus. It goes about 110 miles, then opens into an immense cavern, miles wide, whose roof is supported by four huge pillars. Mount Olympus is now hollow. If the pillars broke, the sacred redoubt of the Dodekathemon would crumble in on itself. Gaia is almost ready to do the deed. As the Band arrives, she—in the form of a gigantic burrowing serpent, as in "Dutiful Children"—has almost completed her work.

Stealthy characters might approach Gaia as she carves deep trenches in the walls of her cave. (These trenches are designed to make the mountain collapse more easily.) Doing so, the Scions might take her by surprise. They still have a tremendous fight to look forward to, though.

If Gaia can keep her wits about her, she tries to smash the four pillars so Olympus collapses. She would rather do this than squash the Scions, because she expects the falling mountain to do the job for her. When she breaks the first pillar, Olympus trembles and rubble falls from the cavern ceiling, but the mountain still stands. Breaking each additional

pillar has a progressively greater chance of inducing a catastrophic collapse—unless someone with supreme strength takes the place of the pillar's ruined base, holding it up like Atlas supporting the world. Each pillar takes 50 levels of damage to break, getting past 8L/12B soak... not difficult for the Epic Strength of Gods, so the Scions had better be careful, too! Supporting a broken pillar is only possible for Gods with high Epic Strength and a Knack such as Uplifting Might (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 127).

To find the chance of a catastrophic collapse, roll one die for the second and third pillars that get broken and are left unsupported. For the

REBIRTH OF A NATION

As their Legends grew, the members of the Band gained reputations as people who could achieve damn near anything. Some people from an exceptionally poor and decrepit Third World country ask one of the Scions to help them. Perhaps they want Horace Farrow to bring murderous brigands to justice, or they want Dr. Tigrillo to stop a disease outbreak. The first Scion on the scene, however, soon discovers that powerful people oppose his task, and he needs the help of the whole Band. Indeed, the unhappy nation's problems are not of merely human origin: powerful titanspawn secretly control the government. Their reign of misrule is just a prelude to atrocities that will turn the entire nation into a quagmire of death and horror to feed and empower their Titan master.

In the course of battling the titanspawn (perhaps even a lesser avatar of a Titan), the Scions may well bind their Fates to the entire nation. The entire population expects the Scions to put things right, from quelling factional warfare to writing new laws and building schools and hospitals. Such worshipful hope in the Scions does not mean that all factions are ready to make peace with each other; they all want the Scions to become *their* group's culture heroes, at the expense of the rest.

If the characters are willing to do all this and use their divine power to pull the country up by its bootstraps, they still face a final challenge. How do they let go, break the bonds of Fate and get the people to run their own country *without* a Band of divine leaders? Or do they even want to?

second pillar, a roll of 1–3 means that a quarter of the cavern starts collapsing, wrecking a quarter of Olympus. (Only becoming The Shaper can stop it.) For the third pillar, a roll of 1–7 means that half the mountain crumbles, wrecking most of the homes and defenses of the Gods. A fourth pillar means the entire mountain falls in on itself, utterly destroying Olympus and burying most of the Dodekathemon. Once a pillar breaks, the Scions have 10 ticks in which to act before the incipient collapse becomes irreversible (assuming it happens, and they don't know until those 10 seconds are up). Being caught inside a crumbling mountain deals 100 dice of lethal damage. Then there's the insignificant matter of being unable to move and/or breathe.

If the Scions cannot defeat Gaia quickly enough, she manages to destroy at least some of Olympus. Simply wrecking half the mountain renders it impossible to defend for long against the Gigantes. If that happens, the Dodekathemon must evacuate: a whole pantheon turned refugee. Many lesser immortals die in the collapse as well.

Gaia has a worse threat than a crumbling mountain, though. If the Scions give her even a moment's respite to talk, she commands them to surrender, or the World suffers for their presumption. She threatens to use her connection to the World to trigger tremendous earthquakes and volcanic eruptions where they can do the most damage. For instance, an eruption of the Yellowstone Caldera could kill millions and cover

most of the United States in ash. The New Madrid fault that runs along the Mississippi River Valley can produce an earthquake powerful enough to flatten everything from Iowa to the Gulf Coast. Gaia says she can cause such disasters with a moment's thought.

Gaia is not entirely bluffing. As the principal avatar of Terra, she can control the World's geology without entering the World itself... but to do so, she needs to become The Shaper while she is within Terra, which means her re-absorption into the Greater Titan. As a result, any Knack or Boon that distinguishes truth from falsehood indicates that Gaia is telling the truth. She can indeed destroy cities or nations on Earth, and is willing to do so. Whether she really does take this step falls to a contested roll between her Malice and Zealotry. If Zealotry wins, she lunges for her tunnel so she can re-enter Terra. If her Malice wins, she wants to punish the Dodekathemon more than she's willing to sacrifice her identity. The Scions can influence her choice one way or another if they have shown particular cruelty or kindness to any of her titanspawn.

HUNTED BY GAIA

Zeus would like the Band to hunt Gaia as soon as possible, but the characters might leave her until later. This does not substantially alter this scenario. Gaia cares little for the other Titans, so the capture of their avatars doesn't disturb her. She relies on her misdirections, the dracaenae and her power to threaten the World to protect her.

ACT FOUR BINDING THE TITANS

Now that the Band has captured the principal avatars (and one trophy) of the Greater Titans, the Gods are ready to bind the Titans into their new prison. This requires the joint effort of many psychopomps and Gods of Magic, to hurl the avatars into New Tartarus and compel the Titans themselves to follow through bindings of Fate.

The Gods must perform the ritual in a location dedicated to restraint and confinement. The best location would be New Tartarus itself, but it's already occupied by the Titan Soku-no-Kumi, who would certainly disrupt the ceremonial procedures. Fortunately, the Overworld holds a location that's almost as good: a supernatural prison that can hold any creature except a Titan or the most powerful Gods.

Everything the Band has worked for thus far comes to a head in this climactic scene. The World's safety depends on their power and their choices.

DURANCE VILE

This Touchstone takes its form from the most infamous prisons in the mortal World—the jails that inspire shudders across thousands of miles and hundreds of years. Durance Vile is the Tower of London and the Bastille, the salt mines and the concentration camp, Supermax and Abu Ghraib, not to mention Bedlam. It is every place where men have gone to Hell while yet they lived. And as the Overworld's echo of manmade Hell, its front gate carries Dante's words: *Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.*

Durance Vile takes the form of a small, rocky island, rather like Alcatraz. A mainland is visible in the distance, but a swimmer can never reach it. Sometimes, the island's air hangs heavy, hot and humid, like Devil's Island. Other times, the winds blow with the chill of a Siberian gulag. Fences of stone, concrete or barbed wire cross the island at random, just because.

In the center squats the prison itself, a lumpen quadrangle of beetling walls and mismatched towers surrounded by two outer rings of barbed wire and wooden guard towers. Between the fences run ghost-pale hounds with red tails and ears—the same eldritch, inescapable breed as the Wild Hunt from Celtic myth. Faceless guards never cease their patrols along the walls; their vigilance in the towers never slacks.

The wings of Durance Vile surround a large courtyard. One end has a gibbet. The other has a headsman's block. In between are nothing but rocks and a rack of sledges for breaking them.

Inside, the halls of Durance Vile form a maze that ranges from rough stone to bare concrete and tile. Light comes from flaming cressets and flickering fluorescent tubes—when the prison's not left dark, that is. Durance Vile has stone oubliettes and modern steel-bar cell blocks. The cells can be as big as you need to hold a prisoner. Archaic torture chambers fitted with the rack, the iron maiden, branding irons, whips and chains jostle against modern infirmaries. Please, do not call the latter torture chambers. The padded tables fitted with straps, the drugs and the equipment for electroshock and lobotomy are all for the reformation and cure of the inmates. Down below, the twisting dungeons merge with tunnels and chambers hewn from shining salt. The smell of bleach can't quite mask the odors of stale sweat, old blood, urine and decay.

Durance Vile is never exactly the same from hour to hour. The cells and corridors change their position when nobody's looking.

The Warden's appearance also changes. He's a fat Southern lawman. He's a lean monk of the Inquisition. He's a bemedalled officer of a banana republic. He's a doctor in a white lab coat. In every form, his eyes are cold, gray stone, just like his heart. The Warden has no name. The Gods who know his origin don't speak of it. He works for the Gods, but is not one of them.

All the pantheons treat Durance Vile as neutral ground. No one—neither God nor Titan—dares to claim it for their own. If they did, someone would have to live there and take the Warden's place. Sometimes, the prison receives the captured enemies of the Gods, however... or Gods who have erred or otherwise displeased the rulers of their pantheons.

Few entities can escape from Durance Vile on their own. Even if one could get out of one's cell, go over, under or through the walls, evade the death-hounds, barbed wire and armed guards, even the mightiest swimmer can't reach the distant shore. The coast recedes like a mirage, while the ever-hungry sharks close in. Creatures of Legend with appropriate powers can come and go as long as they're only visitors. Once the Warden claps one in chains, though, only an 11-dot Boon can free one. The Way is the obvious method,

but The Beast can fly or swim away, The Arbiter can order itself free, The Void defies constraint by first principles, and so on. An entity with the Psychopomp Boon of Otherworldly Portal, however, could carry a prisoner to another world. A third alternative is to kill the Warden.

A creature of Legend can reach Durance Vile from the World by entering a maximum-security prison or mental institution with at least 1,000 inmates. The Touchstone can also be reached from a few especially notorious prisons of the past (most of them are now museums), such as Alcatraz, Auschwitz or the Bastille. As usual, the entity merely has to spend a point of Legend. A visitor can leave Durance Vile the same way and travel to any institution that could serve as an entry. Travel to Durance Vile has one important catch, though. If the traveler was a legally committed inmate at the prison or mental institution, she arrives in the Warden's office, already bound in chains as a prisoner.

THE WARDEN

The Warden feels no pity. Indeed, he is often gratuitously cruel to his prisoners. Tears are his only food. He would not go outside the laws of Gods or men to imprison someone, but he cares nothing for guilt or innocence. If some more-or-less legitimate authority has ordered your punishment, the Warden has a cell for you in Durance Vile. You will not escape until the ruler of a pantheon orders your release.

The Warden has never been known to leave Durance Vile. It's anybody's guess how much of his power comes from the Touchstone-realm he rules and how much he would retain anywhere else.

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 6, Stamina 8; Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2; Perception 8, Intelligence 3, Wits 6

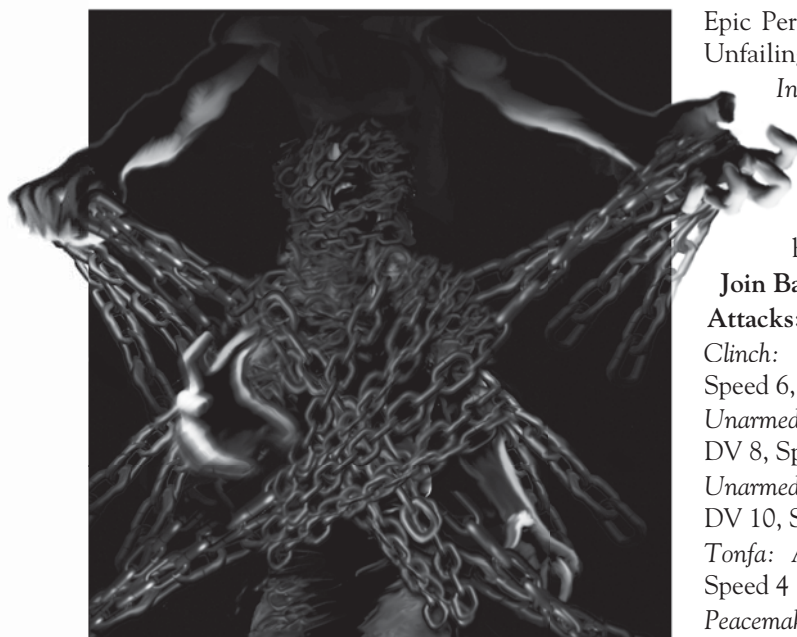
Virtues: Endurance 4, Malice 3, Order 5, Zealotry 4

Abilities: Academics 5, Animal Ken 3, Athletics 4, Awareness 5, Brawl 4, Command 4, Fortitude 3, Integrity 5, Investigation 6, Marksmanship 4, Medicine 3, Melee 4, Occult 1, Politics 1, Presence 3

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Aegis, Animal Command (Dog), Animal Communication (Dog), Create Animal (Dog), Dream Wrack, Echo Sounding, Epic Enhancement (Dog), Guilt Apparitions, Judgment, Night Eyes, Oubliette, Overworld Judgment, Psychic Prison, Safely Interred, Sanctify Oath, Scarlet Letter, Shadow Step, Shaping, Shield of Righteousness, Sympathy Pains, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward

Can't Die Forever: This equals the resurrection aspect of Ultimate Stamina. As long as prisons exist, the Warden will come back from death. Or someone else will become him...



Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 6 (Crushing Grip, Disfiguring Attack, Divine Rampage, Divine Wrath, Holy Rampage, Making It Look Easy), Epic Dexterity 3 (Escape Artist, Roll With It, Untouchable Opponent), Epic Stamina 4 (All Knacks in **Scion: Hero**, Body Armor), Epic Manipulation 4 (Blurt It Out, Knowing Glance, Overt Order, Stench of Guilt),

Epic Perception 3 (Clairvoyance, Telescopic Senses, Unfailing Recognition)

Inescapable Chains: Once the Warden places a creature in restraint, that creature cannot escape. Period. Twine works as well as God-forged steel. Even Gods with 11-dot Boons cannot free themselves while the Warden holds them bound.

Join Battle: 11

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 9B, Parry DV—, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 12B, Parry DV 8, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 9B, Parry DV 10, Speed 4

Tonfa: Accuracy 11, Damage 10B, Parry DV 10, Speed 4

Peacemaker: Accuracy 12, Damage 5L, Range 20, Speed 5, P

Soak: 4A/11L/15B

Health Levels: -0x13/Incap

Dodge DV: 14 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: All prisoners of Durance Vile are Fatebound to the Warden, as are recipients of his Vigil Brand.

Scene THE PLAN

MENTAL — PHYSICAL — SOCIAL —

The wise among the Gods believe that Durance Vile itself lacks the power to confine the Titans. Its fateful link to all the World's great prisons, however, makes it a good location to bind the Titans into the new Tartarus made from the Atlantean underworld. The Gods also feel sure that, by connecting New Tartarus to Durance Vile, they can keep the Titans' minions and allies from approaching New Tartarus to commune with their dread masters. Such intruders would have to get past the Warden first.

If the Band managed to collect the mask of Mikaboshi, the Gods use it as part of the binding spell. Taking the mask from Mikaboshi forced him back to the Atlantean underworld, but the mask retains a connection to Soku-no-Kumi. This connection provides the metaphysical equivalent of a greased chute into New Tartarus. It's easy to force someone down it, but no one can climb back up again. One by one, the sorcerer-Gods place the mask on the faces of the captive Titan avatars and cast the spell to send them to New Tartarus. If everything goes properly, the avatar vanishes, dragging the entire Titan and its

remaining avatars along. Once they finish, the Gods will seal the mask in concrete and hide the block in Durance Vile. No one will be able to let the Titans out, but the Gods can find the mask again if more Titans emerge from the depths of the Overworld.

As the Band captured each avatar, the Gods transported it to Durance Vile, where the Warden chained it and assigned it a cell. With the final avatar's arrival, the ritual can begin. In each of the Godrealms, the Gods are almost giddy with relief. The Overworld War is almost over.

The Band has a final part to play in binding the Titans. The laws of Fate and Legend give the conqueror power over the conquered. The Scions must formally condemn their defeated foes to New Tartarus. This power over a defeated foe is the final ingredient of the ritual.

Apart from the Band, the ritual involves every God who has the Magic Purview at 9 or higher or has at least the first nine Boons of Psychopomp whom the pantheons can spare from the defense of their realms. When the time comes, the six

pantheons send Baron Samedi, Frigg, Hera, Kalfu, Ptah, Tezcatlipoca, Thoth and Tsuki-yomi. Divine magicians from other pantheons come too: Enki from the overwhelmed Annuna, Finnish Vainamoinen, Brihaspati from the Vedic pantheon and the deified founder of Taoism, Lao-Tzu.

The ritual takes place in a huge bottle-shaped chamber, entered from the top—an oubliette, or “place of forgetting”—dug in the center of Durance Vile’s yard. Trios of Gods carry each fettered avatar to the oubliette, where the faceless prison guards lower them down in chains. They need a block and tackle for the larger avatars. The avatars are awake

and struggling, but they are gagged and they can’t break the Warden’s chains. The Gods have a ladder, for a more dignified descent.

At last, all the Gods and avatars are together, and the ceremony begins. Divine voices chant in unison, asserting their right and their power to bind the Titans. They motion for the Scions to step forward and name themselves as the Titans’ conquerors. Tezcatlipoca draws his obsidian knife while the Warden steps forward with the Mask of Mikaboshi...

...and the chains fall off the avatars, who are all very, very angry.

Scene

THE GODS BETRAYED

MENTAL ••••

PHYSICAL ••••

SOCIAL •••

Aten, Gaia and Mami Wata immediately strike at the Warden with their most powerful attacks. There’s nothing left of him but a smear. On their next action, Gaia peels back the overhead walls of the oubliette until it’s a bowl instead of a bottle. The stone of the prison yard starts collapsing to fill the former oubliette. Flames, blinding light and surging water run between the falling blocks of stone as the avatars alternately lash out at the Gods and try to escape into the tunnels. In a crack of lightning, Huracán appears to seize the mirror that is his trophy, and gale-force winds add to the confusion. “That’s it!” someone screams. In the chaos, no one can tell who it is. “When we get out of here, *the World dies!*” Which should give the Scions an excellent motivation to chase after the avatars.

THE MISSING AVATAR

Right now, you’re probably wondering where *Surtr* is in all this. Allow your players a resisted roll of ([Perception or Wits] + Awareness) against a dice pool of 18, with 46 bonus successes. Those characters whose players win this contest realize that although they saw *flames*, they never saw *Surtr* break free. He must still be down there! What the Scions do with the realization is purely up to the players. By the time anyone can act on it, the oubliette—and presumably, *Surtr*—are buried under tons of fallen rubble as the other avatars rampage across the island.

THE BATTLE OF DURANCE VILE

Regardless of whether the Scions (and their players) realize *Surtr* is still in the oubliette, they still must deal with four Titan avatars, any one of whom is a match for the most powerful Gods, and at least one of whom may have threatened to destroy the World. The avatars have two competing desires: escape from Durance Vile to rejoin their Titans, and take revenge on the Gods—especially on the Scions who captured

them. The first goal is prudent; their Dark Virtue of Malice demands the latter.

Roll each avatar’s Malice at difficulty 2. Only if this roll fails can the avatar force itself to flee the Scions instead of trying to kill them. If the Scions want to make sure the avatars don’t flee Durance Vile, however, they can prod any of the Dark Virtues. For instance, taunting an avatar and challenging it to single combat can force it to resist its own Ambition, while pretending to doubt the Gods’ ability to win can trick an especially Zealous avatar to try to browbeat the Scion into submission.

The battle is utterly chaotic, though. The avatars scatter once they leave the oubliette. Some avatars might leap over the prison walls and try to flee the island; others might hide among the prison’s twisting passages, to attempt an escape later. Hera quickly suggests that the Gods split up into teams to pursue each avatar. The Band can stay together to chase one avatar of its choice, or the Scions can split up so one or two of them join the chase for each avatar.

A MOMENT OF METAGAME

Don’t be afraid to ask your players to take the former option, for two simple reasons. First, it keeps the attention on their characters, where it belongs. Second, storytelling becomes much more difficult when you must keep track of 16 supporting-cast Gods and four avatars, instead of just one Band and one avatar. Not to mention the fact that you’ll spend a great deal of time rolling for each God’s attack on the avatars, while the players twiddle their thumbs waiting for their turn.



As the Scions fight, the battle moves through Durance Vile and across the island. Within the prison, each action can take place in a different location, with a different appearance. One moment, the characters run through a catacomb with guttering torches and fungus on the walls; the next, they're in a modern cell block. Outside, Gods battle avatars toe-to-toe. The Gods are limited by their reluctance to kill the avatars. The avatars don't want to press the Gods so severely that the Gods use 11-dot Purviews, because at that point the avatars have no choice but to match them.

The Battle of Durance Vile can proceed in this manner for up to 25 ticks, before the other shoe drops. But what if the Scions choose not to pursue and battle the avatars? What if they decide to dig through the rubble of the oubliette for clues about what happened?

THE TRAITOR REVEALED

Even with the Epic Strength of the Gods, clearing away dozens of feet of rubble takes five actions. At the bottom of the oubliette, the Scions find that huge slabs of stone fortuitously fell to form a sort of tent that protected Surtr—and Frigg. Who wears the Black Feather Shroud. Remember the Black Feather Shroud? The incredibly powerful relic the Scions found back in “The Long Road to Heaven,” and lost to Loki? That Loki offered to return to them in “The Ragnarök Gambit,” but they missed the meeting because they were too busy saving the World? The relic that lets a Scion usurp the power of a parent and become a God? The relic that's just caught fire as Frigg's form dissolves

to reveal Loki, son of the fire giant Farbauti—Loki the spawn of Muspelheim—who has stabbed Surtr and drinks the power of the Titan with the flaming heart's blood of Muspelheim's most potent avatar?

Yeah.

Loki laughs at the success of his greatest trick, and for one awful moment becomes a man-shaped window into the mind-shattering primal chaos of The Void. Fire erupts in The Void and consumes it as Loki switches Purviews to become The Devourer.


ALTERNATE SCENE

Perhaps nobody realizes that Surtr hasn't escaped, or the characters simply feel they can't spare the time to dig down and find out what happened. In that case, they discover the truth when the pit that was the oubliette spews flame, smoke and rubble like a volcano, and the transformed Loki emerges as a living storm of fire.

WHAT'S GOING ON

Like most of the older Gods, Loki began his existence as a titanspawn. Interaction with humanity turned him into something else. He never forgot his origins, though—and as mentioned, he has *issues* with his progenitor Titan.

When Loki learned about the Black Feather Shroud (and who knows how long ago that *actually* was), he saw



an opportunity to transcend the limits placed on him by Fate while taking revenge on everyone who scorned him, from the other Aesir to Muspelheim itself.

By drinking the eitr from Surtr's heart while wearing the Black Feather Shroud, Loki usurps Surtr's place as the dominant avatar of Muspelheim. Then, by activating The Void, he merges with Muspelheim itself... and challenges the Greater Titan with the power of the Black Feather Shroud. If he can succeed, he devours the power of Muspelheim itself and replaces it as the Greater Titan of Flame—not merely a God or Titan avatar, but one of the underlying forces of reality.

BRAWL FOR IT ALL

Loki takes some time to assimilate and usurp the power of Muspelheim. Unfortunately, the Scions can't reverse the change by removing the Black Feather Shroud, because Loki has burned it. As the Void, he absorbed its power and no longer needs the relic's physical existence.

At first, Loki retains a somewhat humanoid form. As he tries to burn everyone to death, he might magnanimously explain his cunning plan: how he wasn't willing to be bound by any Fate, even the prophecies that place him on the winning side of Ragnarök. How he took Frigg's place using The Void. How he's going to be a Titan—not just an avatar, but consume Muspelheim itself and gain ultimate power. Oh yes, and how his two sons the Midgard Serpent and the Fenris Wolf have now joined the attack on one of the pantheon realms, but he won't say which one, so the Gods had better hurry home!

Rather conveniently, Gaia, Huracán, Mami Wata and Aten engage the senior Gods present, leaving Loki for the Scions. That suits Loki just fine. The Scions have both helped and hindered his plans, and he'd like to begin his new existence by tying up (or burning up) these loose ends.

How the Scions battle Loki is up to them. Any use of the Mystery or Prophecy Purviews, however, reveals that the characters have one minute in which to stop Loki from completing his ascension to replace Muspelheim as the Greater Titan of Fire. Possible means of curbing Loki include:

- **The Mask of Mikaboshi:** It's still down in the wrecked oubliette, and it still has its power to impose form on the formless. Smack it on Loki's face, and he's no longer The Devourer—merely a Titan avatar of extraordinary power—for as long as someone can hold it there.

- **Surtr:** Titan avatars don't die quickly, even when they're stabbed through the heart and magically

vampirized—that's why Loki can't immediately become the dominant intelligence of Muspelheim. Prompt use of the Healing Purview might save Surtr's life, and prevent Loki from taking all of Muspelheim's power. He's then just another avatar of the Greater Titan.

- **The Ocean:** Durance Vile is surrounded by water. Forcing or maneuvering Loki into the sea could quench his flame somewhat.

- **Other Titans:** They're a bit short-tempered. If a stray blast from Loki hits one of the escaping avatars, it might strike back, bringing more force to bear against Loki. Alternatively, a persuasive Scion might talk an avatar into teaming up to fight Loki. Doing that requires prodding one of the avatar's Dark Virtues, though.

- **Eleven-Dot Boons:** If the Scions themselves have gained such capabilities, the battle passes beyond any conceivable game mechanics as Loki and the Scions pit ultimate power against ultimate power.

Even if the Scions can counter The Devourer, they are still in for a heck of a fight. The transforming Loki combines the traits of Surtr (see pp. 319-320) with his own favored Epic Attributes and Purviews. Loki has a base dice pool of 24 with all actions. Additional Titan traits are as follows:

Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 5, Rapacity 5, Zealotry 1

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Every one- through eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Health and Water, which are forbidden to him. Loki also has all 10 Boons of the Chaos, Fire, Jotunblut and War Purviews.

Blasts of Flame: Instead of wielding a weapon, the transforming Loki merely waves his hands and immense goutts of flame lash out at his foes. His blasts have the following traits: Accuracy +7, Damage +25L, Range 200, Speed 5.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes, Epic Manipulation and Epic Wits at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Infernal Nature: The transformed Loki possesses the infernal template (see p. 321) and adds his Legend rating of 12 in lethal damage dice to all attacks. As The Devourer, he inflicts 12 dice of aggravated damage (with the Piercing quality) to anyone who touches him.

Join Battle: 24 (+29 automatic successes)

Keep in mind, though, that Loki just spent 60 of his 144 Legend points, and he doesn't receive the literally infinite Legend points of a Greater Titan unless he completes his transformation.

AFTERMATH

After the battle with Loki, you must decide if any of the Titan avatars escape from Durance Vile. On one hand, the Gods outnumber the avatars four to one. On the other hand, it's hard to stop such powerful entities if they refuse to stand and fight.

Assuming that the Gods and Scions capture the avatars—including the transfigured Loki—they can perform the binding spell. The death of the Warden and the damage to Durance Vile means, however, that New Tartarus becomes a flawed prison. Even more than the original model, it has gaps by which the trapped Titans can commune with their followers, send out minor servants and receive supplicants who ask them for power. What's more, the imperfect binding might leave lesser avatars free in the Overworld. The Gods must guard New Tartarus to prevent the Titans' minions from breaking them out again. The pantheons also must keep on breeding Scions to fight the Titans' remaining servants.

Still, some avatars might escape, or you can decide that the damage to Durance Vile renders the spell impossible to cast. Greater Titans that remain unbound present opportunities for further stories, either as a denouement for "Titanomachy" or the beginning of a new story arc. You could even begin new a new series about a new Band of Scions. Choose whatever options appeal to you and your players. As usual, the particular stories are merely examples: Give the players a chance to think of their own schemes for resolving the Overworld War.

There are no more scenes plotted out to guide you. From now on, the story is entirely your own.

ALTERNATIVE BINDINGS

The Scions might seek ways of confining the Titans other than jailing them in New Tartarus. Such methods probably derive from the power of Fatebinding: when creatures of Legend interact with humanity, they define their own roles as well as the roles of the people around them. The Gods retreated from the World because they feared the Fatebinding power of few hundred million mortals. More than six billion humans now live on Earth. What power of Fate might they bring to bear?

Fatebinding a Greater Titan would involve compelling the Titan to interact with billions of mortals at once, in a manner that defines the Titan as something harmless, or at least under control. Instead of binding the Titan into an Underworld prison, the Scions bind the Titan into the World as a supposedly natural phenomenon.

For instance, consider Akhetaten, the Titan of Light. Mortal physicists now think they know quite a lot about light and energy. Billions of people create light whenever they want, just by flipping a switch. For them, light is no longer the gift of a Sun God or

a God of Fire. The sun itself is no longer divine—just a big ball of hydrogen, undergoing fusion in a process mortals can duplicate to a limited degree.

Lots of very clever scientists have worked for decades to duplicate solar fusion in the laboratory. A working fusion reactor would solve all of humanity's energy needs pretty much forever. Unfortunately, no experimental fusion reactor has ever produced more energy than it consumed. Commercial fusion power is decades away, if it's even possible at all.

But what if you add a God to the machine? In this plot, the Scions get the media excited about the latest round of fusion experiments. The media converges for a live test of a new reactor... and sure enough, the great machine turns a trickle of hydrogen into megawatts of power! The reporters don't see Aten trapped inside the machine, radiating his fierce light. As a billion people watch and listen to reporters breathlessly describing what this new discovery means for humanity, the offstage Scions cast the Titan-binding spell. Aten dissolves and flows into the power grid, drawing Akhetaten with it. From then on, the Titan of Light becomes nuclear fusion, at once summoned and trapped within the reactors subsequently built by mortal engineers.

This particular plan demands a great deal of media savvy, not to mention scientific skill backed by Epic Intelligence. The Scions must convince all the mortal scientists that the reactor really works the way they say it does. Aside from recapturing Aten, the Scions either need to create identities as scientists themselves, or recruit some mortal physicist to act as their front man.

Institutional backing is problematic. On one hand, all the real fusion research involves hugely expensive government-sponsored programs. On the other hand, the myth of the lone genius making a great discovery in her attic or garage has great resonance. When a couple of chemists at the University of Utah claimed they had achieved "cold fusion" with a desktop apparatus, many people wanted to believe them. Players and Storytellers must decide for themselves which myth has greater power in the modern world: the old myth of the culture hero who single-handedly gives his people some new technology or the new "Manhattan Project" myth of the big government program that gets results through sheer concentration of money and manpower.

COLD WAR

The Titans came very near imprisonment. Some of them *have* been imprisoned for a second time, just a few decades after they escaped. By the Greater Titans' notions of time, the Gods struck back with blinding speed. The experience teaches caution to the remaining Greater Titans. They pull back from the

various Godrealms to stake out their own defensible territories in the Overworld. Their various avatars, spawn and minions defend against attacks from the Gods, but don't initiate further aggression. Soon, the Titans send messengers to various pantheons with requests to negotiate cease-fires and treaties.

Of course, the Titans remain hostile to the Gods. Their avatars simply realize that they cannot win through open warfare at this time. Instead, they engage the pantheons through a cold war of espionage, bluffs, proxy conflicts and diplomatic maneuvering. The Titans try to recruit allies among the Gods. For instance, a small, weak pantheon that fights a stronger group of Gods might receive an offer of titanspawn warriors. The Titans also try to recruit informers within hostile pantheons or assassinate Gods who oppose the détente too vocally.

Such activities have relatively little precedent in ancient myths, which tend to focus on open battles. Nevertheless, billions of mortals lived under such conditions, and they distilled that experience into new mythic tropes. The super-spy becomes the new trickster-hero, while implacable terrorists, cunning enemy agents and powerful weapons systems assume the roles of monsters and devils. The enigmatic power of Fate could even permit the Gods and Titans to follow such new legends—or compel them to.

In such a setting, characters block the Titans' gambits to increase their power (including attempts to free imprisoned Greater Titans). The Scions and their enemies both act carefully, however, because neither side is sure it can triumph in an open war.

REGIME CHANGE

In the course of hunting the Greater Titans' ruling avatars, the Scions learned that Greater Titans have multiple personalities, and that some avatars are more malevolent than others. As part of a Cold War story arc, the Band might try to dethrone a Greater Titan's dominant avatar and replace it with an aspect that seems less dangerous. The Titan's essential self won't change, but it will act differently.

For example, consider Muspelheim. Surtr lusts to burn the Nine Worlds and reduce everything to flame and ash. The Gods can't possibly coexist with him. Prometheus, however, just wants to spread and increase the transformative power of fire, without much concern for how people use that power. His Rapacity is as great as Surtr's, but it takes a form with which Gods and mortals can live. (And if they don't, it isn't Prometheus' fault.) If Prometheus became Muspelheim's dominant avatar, the Greater Titan would become an amoral force of heavy industry. The pantheons probably don't want factories and power plants in their realms, but the Titan of Fire might tempt them with the products of its industry. After all, Surtr proved how well industrial warfare worked against the Aesir; in the World, rifles, tanks and bombs are now at least as deeply embedded in mortal notions of war as the sword and shield. In the long run, Prometheus might become an even greater danger than Surtr. For the short term, however, the Titan of Fire becomes a force the Gods can endure.



ENTENTE CORDIALE

The Band has also possibly learned that the Gods evolved from titanspawn. At least, some mythologies describe the Gods as descendants of older powers the Scions now know as Titan avatars. Greek mythology traces the Dodekathemon back to Ouranos and Gaia. Egyptian mythology describes Osiris, Isis and Set as grandchildren of Shu. Contact with humanity apparently changed some early avatars and titanspawn into Gods, beginning the pantheons.

Scions might wonder if this can happen again. At least some titanspawn show signs of breaking free from their progenitors. Their particular expressions of Ambition, Malice, Rapacity and Zealotry aren't too far from the human Virtues practiced by the Gods. For example, the devotion Cottus shows to Gaia suggests Loyalty or Piety as much as Zealotry, while Utgard-Loki's careful neutrality between the Gods and Titans could be Duty to his Jotunfolk instead of mere Ambition. Even some of the avatars seem uncaring or obsessive rather than deliberately malevolent. Could they make the jump all the way from titanspawn to God and change their loyalties?

Any such attempt would be a social challenge of epic proportions—as great an achievement as any battle, though of a quieter nature. Not only would the characters have to persuade the titanspawn to throw in their lot with the Gods and humanity, they would have to persuade the existing pantheons to accept such defectors from the Titans' side (unless the Scions try to set up a pantheon of their own). The Gods might even have to accept the titanspawn as neighbors and in-laws.

Integration would be easier for some pantheons than for others. The Aesir, after all, gained their Jotunblut Purview from repeated interbreeding with giants. (The myths say that Thor himself is the son of the Titan avatar Jord.) The Dodekathemon's vain glitterati, by contrast, might have real problems accepting the monstrous Hekatonkheires onto Olympus. And yet... if they did so, they might end the cycle of revenge that began when Gaia punished Ouranos for rejecting their cyclopes and Hekatonkheire children. The Dodekathemon might even be surprised by the result. As everyone knows, the "Greek God" is synonymous with beauty. The force of Fate might transform the Hekatonkheires and Gigantes to suit that mythic trope. Hesiod, the chief surviving source of Hekatonkheire mythology, actually says that Ouranos jailed his children because he feared their size and strength and envied their good looks and "great manhood." Maybe Hesiod—or Ouranos—foresaw what the Hekatonkheires could become.

DARK, BLOODY VENGEANCE

The previous options presumed that the Greater Titans had enough sense of self-preservation to limit their continued war against the Gods, if necessary against

the wishes of some of their avatars. Malice, however, is one of the Titans' defining traits. Some Titans may draw different lessons from their near imprisonment. Their avatars might decide to punish the Scions by attacking the World the Scions hold dear. This goes far beyond the targeted massacres attempted in Act Two. Now, the Titans are attempting genocide.

Any Titan's principal avatar could inflict megadeath on humanity. Gaia, for instance, can trigger earthquakes, tsunamis and volcanic eruptions that destroy entire cities. Huracán can send the storms that bear his name to blow down the house of straw that is technological civilization. He could, instead, destroy crops with hail or drought to inflict famine. Mami Wata can turn the World's oceans deadly through her siren songs, until whole coastal nations walk the Drowned Road. Surtr can burn the boreal forests as well as the cities, releasing enough smoke to block the sun and bring Fimbulwinter to the Northern Hemisphere. Aten can demand the worship of nations and recruit millions of fanatics who are ready to destroy whatever he commands. (Those fanatics can even include the leaders of nations armed with nuclear weapons.) Whichever Titan attacks the World, the Scions soon learn it intends to crush mortal civilization, with maximum death and destruction along the way.

In this case, this act becomes a revenge epic. Whatever empathy the Scions have developed for individual avatars or greater titanspawn, there is no longer any chance of détente with the Titans. Blood cries out for blood. The Scions embark on a race against time to recapture the Titan avatars... but not to bind them. The Gods have a new plan, to kill the Titans slowly and so avoid their cataclysmic death throes. This time, the Gods call on the fateful power of humanity's death camps and killing fields to wear away each captured Titan through slow torture. But can the Scions be part of such a plan and avoid becoming monsters as vicious as the Titans themselves?

THE KEEPERS OF THE WORLD

Finally, the Overworld War includes a third force that has remained hidden so far. The former Scions who call themselves the Keepers of the World have their own plan to protect the World from both Gods and Titans by severing the World from the Overworld (as described in Chapter Seven). If the Gods' plan to bind the Titans fails, in whole or in part, the Keepers advance their timetable. They claim they want to protect humanity, but at a high price. When the Scions discover the Keepers' plan, they could decide that the price is too high. What's more, the Keepers might be tragically wrong. Could humanity really survive without contact with the realms of legend... and stay human?

Whatever the outcome of the Overworld War, Fate holds many challenges in store for the new generation of Gods and heroes. The Legend of the Scions can continue for as long as you want.



SCENE:

MEDICAL ETHICS

MENTAL ••••
PHYSICAL ••
SOCIAL •

HINDRANCES

Nacom-Cakulha's sons.

Potential disapproval by the Atzlánti.

HELP

Orlanda Elliott.

Lesser immortal orderlies.

Naxom-Cakulha's daughter, Center Hailstone.

STs Showcase Dr. Tigrillo's medical skills; present a choice with many options of mixed morality and rewards.

PCs Decide what to do when an enemy seeks your help.

SCENE:

DROWNING IN DESPAIR

MENTAL ••
PHYSICAL ••••
SOCIAL •

HINDRANCES

Despair-inducing whispers of the dead.

Drowned Road zombies and dunkleosteus fish.

Tsunami.

HELP

Baron Samedi and other Loa.

Mike Fink.

STs Show the mysterious, horrific side of the Titans; create a classic American tall tale.

PCs Rescue the Loa trapped in Carribe.

SCENE:

HEART OF CLAY

MENTAL ••
PHYSICAL ••••
SOCIAL •••••

HINDRANCES

Cottus, and possibly other titanspawn.

Memories of past Dodekatheon deceits.

HELP

Any lesser immortals or Birthrights that Donnie wants.

STs Show off Donnie's social skills; show some sympathetic titanspawn.

PCs Take a powerful asset from Gaia's forces.



SCENE:

BLITZKRIEG!

MENTAL ..
PHYSICAL
SOCIAL —

HINDRANCES

A company of heavily armed giants.

An active volcano.

Illusions.

HELP

A company of lesser immortals and einherjar.

Captive Scions as informants.

STs Show off Eric's combat prowess in a battle of lunatic daring; offer the Scions a powerful but morally dubious treasure.

PCs Kill monsters and take their stuff.

SCENE:

LOYALTY INSPECTOR

MENTAL
PHYSICAL ..
SOCIAL ..

HINDRANCES

Confined space and limited time.

Perfect, nigh-undetectable brainwashing as a living bomb.

Refugee Gods with thin skins.

HELP

Access to other Pesedjet as technical consultants.

Knowledge that one person is a traitor.

Refugee Gods who genuinely want to help.

STs Showcase Horace's detective skills; present the lethal fanaticism of Aten's minions.

PCs Find the bad guy before he blows somebody up.

SCENE: A BIT OF POINTLESS VANDALISM

MENTAL ..
PHYSICAL
SOCIAL —

HINDRANCES

Elder camazotz and typhonian ants.

Standing orders to kill titanspawn.

HELP

STs Set up Act Two.

PCs Kill monsters; figure out what the heck they're doing.



SCENE: THE BAND INVESTIGATES

MENTAL ..
PHYSICAL —
SOCIAL ...

HINDRANCES

Amatsukami etiquette.

HELP

STs

Plant the information that sets the Amatsukami on a course of revenge.

PCs

Uncover a plot against the Amatsukami.

SCENE: SHAKING THE PILLAR OF HEAVEN

MENTAL ..
PHYSICAL ...
SOCIAL ..

HINDRANCES

Mikaboshi.

Scads of titanspawn.

Being in the wrong place.

HELP

Only one place needs defending.

Mikaboshi's dependence on his mask.

STs

Pass the mask to the Band... but they have to earn it.

PCs

Save Takamagahara; see the last of their bad-penny foe, Kane Taoka (they hope).

SCENE: THE TRUTH AND THE LIGHT

MENTAL
PHYSICAL
SOCIAL

HINDRANCES

Environmental hazards of Akhetaten.

More Hands of Aten than you can shake a stick at.

Assorted monsters.

HELP

Sahar's advice on dealing with Hands of Aten and Akhetaten's heat and light.

Hands of Aten think in rigid patterns.

The finger, eye and testicle of Aten.

STs

Pit the Band against Titanic foes who often can be out thought and manipulated.

PCs

Capture a Titan avatar.



SCENE:

RED HERRINGS

MENTAL
PHYSICAL
SOCIAL

HINDRANCES

Mami Wata.

Leviathan and lesser titanspawn

The Drowned Road blocks all magical sources of informations.

HELP

Brigitte can see Mami Wata in her true form.

STs

Pit the Scions against a foe who attacks mentally and socially, while posing as a friend.

PCs

Capture a Titan avatar; resist Mami Wata's dream attacks.

SCENE:

SMOKE AND MIRRORS

MENTAL
PHYSICAL
SOCIAL ..

HINDRANCES

Environmental hazards of Ehekatoyaatl.

A palace full of titanspawn.

Guards of Huracán's mirror.

HELP

Suicidally vengeful hyades.

Center Hailstone is besotted with Dr. Tigrillo (maybe).

Huracán's Trophy is no longer on his person.

STs

Present the classic trope of the unbeatable foe with one secret, well-guarded weakness.

PCs

Capture a Titan avatar's Trophy without the need to face the Titan.

SCENE:

SCORCHED EARTH

MENTAL
PHYSICAL
SOCIAL

HINDRANCES

Environmental hazards of Muspelheim.

A while city and palace of heavily armed giants.

Prometheus knows their plan.

HELP

Surtr is easy to find.

Surtr's police state has rules the Band can exploit.

Prometheus wants the Band's help.

STs

Give the Band a salad of spy action, over-the-top battle and negotiation with someone who could be either a deadly foe or a dubious (but powerful) ally.

PCs

Capture a Titan avatar.



SCENE:

BLOOD AND SOIL

MENTAL ●●
PHYSICAL ●●●●●
SOCIAL ●●●

HINDRANCES

A myriad of nemean, typhonian and chimeric beasts of Terra.

Their initial destination is a trap.

Gaia can hold mortal populations hostage.

HELP

Gaia doesn't want the Scions dead... yet.

Gaia's motives permit compromise.

STs

Challenge the Band's compassion with enemies whose motives permit peaceful resolutions — but that go against the plan ordained by the pantheons' rulers.

PCs

Capture a Titan avatar; save Olympus.

SCENE:

THE PLAN

MENTAL —
PHYSICAL —
SOCIAL —

HINDRANCES

HELP

STs

Exposition; setting the scene for the climax.

PCs

Exposition; setting the scene for the climax.

SCENE:

THE GODS BETRAYED

MENTAL ●●●●●
PHYSICAL ●●●●●
SOCIAL ●●●

HINDRANCES

A treacherous God.

Multiple Titan avatars.

HELP

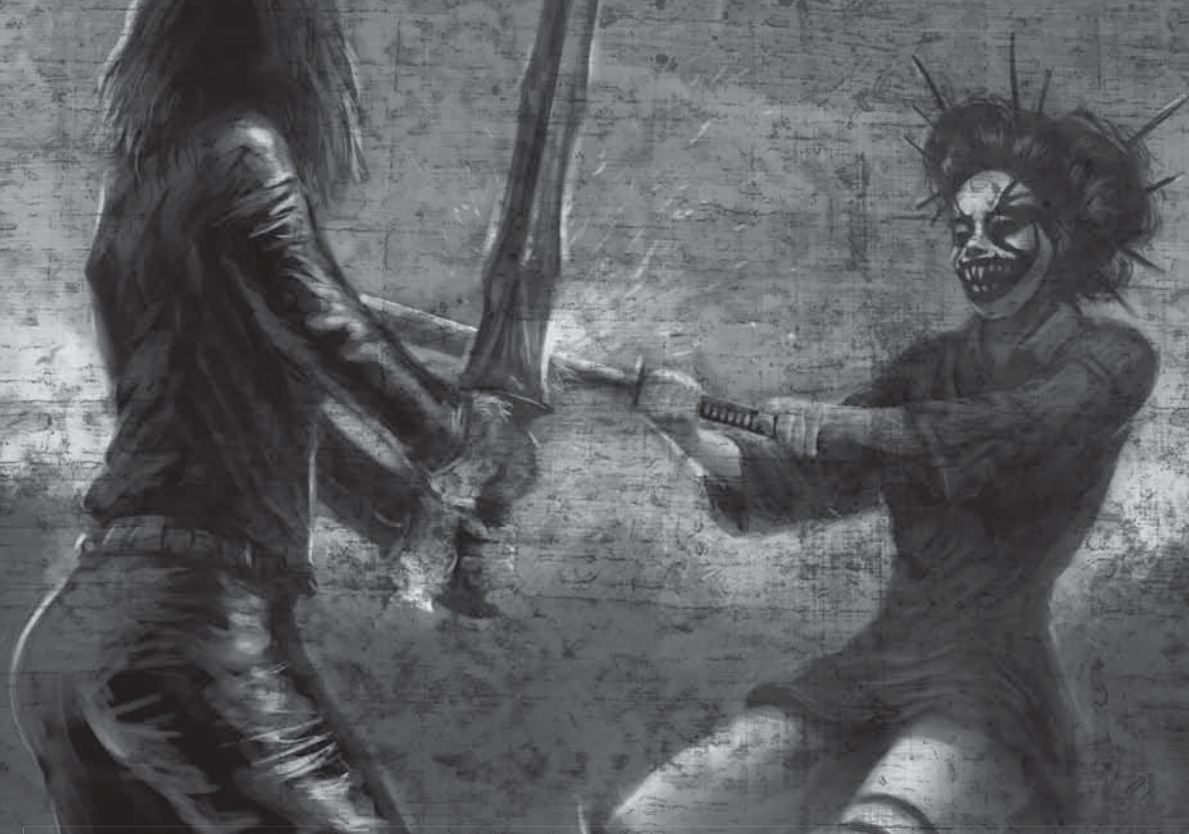
A place that's difficult for the avatars to leave.

STs

Reveal the hidden traitor who has manipulated events.

PCs

Survive and salvage the sabotaged attempt to bind the Titans.



ANTAGONISTS

You've reached the home stretch. The endgame is in sight. And you're a *frickin'* God! Surely things will be easier for you now, right? Right?!? Of course not, because the endgame you see before you requires the powers of a God and more, as you take the fight to the Titans themselves—vast, chthonic beings that your progenitors barely defeated millennia ago.

Even better, to defeat even one Titan, you have to make your way into its very belly and locate its avatar, the metaphysical representation of the Titan's being condensed down into a single person, place or thing and hidden somewhere *inside* a sentient being the size of a planet. Oh, and each realm is fully inhabited by entire hosts of titanspawn devoted to their progenitor. And once you find the Titan's avatar, whatever you do, don't accidentally destroy or kill it. You wouldn't want to dry up all the oceans or destroy the laws of thermodynamics, would you?

Oh, and a quick word about your "allies": As if things weren't bad enough, some of your fellow Gods and fellow Scions are about as stable as upturned eggs. If you're a Scion of Zeus, for instance, Hera hates you on general principle. It's nothing personal, she's just the Goddess of Marital Fidelity. She can't help going around tormenting all Zeus' illegitimate children, even those risking their not-yet-immortal lives trying to save her ungrateful ass. She's not the only one, either. You're a God now. It's a fair guess that, sooner or later, you're going to start looking to be "the God of" something, and most of the good titles are already taken. Interested in becoming the Norse God of War? Tyr might have a few words to say about that. Think you're smarter than Thoth? Good luck at *that* debate, champ.

THE GODS

Officially, Scions and Gods should be on the same side, especially now that the Scions are Gods themselves. Unfortunately, centuries or even millennia after deification, most Gods are sensitive to and even suspicious of change, and the brash young Scion-cum-Gods have had only a few years to prove themselves. Even the most helpful deities will probably be condescending toward Scions. The more hidebound Gods might be overtly hostile, especially if a particular Scion seems bent on usurping the older deity's spheres of influence. Ultimately, each God is an individual and a free agent (subject to the limitations of Fate). At the same time, though, a God can't help but be what he or she has become over time.

The following are some of the Gods who are less famous for their courage and divine grace and more known for how brazenly they've screwed over their fellow deities.

SET

Osiris' treacherous brother (castrator) and chief rival, Set is considered the Egyptian God of Evil (although he often acts as Atum-Re's loyal protector during that God's nightly sojourns into the Underworld). More information on Set can be found in **Scion: Hero**, page 54.

Attributes: Strength 11, Dexterity 11, Stamina 11; Charisma 11, Manipulation 11, Appearance 7; Perception 7, Intelligence 8, Wits 7

Virtues: Conviction 5, Harmony 3, Order 5, Piety 4

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 4, Art (Hieroglyphics) 2, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 5, Control (Cars) 4, Craft (Carpentry) 2, Empathy 4, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 3, Larceny 4, Marksmanship 3, Medicine 3, Melee 5, Occult 5, Politics 3, Presence 4, Science 2, Stealth 4, Survival 5, Thrown 4

Birthrights: Avatar 5, Relic 5 (The Salawa Helm—Animal [Salawa], Chaos, Sky), Relic 5 (Armor), Relic 5 (Was—Guardian, War), Sanctum 3

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The General, The Sentinel, The Storm, The Void

Boons: Aegis, Animal Aspect, Animal Command, Animal Communication, Animal Feature, Animal Form, Appropriated Vigil, Army of One, Awakening the Akh, Battle Cry, Battle Map, Bleach, Blessing of Ammunition, Blessing of Bravery, Burn, Cloud Body, Cloud Sculptor, Colossus Armor, Come Running, Confer Immunity, Confer Knack, Crawling Chaos, Create Air, Create Animal, Desiccate, Divine Resolve, Earth Armor, Earth Body, Earth Travel, Epic Enhancement, Eye of the Storm, Follower Army, Heart Scarab, Hornet's Nest, Hybrid Chimera, Influence Ba, Insanity, Instant Riot, Ka Repository, Khaibit Guide, Khaibit Trap, Levin Fury, Morale Failure, Mother's Touch, Paralyzing Confusion, Protean Understanding, Recurring Distraction, Ren Harvest, Ren Theft, Ride Animal, Sabot, Safely Interred, Salvation Sacrifice, Sekem Barrier, Sekem Blaze, Shuck Fate, Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation, Surreal Draft, Tornado Tamer, Unintended Purpose, Unquiet Corpse, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward, Warrior Ideal, Weather Husbandry, Wind Grapple, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 10 (all Knacks), Epic Dexterity 7 (all Knacks), Epic Stamina 7 (all Knacks), Epic Charisma 7 (all Knacks), Epic Manipulation 10 (all Knacks), Epic Appearance 5 (Compelling Presence, Dreadful Mien, Lasting Impression, My Eyes Are Up Here, Serpent's Gaze), Epic Perception 5 (Environmental Awareness, Hear Prayers, Predatory Focus, Subliminal Warning, Supernal Hunter), Epic Wits 3 (Eternal Vigilance, Instant Assessment, Opening Gambit)

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Strength, Ultimate Manipulation

Join Battle: 12

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 16, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 15, Damage 15L, Parry DV 29, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 17, Damage 12L, Parry DV 30, Speed 4

Was: Accuracy 20, Damage 17L, Parry DV 32, Speed 5

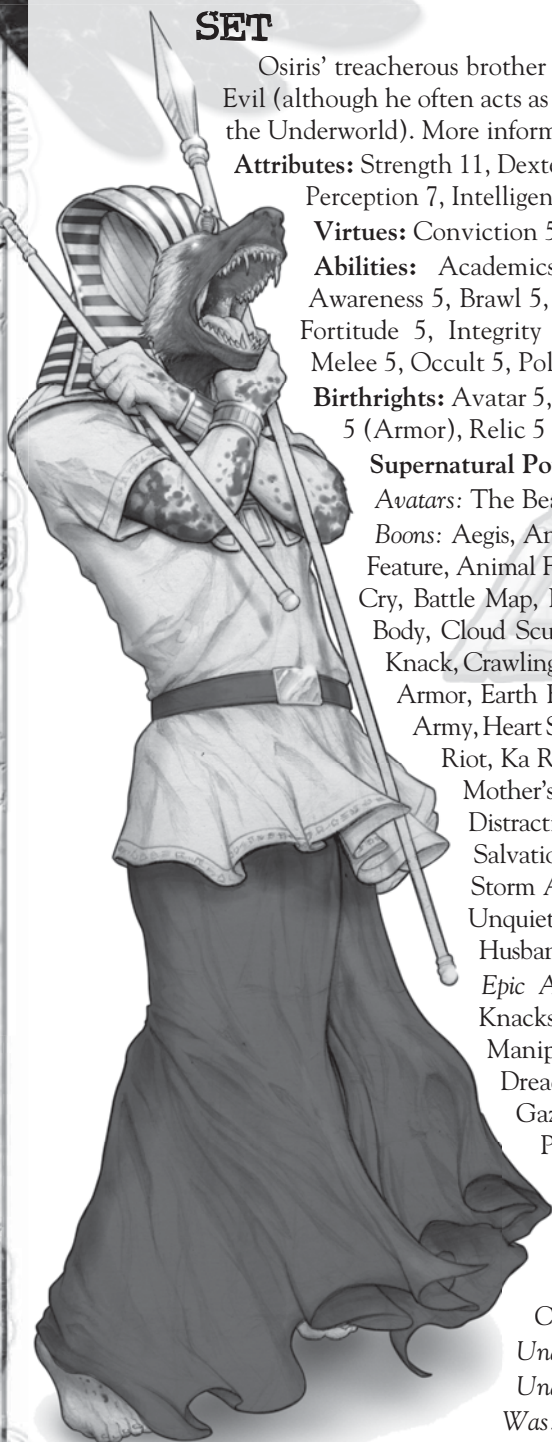
Soak: 9A/33L/38B (Armor, +2A/+5L/+5B)

Health Levels: -0x28/Incap

Dodge DV: 36 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Set's *was* is a five-foot-long golden scepter with a sharpened hook at the top. It has the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +5L, Defense +3, Speed 5. The Salawa Helm has the appearance of a stylized salawa (a jackal-like creature from Egyptian folklore) and grants the use of the Animal [Salawa], Chaos and Sky Purviews.



HERA

Queen of the Dodekathemon and Goddess of Fidelity, Marriage and the Home, Hera is unfortunately better known for her ruthless and vicious attempts to torment the Scions of her husband, Zeus—each one of whom is a living reminder of his chronic infidelity. More information on Hera can be found in **Scion: Hero**, page 62.

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 8, Stamina 8; Charisma 11, Manipulation 11, Appearance 11; Perception 7, Intelligence 7, Wits 7

Virtues: Expression 5, Intellect 4, Valor 3, Vengeance 5

Abilities: Academics 5, Animal Ken 2, Art 5 (Sculpture), Athletics 3, Awareness 5, Brawl 2, Command 5, Control (Chariot) 3, Craft 3, Empathy 1, Fortitude 4, Integrity 5, Investigation 5, Larceny 3, Marksmanship 3, Medicine 3, Melee 2, Occult 5, Politics 5, Presence 5, Science (Herbology) 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Thrown 3

Birthrights: Avatar 5, Creature 5 (Peacock—As per Shu's Peacock, pp. 353-354), Relic 5 (Spear), Relic 5 (The Peacock Cloak—Animal [Peacock], Sky), Relic 5 (The Polos—Fertility, Health)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The Savior/The Scourge, The Wyrd

Boons: Animal Aspect, Animal Command, Animal Communication, Animal Feature, Animal Form, Arete (Academics) 5, Arete (Command) 10, Arete (Fortitude) 3, Arete (Integrity) 6, Arete (Medicine) 2, Arete (Politics) 10, Arete (Presence) 10, Assess Health, Bless or Blight, Blessing of Health/Curse of Frailty, Cleanse, Control Aging, Cradlesong, Create Animal, Dream Wrack, Epic Enhancement, Euthanasia, Eye of the Storm, Green Thumb, Heal/Infect, Holy Font/Epidemic, Hornet's Nest, Human Clay, Human Hybrid, Hybrid Chimera, Insanity, Magic 10, Plague/Cure, Protean Understanding, Restore/Wither, Ride Animal, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Knockback Attack), Epic Dexterity 1 (Perfect Partner), Epic Stamina 4 (Damage Conversion, Divine Damage Conversion, Regeneration, Self-Healing), Epic Charisma 10 (all Knacks), Epic Manipulation 10 (all Knacks), Epic Appearance 3 (Center of Attention, Perfect Actor, Serpent's Gaze), Epic Perception 5 (Hear Prayers, Parallel Attention, Perfect Pitch, Refined Palate, Sense Fatebond), Epic Intelligence 3 (Language Mastery, Perfect Memory, Telepathy), Epic Wits 5 (Instant Investigator, Opening Salvo, Perfect Imposter, Scathing Retort, Social Chameleon)

Spells: All listed spells plus many, many more.

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Charisma, Ultimate Manipulation

Join Battle: 12

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 9B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 12B, Parry DV 5, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 9B, Parry DV 7, Speed 4

Spear: Accuracy 13, Damage 13L, Parry DV 8, Speed 3

Soak: 4A/14L/18B (Peacock Cloak, +3L/+3B)

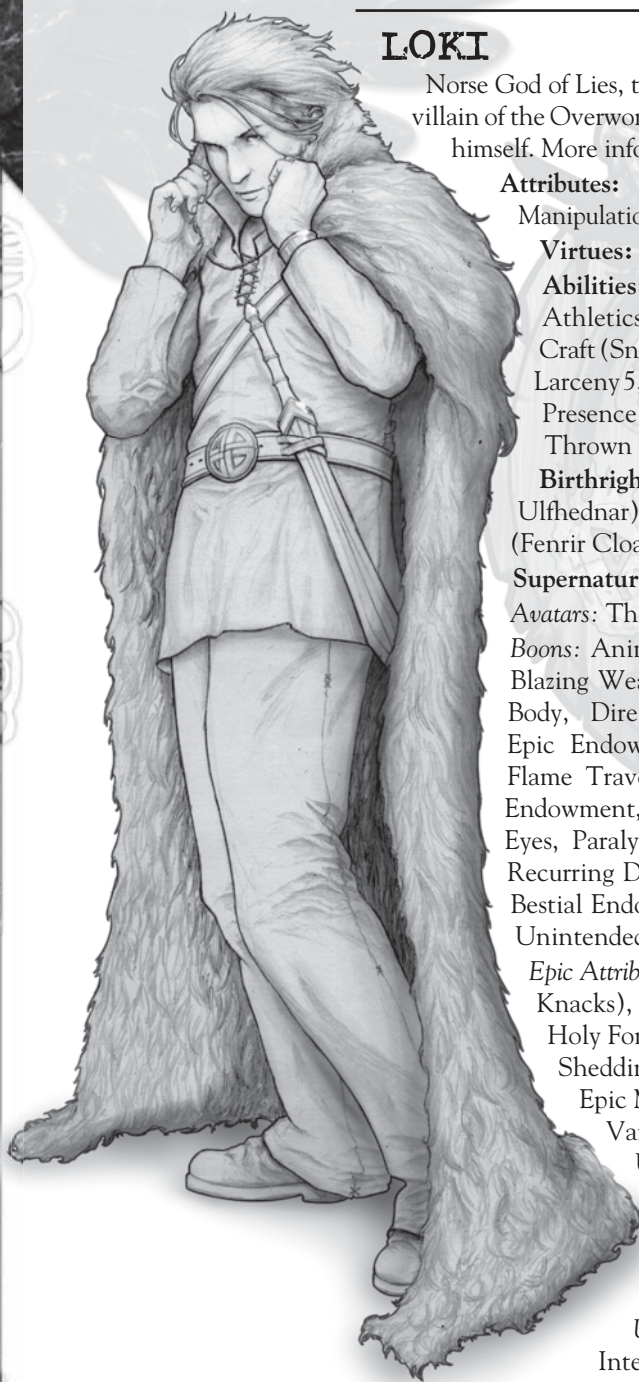
Health Levels: -0x13/Incap

Dodge DV: 13 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Hera's spear has the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +4L, Defense +3, Speed 3. Although Hera has no appropriate Boons, her spear can serve as a Birthright item for the War Purview, and she sometimes allows her more combat-oriented Scions to borrow it. The Peacock Cloak is a full-length cloak decorated with feathers from nemean peacocks. In addition to serving as a Birthright item for the Animal [Peacock] and Sky Purviews, the cloak also confers a soak bonus. The Polos is a high cylindrical crown commonly associated with mother Goddesses. In addition to serving as a Birthright item for the Fertility and Health Purviews, the Polos allows its wearer to see through lies and ignore the effects of any Epic Manipulation Knacks that involve deception unless the speaker employs Ultimate Manipulation.





LOKI

Norse God of Lies, trickster of the Aesir, bastard father to Sly Guiler and chief villain of the Overworld War, Loki's love of chaos is exceeded only by his love for himself. More information on Loki can be found in **Scion: Hero**, page 69.

Attributes: Strength 7, Dexterity 10, Stamina 9; Charisma 10, Manipulation 11, Appearance 9; Perception 9, Intelligence 11, Wits 11

Virtues: Courage 4, Endurance 5, Expression 5, Loyalty 2

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 2, Art (Runes) 2, Athletics 3, Awareness 5, Brawl 3, Command 3, Control (Car) 2, Craft (Snares) 4, Empathy 1, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 3, Larceny 5, Marksmanship 4, Medicine 3, Melee 4, Occult 5, Politics 4, Presence 5, Science (Chaos Theory) 5, Stealth 5, Survival 4, Thrown 3

Birthrights: Avatar 5, Followers 5 (Five Jotun), Followers 5 (20 Ulfhednar), Guide 4 (Dvalin the Dwarf), Relic 5 (Spatha), Relic 5 (Fenrir Cloak), Relic 5 (Ring—Chaos, Fire)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Devourer, The Void, The Wyrd

Boons: Animal Communication, Animal Form, Bestial Endowment, Blazing Weapon, Bolster Fire, Control Fire, Crawling Chaos, Devil Body, Dire Endowment, Divine Endowment, Eitr Antivenin, Epic Endowment, Eye of the Storm, Fire Immunity, Fire's Eye, Flame Travel, Giant, Heroic Endowment, Hornet's Nest, Human Endowment, Ifrit, Inferno, Insanity, Instant Riot, Magic 10, Night Eyes, Paralyzing Confusion, Protean Understanding, Rain of Fire, Recurring Distraction, Sabot, Shadow Refuge, Shuck Fate, Supernal Bestial Endowment, Supernal Human Endowment, Unbarred Entry, Unintended Purpose

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Holy Bound), Epic Dexterity 7 (all Knacks), Epic Stamina 7 (Damage Conversion, Divine Fortitude, Holy Fortitude, Inner Furnace, Regeneration, Self-Healing, Skin-Shedding, Solipsistic Well-Being), Epic Charisma 7 (all Knacks), Epic Manipulation 10 (all Knacks), Epic Appearance 1 (Detail Variation, My Eyes Are Up Here, Perfect Actor, Tailor Made, Undeniable Resemblance), Epic Perception 4 (Hear Prayers, Parallel Attention, Sense Fatebond, Unfailing Recognition), Epic Intelligence 10 (all Knacks), Epic Wits 10 (all Knacks)

Spells: All listed spells plus many, many more.

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Manipulation, Ultimate Intelligence, Ultimate Wits

Join Battle: 16

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 13, Damage 8B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 12, Damage 11B, Parry DV 28, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 14, Damage 8B, Parry DV 29, Speed 4

Spatha: Accuracy 17, Damage 12L, Parry DV 30, Speed 3

Soak: 11A/33L/37B (The Fenrir Cloak, +4A/6L/6B)

Health Levels: -0x28/Incap

Dodge DV: 35 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Loki's spatha has the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +4L, Defense +2, Speed 3. Loki's ring is the mate to Andvarinaut (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 285). It acts as a Birthright item for the Chaos and Fire Purviews, and it grants a three-die bonus on all Magic rolls.

TEZCATLIPOCA

The Smoking Mirror. The Bringer of Discord and Vice. Architect of the bloody Aztec Empire. Tezcatlipoca symbolizes creativity unleashed for destructive purposes. The rest of the Atzlánti fear him. They are right to do so. More information on Tezcatlipoca can be found in **Scion: Hero**, page 77.

Attributes: Strength 9, Dexterity 11, Stamina 9; Charisma 11, Manipulation 11, Appearance 11; Perception 8, Intelligence 10, Wits 11

Virtues: Conviction 5, Courage 4, Duty 5, Loyalty 2

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 5, Art (Painting) 4, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 4, Command 4, Control (Car) 2, Craft (Glass) 2, Empathy 3, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 5, Larceny 4, Marksmanship 5, Medicine 5, Melee 5, Occult 4, Politics 3, Presence 5, Science (Astronomy) 2, Stealth 5, Survival 3, Thrown 2

Birthrights: Avatar 5, Followers 5 (15 Jaguar Warriors), Relic 5 (Jaguar Armor—Animal [Jaguar]), Relic 5 (Maquahuitl—War), Relic 5 (The Smoking Mirror—Darkness, Moon, Sun), Sanctum 5 (Yoalli)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Abyss, The Beast, The General, The Glory, The Mirror, The Wyrd

Boons: Animal Aspect, Animal Command, Animal Communication, Animal Feature, Animal Form, Army of One, Battle Cry, Battle Map, Bleach, Blessing of Ammunition, Blessing of Bravery, Burn, The Burning Heart, Colossus Armor, Combat Sacrifice, Communal Divinity, Create Animal, Divine Radiance, Eclipse, Eclipse Halo, Epic Enhancement, Eye of the Storm, Familial Sacrifice, Finger Moon, Flare Missile, Follower Army, Heavenly Flare, Hornet's Nest, Hybrid Chimera, Inexorable Gravity, Lunacy, Lunar Estate, Magic 10, Maguey Sting, Moon Chariot, Morale Failure, Mystery 10, Night Eyes, Obsidian Excruciation, Obsidian Mutilation, Oubliette, Paralyzing Confusion, Penetrating Glare, Phase Body, Phase Cloak, *Poco a Poco*, Prophecy 10, Protean Understanding, Reception of Sacrifice, Ride Animal, Sacrifice of Will, Safely Interred, Shadow Bodies, Shadow Craft, Shadow Mask, Shadow Refuge, Shadow Shroud, Shadow Step, Shuck Fate, Smoking Mirror, Solar Crown, Solar Prominence, Strike Blind, Sun Chariot, Surreal Draft, Tidal Interference, Tranquility, Ward, Warrior Ideal (Jaguar Warrior)

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 5 (Crushing Grip, Holy Bound, Knockback Attack, Making It Look Easy, Shock Wave), Epic Dexterity 10 (all Knacks), Epic Stamina 7 (Damage Conversion, Divine Fortitude [Food], Divine Fortitude [Sleep], Divine Fortitude [Water], Holy Fortitude, Inner Furnace, Self-Healing, Solipsistic Well-Being), Epic Charisma 10 (all Knacks), Epic Manipulation 10 (all Knacks), Epic Appearance 10 (all Knacks), Epic Perception 7 (Clairvoyance, Hear Prayers, Parallel Attention, Predatory Focus, Spatial Attunement, Supernal Hunter, Telescopic Senses), Epic Intelligence 3 (Math Genius, Multitasking, Telepathy), Epic Wits 10 (all Knacks)

Spells: All listed spells plus many, many more.

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Dexterity, Ultimate Charisma, Ultimate Manipulation, Ultimate Appearance, Ultimate Wits

Join Battle: 16

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 15, Damage 10L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 14, Damage 13B, Parry DV 53, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 16, Damage 10B, Parry DV 54, Speed 4

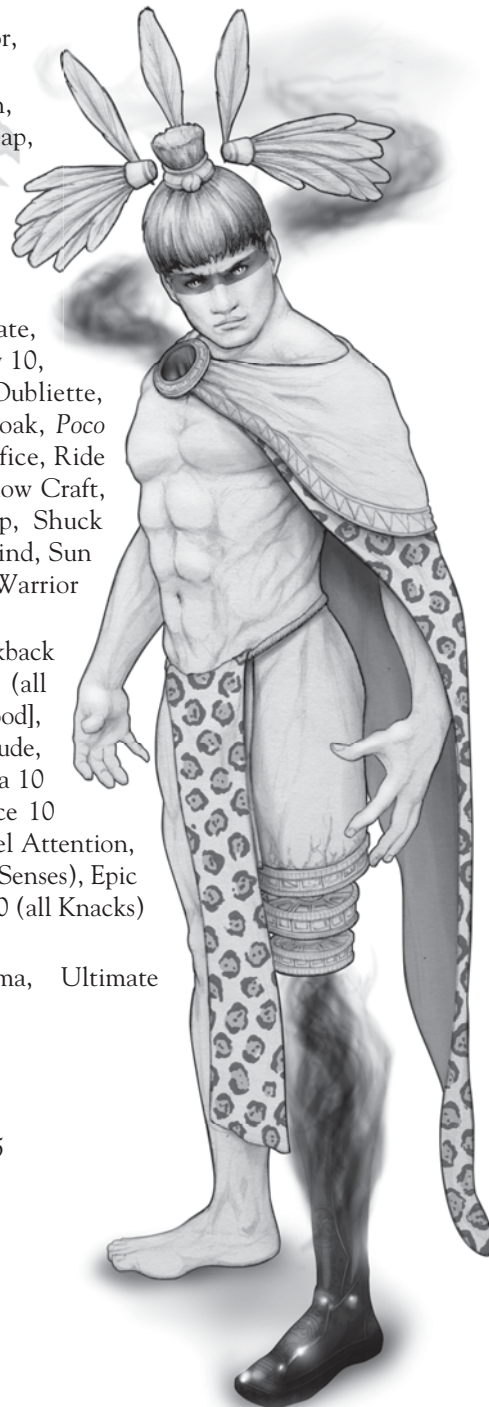
Maquahuitl: Accuracy 20, Damage 15L/B, Parry DV 56, Speed 4

Soak: 12A/32L/36B (Jaguar Armor, +5A/5L/5B)

Health Levels: -0x28/Incap

Dodge DV: 60 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144



Other Notes: Tezcatlipoca's Jaguar Armor acts as a Birthright item for the Animal [Jaguar] Purview and also adds a soak bonus. Tezcatlipoca's maquahuatl acts as a Birthright for War and has the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +5L/B, Defense +4, Speed 4. The Smoking Mirror is an obsidian mirror that acts as a Birthright item for the Darkness, Moon and Sun Purviews. The Smoking Mirror is actually sewn into Tezcatlipoca's chest and cannot be stolen without killing him.

SUSANO-O

Rude, abrasive and belligerent, a thug who somehow keeps getting invited to tea parties, Susano-o almost caused the end of the World by terrorizing his sister into hiding in a cave and thereby preventing the sun from rising for a week. Neither he nor Amaterasu have ever gotten over that fight either. More information on Susano-o can be found on **Scion: Hero**, page 86.

Attributes: Strength 11, Dexterity 11, Stamina 11; Charisma 10, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5; Perception 7, Intelligence 3, Wits 11

Virtues: Duty 3, Endurance 5, Intellect 3, Valor 5

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 3, Art (Manga) 2, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 2, Control (Horse) 2, Craft (Origami) 2, Empathy 1, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 3, Larceny 2, Marksmanship 1, Medicine 1, Melee 5, Occult 3, Politics 1, Presence 5, Science 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3, Thrown 3

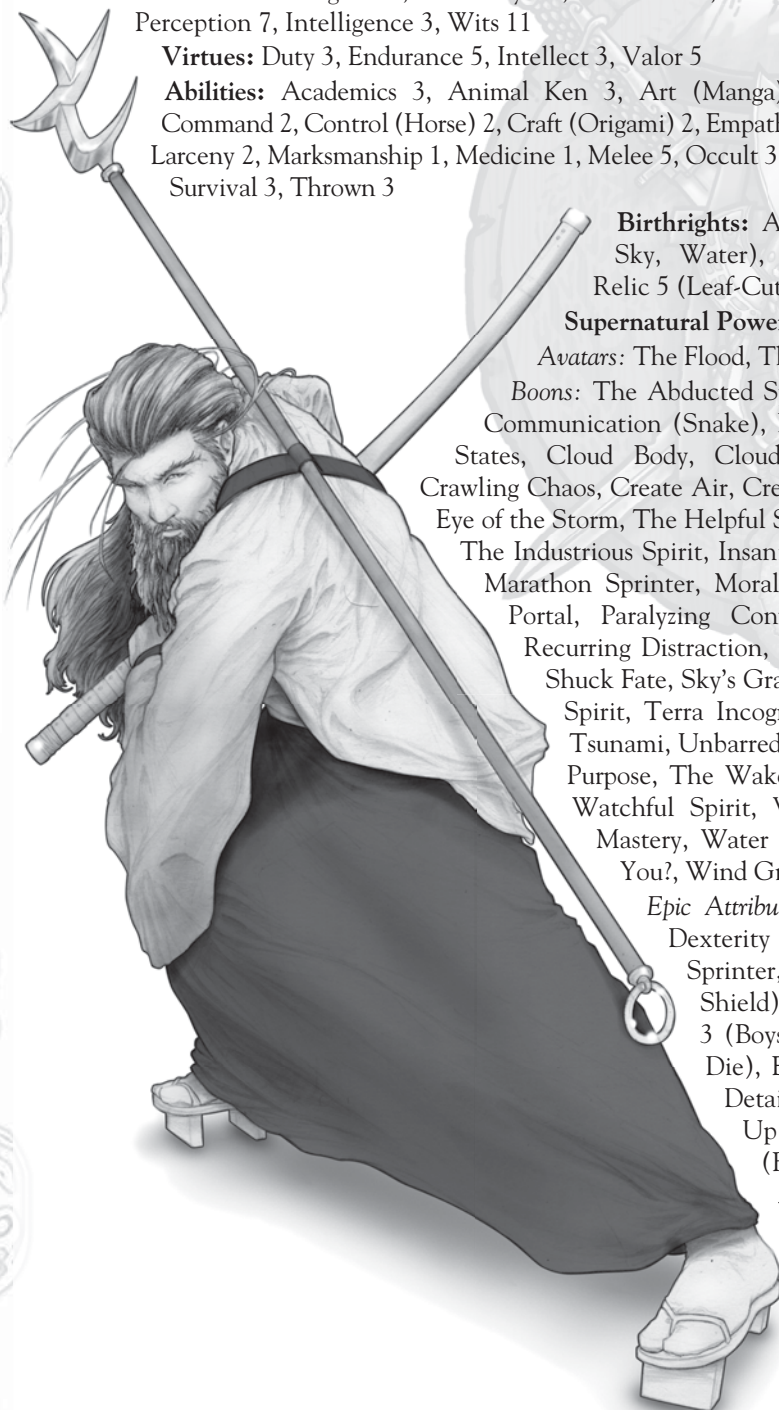
Birthrights: Avatar 5, Relic 5 (Amenonuhoko—Earth, Sky, Water), Relic 5 (Armor—Chaos, Psychopomp), Relic 5 (Leaf-Cutter), Sanctum 1 (The Empty Wing)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Flood, The Storm, The Void, The Way

Boons: The Abducted Spirit, Animal Command (Snake), Animal Communication (Snake), Battle Cry, The Blinded Spirit, Changing States, Cloud Body, Cloud Sculptor, Co-Location, Come Along, Crawling Chaos, Create Air, Create Water, The Dancing Spirit, Desiccate, Eye of the Storm, The Helpful Spirit, Hornet's Nest, The Impressed Spirit, The Industrious Spirit, Insanity, Instant Riot, Levin Fury, Liquid Form, Marathon Sprinter, Morale Failure, Mother's Touch, Otherworldly Portal, Paralyzing Confusion, Purify Water, Rainbow Bridge, Recurring Distraction, The Relocated Spirit, Ride Along, Sabot, Shuck Fate, Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation, The Summoned Spirit, Terra Incognita, Tidal Interference, Tornado Tamer, Tsunami, Unbarred Entry, Unerring Orientation, Unintended Purpose, The Wakeful Spirit, Warrior Ideal (Yojimbo), The Watchful Spirit, Water Breathing, Water Control, Water Mastery, Water Vortex, Weather Husbandry, Where Are You?, Wind Grapple, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 10 (all Knacks), Epic Dexterity 4 (And the Crowd Goes Wild, Lightning Sprinter, Untouchable Opponent, Whirlwind Shield), Epic Stamina 7 (all Knacks), Epic Charisma 3 (Boys Will Be Boys, Hapless Cool, Never Say Die), Epic Appearance 3 (Compelling Presence, Detail Variation, Dreadful Mien, My Eyes Are Up Here, Serpent's Gaze), Epic Perception 4 (Broad-Spectrum Reception, Environmental Awareness, Hear Prayers, Subliminal Warning), Epic Wits 10 (Cobra Reflexes, Eternal Vigilance, Instant Assessment, Jack of All Trades, Meditative Focus, Monkey in the Middle, Opening Gambit, Opening Salvo, Rabbit Reflexes, Scathing Retort)



Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Strength, Ultimate Wits

Join Battle: 16

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 16, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 15, Damage 15L, Parry DV 14, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 17, Damage 12L, Parry DV 15, Speed 4

Amenonuhoko: Accuracy 21, Damage 18L, Parry DV 18, Speed 4

Leaf-Cutter: Accuracy 20, Damage 19L, Parry DV 18, Speed 3

Soak: 12A/35L/43B (Armor, +5A/7L/10B)

Health Levels: -0x28/Incap

Dodge DV: 21 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Amenonuhoko is the spear once used by Izanagi and Izanami to fashion the primordial landmass of Japan. It can be used as a Birthright item for the Earth, Sky and Water Purviews and has the following traits: Accuracy +5, Damage +6L, Defense +5, Speed 4. Leaf-Cutter is a katana that was forged by Susano-o's Scion, the legendary swordsmith Muramasa. It is called Leaf-Cutter because Muramasa demonstrated its sharpness by hanging it in a river so that leaves would be sliced neatly in two as they flowed past the sword. Leaf-Cutter has the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +7L, Defense +5, Speed 3. Susano-o's armor is a suit of traditional gusoku armor typical of samurai from the early Edo period, jet black with silver trim.

KALFU

The antithesis of Legba, his equal and his opposite, Kalfu is the master of the fell spirits of the night, the dark man standing at the crossroads. Bad luck is his business, and deliberate destruction is his meat and drink. More information on Kalfu can be found in **Scion: Hero**, page 93.

Attributes: Strength 9, Dexterity 11, Stamina 11; Charisma 11, Manipulation 11, Appearance 7; Perception 7, Intelligence 7, Wits 7

Virtues: Harmony 3, Order 3, Piety 5, Vengeance 5

Abilities: Academics 2, Animal Ken 5, Art (Sandpainting) 2, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 4, Command 3, Control (Horse) 3, Craft (Veve) 3, Empathy 3, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 4, Larceny 5, Marksmanship 4, Medicine 3, Melee 5, Occult 4, Politics 3, Presence 4, Science (Civil Engineering) 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Thrown 3

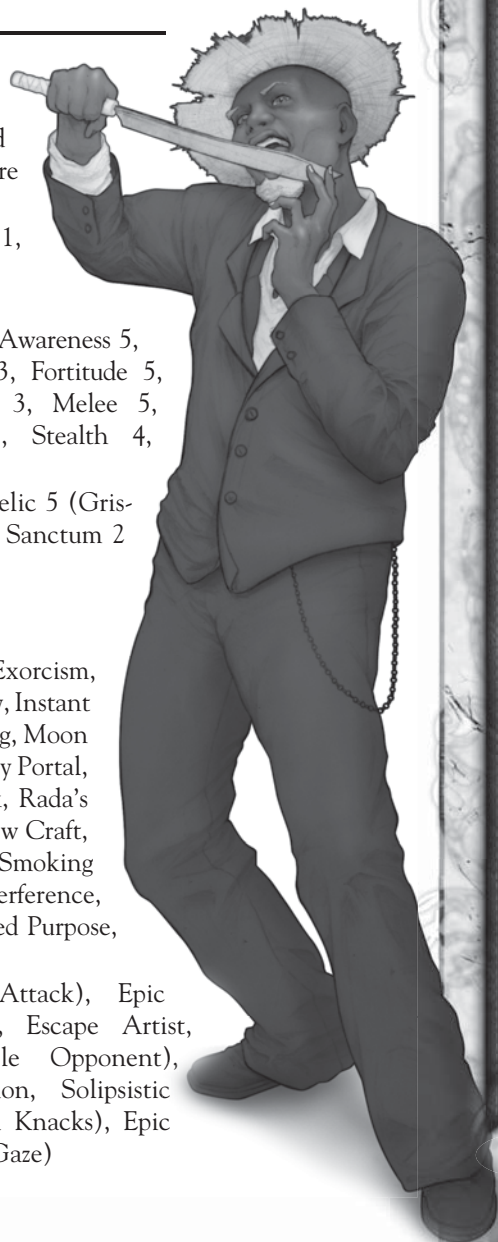
Birthrights: Avatar 5, Followers 5 (5 Petro Loa), Relic 5 (Black Suit), Relic 5 (Gris-Gris—Chaos, Darkness, Death, Moon, Psychopomp), Relic 5 (Machete), Sanctum 2 (The Crossroads)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Abyss, The Mirror, The Void, The Wyrd

Boons: Come Along, Crawling Chaos, Death Senses, Eclipse, Eclipse Halo, Exorcism, Eye of the Storm, Finger Moon, Haunted Mists, Hornet's Nest, Horse, Insanity, Instant Riot, Lunacy, Lunar Estate, Magic 10, *Met Tet*, *Met Tet's* Claim, Mind-Riding, Moon Chariot, Mother's Touch, Night Eyes, Open Underworld Portal, Otherworldly Portal, Oubliette, Paralyzing Confusion, Petro's Hands, Phase Body, Phase Cloak, Rada's Eyes, Rainbow Bridge, Recurring Distraction, Sabot, Shadow Bodies, Shadow Craft, Shadow Mask, Shadow Refuge, Shadow Shroud, Shadow Step, Shuck Fate, Smoking Mirror, Strike Blind, Summon Ghost, Team, Terra Incognita, Tidal Interference, Tranquility, Ugly Mule, Unbarred Entry, Unerring Orientation, Unintended Purpose, Upside-Down Horse, Waking Zombie, Ward, Where Are You?

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 2 (Crushing Grip, Knockback Attack), Epic Dexterity 7 (Anti-Gravity Climber, Cat's Grace, Divine Balance, Escape Artist, Monkey Climber, Roll With It, Spider Climber, Untouchable Opponent), Epic Stamina 3 (Damage Conversion, Divine Damage Conversion, Solipsistic Well-Being), Epic Charisma 10 (all Knacks), Epic Manipulation 7 (all Knacks), Epic Appearance 1 (Compelling Presence, Doin' Fine, Perfect Actor, Serpent's Gaze)



Spells: All listed spells plus many, many more.

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Charisma

Join Battle: 12

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 15, Damage 10L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 14, Damage 13B, Parry DV 29, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 16, Damage 10B, Parry DV 30, Speed 4

Machete: Accuracy 22, Damage 14L, Parry DV 31, Speed 3

Soak: 5A/13L/20B (Black Suit, +2A/3L/5B)

Health Levels: -0/-0/-0/-0/-0/Incap

Dodge DV: 36 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Kalfu's machete has the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +4L, Defense +1, Speed 3. Kalfu's gris-gris functions as a Birthright item for the Chaos, Darkness, Death, Moon and Psychopomp Purviews. His sinister black suit functions as armor.

THE KEEPERS OF THE WORLD

The Keepers of the World is an unusual and secretive cross-pantheon alliance of God-level Scions who share a common goal: protecting the World not only from the Titans and their spawn, but also from the capricious Gods of the Overworld. Each of these powerful Scions has been deified by his or her sire and is considered a member of his or her respective pantheon. Yet each of the six also has powerful reasons to resent or fear his pantheon and to be concerned about the pernicious effects of the Overworld War on the World. Having observed the dark side of divine existence for centuries (and in some cases, millennia), these six have agreed on a daring and reckless plan to free the World from the threat of Titan and God alike by spinning the World off from both the Underworld and the Overworld. By eliminating all sympathetic connections between the realms, the Titans and the Gods will be unable to reach the World (or so the Keepers hope). More importantly, the actions of the Titans will no longer affect the fundamental physical laws that maintain the World's stability. It's an ambitious plan, and one that could conceivably work... if one of the Keepers weren't planning on betraying the band to the Titans.

Beyond the Band's secret agenda, each of the six Keepers might serve as a mentor to a younger Scion. In fact, a Keeper might mentor a Scion of a different pantheon, since the single thread that binds the Keepers is their insistence on maintaining human perspectives rather than the detached mindset of the Gods. A Keeper mentor might be invaluable to a young Scion on the outs with his own sire or pantheon. On the downside, the Keepers will not disclose their true agenda to a young Scion unless they are completely confident in his loyalty—and they will not hesitate to manipulate the Scion in the meantime. Such mendacity is regrettable, but they do have a World to save.

Their plan aside, each of the six is an interesting character in his own right. If the Storyteller does not wish to use the Keepers of the World conspiracy as a plot hook, each of these characters might make a useful Storyteller character or even a guide for one of the players' characters, albeit one with an unusual viewpoint.

IMHOTEP (GUIDE ●●●●)

Inventor of architecture, the first physician, Scion of Ptah. While not a warrior like so many of his fellow Scions, Imhotep's contributions to civilization dwarf those of many of his peers. The man who history reveres as Imhotep was born during Egypt's Third Dynasty, around 2600 BCE, during the reign of the Pharaoh Djoser. In those days, the Gods of the Pesedjet played a much larger role in the development of their Scions than is common today, and Ptah took a strong interest in his son's education from an early age. He made sure that young Imhotep studied under some of the most brilliant mortal and immortal scholars of Egypt. Save for a few of his divine tutors, Imhotep would eventually surpass them all. Although he is remembered today as a God of medicine and healing, his first love was always building. He invented many of the earliest principles of architecture and personally designed Djoser's tomb, the great Step Pyramid of Saqqara, the world's first large stone construction project. For Imhotep, that was just a training exercise. Under a variety of assumed names, Imhotep would later oversee far greater construction projects—the Great Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Lighthouse at Alexandria, the Hagia Sophia and even the Hoover Dam.

Imhotep achieved godhood just before the dawn of the Second Millennium, BCE, but he declined the opportunity to ascend permanently to the court of Atum-Re. He journeyed to Ieru many times to construct the fabulous palaces of the Gods of the Pesedjet, but his heart always pulled him back to the World. The great architect was endlessly fascinated with the works of human beings. Creation was easy for the Gods—as they willed it, so it would be. Human beings, however, had to work for every brick put in place. Mindful of his human ancestry, Imhotep constantly sought ways to make their work easier while pushing human architects and builders to ever-greater heights. If Imhotep has a flaw, it is that he often becomes so engrossed with the grandeur of his construction projects that he forgets about their real-world impact. For example, he rationalized Egypt's historical use and abuse of slave labor as a regrettable necessity.

In the modern day, Imhotep wears the form of a brilliant young Egyptian engineer named Ardath Bey. (“Ardath Bey” was the pseudonym of Boris Karloff's Imhotep in the original Universal Pictures *Mummy* film. “Ardeth Bey”

was the name of one of the protagonists who fought against Imhotep in the, to his mind, grossly inferior 1999 remake.

Imhotep finds this conceit endlessly amusing.) In this guise, Imhotep is “advising” (read: totally overseeing) the Chinese engineers assigned to the Three Gorges Dam in China, a \$29 billion hydroelectric dam being built on the Yangtze River. When completed, the dam will be the world's largest, and each of its 26 generators will yield the same amount of energy as a medium-sized nuclear reactor.

For Imhotep, however, those benefits are purely secondary. The Three Gorges Dam is part of a long-term strategy to separate the World of humanity from the homes of the Gods once and for all.

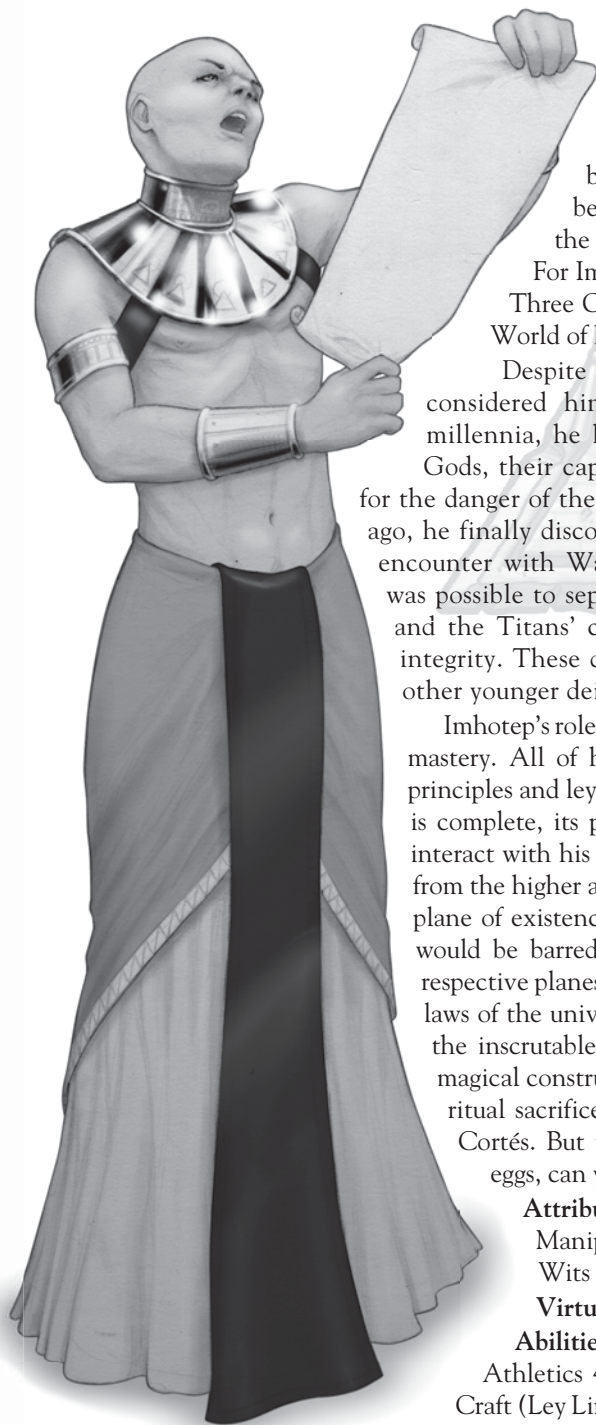
Despite his acceptance into the Pesedjet, Imhotep has always considered himself a human being first and foremost. Over the millennia, he has been consistently appalled by the excesses of the Gods, their capricious abuse of humanity and their reckless disregard for the danger of the Titans escaping from their prison. Just a few centuries ago, he finally discovered the chance to do something about it. A chance encounter with Wayland the Smith led to discussions about whether it was possible to separate the World from the Overworld, the Underworld and the Titans' chthonic influence yet still maintain its metaphysical integrity. These discussions led to a conspiracy that eventually drew in other younger deities with axes to grind.

Imhotep's role in the Keepers takes advantage of his peerless architectural mastery. All of his great building projects take advantage of geomantic principles and ley lines in their construction. When the Three Gorges Dam is complete, its power will charge these ley lines around the World and interact with his other great works to forge a global ward against intrusion from the higher and lower realms, closing entirely the barriers between this plane of existence and the others. In other words, both Gods and Titans would be barred completely from interfering with human events, their respective planes of existence separated from the human race. The physical laws of the universe, currently maintained by the power of the Gods and the inscrutable nature of the Titans, would be preserved by Imhotep's magical constructs. Oh, and by a massive influx of Legend created by the ritual sacrifice of everyone in Mexico City by Imhotep's ally, Hernán Cortés. But then, you can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs, can you?

Attributes: Strength 6, Dexterity 6, Stamina 7; Charisma 6, Manipulation 9, Appearance 6; Perception 5, Intelligence 11, Wits 6

Virtues: Conviction 4, Harmony 3, Order 5, Piety 2

Abilities: Academics 5, Animal Ken 3, Art (Architecture) 5, Athletics 4, Awareness 5, Brawl 4, Command 5, Control (Car) 5, Craft (Ley Lines) 5, Empathy 4, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 4,



Larceny 2, Marksmanship 3, Medicine 5, Melee 4, Occult 5, Politics 4, Presence 5, Science (Engineering) 5, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Thrown 2

Birthrights: Avatar 5, Relic 2 (Khepri Scarab—Death, Fire), Relic 4 (*The Book of Gates*), Relic 5 (*The Book of Going Forth By Day*), Relic 5 (*The Book of Thoth*), Relic 5 (Khopesh)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Reaper, The Savior/The Scourge, The Wyrd

Boons: Aegis, Appropriated Vigil, Assess Health, Awakening the Akh, Blazing Weapon, Blessing of Health/Curse of Frailty, Bolster Fire, Come Along, Come Running, Confer Immunity, Confer Knack, Control Aging, Cradlesong, Death Senses, Earth Armor, Earth Body, Earth Creation, Earth Travel, Echo Sounding, Euthanasia, Exorcism, Fire Immunity, Fire's Eye, Ghost Control, Haunted Mists, Heal/Infect, Heart Scarab, Holy Font/Epidemic, Human Clay, Human Hybrid, Influence Ba, Ka Repository, Khaibit Guide, Khaibit Trap, Landslide, Magic 10, Mother's Touch, Open Underworld Portal, Plague/Cure, Rainbow Bridge, Ren Harvest, Ren Theft, Restore/Wither, Safely Interred, Sekem Barrier, Sekem Blaze, Shaping, Strike Dead/Deny Death, Summon Ghost, Terra Incognita, Unbarred Entry, Unerring Orientation, Unquiet Corpse, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward, Where Are You?

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 3 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero**), Epic Dexterity 2 (Cat's Grace, Monkey Climber), Epic Stamina 5 (all Knacks), Epic Perception 6 (all Knacks), Epic Intelligence 10 (all Knacks), Epic Wits 9 (all Knacks)

Spells: All listed spells, plus many more.

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Intelligence

Join Battle: 11

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 7L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 10B, Parry DV 6, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 7B, Parry DV 8, Speed 4

Khopesh: Accuracy 12, Damage 9L, Parry DV 8, Speed 4

Soak: 5A/15L/18B

Health Levels: -0x17/Incap

Dodge DV: 13 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Imhotep's khopesh has the following traits: Accuracy +2, Damage +2L, Defense +1, Speed 4. It can be shrunk and concealed in a tattoo on Imhotep's forearm.

HERACLES (GUIDE •••••)

Perhaps the quintessential Scion, the story of Heracles is well known, if bowdlerized by recent Disney cartoons and the eponymous Kevin Sorbo television series. The Scion of Zeus through the rape of Alcmene, Heracles survived his first assassination attempt by vengeful Hera in his infancy. Possibly the first Scion to ever access his divine powers as an infant, Heracles strangled to death two mighty serpents sent by Hera to poison him when he was less than a year old. His legendary strength only grew from there, but so did Hera's reckless hatred for him. Finding his body nearly invincible, Hera turned to his mind, striking him with a tendency toward violent madness that would plague him throughout his mortal life.

The first victim was his friend and sometime lover Iphitus, whom he struck down in a drunken rage. He would do the same to many other loved ones over the course of his life, including his first wife, Megara, and their three children. Wracked with guilt, Heracles appealed to the Oracle at Delphi for how to be free of this murderous rage, and the Oracle told him to offer himself to King Eurystheus as a slave until he had completed 12 seemingly impossible tasks—the Twelve Labors of Heracles. After finishing the last labor, the capture of Cerberus, Heracles achieved godhood and was no longer susceptible to Hera's madness. Nevertheless, he declined to ascend to Mount Olympus to join the Dodekathemon—his anger at Hera was still too fresh. Instead, he took the beautiful Deianira as his second wife and settled down to experience the life of quiet contentment that mortals took for granted and that had been denied him since infancy.

But Hera still had one last card to play. Unable to affect Heracles' mind directly, the Goddess turned to Deianira instead, filling her with feelings of jealousy and inadequacy. Eventually, Hera manipulated Deianira into poisoning Heracles with venom from the Lernean Hydra, which she had been led to believe was merely a love potion. The deadly poison tore at Heracles, but by this point, his immortality prevented him from dying,

leaving him to suffer in agony instead. Horrified at what she had done, Deianira took her own life. Finally, Zeus intervened, purging Heracles' body of the poison and forcibly drawing him up to Mount Olympus to take his place as the God of Strength. Zeus then commanded Hera to apologize to Heracles for her "antics." After a tense moment, Heracles finally accepted the apology, as Zeus commanded, and agreed to accept Hera's cupbearer, Hebe, as a "replacement bride."

But he never forgot and never forgave.

Despite centuries of brooding over the caprice and easy cruelty of his "peers," Heracles never considered swearing allegiance to the Titans. He even developed a number of close friendships among the Dodekathemon, mainly fellow Scions of Zeus who had also borne the brunt of Hera's cruelty. Then, just a few centuries ago, Heracles encountered the Scion Imhotep, who recognized in Heracles a kindred spirit. After cautiously sounding him out, Imhotep informed the God of Strength of his plan. Heracles eagerly joined the Keepers of the World.

Today, Heracles splits his time between Mount Olympus and the World. While among the deities of his pantheon, Heracles serves faithfully in the fight against the Titans, carefully cultivating a reputation for being a big, stupid ox. In reality, his time on Mount Olympus is cover for his main role in Imhotep's plan—to capture and deliver one of Gaia's Hekatonkheires to his fellow Keeper Marinette. (Marinette will use that prisoner in a ritual to sympathetically attack and lobotomize Gaia, the only one of the Titans who is actually essential to the continued functioning of the World.)

When found in the World, Heracles usually takes the form of a Greek-American construction worker named Steve Reeves who lives in Chicago, Illinois with a mortal wife and three children. Heracles has never considered Hebe to be his true wife. (Her beauty is admirable, but her vapidity bordering on outright stupidity is not.) He did sire two children with her, though. Alexiades and Anicetus are identical twin deities who act as guardians at the gates of Olympus and hold minor Purviews over sports and youth.

While in the World, Heracles occasionally advises younger Scions on battle techniques and training regimens for improving Epic Strength. He also does "odd jobs" for Wayland and Imhotep, mainly rearranging the topography in isolated areas of the World to facilitate the Band's geomantic working.

Attributes: Strength 11, Dexterity 8, Stamina 11; Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5; Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Virtues: Expression 3, Intellect 3, Valor 5, Vengeance 5

Abilities: Academics 2, Animal Ken 4, Art 1, Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Command 3, Control (Horse) 3, Craft (Wood) 2, Empathy 3, Fortitude 5, Integrity 3, Investigation 1, Larceny 3, Marksmanship 5, Medicine 1, Melee 5, Occult 2, Politics 2, Presence 5, Science (Anatomy) 2, Stealth 3, Survival 5, Thrown 5

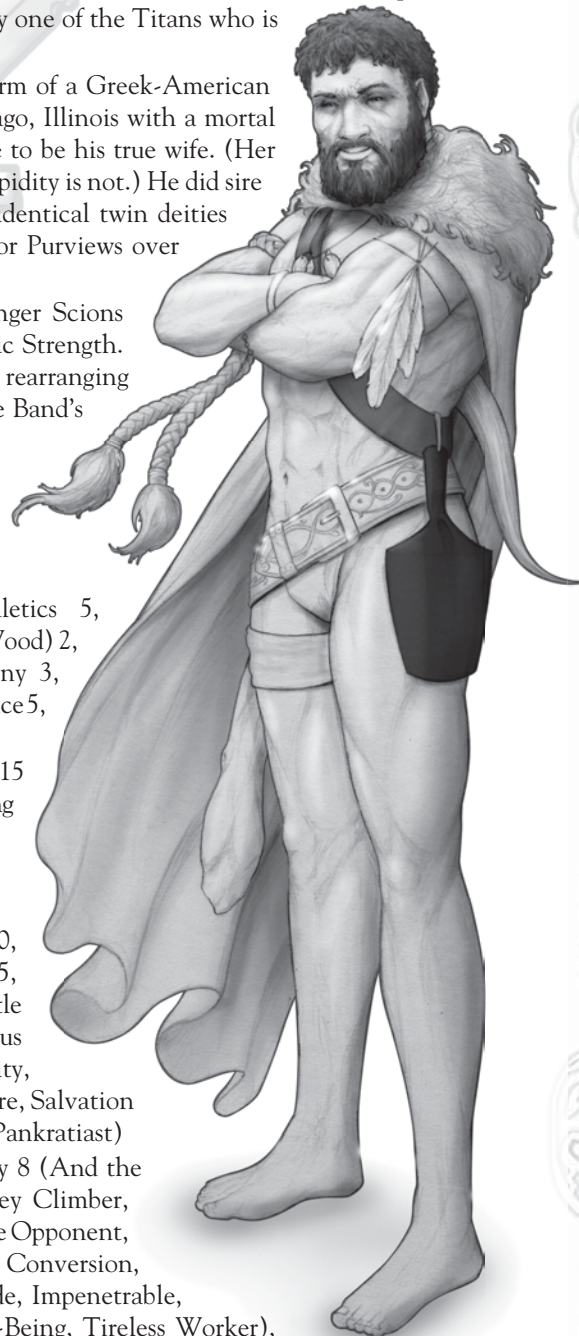
Birthrights: Creature 3/Relic 1 (Pegasus "Iolaus"), Followers 5 (15 Spartoi), Relic 5 (Club—Guardian), Relic 5 (The Hydra-Slaying Bow—War), Relic 5 (Nemean-Lion-Skin Armor—Earth)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Sentinel

Boons: Aegis, Appropriated Vigil, Arete (Athletics) 10, Arete (Brawl) 10, Arete (Fortitude) 10, Arete (Marksmanship) 5, Arete (Melee) 10, Arete (Survival) 5, Army of One, Battle Cry, Blessing of Ammunition, Blessing of Bravery, Colossus Armor, Come Running, Confer Knack, Confer Immunity, Divine Resolve, Echo Sounding, Follower Army, Morale Failure, Salvation Sacrifice, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward, Warrior Ideal (Pankratiast)

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 10 (all Knacks), Epic Dexterity 8 (And the Crowd Goes Wild, Cat's Grace, Lightning Sprinter, Monkey Climber, Ricochet Symphony, Roll With It, Trick Shooter, Untouchable Opponent, Whirlwind Shield), Epic Stamina 10 (Body Armor, Damage Conversion, Divine Damage Conversion, Divine Fortitude, Holy Fortitude, Impenetrable, Inner Furnace, Regeneration, Self-Healing, Solipsistic Well-Being, Tireless Worker),



Epic Charisma 10 (BFF, Benefit of the Doubt, Blessing of Importance, Charmer, Crowd Control, Hapless Cool, Inspirational Figure, Never Say Die, Pied Piper, Preach On, Unimpeachable Reference), Epic Appearance 1 (Center of Attention), Epic Perception 1 (Hear Prayers), Epic Wits 5 (Cobra Reflexes, Instant Assessment, Monkey in the Middle, Opening Gambit, Rabbit Reflexes)

Fire Immunity: Having burned away his mortality on his own funeral pyre, Heracles was granted this supernatural durability that exactly mimics the Fire • Boon of the same name but does not require a Birthright relic.

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Strength, Ultimate Stamina, Ultimate Charisma

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 16, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 12, Damage 15L, Parry DV 35, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 14, Damage 12L, Parry DV 36, Speed 4

Club: Accuracy 16, Damage 17L, Parry DV 39, Speed 4

The Hydra-Slaying Bow: Accuracy 13, Damage 15A, Range 400, Speed 5

Soak: 15A/62L/67B (Nemean-Lion-Skin Armor, +5A/10L/10B)

Health Levels: -0x52/Incap

Dodge DV: 42 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Heracles' club allows him to channel the Guardian Purview and has the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +5L, Defense +6, Speed 4. It is actually the remains of a sacred olive tree he once ripped out of the ground to use as an improvised weapon against a titanspawn, which Hephaestus later lathed down into its present, more aesthetic shape. His relic bow, which he used to slay the mortal heads of the Lernean Hydra has the traits of a daikyu, but has a range of 400 yards and inflicts aggravated damage. His armor is specially crafted from the skin of the original Nemean Lion. It allows him to channel the Earth Purview.

WAYLAND SMITH

Mythology more commonly identifies Wayland the Smith by his birth name, Volund. The youngest of three sons born to a Finnish king and an unidentified woman, Volund and his brothers Slagfinn and Egil were spirited away from Finland in early childhood and grew up unaware of their true parentage. That ignorance remains today. None of the three sons ever even learned the names of their parents, and while they were clearly Scions from an early age, no God or Goddess of the Aesir has ever come forward to claim them as offspring. For his own part, Volund has always suspected that his true father was either Hephaestus or the Forge God's own Scion, Daedalus. Like Hephaestus, Volund was crippled for most of his life. Like Daedalus, Volund escaped a cruel captivity through the use of homemade wings.

Despite the mystery of their parentage, Volund and his brothers all bore signs of divinity. Each of the brothers was at one point married to a valkyrie (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 246-247) until the three brides were recalled to Valhalla. Slagfinn and Egil left on an epic search for their missing brides, leaving Volund behind in case they should return. While Slagfinn disappeared from history, Egil became one of the World's foremost archers, laying the foundation for the story of William Tell. In the meantime, Volund was captured by the evil King Nidung, who had Volund's hamstrings severed and then imprisoned him on an island. By this point, Volund has already established himself as one of the preeminent smiths in the World, and Nidung wanted Volund to fashion magical wonders for himself and his family. Eventually, with Egil's help, Volund fashioned a set of wings and escaped his imprisonment after impregnating Nidung's daughter with a Scion of his own.

After leaving Nidung's court, Volund made his way to the domain of the realm of the dwarf king Alfrig. Changing his name to Wayland to conceal his recent history, the Scion amazed the dwarves with his mastery of the smith, and he gained many friends and allies among them. His reputation spread to Asgard, and soon, Wayland the Smith worked his magic for the Aesir. Among other wonders provided for the Norse Gods, Wayland forged the great sword Gram, which Sigurd carried into battle against Fafnir (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 284-285).

Although fully a God and at least nominally an Aesir, Wayland continued to view himself as a human first and foremost. The mystery of his parentage kept him from being fully accepted by the Aesir and also made sure that the Smith God would remain ambivalent about the Gods even as he toiled on their behalf. When the Aesir withdrew from the World, Wayland remained behind, adopting a series of mortal identities as he observed (and sometimes accelerated) the pace of human technological development. Gutenberg, Watt, Edison, Marconi and Fermi were just a few mortals Wayland either influenced, patronized or sired outright, and the Great Smith

remains convinced that there is nothing within the power of the Gods themselves that mere mortals cannot achieve for themselves eventually through ingenuity and technological advance.

Wayland first met Imhotep at the Paris Exposition of 1878 during an exhibition of Thomas Edison's new electric lights. Sensing a kindred spirit, Imhotep revealed the outline of his proposed Great Working to the smith a few weeks later. Wayland eagerly signed on, providing technical advice on new tools and inventions that might facilitate Imhotep's architectural projects. Wayland later immigrated to America, which he foresaw would become a future industrial powerhouse, and his influence in the corporate sector lent support to the Hoover Dam project, one of Imhotep's first major projects in the Great Working.

Despite (or because of) their similarities, Wayland and Imhotep are the most fractious members of the Keepers. Each considers himself the intellectual heart of the group, and their rivalry has grown from a petty annoyance to a potential threat to everything the group has been working toward for decades. Exacerbating this rivalry is the growing socio-political rift between the two. Imhotep, a patrician to the core, believes that once the World is secured, the Keepers, as the only Gods still extant, have a duty to manipulate human society for the benefit of all citizens. Philosophically, Imhotep has become something of a Marxist, albeit a soft one. Wayland, on the other hand, is fully assimilated into American corporate culture and has become an acolyte of the philosophies of Ayn Rand. He supports the creation of a strict meritocracy, with engineers, inventors and other thinkers at the top and proles at the bottom.

Attributes: Strength 6, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5; Charisma 6, Manipulation 6, Appearance 5; Perception 7, Intelligence 11, Wits 7

Virtues: Courage 4, Endurance 3, Expression 5, Loyalty 4

Abilities: Academics 5, Animal Ken 3, Art (Iron Working) 5, Athletics 4, Awareness 5, Brawl 4, Command 4, Control (Car) 5, Craft (Forging) 5, Empathy 5, Fortitude 4, Integrity 5, Investigation 3, Larceny 3, Marksmanship 5, Medicine 3, Melee 5, Occult 5, Politics 5, Presence 4, Science (Metallurgy) 5, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Thrown 4

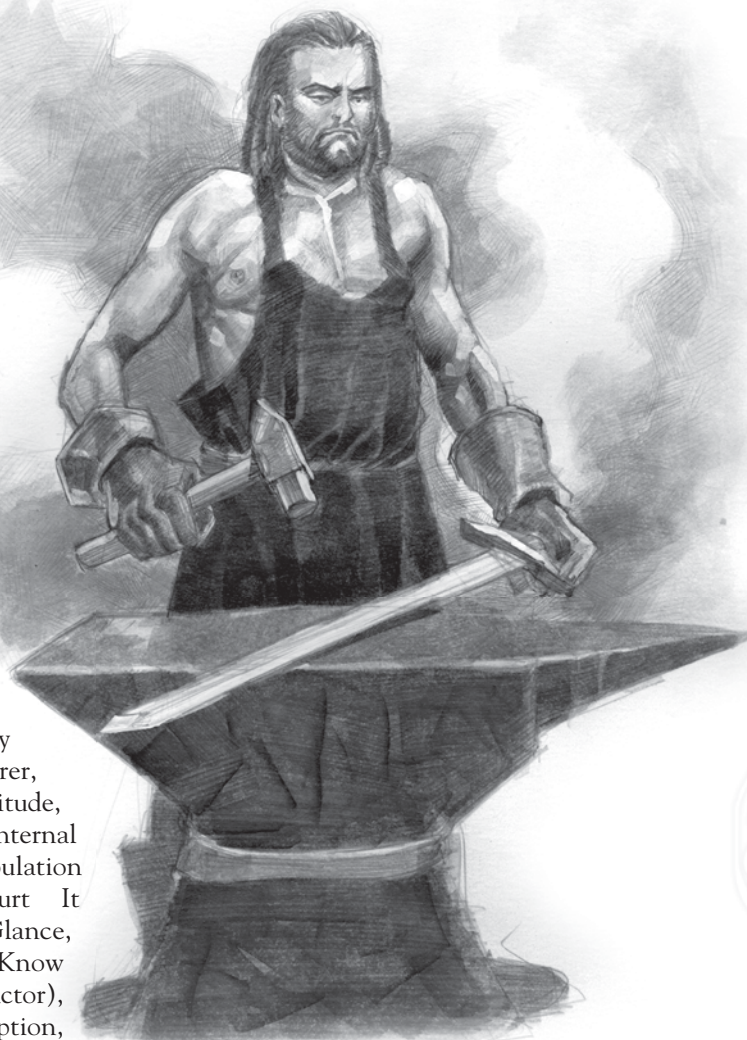
Birthrights: Avatar 5, Relic (Enchanted Forge—Earth, Fire) 2, Relic 5 (Enchanted Glock), Relic 5 (Nidung's Bane—an enchanted sword), Relic (Wings of Volund—Guardian, Sky) 2

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Devourer, The Shaper

Boons: Aegis, Blazing Weapon, Bolster Fire, Come Running, Confer Immunity, Confer Knack, Control Fire, Devil Body, Earth Armor, Earth Body, Earth Creation, Earth Travel, Echo Sounding, Fire Immunity, Fire's Eye, Flame Travel, Inferno, Ifrit, Landslide, Magma Control, Property Infusion, Rain of Fire, Safely Interred, Shaping, Sky's Grace, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 6 (Crushing Grip, Disfiguring Attack, Divine Rampage, Divine Wrath, Holy Rampage, Knockback Attack), Epic Dexterity 1 (Escape Artist), Epic Stamina 5 (Body Armor, Damage Conversion, Devourer, Divine Damage Conversion, Holy Fortitude, Impenetrable, Inner Furnace, Internal Refinery, Tireless Worker), Epic Manipulation 6 (Advantageous Circumstances, Blurt It Out, Kill the Messenger, Knowing Glance, Secondhand Persuasion, Takes One to Know One), Epic Appearance 1 (Perfect Actor), Epic Perception 3 (Broad-Spectrum Reception,



Parallel Attention, Rarefied Electromagnetic Perception), Epic Intelligence 10 (all Knacks), Epic Wits 4 (Jack of All Trades, Meditative Focus, Opening Salvo, Scathing Retort)

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Intelligence

Join Battle: 12

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 7L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 5, Damage 10L, Parry DV 3, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 7, Damage 7L, Parry DV 5, Speed 4

Nidung's Bane: Accuracy 10, Damage 11L, Parry DV 6, Speed 3

Enchanted Glock: Accuracy 11, Damage 6L, Range 40, Clip (Infinite), Speed 4, P

Soak: 5A/14L/16B

Health Levels: -0x17/Incap

Dodge DV: 10 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Nidung's Bane is an enchanted spatha with the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +4L, Defense +3, Speed 3. Wayland also carries a magically modified Glock with the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +5L, Range 40, Speed 4. The Glock has the Piercing quality and never needs reloading.

HERNÁN CORTÉS

The true story of the (in)famous Spanish conquistador Hernán Cortés begins long before his actual birth, back in prehistory of Mesoamerica. The Aztec civilization was born from blood and bathed in it regularly throughout history. Much of this blood was spilled in the eternal conflict between the Atzlánti siblings Quetzalcoátl and Tezcatlipoca. The Feathered Serpent required relatively little blood from his worshipers and was generally satisfied with that of animals. The Smoking Mirror demanded vast quantities of blood and almost always in the form of human sacrifices. This fundamental difference between the two deities not only determined how their respective worshipers would venerate them, but it would directly affect the entire course of Mesoamerican civilization. For much of Pre-Columbian history, the two traded back and forth in their influence over local religious practices. Inevitably, however, either Tezcatlipoca or Quetzalcoátl would gain decisive influence over the predecessors of the Aztecs... and the other would respond by totally destroying that civilization, casting the Mesoamericans into barbarism so that a new society could rise from the ashes.

Therefore, it came to pass that near the end of the 15th century (as the Europeans marked the calendar), Quetzalcoátl looked down on the Aztec Empire and found that Tezcatlipoca's hold over it had grown too tight. Displaying no concern for the balance between the two rivals, Tezcatlipoca had even directed his worshipers to persecute those of Quetzalcoátl's and sacrifice them in the Smoking Mirror's name. So the Feathered Serpent determined to end the Aztec Empire. After giving the matter great thought, he flew far across the Great Ocean to a land called Castile. There, he lay with a woman of noble ancestry who gave birth in due course to a Scion named Hernán Cortés Pizarro.

Young Cortés knew nothing of his ancestry as he grew into a man, only that he had been blessed with remarkable powers of persuasion and charm, as well as a strong sense of connection to the newly discovered lands that lay across the ocean. By the age of 18, Cortés had made his way to Santo Domingo, where he participated in the conquest of Hispaniola and Cuba. By the age of 26, he was appointed mayor of Santiago and had also had a number of romantic adventures before finally (and reluctantly) marrying the sister-in-law of the governor of Hispaniola. By the age of 32, he had turned his attention to the Mexican interior and the great Aztec city of Tenochtitlan.

Modern historians dismiss tales that the Aztec emperor Moctezuma II gave in to Cortés' authority because he believed the Spaniard was Quetzalcoátl returned. This is correct—Moctezuma knew that Cortés was actually the son of the Feathered Serpent because Quetzalcoátl had told him so in dreams. Upon Cortés' entry into the emperor's audience chamber, he was shocked to see numerous murals that clearly depicted himself, even more so when Moctezuma displayed a detailed knowledge of Cortés' family life and upbringing. While reluctant to believe that he himself was the child of a heathen deity, Cortés resolved to find out everything Moctezuma and his people knew about Quetzalcoátl.

In response to Moctezuma's proclamation that Cortés represented the return of Quetzalcoátl to the Aztec pantheon, the followers of Tezcatlipoca rose up against the Spaniards and drove them from Tenochtitlan. Reinforcements from Cuba and from allies among the non-Aztec natives (won over by Cortés' godlike charisma)

soon arrived, though, and turned the tide. After the victory over Tenochtitlan, which led to the eventual conquest of Mexico, Quetzalcoatl finally appeared to Cortés and revealed to him his divine status.

Cortés did not react well to the news. In fact, he had nervous breakdown as a lifetime of fairly devout Catholicism collapsed in the face of direct communication from an Aztec deity. Cortés spent the rest of his mortal life emotionally wrecked over his status as a Scion, which explains the extremely conflicting portrait that modern historians have of him. On one hand, he repeatedly interceded to help natives against Spanish aggression and reportedly found the Aztecs to be a nobler people than his fellow Spaniards. On the other hand, he himself engaged in several massacres of native peoples, including the execution of Moctezuma's son on trumped-up charges. Finally, at the age of 62, Cortés faked his own death and disappeared into the wilds of Mexico.

He has since reappeared from time to time under a variety of names and faces, always in the background and usually on the side of Mexican independence. In 1810, he was part of the crowd that cheered on Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, as the priest declared Mexico's independence from Spain. In 1855, Cortés fought against General Santa Ana and served as an advisor to liberal President Ignacio Comonfort, who he encouraged to curb the power of the Catholic Church in Mexico in favor of religious pluralism. In 1867, he served as the executioner for Maximilian I, the "Emperor of Mexico" installed by Napoleon III of France just five years earlier. In 1912, he rode with Pancho Villa. By 1966, unfortunately, he was just another drug-addled alcoholic living in the slums of Mexico City. That was where Imhotep found him.

Cortés remains the most reclusive member of the Keepers of the World. In fact, Imhotep is the only other Keeper aware of the Scion of Quetzalcoatl's role in the Great Working. Both Wayland and Marinette have expressed concerns as to how the Band can amass enough Legend to fuel their geomantic effect. In response, Imhotep just smiles and says that he "has it covered." When the time is right, Imhotep will give the order to his secretly. Hernán Cortés will then rouse himself from his stupor, trudge to the very center of Mexico City (where Imhotep has fashioned a replica of the great Sun Temple of the Aztecs) and atone for his sins the only way he knows how—by triggering an earthquake powerful enough to destroy the city. In doing so, Cortés will sanctify the Sun Temple and provide enough Legend to fuel the Great Working, sacrificing over 19 million citizens in the largest Itzli effect the world has ever seen. In his heart, Cortés hopes to be among the victims.

Attributes: Strength 7, Dexterity 9, Stamina 7; Charisma 11, Manipulation 7, Appearance 6; Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 5

Virtues: Conviction 3, Courage 5, Duty 3, Loyalty 1

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 5, Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Command 4, Control (Horse) 3, Craft (Cartography) 1, Empathy 2, Fortitude 3, Integrity 2, Investigation 3, Larceny 3, Marksmanship 5, Medicine 3, Melee 5, Occult 2, Politics 4, Presence 4, Science (Geography) 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3

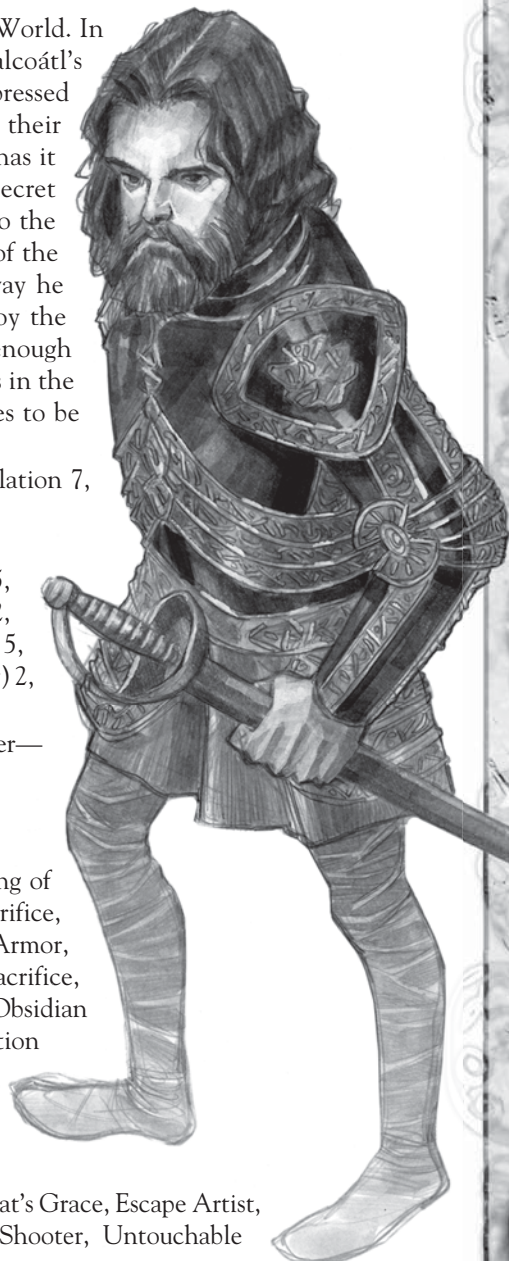
Birthrights: Creature 4/Relic 1 (Coatl "Ramon"), Relic 5 (Rapier—Guardian, Earth, Sky, War)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Shaper, The Storm

Boons: Aegis, Battle Cry, Battle Map, Blessing of Ammunition, Blessing of Bravery, The Burning Heart, Cloud Body, Cloud Sculptor, Combat Sacrifice, Come Running, Communal Divinity, Confer Knack, Create Air, Earth Armor, Earth Body, Earth Creation, Earth Travel, Echo Sounding, Familial Sacrifice, Follower Army, Landslide, Levin Fury, Magma Control, Maguey Sting, Obsidian Excruciation, Obsidian Mutilation, *Poco a Poco*, Property Infusion, Reception of Sacrifice, Sacrifice of Will, Safely Interred, Shaping, Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation, Tornado Tamer, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Ward, Warrior Ideal (Conquistador), Weather Husbandry, Wind Grapple, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Knockback Attack), Epic Dexterity 8 (Cat's Grace, Escape Artist, Lightning Sprinter, Photographic Penmanship, Roll With It, Trick Shooter, Untouchable



Opponent, Whirlwind Shield), Epic Stamina 4 (Body Armor, Damage Conversion, Holy Fortitude, Impenetrable), Epic Charisma 10 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Manipulation 6 (God's Honest, Hard Sell, Overt Order, Rumor Mill, Secondhand Persuasion, Trendsetter), Epic Appearance 6 (Blinding Visage, Center of Attention, Detail Variation, Lasting Impression, My Eyes Are Up Here, Tailor Made), Epic Perception 3 (Environmental Awareness, Subliminal Warning), Epic Wits 4 (Monkey in the Middle, Opening Salvo, Scathing Retort, Social Chameleon)

Join Battle: 8

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 14, Damage 8B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 13, Damage 11B, Parry DV 35, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 15, Damage 8B, Parry DV 37, Speed 4

Rapier: Accuracy 17, Damage 14L, Parry DV 38, Speed 4

Soak: 4A/11L/14B

Health Levels: -0x13/Incap

Dodge DV: 41 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Cortés' rapier was a gift from Quetzalcoátl and has the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +6L, Defense +4, Speed 4. Cortés possesses a coatl bodyguard named Ramon who is capable of disguising itself as a human.

HIMIKO

Despite being one of the earliest Scions of Amaterasu, the tales of Himiko are recorded in few Japanese myths. The most detailed stories of Himiko are found in the *Chronicles of the Three Kingdoms*, a venerable Chinese history book. The *Chronicles* identify Himiko as a powerful female shaman who ruled over the people of Yamataikoku, a territory within Japan, over 1,800 years ago. Most legends state that Himiko never married and that upon her death, rule over Yamataikoku fell to her brother. Other tales say that under the name Jingu, she married the Emperor Chuai and after his death became Empress Consort and regent to her son, the future Emperor Ojin. As Empress Jingu, Himiko oversaw the conquest of Manchuria and Korea for the benefit of Japan and the glory of her son. Moreover, the divine blood of Amaterasu ran true through Himiko's veins, and after the death of his mortal body, Ojin ascended to Takamagahara as the God Hachiman.

Unfortunately, what should have been the proudest moment in Himiko's life—the deification of her son among the Amatsukami—was marred by the fact that she herself had never been so honored. Although wielding the powers of a God, Himiko was never offered official divine status by her mother or by any other Amatsukami. This snub tore at Himiko for centuries, as she obsessed over what sin she possibly could have committed to have angered her mother so. Finally, three centuries ago, she worked up the courage to ask her son, Hachiman, about the situation. After a brief investigation, Hachiman explained the truth to Himiko. After Himiko's ascension to the throne of Japan in her guise as Empress Jingu, she had prayed in the Imperial Shrine to Amaterasu, giving thanks to the Sun Goddess for the blessings Himiko had received. During one of her prayers, however, she had not bowed as deeply as Amaterasu thought appropriate.

That was all.

Although Amaterasu was content to take advantage of Himiko's powers and acumen, she decided had that her daughter's manners were too unrefined for her to join the Amatsukami. On hearing this explanation, Himiko blinked several times. And then she laughed. From that point on, Himiko swore that she would never again concern herself with the pomposity of Amaterasu and the other Gods. Instead, she withdrew from the affairs of Gods and men, fashioning a palace for herself within a small portion of the Overworld whose Axis Mundi was the Bulguksa Buddhist Temple in the Gyeongsang province of Korea. She remained there in relative seclusion, honing her powers and seeking enlightenment until the Japanese Occupation of Korea began in 1910. During the Occupation, several of Korea's national treasures kept at the temple were stolen by Japanese military personnel. Appalled at this violation of a sacred temple by her own countrymen, Himiko allied herself with Korean nationalists against the Japanese, a course of action that led to Himiko being censured by the entire Amatsukami, including both her mother and her son.

A few years later, during the Korean War, Himiko met the Scion Heracles, then in the guise of an American soldier. Once Himiko understood that Heracles had not come as a conquering hero, the two

began to talk. Finding that their attitudes about their respective pantheons had much in common, Heracles brought Himiko to the attention of his fellow Keepers. By the time the Korean War ended, Himiko had joined the Band.

Himiko's role in the Keepers' scheme required her to swallow her pride and make amends with her family. Returning to Japan, Himiko abased herself before Amaterasu and the Amatsukami. After propitiating her mother, she was allowed to remain in Tokyo. There, Himiko insinuated herself into Japan's manufacturing and electronics sectors and (with the aid of Wayland) helped turn a nation beaten and considered somewhat backward into the electronics capital of the world within 50 years. In doing so, Himiko became the éminence grise of several major Japanese corporations. Once, Himiko had ruled an empire, so managing several multinationals simultaneously was a snap. Since then, Himiko has been the chief financial backer for the Keepers—an easy feat since Himiko would probably be considered the wealthiest person in the world if one added together all the billions she has hidden away under false names. Recently, at Imhotep's request, she has lavished a fortune on a museum dedicated to Mesoamerican antiquities located within the heart of Mexico City, one designed to replicate the ancient sacred temple of the Aztecs with perfect accuracy.

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 9, Stamina 8; Charisma 7, Manipulation 9, Appearance 10; Perception 10, Intelligence 6, Wits 8

Virtues: Duty 3, Endurance 2, Intellect 4, Valor 4

Abilities: Academics 5, Animal Ken 2, Art (Calligraphy) 3, Athletics 4, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Command 5, Control (Horse) 4, Craft (Origami) 5, Empathy 4, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 5, Larceny 2, Marksmanship 5, Medicine 2, Melee 5, Occult 4, Politics 5, Presence 5, Science (Agronomy) 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Thrown 5

Birthrights: Avatar 5, Relic 4 (The Crown of Yamataikoku—Fertility, Guardian, Mystery, Sun), Relic 5 (The Royal Sword of Empress Jingu), Relic 5 (Bow)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Glory, The Wyrd

Boons: The Abducted Spirit, Accelerate Growth, Aegis, Bleach, Bless or Blight, The Blinded Spirit, Burn, Cleanse, Come Running, Confer Knack, The Dancing Spirit, Divine Radiance, Flare Missile, Green Thumb, Heavenly Flare, The Helpful Spirit, The Impressed Spirit, The Industrious Spirit, Inexorable Gravity, Mystery 10, Natural Camouflage, Penetrating Glare, The Relocated Spirit, Solar Crown, Solar Prominence, The Summoned Spirit, Sun Chariot, Twist Plants, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, The Wakeful Spirit, Ward, The Watchful Spirit

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 8 (all Knacks), Epic Dexterity 3 (Roll With It, Photographic Penmanship, Trick Shooter), Epic Stamina 5 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero**), Epic Charisma 8 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Appearance 10 (all Knacks), Epic Wits 5 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero**)

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Appearance

Join Battle: 12

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 14, Damage 9L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 13, Damage 12L, Parry DV 10, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 15, Damage 9L, Parry DV 12, Speed 4

Royal Sword of Empress Jingu: Accuracy 17, Damage 14L, Parry DV 13, Speed 4, P

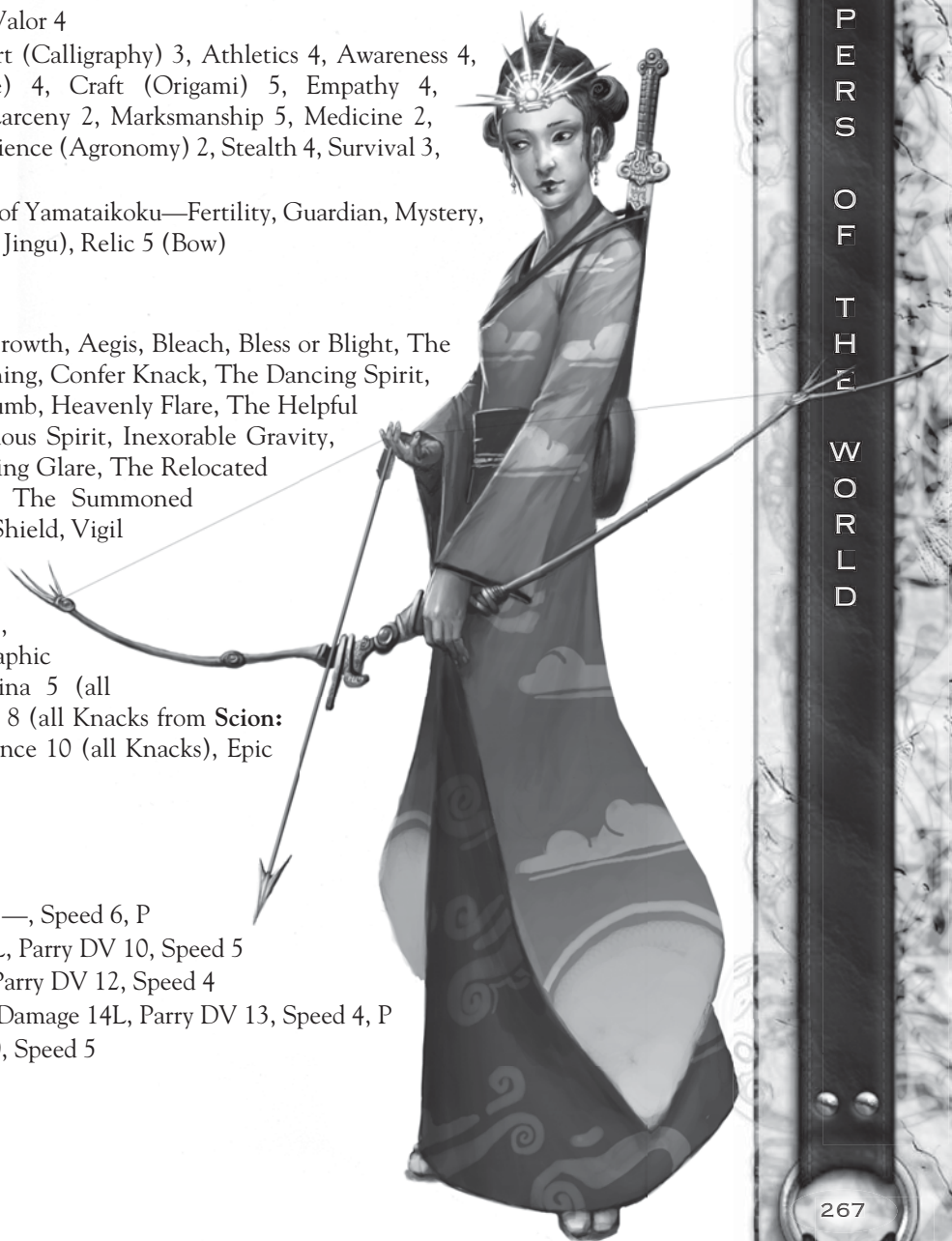
Bow: Accuracy 16, Damage 13L, Range 400, Speed 5

Soak: 5A/15L/19B

Health Levels: -0x17/Incap

Dodge DV: 17 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144



Other Notes: The Royal Sword of Empress Jingu is an ancient chokutō with the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +5L, Defense +3, Speed 4. It has the Piercing quality. Himiko's bow has the following traits: Accuracy +2, Damage +5L, Range 400, Speed 5

MARINETTE

The Loa called Marinette is among the youngest of her pantheon, but what she lacks in age, she makes up for in aggression. Marinette was born the daughter of Erzulie Danto (the Petro or “angry” aspect of Erzulie) in 1742. Erzulie foresaw the Haitian Revolution and desired to sire a child filled with anger toward the French slaveholders. She took the form of a beautiful slave and allowed a plantation owner to have his way with her so that the child she bore as a result would have an instinctive hatred for the slave-owning class of Haiti. From early childhood, this inborn hatred made life difficult for young Marinette, resulting in years of mistreatment and sexual abuse at the hands of slaveholders who sought to break her spirit. At the age of 16, Marinette escaped the plantation and joined a band of *mawons* (escaped slaves who joined together as bandit groups and later as an early paramilitary force that opposed the French military forces). The group's leader, Francois Mackandal—the legendary houngan who led Haiti's first slave rebellion from 1751 to 1757—initiated into her Voodoo as a mambo. Although that rebellion ended with Mackandal's capture and execution, Marinette survived and continued to serve as both a mambo and an advisor to the *mawons*.

The Haitian Revolution began in earnest in 1791 after the execution by slow torture of Vincent Oge, a free man of color who demanded the right to vote based on a law passed by the French Constituent Assembly. Marinette saw an opportunity in Oge's brutal death, calling on the power of the Loa to restore Oge to life as a werewolf. After revealing Oge to her followers, she sacrificed a black pig to the Loa at the Bois Caiman ceremony overseen by Dutty Boukman, a powerful houngan and secretly Marinette's own son. With that sacrifice, the bloody Haitian Revolution began. The revolution was protracted, with atrocities on both sides

(including Boukman's execution by public decapitation), but by 1802, an outbreak of yellow fever combined with Napoleon's declining fortunes in Europe made victory inevitable for the rebels. On November 18, 1803, rebel forces under the command of Jean-Jacques Dessalines defeated the French at the Battle of Vertieres.

Six weeks later, with Marinette standing by his side, Dessalines officially declared Haiti an independent nation, the first (and so far last) successful slave rebellion in history.

Then, at Marinette's urging, Dessalines turned his attention on the remaining French. Hundreds of French whites were executed on his orders, and he made it illegal for whites to own property or land in Haiti. Dessalines died at an assassin's hand less than two years after declaring himself “Emperor of Haiti,” but Marinette's work was only beginning. As with Vincent Oge, Dessalines' death was a deception, and he entered Marinette's service as a member of Le Fraternite des Loups, a secret society of werewolves who swore loyalty to Marinette. Soon after, Marinette was rewarded for her role in Haiti's membership among the Loa. But as a full-fledged Loa, Marinette



edwards⁰⁷

was forced to curtail her direct involvement in Haitian affairs. Without her direct involvement, Haiti soon descended into near anarchy, with one strongman dictator ruling after another.

Marinette chafed greatly under what she considered exile to Ville au Camp, especially after the United States invaded and occupied Haiti in 1915 at the request of American investors. During the occupation, American officials took control of nearly every aspect of the Haitian government, dissolved the National Assembly and drafted a new constitution that abolished the prohibition on foreign ownership of land. The Americans also initiated an extensive road-building program, taking advantage of an obscure Haitian law requiring peasants to perform labor on local roads in lieu of paying a road tax in order to get free labor for the program. In other words, the US government effectively re-instituted slavery in Haiti. Incensed, Marinette defied the edicts of the Loa and returned to Haiti, where she groomed a young physician named Francois Duvalier to serve as the voice of the Loa... whether the Loa wanted one or not.

Marinette was successful, after a fashion. In 1957, "Papa Doc" Duvalier became President of Haiti, and he soon established himself as dictator, one of the most repressive and corrupt of the 20th century. Well trained by Marinette in the ways of Voodoo, Papa Doc effectively made it Haiti's de facto state religion. While Duvalier was personally an adherent and a skilled houngan in his own right, he was also perfectly willing to exploit the religious beliefs of the Haitian people. Although not a Scion himself, he claimed credit for miracles performed on his behalf by Marinette and developed a reputation as a sorcerer. He also took to dressing and speaking in a manner reminiscent of Baron Samedi, leading many to believe that he was the Baron's mortal avatar. Duvalier's paramilitary police force, the Tonton Macoutes, was named for "Uncle Gunnysack," the bogeyman of Voodoo who would snatch up and eat disobedient children. There was more than propaganda behind that name. Many of the Tonton Macoutes were also werewolves of Le Fraternite des Loups, and children were not the only ones snatched up and eaten.

Marinette continued to advise Duvalier for the rest of his life. A Loa of the Petro family, Marinette was never concerned with Papa Doc's grotesque brutality. Considered an "evil Loa," Marinette has done much worse in the service of the Loa and Haiti than Duvalier has. For all his many faults, she considered him a fine houngan of the Petro tradition. Duvalier's son, Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier was another matter. Although Marinette allowed the 19-year-old Jean-Claude to seize power in 1971 after his father's death, she never considered the callow youth to be a fit successor to Papa Doc, particularly after he married a light-skinned mulatto woman. When the Loa again insisted that she withdraw from direct manipulation of Haiti, she acquiesced... to a degree.

In truth, Marinette abandoned Baby Doc because she realized that she would be able to confront the many problems facing her beloved Haiti only by taking direct control of the nation, a move the other Loa would never permit. Learning of her situation and her discontent with her pantheon, Imhotep contacted Marinette and began corresponding with her, eventually offering her a place among the Keepers. Despite her membership in the Band, Imhotep is the only Keeper with whom she regularly communicates. A frightening and angry Goddess, Marinette is too off-putting for Heracles and Himiko. The technophile Wayland is openly contemptuous of how backward Haiti still is after decades of her influence. Like the rest of the Band save Imhotep, Marinette has never even met Hernán Cortés. Unlike the others, however, she has deduced that Imhotep also has a connection of some sort with the Atzlánti and is concealing something from the rest of the Band.

Eventually, Marinette will play a pivotal role in the Great Working. Once Imhotep's geomancy becomes self-sustaining, she will have her many followers across Haiti simultaneously summon Gran Bois, an avatar of Terra associated with the Loa as part of a massive ritual using a captured Hekatonkheire as a focus. Then, with a tremendous influx of Legend (which Imhotep has promised to provide at the right time), Marinette will destroy Gran Bois' mind, sympathetically lobotomizing the Greater Titan and preventing it from altering the Earth's biosphere. Only then can the other Titans and Gods be permanently cut off from the World. Marinette is also the only Keeper who demands compensation for aiding Imhotep. Once the World is free of Gods and Titans, Marinette is to have complete dominion over Haiti, which she plans to use as a staging ground to spread Voodoo across the globe.

Marinette generally appears as a frightening and somewhat ugly Haitian woman of indeterminate age. She has dominion over owls as well as werewolves, and when she mounts a horse (in the Voodoo sense), he will act like an owl, hooking his fingers and scratching. She delights in making her horses confess to hideous crimes that they may or may not have actually committed. She is the wife of Ti-Jean Petro, although theirs is a violent and unhappy marriage.

Attributes: Strength 9, Dexterity 9, Stamina 8; Charisma 4, Manipulation 8, Appearance 11; Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 5

Virtues: Harmony 2, Order 1, Piety 5, Vengeance 5

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 4, Art (Sandpainting) 2, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 5, Control (Horse) 2, Craft (Doll) 3, Empathy 4, Fortitude 5, Integrity 6, Investigation 4, Larceny 3,

Marksmanship 5, Medicine 5, Melee 4, Occult 9, Politics 7, Presence 3, Science (Chemistry) 1, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Thrown 2

Birthrights: Followers 5 (25 Cheval), Followers 5+ (Haitian Worshipers), Followers 5 (10 Werewolf Bodyguards), Relic 3 (Nkondi—Guardian, Health, Justice), Relic 4 (Gris-Gris—Animal [Owl and Wolf], Chaos, Darkness, Death), Relic 5 (Machete—War)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Arbiter, The Beast

Boons: Animal Aspect, Animal Command, Animal Communication, Animal Feature, Animal Form, Battle Cry, Battle Map, Blessing of Bravery, Crawling Chaos, Create Animal, Death Senses, Divine Enforcement, Dream Wrack, Epic Enhancement, Euthanasia, Exorcism, Eye of the Storm, Follower Army, Guilt Apparitions, Haunted Mists, Hornet's Nest, Horse, Hybrid Chimera, Human Hybrid, Insanity, Instant Riot, Judgment, *Met Tet*, *Met Tet's Claim*, Mind-Riding, Morale Failure, Mother's Touch, Night Eyes, Overworld Judgment, Paralyzing Confusion, Petro's Hands, Protean Understanding, Psychic Prison, Rada's Eyes, Recurring Distraction, Ride Animal, Sabot, Sanctify Oath, Scarlet Letter, Shield of Righteousness, Summon Ghost, Sympathy Pains, Team, Ugly Mule, Unquiet Corpse, Upside-Down Horse, Waking Zombie, Warrior Ideal (*Mawon*)

Desiccate: Marinette of the Dry Arms also has a unique power that exactly mimics the Water ••••• Boon of the same name but requires no Birthright relic.

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 8 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Dexterity 4 (Cat's Grace, Escape Artist, Lightning Sprinter, Monkey Climber), Epic Stamina 6 (Damage Conversion, Devourer, Holy Fortitude, Inner Furnace, Regeneration, Self-Healing), Epic Manipulation 3 (Hard Sell, Overt Order, Stench of Guilt), Epic Appearance 10 (Blinding Visage, Center of Attention, Compelling Presence, Detail Variation, Dreadful Mien, Inescapable Vision, Lasting Impression, My Eyes Are Up Here, Serpent's Gaze, Tailor Made, Undeniable Resemblance, Unusual Alteration), Epic Perception 4 (Hear Prayers, Predatory Focus, Subliminal Warning, Supernal Hunter), Epic Intelligence 4 (Fast Learner, Know-It-All, Language Mastery, Multitasking, Telepathy)

Ultimate Attributes: Ultimate Appearance (Negative)

Join Battle: 10

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 14, Damage 10L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 13, Damage 13L, Parry DV 13, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 15, Damage 10L, Parry DV 15, Speed 4

Machete: Accuracy 17, Damage 15L, Parry DV 15, Speed 4

Soak: 6A/20L/24B

Health Levels: -0x22/Incap

Dodge DV: 20 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: Marinette's machete has the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +5L, Defense +2, Speed 4.

A TRAITOR AMONG US

We deliberately do not identify the potential traitor within the Keepers of the World, so that the Storyteller can develop this story line as she wishes. Potentially any of the Keepers could choose to side with the Titans for various reasons. Heracles' burning hatred of Hera might overcome his more noble ambitions. Marinette is demonstrably insane and has always had a connection to the Titans through her patronage of werewolves. Imhotep and Wayland are both technocrats by nature, and each secretly believes that he is the intellectual force behind the group. Either of them might consider an alliance with the Titans as being tactically necessary to fulfill their ultimate goals but be unwilling to broach the subject with the others for fear that "their limited minds could not understand the necessity." Himiko might still be bitter over her mistreatment by her overbearing mother, while Cortés' guilt over his role in the genocide of the Aztecs might have simply driven him insane. Or perhaps none of the six is a traitor, but their plan is doomed to failure for metaphysical reasons of which the Keepers are unaware. Such questions are for the Storyteller to answer.

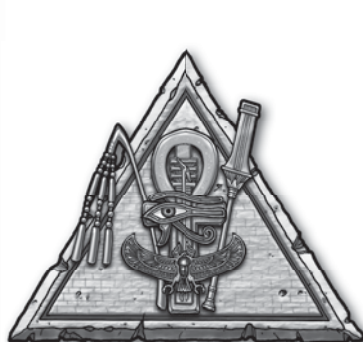
SHINSENGUMI

Following the events in “The Ragnarök Gambit,” the Shinsengumi has splintered. Its architect and leader, Kane Taoka has apparently been trapped for eternity with his Titan master, Mikaboshi, in the Underworld. The surviving members of the Band have each joined with the war effort in their Godrealms, having achieved divinity themselves at last.

As a result of their participation in the near destruction of the World, many of the former Shinsengumi Gods face a great deal of negative attention within the pantheons. In fact, were it not for the desperate need for manpower that the Overworld War has engendered, the Scions would likely have faced much harsher punishment from the pantheon heads. As it is, the pantheons have taken the Shinsengumi Gods’ pleas of ignorance at face value and have leveled the lion’s share of blame on Taoka, whom the Amatsukami have taken to derisively calling Anaboko Yami. Nevertheless, innocent or guilty, these Gods are watched constantly for any sign of betrayal. Should such a sign appear, retribution would be swift indeed.

Although they are no longer working together, the membership of this Band technically remains:

- Seth, God of Serpents
- Marie Ge-Rouge, Goddess of Unrequited Love
- Slægr, God of Cunning
- Anaboko Yami, God of Darkness
- Santa Muerte, Goddess of Sacrifice
- Victor Phalanx, God of Soldiers





SETH

GOD OF SERPENTS



The Shinsengumi's chief enforcer has proven as slippery as the snakes he emulates, escaping punishment for all crimes committed while working for the Shinsengumi by claiming ignorance of Kane Taoka's true goals and Titan patronage. While some of the Pesedjet doubt Seth's professed innocence in these matters (his father and his nephew chief among them), there exists no actual proof of the God's culpability, and during this time of war, the Egyptian pantheon needs all the warriors it can get. If there is one bright side to this turn of events, it is that Seth the God of Serpents is as ruthless and talented a killer as Seth Farrow the mortal was and has personally slain droves of Aten's spawn in defense of Iteru. Many Gods of the Pesedjet have been convinced by these actions of Seth's innocence, or at least of a change of heart on his part. Harsihar insists Seth is merely being true to his nature, killing whomever it is safe to kill while preserving his own existence.

Unfortunately, the lawman's assessment is, as usual, spot on. Seth is merely biding his time until he hears from Kane or finds a way to safely extricate himself from the front lines and return to the World. He dreams of employing his newfound divinity to carve an earthly kingdom for himself in which he might indulge his natural brutality—and damn the consequences. Meanwhile, he continues to gather as much power and influence as possible.

Calling: Outlaw

Nature: Rogue

Pantheon: Pesedjet

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 6, Stamina 4; Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4; Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 6

Virtues: Conviction 5, Harmony 1, Order 1, Piety 2

Abilities: Athletics 2, Awareness 3, Brawl 3, Command 3, Control (Automobile) 2, Fortitude 2, Integrity 2, Larceny 3, Marksmanship 5, Melee 4, Presence 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Birthrights: Creature 3 (Serpopard), Followers (25 Cultists) 5, Followers (15 Hungry Corpses [Mummies]) 5, Relic (Apep-Headed Canopic Jar) 2, Relic (Was—Animal, Guardian, War) 3, Sanctum 1 (Pleasure Yacht)

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Animal Communication (Snake), Animal Aspect (Snake), Animal Feature (Snake), Animal Form (Snake), Create Animal (Snake), Epic Enhancement (Snake), Heart Scarab, Influence Ba, Morale Failure, Ren Harvest, Ride Animal, Sekem Barrier, Sekem Blaze, Unseen Shield, Vigil Brand, Warrior Ideal (Gunslinger)

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 3 (Crushing Grip, Disfiguring Attack, Divine Wrath), Epic Dexterity 5 (Cat's Grace, Escape Artist, Monkey Climber, Photographic Penmanship, Trick Shooter), Epic Stamina 4 (Holy Fortitude, Regeneration, Self Healing, Skin-Shedding), Epic Charisma 2 (Boys Will Be Boys, Charmer), Epic Manipulation 3 (Instant Hypnosis, Mass Hypnosis, Overt Order), Epic Appearance 3 (Compelling Presence, Dreadful Mien, Serpent's Gaze), Epic Perception 2 (Predatory Focus, Subliminal Warning, Supernal Hunter), Epic Wits 4 (Cobra Reflexes, Instant Assessment, Jack of All Trades, Opening Gambit)

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 9, Damage 5L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 8, Damage 8L, Parry DV 15, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 10, Damage 5L, Parry DV 16, Speed 4

Bowie Knife: Accuracy 11, Damage 7L, Parry DV 16, Speed 4

Peacemaker: Accuracy 13, Damage 5L, Range 20, Speed 5, P

Soak: 4A/9L/11B

Health Levels: -0x13/Incap

Dodge DV: 20 **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Other Notes: Seth's Apep-headed canopic jar contains black sand that may be poured out to whirl into the forms of his hungry mummy enforcers. Killing them merely reverts them to sand, which may be gathered up and replaced in the jar. After the next sunset, any "slain" mummies are restored to potency.

MARIE GE-ROUGE

GODDESS OF UNREQUITED LOVE

SEVEN — ANTAGONISTS



Marie is consumed by regret. She regrets ever getting mixed up with the Shinsengumi. She regrets what she was forced to do to stay alive while working with Taoka and company. Most of all, she regrets squandering whatever chance she might have had to win the heart of Donnie Rhodes. Regret's all she has left, so she's let it define her divinity, becoming the Loa of Unrequited Love and Loss.

Thankfully, the Goddess has actually learned from her experiences. She's now committed to helping others avoid the same temptations she faced and to make better choices than she did as a Scion and a mortal. In so doing, she has become quite a caring and compassionate Loa, as much to her surprise as to others who knew her. She's finished with the Shinsengumi and will actively work against her former Bandmates if necessary. She's just *done*.

Marie still possesses her Voodoo doll, though it is hardly necessary for her at this point. She keeps it, like so many things, to remind herself of what she's done and what it's cost her. She also still has the govi containing the spirit of Marie Laveau, though she's much more likely to heed her ancestor's advice now, despite her new station as a Goddess.

Calling: Femme Fatale

Nature: Caregiver

Pantheon: Loa

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5; Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Virtues: Harmony 3, Order 2, Piety 2, Vengeance 2

Abilities: Academics 2, Art (Painting) 2, Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 2, Command 1, Empathy 4, Fortitude 1, Integrity 3, Investigation 2, Larceny 2, Medicine 2, Melee 1, Occult 3, Politics 3, Presence 4, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Birthrights: Avatar 2, Creature (Taureau-Trois-Graines) 4, Guide (Marie Laveau) 3, Relic (Chicken Claw) 1, Relic (Govi—Death, Prophecy) 4, Relic (Gris-Gris—Guardian, War) 2, Relic (Voodoo Doll—Health, Magic) 2, Sanctum 1 (Plantation House)

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Aegis, Assess Health, Blessing of Bravery, Blessing of Health/Curse of Frailty, Come Running, Confer Knack, Cradlesong, Heal/Infect, Horse, Magic 8, *Met Tet*, *Met Tet's* Claim, Mind-Riding, Petro's Hands, Prophecy 4, Rada's Eyes, Team, Vigil Brand, Waking Zombie, Ward

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Making It Look Easy), Epic Dexterity 1 (Perfect Partner), Epic Stamina 2 (Damage Conversion, Divine Damage Conversion), Epic Charisma 5 (BFF, Blessing of Importance, Charmer, Engender Love, Hapless Cool), Epic Manipulation 4 (Knowing Glance, Rumor Mill, Secondhand Persuasion, Trendsetter), Epic Appearance 5 (Center of Attention, Come Hither, Lasting Impression, My Eyes Are Up Here, Perfect Actor)

Spells: Ariadne's Thread, Birthright Bond, Bona Fortuna, Demand a Labor, Deus Ex Machina, Evil Eye, Fate and Switch, Fateful Connection, Fate Prison, Transform Person, The Unlidded Eye

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 5, Damage 4B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 4, Damage 7B, Parry DV 3, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 6, Damage 4B, Parry DV 4, Speed 4

Soak: 2A/4L/5B

Health Levels: -0x5/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 4 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Other Notes: Marie's chicken claw relic allows her to summon the infamous minor loa Taureau as a miscellaneous action rather than a drawn-out ritual.



SLÆGR

GOD OF CUNNING

SEVEN — ANTAGONISTS





Slægr, as Sly Guiler's now known among the Aesir, lucked out when the whole Shinsengumi thing fell apart. He had the perfect alibi: He was working undercover for his father Loki all along. Loki backed up his son's story completely, even providing evidence of the young God's efforts to keep the Aesir (read: Loki) apprised of Kane Taoka's mad efforts. If only Loki hadn't been trapped in the World by Mikaboshi's blockade, he would have brought the Shinsengumi's perfidy to light before things got so out of hand. Luckily, Thor's Scion and his Band managed to save the day.

While he appreciates his father getting him off the hook, Slægr suspects the Lie Smith was only looking to cover his own ass and that the fact it exonerated his son was only coincidental. He's certain his father knew more than he did for a long time. He suspects Loki was well aware of Kane Taoka plan and what it would mean for the World. In response, Slægr has severed ties with the God and is doing what he can to aid the Gods of Asgard in their struggles with the forces of Muspelheim. Unfortunately, even without the added stigma of being Loki's child and having potentially aided the Titans' effort to snuff out all life in Midgard, Slægr's sort of aid is not the kind appreciated by the guileless Aesir. They prefer to confront their enemies head on, and they consider those who do otherwise craven cowards. Slægr finds himself a brain in a world full of jocks—it's just like high school all over again.

Sly still wields the relic shears his father used to cut off the blond tresses of Sif, as well as a relic rope made from those very locks. These do little to ingratiate him to the Aesir. He also still commands the ulfhednar wolf-warriors his father gifted him with, but he suspects they act as spies for Loki as much as bodyguards for him.

Calling: Con Man

Nature: Trickster

Pantheon: Aesir

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4; Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4; Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Virtues: Courage 2, Endurance 3, Expression 3, Loyalty 1

Abilities: Academics 2, Athletics 1, Awareness 3, Brawl 3, Empathy 3, Fortitude 2, Integrity 2, Investigation 3, Larceny 5, Marksmanship 1, Melee 2, Occult 1, Politics 1, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Birthrights: Avatar 3, Followers (15 Ulfhednar) 5, Guide (Ivaldi) 4, Relic (Shears—Chaos, Fire) 5, Relic (Sif's Locks) 3

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Bestial Endowment, Blazing Weapon, Bolster Fire, Devil Body, Eye of the Storm, Fire Immunity, Fire's Eye, Flame Travel, Hornet's Nest, Heroic Endowment, Human Endowment, Inferno, Paralyzing Confusion, Recurring Distraction, Sabot

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Holy Bound), Epic Dexterity 3 (Escape Artist, Photographic Penmanship, Untouchable Opponent), Epic Stamina 3 (Damage Conversion, Inner Furnace, Solipsistic Well-Being), Epic Charisma 2 (Benefit of the Doubt, Boys Will Be Boys), Epic Manipulation 5 (Advantageous Circumstances, God's Honest, Hard Sell, Instant Hypnosis, Knowing Glance, Overt Order, Takes One to Know One), Epic Appearance 4 (Detail Variation, My Eyes Are Up Here, Tailor Made, Undeniable Resemblance, Unusual Alteration), Epic Intelligence 4 (Cipher, Know-It-All, Language Mastery, Math Genius), Epic Wits 4 (Meditative Focus, Perfect Imposter, Rabbit Reflexes, Social Chameleon)

Join Battle: 7

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 7, Damage 4B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 6, Damage 7B, Parry DV 7, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 8, Damage 4B, Parry DV 8, Speed 4

Shears: Accuracy 8, Damage 7L, Parry DV 8, Speed 4

Soak: 3A/6L/8B

Health Levels: -0x6/Incap

Dodge DV: 11 **Willpower:** 6

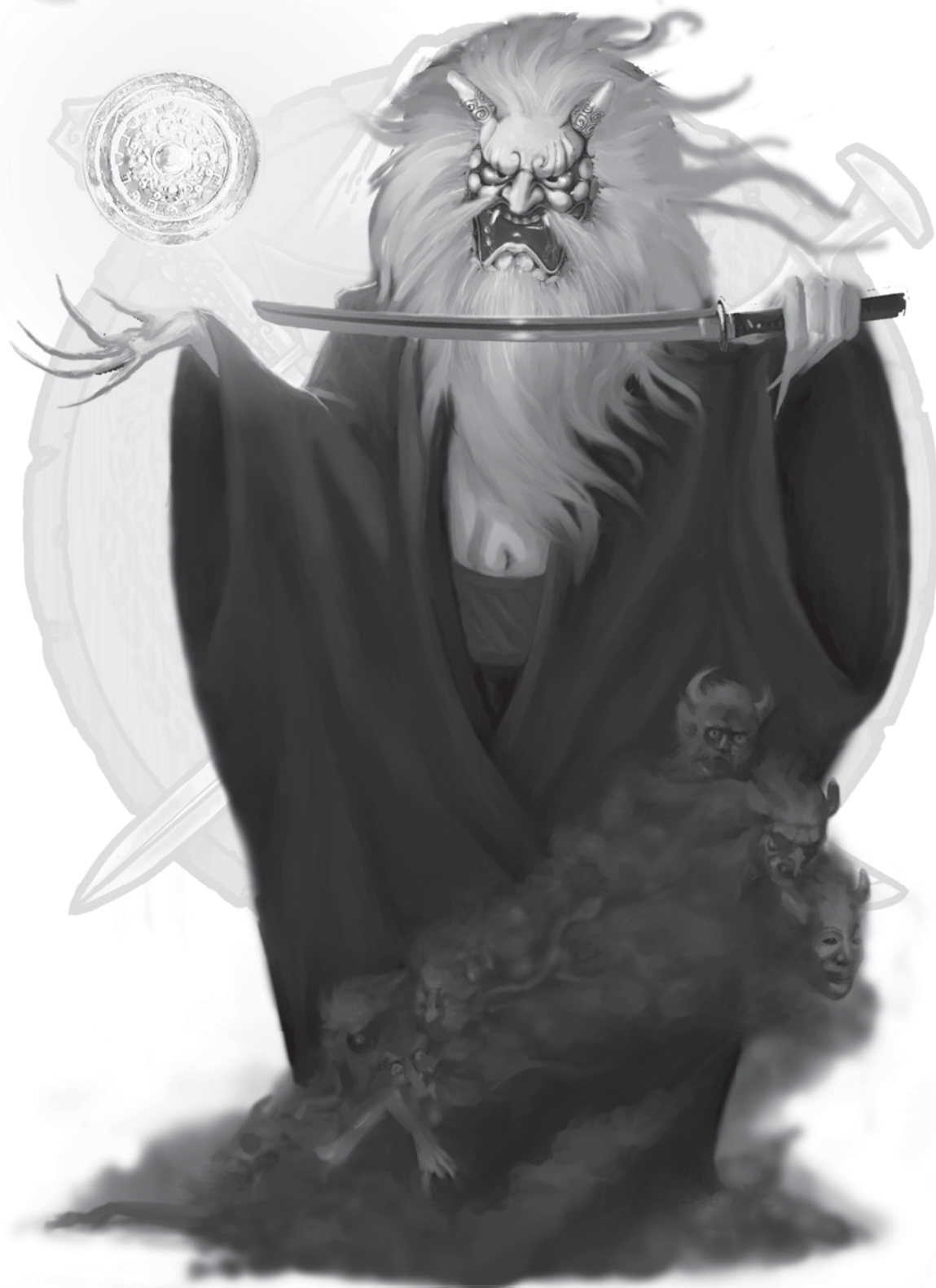
Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Other Notes: Traits for the ulfhednar are located on page 258 of **Scion: Hero**. Sif's Locks is a rope constructed from the braided hair of the Goddess Sif. It may lengthen to whatever length Sly requires it to and is invulnerable to harm save that inflicted by his own shears. Ivaldi, Sly's guide, is a svartalfar leader and longtime ally to Loki. He's being employed as much to keep an eye on Sly as to advise him.

ANABOKO YAMI

BOY OF DARKNESS

SEVEN — ANTAGONISTS



Kane Taoka is no more, his consciousness swallowed by the incarnate darkness that is Mikaboshi. His body now serves as a host for that Titan and possesses all of the avatar's might (see pp. 338-339 for Mikaboshi's traits). The Scion of Amaterasu who turned to the service of the Titans out of spite would seem to be gone forever.

If anyone could survive what Mikaboshi has done and return with his sanity intact to plague the kami of Japan, however, it would be the one the Amatsukami have begun calling Anaboko Yami, the "hollow darkness." Were he to claw his way back from the darkness, he would be even more powerful, having shared his form with the very essence of darkness and drank of its power.

The following traits represent a Kane Taoka returned to his full faculties after Mikaboshi has been exorcised from his physical form.

Calling: Harbinger of the Titans

Nature: Loner

Pantheon: Amatsukami

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 6, Stamina 4; Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2; Perception 4, Intelligence 6, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 2, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Academics 3, Art (Tattooing) 4, Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Command 3, Fortitude 2, Integrity 4, Larceny 2, Melee 3, Occult 3, Presence 5, Stealth 4, Survival 2, Thrown 4

Birthrights: Avatar 4, Creature (Shadow Dragon) 3, Follower (Oni) 5, Followers (15 Shinobi) 5, Follower (Three Tengu) 5, Followers (25 Yakuza Thugs) 5, Guide (Mikaboshi) 5, Relic (The Mask of Mikaboshi) N/A, Relic (Tattoos—Darkness, Sky) 5, Relic (Yata No Kagami—Sun) 5

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: The Abducted Spirit, The Blinded Spirit, Cloud Body, The Dancing Spirit, The Helpful Spirit, The Impressed Spirit, The Industrious Spirit, Night Eyes, Oubliette, Shadow Bodies, Shadow Craft, Shadow Mask, Shadow Shroud, Shadow Step, Shadow Refuge, Strike Blind, The Summoned Spirit, The Wakeful Spirit, The Watchful Spirit, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 3 (Crushing Grip, Disfiguring Attack, Divine Wrath), Epic Dexterity 6 (Cat's Grace, Divine Balance, Ricochet Symphony, Roll With It, Untouchable Opponent, Whirlwind Shield), Epic Stamina 4 (Holy Fortitude, Regeneration, Self-Healing, Solipsistic Well-Being), Epic Charisma 3 (Blessing of Importance, Charmer, Inspirational Figure), Epic Appearance 1 (Dreadful Mien), Epic Perception 1 (Hear Prayers), Epic Intelligence 6 (Blockade of Reason, Fast Learner, Language Mastery, Multitasking, Perfect Memory, Telepathy), Epic Wits 3 (Meditative Focus, Monkey in the Middle, Social Chameleon)

Join Battle: 8

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 5L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 8L, Parry DV 20, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 5L, Parry DV 22, Speed 4

Katana: Accuracy 10, Damage 10L, Parry DV 22, Speed 5

Wakizashi: Accuracy 11, Damage 7L, Parry DV 22, Speed 4

Black Shuriken (10): Accuracy 12, Damage 8L, Range 20, Speed 4, P

Soak: 4A/9L/11B

Health Levels: -0x13/Incap

Dodge DV: 26 **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: Anaboko Yami's shadow dragon is a black dragon tattoo that circles his torso, which may animate and flow off his body to fight, growing in size as it does so. Despite the fact it appears physically to be a Japanese dragon made of pure shadow, its traits are identical to those of a coatl (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 325). Anaboko Yami's tengu and oni followers may be summoned to his location via shadow tattoos of them. When Anaboko Yami activates his Wind's Freedom Boon, the stylized wing tattoos that adorn his shoulders grow to become enormous wings composed of pure shadow. In addition to the Purview access it provides him, the Yata no Kagami allows him to communicate through any mirrored surface within (Legend x 5) miles and to use his Boons through such a surface as if he were there. He may also use the mirror to contact Mikaboshi, the August Star of Heaven, his Titan patron and guide, as long as the star Polaris is visible in the night sky. The powers of the Mask of Mikaboshi are described in detail on pages 314-215. It is likely that Anaboko Yami will lose this relic as Mikaboshi is driven from his body, however.



SANTA MUERTE

GODDESS OF SACRIFICE



C. Wilkins

The Goddess once known as Orlanda Elliot has made a conscious attempt to tie herself to the Mexican legend of the female Santa Muerte, thereby netting herself an active cult of devout worshipers that numbers in the millions. Happy to net the Legend that worship brings for the war effort, the Atzlánti let the young Goddess step into the role without complaint. They have, however, banned the physical modification of her worshipers of which she is so fond, so as not to further alienate the Catholic Church's more mainstream Mexican adherents and hopefully pull in more converts to venerate the Saint.

Although she still misses Kane, she has resigned herself to his loss and has turned all her efforts to serving her pantheon. This change of heart comes partly as a result of finding her sibling Blair Thomas (see **Scion: Demigod**, p. 304), who felt as awkward in the skin of a man as Orlanda Elliot always felt in her own. Now Santa Muerte serves under her one-time foe Itztli Ocelotl in a field hospital treating those Atzlánti warriors injured in the struggle against Ehekatoyaatl.

The Goddess' main weapon remains her relic obsidian dagger. Her Chac Mool now resides in the Atzlánti field hospital. The blood of those heroes and gods too far gone to save now cakes the statue.

Calling: Disturbed Emo Girl

Nature: Penitent

Pantheon: Atzlánti

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6; Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 6; Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Virtues: Conviction 3, Courage 2, Duty 2, Loyalty 3

Abilities: Academics 1, Art (Tattooing) 2, Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 2, Craft (Self) 4, Empathy 3, Fortitude 5, Integrity 3, Larceny 1, Medicine 3, Melee 3, Occult 1, Presence 3, Science (Herbalism) 1, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Thrown 1

Birthrights: Avatar 4, Followers (25 Goth Cultists) 5, Followers (10 Santa Muerte Adherents) 2, Relic (Chac Mool—Sun) 4, Relic (Obsidian Dagger—Fertility, Guardian, Health) 5, Sanctum 1 (Step Pyramid of Living Flesh)

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Accelerate Growth, Bless or Blight, The Burning Heart, Cleanse, Combat Sacrifice, Communal Divinity, Control Aging, Cradlesong, Green Thumb, Heal/Infect, Holy Font/Epidemic, Impossible Hybrid, Maguey Sting, Natural Camouflage, Obsidian Excruciation, Obsidian Mutilation, *Poco a Poco*, Reception of Sacrifice, Restore/Wither, Sacrifice of Will, Verdant Creation

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Crushing Grip), Epic Dexterity 1 (Roll With It), Epic Stamina 6 (Damage Conversion, Divine Damage Conversion, Regeneration, Self-Healing, Skin-Shedding, Solipsistic Well-Being), Epic Appearance 6 (Blinding Visage, Come Hither, Compelling Presence, Inescapable Vision, Lasting Impression, Serpent's Gaze), Epic Perception 1 (Hear Prayers)

Join Battle: 5

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 6, Damage 5L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 5, Damage 8B, Parry DV 3, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 7, Damage 5B, Parry DV 5, Speed 4

Obsidian Dagger: Accuracy 8, Damage 5L, Parry DV 5, Speed 4

Soak: 6A/19L/22B

Health Levels: -0x22/Incap

Dodge DV: 10 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: None



VICTOR PHALANX

GOD OF SOLDIERS



Although he is not as consumed by regret as Marie Ge-Rouge is, Victor is upset at having been played for a fool by the Shinsengumi (and, he suspects, his father). Now, he takes out his frustrations on the enemy, leading sortie after sortie against Gaia's numerous spawn. The lack of effect these raids seem to have just leaves the God feeling more foolish and inconsequential—a belief that Ares feeds in order to keep his son in line. Despite what happened, Victor misses his days with the Shinsengumi. Mistaken though they might have been to follow Taoka, at least it felt like they were making a difference. He would probably strike down Seth or Anaboko Yami on sight, but he'd be willing to hear out or even work with the other members of his Band again if they were to contact him.

Victor Phalanx continues to bear the Armor of Achilles and to wield the great axe Enyalios against the enemies of the Dodekathemon. He commands many units of spartoi and myrmidons, leading them to triumph over the Gods' titanspawn opponents. He fears his efforts will not be enough to forestall the fall of Olympus, though.

Calling: Ultimate Soldier

Nature: Bravo

Pantheon: Dodekathemon

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6; Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 5; Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Virtues: Expression 1, Intellect 2, Valor 3, Vengeance 3

Abilities: Athletics 4, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Command 3, Control 2, Craft (Demolition) 2, Fortitude 3, Integrity 2, Marksmanship 5, Melee 5, Presence 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Birthrights: Avatar 4, Followers (15 Spartoi) 5, Followers (Five Myrmidons) 4, Relic (Dragon's Teeth) 3, Relic (Enyalios) 4, Relic (Armor of Achilles) 2, Relic (Signaculum—War) 1, Sanctum 1 (Villa)

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Arete (Brawl) 4, Arete (Fortitude) 4, Arete (Marksmanship) 4, Arete (Melee) 4, Arete (Survival) 1, Army of One, Battle Cry, Battle Map, Blessing of Ammunition, Blessing of Bravery, Colossus Armor, Morale Failure, Warrior Ideal (Myrmidon)

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 5 (Crushing Grip, Divine Rampage, Holy Rampage, Hurl to the Horizon, Uplifting Might), Epic Dexterity 5 (And the Crowd Goes Wild, Lightning Sprinter, Monkey Climber, Spider Climber, Trick Shooter), Epic Stamina 6 (Body Armor, Damage Conversion, Holy Fortitude, Impenetrable, Regeneration, Self-Healing), Epic Appearance 2 (Center of Attention, Doin' Fine), Epic Wits 3 (Instant Assessment, Opening Gambit, Rabbit Reflexes)

Join Battle: 8

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 6L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 9B, Parry DV 15, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 6B, Parry DV 17, Speed 4

Combat Knife: Accuracy 11, Damage 8L, Parry DV 17, Speed 4

Enyalios: Accuracy 11, Damage 15L, Parry DV 17, Speed 4

Beretta (M9): Accuracy 11, Damage 4L, Range 20, Clip 15, Speed 4, P

FN P90: Accuracy 11, Damage 4L, Range 50, Clip 50, Speed 5, P

M16: Accuracy 10, Damage 6L, Range 150, Clip 30, Speed 5, P

Soak: 6A/23L/24B (Armor of Achilles, +4L/2B)

Health Levels: -0x22/Incap

Dodge DV: 20 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Other Notes: The Armor of Achilles augments the power of the Damage Conversion Knack to reduce damage. It reduces lethal damage from any attack to bashing and bashing to nothing at no cost. What's more, while wearing the armor, Victor may spend two points of Legend to reduce aggravated damage to lethal. Note also that bonus dice from Arete are not included here in Victor's attack traits.



THE TITANS

Although they are the ultimate antagonists of Scion and God alike, the Titans defeat the very idea of “the enemies,” as each of them is quite literally a metaphysical concept given form, sentience and power and then allowed to run amok. Only the eldest and wisest of the Gods even begin to understand the true nature of these elder beings, and even they are loathe to speak of what they know. Words quantify ideas, and some Gods fear that even attempting to explain the Titans to others might affect the Titans in a manner harmful to the Three Worlds.

All that matters as far as Scions are concerned are four simple details. First, each Titan represents a metaphysical concept that maintains the stability of the Three Worlds. Second, while powerful beyond reckoning, each Titan is sympathetically represented by one or more “avatars,” each of which is a person, place or thing existing within itself that does *not* possess access to the Titan’s full unfettered might. Third, if a Titan’s avatar can be identified, located and transported from within the Titan’s realm to New Tartarus, the Titan may be magically bound to the prison, where its fundamental nature will be rendered incapable of change. Finally, actually destroying or killing a Titan will also alter the World in unpredictable but cataclysmic ways. (Killing an avatar is less ruinous, but it’s still not advised.)

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

Each avatar is a unique being with a unique appearance, agenda and array of powers. Ultimately, however, each avatar is simply a discrete facet of the Greater Titan of which it is a component. Accordingly, there are certain commonalities among all avatars since each of them is simply a tool by which the Greater Titan works its will.

Legend Ratings: All Titan avatars have a Legend rating of between 9 and 12. Generally, the dominant avatar will possess a rating of 12 with subsidiary avatars (if any) possessing weaker ratings. There are exceptions, however. The avatars known as Mami Wata and Rán who jointly rule the Titan called the Drowned Road each have Legend ratings of 11 to represent their joint authority. The Titan Soku-no-Kumi’s most powerful avatar—Mikaboshi—has been severely weakened by recent events and has a Legend rating of only 11, with the other avatars reduced even more. The avatar Aten, who is the sole avatar of Akhetaten, is still limited to a Legend rating of 12, because if Aten could rise to a Legend rating of 13, his consciousness would totally supplant that of the larger Titan. Akhetaten’s survival instinct is too strong to allow that.

This might seem to put the avatars at a significant disadvantage when compared to Legend 12 Gods. (In fact, there are some individual titanspawn within the realms whose Legend ratings exceed those of some of the avatars.) Any deficiency in an avatar’s Legend rating, however, is more than made up for by the being’s other powers.

Attributes and Abilities: The physical appearance of an avatar is largely an affectation designed to represent a small portion of the concept embodied by the Greater Titan. Similarly, Titans are effectively omniscient, and while avatars are not permitted to draw such limitless intellect, they do have access to whatever information they require. Mechanically speaking, avatars do not have Attributes and Abilities in the same sense that other beings do. Instead, an avatar has a number of dots in every Attribute and Ability equal to its Legend. Consequently, for any action an avatar takes—*no matter what it is*—the base dice pool is equal to twice the avatar’s Legend rating. An avatar also has a base bashing soak equal to its Legend and a base lethal soak equal to half that, and an avatar’s base Dodge DV is equal to $[(\text{Legend} \times 3)/2]$.

Of course, avatars almost always bring high levels of Epic Attributes to bear no matter what action they undertake.

Epic Attributes: Avatars do not wield power as Scions do. Rather, they *are* power, incalculable power manifested through a sentient physical form. To reflect this, all avatars have an effective rating in *every* Epic Attribute equal to 8 (the threshold of Godhood). But even this power is not the limit of an avatar’s potential. Each avatar is conceived by its Titan sire to manifest some facet of the Titan’s being. Generally, this facet represents one of three intentions: the desire to act, the desire to control or the desire to understand. Put another way, every avatar has a predisposition to either Physical, Social or Mental Epic Attributes. In whichever category the avatar favors, it also possesses all Epic Attributes up through 10 dots, regardless of the avatar’s Legend rating. In addition to astounding Epic Attribute ratings, each avatar also has every Knack for which it meets the requirements. Gods do have an advantage over avatars, though, in that Titan avatars do not possess Ultimate Attributes.

Boons: In addition to high levels of Epic Attributes, all avatars also have commensurate levels of Boons. Except for Purviews that are expressly forbidden to the avatars of a particular Titan (as described under each Titan’s entry), assume that an avatar has every

Boon from every Purview up through the eighth dot. Furthermore, every Titan is associated with a number of Favored Purviews, and every avatar of that Titan can possess the nine- and 10-dot Boons in those associated Purviews.

As a final defense, an avatar can activate the 11-dot power associated with that Purview. Doing so, however, is essentially a method of suicide that carries the benefit of taking the avatar's enemies with it. When the avatar assumes whatever "avatar form" is associated with the 11-dot Boon, the avatar is instantly and permanently subsumed back into the Greater Titan. The 11-dot Boon (The Flood, The Beast, The Void or whatever it is) still takes effect, but the animating intelligence behind the effect is the Greater Titan itself. The Greater Titan is then perfectly aware of the presence of whatever provoked its avatar into such a reckless action just as if a Scion had activated an 11-dot Boon within the Titan realm (see p. 155). Fortunately for the Scions, an avatar will generally activate an 11-dot Boon only when faced with a fate it considers worse than death.

Other Supernatural Powers: In addition to the foregoing benefits, most Titans also have special unique abilities, whether gained through obscure Purviews long forgotten by the Gods or through some incomprehensible twisting of Fate and the laws of nature. Such powers are described under the entry for each avatar. Incidentally, while some avatars carry powerful magical items, as a general rule, a defeated Titan will not yield a trophy. For a wise Scion, coming home alive should be reward enough.

INTO THE FRAY

In order to defeat and imprison a Titan, characters must journey into the realm that represents the totality of the Titan's being. This realm is potentially accessible from several points: the Underworld, certain Touchstones in the World that correspond to the Titan's realm, and the Overworld. In the Overworld, the easiest way to enter a Titan's realm is via a Godrealm that is currently under attack from that Titan. For example, Asgard is currently under siege from Muspelheim, birthplace of all fire giants and Muspel giants. The easiest (but hardly safest) way to enter Muspelheim is to simply journey to Asgard and then leap over the walls into Muspelheim, which now surrounds those walls on all sides. Of course, doing so will land the impetuous Scion into the midst of perhaps hundreds of fire giants, but that's the Aesir mindset for you. Craftier Scions might rely on misdirection or stealth to penetrate the Muspelheim lines instead, avoiding confrontation with enemy forces as long as possible while searching for the Titan's avatar.

Each Titan realm has its own indigenous life forms, virtually all of which are innately hostile to Scions. The inhabitants of each realm are also part of their respective Titan, in much the same way that a person's individual white blood cells are part of that person's body. Many of the titanspawn within a particular realm also draw directly upon their Titan sires' fundamental natures. Mechanically, for each Titan, there is a specific template that can be applied to various creatures within that Titan realm. For example, many creatures found within Akhetaten carry the luminous template. Such creatures appear to be formed of solid light and seem so glorious that weak-willed beings have difficulty even attacking them. Titanspawn found within Muspelheim often gain the infernal template to represent that Titan's mastery over fire. Such beings appear to be forged from perpetually burning coal. Each of these templates is more fully discussed under the headings for their respective Titans. A Titan can imbue any mundane creature with the template associated with that Titan's realm at a cost of 10 Legend.

THE TYPHONIAN TEMPLATE

One template is common to all Titan realms. The typhonian template improves immeasurably over the more common nemean template. While the latter improves normal earthly life forms to make them bigger, tougher and more aggressive, the former dwarfs nemean specimens, creating massive typhonian beasts 100 times the size of their mundane kin or more. In addition to massive size, typhonian beasts also possess Epic Attributes (usually Strength and Stamina) in divine proportions. The typical typhonian beast has Epic Strength and Stamina equal to its (Legend - 1). Since nearly all typhonian beasts have Legend ratings of 10 or higher, each of the monstrosities is a match for even a group of young Gods. Some of the most famous typhonian beasts include great Typhon himself, the hundred-headed dragon of Greek mythology; his mate, Echidna, the Mother of Monsters; Leviathan, the gargantuan fish of Judeo-Christian legend (see pp. 305-307); and the thunderbirds, a breed of typhonian eagles remembered in the legends of many Native American cultures. All Titans can cause a normal or nemean animal to grow to typhonian proportions with the expenditure of 20 Legend points.

ATEN, SOLE AVATAR OF AKHETATEN

Favored Purviews: Animal (Flying Creatures), Fire, Guardian, Justice, Sun

Banned Purviews: Darkness, Water

Akhetaten is the realm-body of the primordial Light that gave birth to the cosmos. While the other Titan-realms contain multiple avatars, Akhetaten has only one: Aten. A glorious and terrifying incarnation of the Sun in its purest form, Aten has eliminated and/or assimilated all of his rival avatars. Not content to destroy his rivals, however, Aten has also successfully eliminated even the slightest hint of resistance from his subordinates. Aten's most powerful servants are supernaturally loyal to him but still free to act on that loyalty as they see fit. His lesser servants are deprived of even that freedom, their entire selves utterly dedicated to serving Aten's will without any thought to the contrary. His ultimate goal is to instill that perfect loyalty in the hearts and minds of every being in existence.

Aten has a base dice pool of 24 for all actions, modified by his Epic Attributes. Aten favors Social Attributes and prefers to defeat his enemies by winning them over to his cause. Aten is further described on pages 158-159.

Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 2, Rapacity 1, Zealotry 5

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Glory, The Sentinel

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Darkness and Water, which are forbidden to him. Aten also has all Boons from the Sun and Guardian Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 24

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 24, Damage 13L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 23, Damage 16L, Parry DV 40, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 25, Damage 13L, Parry DV 42, Speed 4

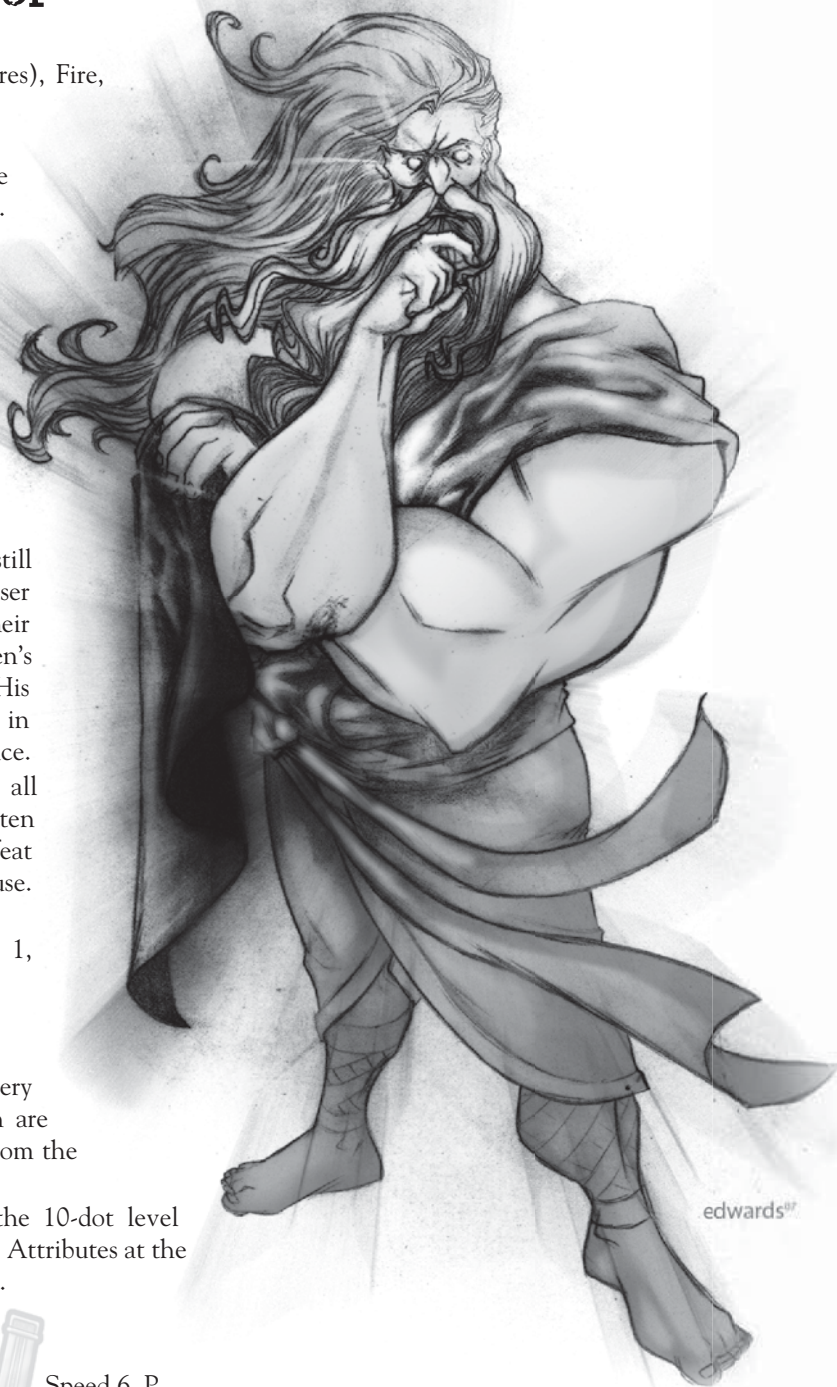
Soak: 8A/35L/41B

Health Levels: -0x40/Incap

Dodge DV: 47 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Other Notes: None



LESSER CREATURES OF AKHETATEN

Despite its unforgiving climate, Akhetaten has abundant life, mainly animals associated with the desert heat: lizards, snakes, scorpions, hawks and vultures. Many of these creatures are nemean specimens (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 312), and some carry the typhonian template (see p. 285). Also, most of Akhetaten's indigenous life carries the luminous template as well (see p. 290).

THE GHOST PHARAOH OF AKHETATEN

Once a corrupted Scion who turned Egypt against the Pesedjet at Aten's command, this debased monarch still serves as Aten's foremost lieutenant. His true name of Amenhotep was obliterated from *The Book of Life*, and only the intervention of Aten's titanspawn servitors saved him from being devoured by Ammit. Instead, his soul was drawn to the Titan realm in which his master dwells. There, he once again became the Pharaoh Akhenaten.

The Pharaoh is quite possibly the most powerful spectre in existence, as he has suckled on Aten's power for over 3,000 years. In addition to all the normal powers associated with spectres, Akhenaten still has access to the Epic Attributes and Boons he possessed in life, a blessing from his Titan master. Also, while within the realm of Akhetaten, the Pharaoh can reflexively manifest or dematerialize at no cost. He also has a host of powerful Birthrights at his disposal.

Quite mad, the Pharaoh has no purpose beyond serving Aten. He is not unintelligent, however, and his loyalty is based mainly on the fact that he is a ghost, and his continued existence and powers are dependent on Aten's largesse. On the other hand, the Pharaoh has had three millennia to reconsider his betrayal of the Pesedjet. If a cunning Scion could persuade the Pharaoh that the Gods of Egypt would make it worth his while, he might well betray Aten just as he did his own sire all those years ago.

The Pharaoh Akhenaten is discussed further on page 159.

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 8, Stamina 7; Charisma 8, Manipulation 7, Appearance 8; Perception 6, Intelligence 9, Wits 8

Virtues: Ambition 4, Malice 3, Rapacity 1, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Academics 5, Animal Ken 3, Art (Hieroglyphics) 3, Athletics 5, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Command 5, Control (Chariot) 3, Craft (Stoneworking) 2, Empathy 5, Fortitude 4, Integrity 5, Investigation 3, Larceny 1, Marksmanship 5, Medicine 1, Melee 5, Occult 4, Politics 5, Presence 5, Science (Engineering) 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Thrown 4

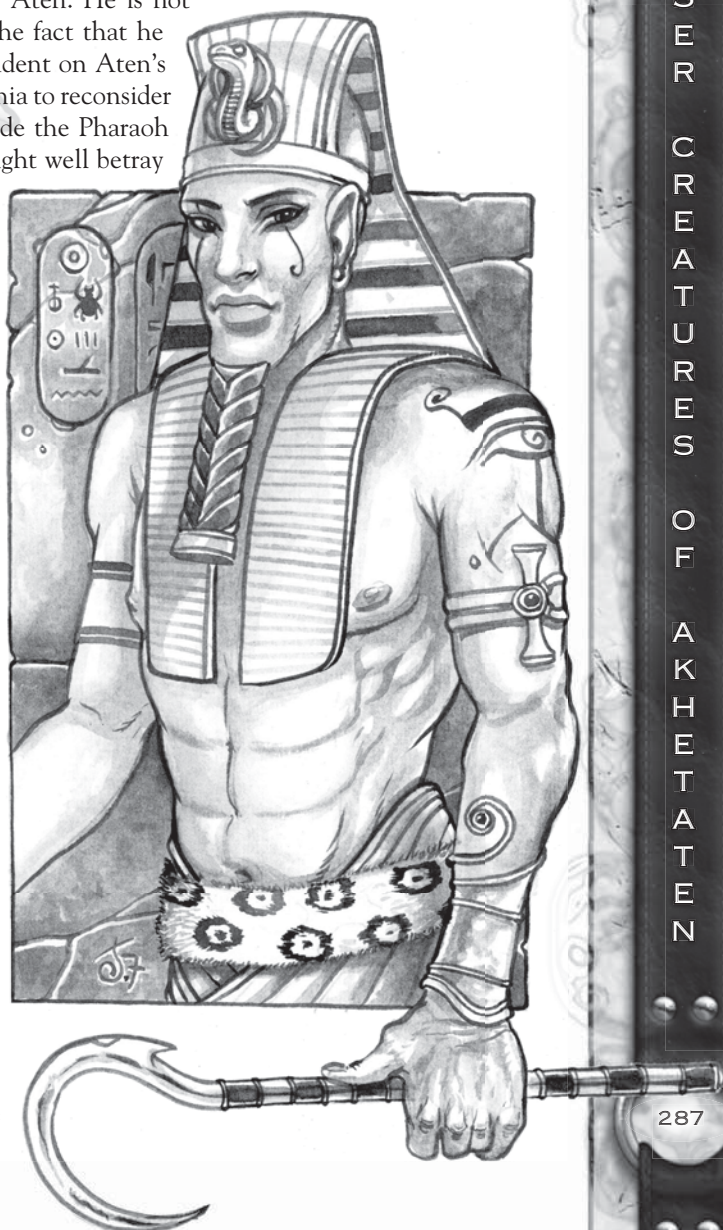
Birthrights: Creature 4/Relic 1 (Lesser Phoenix—"Meryaten"), Followers 5 (20 Mummies), Followers 5 (20 Rasap Warriors), Relic 5 (Khopesh—Sky, Sun, War), Relic 5 (Leopard Skin Armor)

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Awakening the Akh, Battle Cry, Bleach, Blessing of Bravery, Burn, Cloud Sculptor, Divine Radiance, Flare Missile, Heart Scarab, Heavenly Flare, Inexorable Gravity, Influence Ba, Khaibit Trap, Levin Fury, Penetrating Glare, Ren Harvest, Sekem Barrier, Sekem Blaze, Sky's Grace, Solar Prominence, Storm Augmentation, Sun Chariot, Warrior Ideal (Pharaoh), Wind's Freedom, Wind Grapple

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 8 (all Knacks), Epic Dexterity 8 (all Knacks), Epic Stamina 3 (Body Armor, Damage Conversion, Self-Healing), Epic Charisma 8 (all Knacks), Epic Appearance 1 (Blinding Visage)

Luminous Nature: The Pharaoh carries the luminous template (see p. 290).



Spectral Form: The Pharaoh has all the powers of a spectre (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 292) but can manifest at will while within the Titan realm.

Join Battle: 11

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 13, Damage 9L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 12, Damage 12L, Parry DV 35, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 14, Damage 9L, Parry DV 36, Speed 4

Khopesh: Accuracy 15, Damage 13L, Parry DV 37, Speed 5

Bow: Accuracy 14, Damage 11L, Range 30, Speed 5

Soak: 8A/18L/21B (Relic leopard skin armor, +5A/10L/10B)

Health Levels: -0x6/Incap

Dodge DV: 41 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Trophy: The Pharaoh's trophy lies in his potent relics. The Pharaoh's khopesh has the following traits: Accuracy +2, Damage +4L, Defense +3, Speed 5. It also allows access to the Sky, Sun and War Purviews. His leopard skin armor grants significant soak. His bow is a mundane weapon (using a hankyu's traits), though exquisitely crafted.

Other Notes: Akhenaten's mummies each possess heart scarabs (see **Scion: Demigod** pp. 92-93), and his lesser phoenix Meryaten (meaning "Beloved of Aten") is tied to an amulet identical to that often bonded to benu birds (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 324).

THE GREAT CYCLOPS OF AKHETATEN

A gift from Surtr, the Great Cyclops dwarfs lesser cyclopes in both size and power. The guardian of the Forest of Flames stands more than 200 feet tall, with a body of blackened coal and red-hot lava and an eye that strikes forth with the power of Aten himself. The Great Cyclops is effectively indestructible while within the Forest of Flames, but it can be slain (albeit with great difficulty) outside the forest's burning confines.

More information on the Great Cyclops can be found on page 157.

Attributes: Strength 15, Dexterity 6, Stamina 15; Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0; Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 3, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 4

Abilities: Athletics 2, Awareness 1, Brawl 4, Fortitude 4, Integrity 2, Marksmanship 5, Melee 6, Thrown 5

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 9 (all Knacks), Epic Stamina 9 (all Knacks)

Infernal Nature: The Great Cyclops does *not* carry the luminous template common to most of Akhetaten's inhabitants. A gift to Aten from Surtr, the Cyclops carries the infernal template instead (see p. 321).

Light Beam: The Great Cyclops can focus a short-but-intense beam of coherent light (essentially a laser) through his eye. This beam is targeted with a (Wits + Marksmanship) roll and has a lethal damage bonus equal to the Cyclops' Legend. Each firing of the beam costs five Legend points.

Join Battle: 4

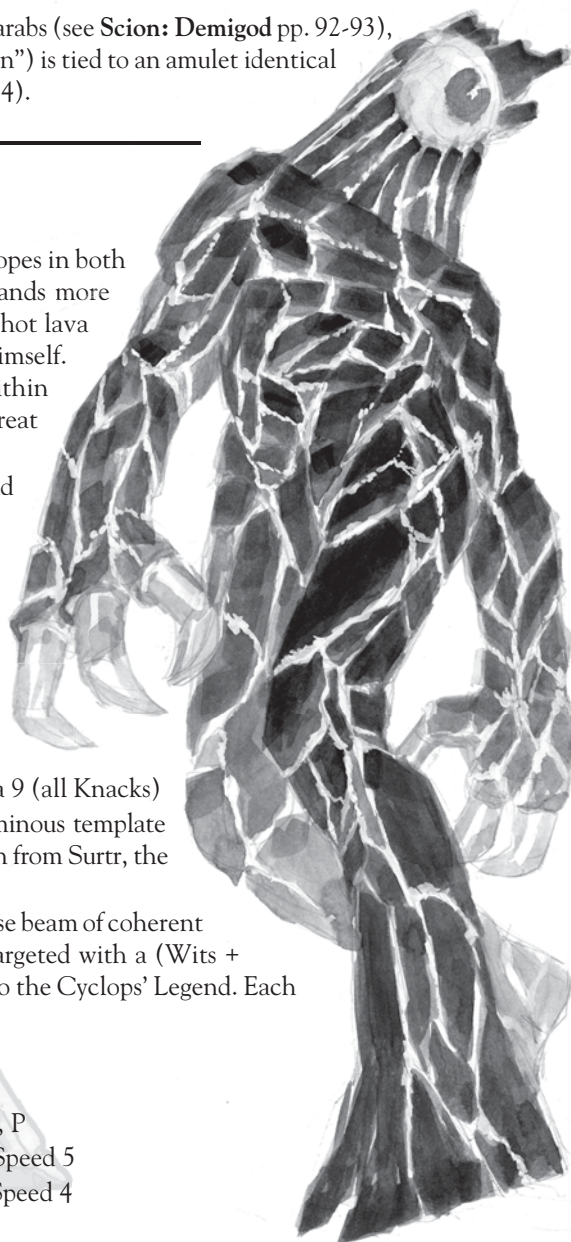
Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 19, Damage 26L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 29L, Parry DV 4, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 26L, Parry DV 6, Speed 4

Light Beam: Accuracy 8, Damage 11L, Range 50, Speed 5



Thrown Boulders: Accuracy 11, Damage 25A, Range (effectively as far as he can see), Speed 6

Soak: 9A/45L/52B

Health Levels: -0x86/Incap

Dodge DV: 19 *Willpower:* 8

Legend: 10 *Legend Points:* 100

Trophy: The trophy of the Great Cyclops is its eye, which is actually the eye of Aten. The eye can serve as a Birthright for the Sun Purview. It also renders its bearer immune to the blinding effects of light no matter how bright, to ignore all illusory effects and to perfectly navigate through Akhetaten.

Other Notes: Because the Cyclops carries the infernal template, it automatically inflicts 10 dice of lethal damage every five ticks on creatures within 10 feet. It also adds an additional 10L dice of damage to all hand-to-hand attacks. (This bonus has been added to the giant's attack traits already.) It is immune to fire-based attacks that are not based on an 11-dot Boon or Attribute, but it is extremely vulnerable to attacks based on the Water or Sky Purviews.

THE GREAT PHOENIX

The legendary Great Phoenix, also known as the Great Roc, is a symbol of death and renewal. The Great Phoenix manifests as a typhonian hawk formed from light and fire. Its wingspan is more than 200 feet, and it is capable of picking up a small car in its massive, flaming talons. The bird is effectively immortal—if slain, its remains will burst into flame and form a new and identical copy of itself in one hour. An appropriate 11-dot Boon might prevent this reincarnation, but doing so could have unpredictable effects on the World, as the Great Phoenix's reincarnation cycle is woven into the fabric of reality. As the saying goes, the best way to fight the Great Phoenix is with your hat—grab it and run.

The Great Phoenix is described more fully on pages 156-157.

Attributes: Strength 12, Dexterity 10, Stamina 12; Charisma 7, Manipulation 6, Appearance 9; Perception 10, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 3, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 4

Abilities: Academics 2, Animal Ken 2, Athletics 5, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Fortitude 3, Integrity 4, Investigation 3, Occult 3, Presence 5, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 4 (Crushing Grip, Knockback Attack, Knockback Wave, Uplifting Might), Epic Dexterity 6 (And the Crowd Goes Wild [does not apply to Flame Strike attacks], Divine Balance, Lightning Flier*, Perfect Partner, Roll With It, Untouchable Opponent), Epic Stamina 5 (Damage Conversion, Inner Furnace, Self-Healing, Solipsistic Well-Being, Devourer)

* Lightning Flier functions exactly like Lightning Sprinter except that it works only while the Great Phoenix is airborne.

Flame Strike: The Great Phoenix can dive bomb a target and pull up at the last second so that the trail of fire that follows in the bird's wake strikes the target. This attack is targeted with the bird's (Dexterity + Athletics), has an Accuracy bonus of +5 and a damage bonus of +10L. This attack is a Speed 6 action.

Flight: The Great Phoenix can fly at speeds of 300 miles per hour outside of combat or at movement rate of 25 yards per tick while in combat. (The Lightning Flier Knack doubles this speed.)

Infernal Nature: The Great Phoenix carries the infernal template (see p. 321).

Luminous Nature: The Great Phoenix carries the luminous template (see p. 290).

Join Battle: 7



Attacks:

Clinch (Talons): Accuracy 17, Damage 23L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 16, Damage 26L, Parry DV 22, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 18, Damage 23L, Parry DV 24, Speed 4

Flame Strike: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6

Soak: 5A/17L/23B

Health Levels: -0x60/Incap

Dodge DV: 29 (15 if grounded) **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Trophy: The main trophy of the Phoenix is the testicle of Aten. The testicle is a symbol of Aten's ever-renewing vitality. The bird keeps the trophy within an egg in its nest. The bearer of the testicle can use it as a Birthright for the Sun Purview. Also, while carrying the testicle on his person, the bearer regains Legend at twice the normal rate.

The feathers of the Great Phoenix also have the properties of those of lesser phoenixes, although far more powerful (see p. 297), adding +25L to damage if used as fletchings in arrows. Unfortunately, the feathers are so large that such arrows can only be used effectively by giant beings. Fortunately, no giants are currently equipped with arrows enhanced with feathers from the Great Phoenix, although Surtr is rumored to possess some.

Other Notes: The Great Phoenix carries both the luminous and infernal templates. It is immune to attacks based on the Fire or Sun Purviews that do not invoke 11-dot effects. The fiery corona that surrounds the Phoenix adds 10L to all attacks (included in its traits) and anyone who comes within 10 feet of it automatically suffers 10L dice of damage every five ticks. This damage is soakable. The talons of the Great Phoenix carry a +3 Accuracy bonus.

THE LUMINOUS TEMPLATE

Most, but not all, of the indigenous life forms of Akhetaten are considered luminous beings—filled with the glorious primal light of Aten, such creatures are too beautiful and radiant for lesser beings to even challenge. The player of an attacking Scion whose Legend rating is less than the targeted creature must roll (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) and get more successes than the target's Legend in order to join battle against that creature. If the initial roll is unsuccessful, the player can roll again every five ticks to see if his character can overcome the effect. After a successful roll, the character can attack that creature freely for the rest of the scene. Characters with Legend ratings equal to or higher than that of the target creature are immune to this effect. As a final defense, all luminous beings can self-destruct, unleashing all their Legend in a fiery explosive burst. This blast has a radius of (Legend x 3) yards and inflicts (Legend x 5) dice of lethal damage on everything and everyone within the blast radius.

A luminous creature is immune to Boons from the Sun Purview deployed by a Scion with a lower Legend rating. Attacks using the Darkness or Water Purviews, however, are considered to have the Piercing quality against such creatures. Intelligent luminous beings are able to turn off their luminous qualities as they wish. Those who appear human often do so to appear as Gods so as to infiltrate their enemies. Aten can confer the luminous quality to any being who has sworn loyalty to him.

THE HANDS OF ATEN

The Hands of Aten represent the dominant titanspawn race within Akhetaten. Manifestations of Aten's will, each of these beings manifests as a being forged of pure light, with multiple sets of wings on its back. Individualized expressions of Aten's desires, the Hands exist only to serve, to defend and, since the advent of the Overworld War, to die for the glory of Aten. Intelligent but devoid of any motivation save perfect loyalty to Aten, the titanspawn have willingly served as suicide bombers during the siege of Iteru, flying as close as they can to their targets and exploding in nuclear fire.

There are several gradations of power among the Hands of Aten. The Christian religion has very thoughtfully devised multiple categories of angelic beings to denote their status in the divine order. Accordingly, Thoth, the God of Knowledge and Sorcery, has attempted to classify the Hands of Aten using nomenclature derived from Judeo-Christian angelology. To an extent, Thoth's working was successful—by identifying Aten's shock troops as cherubim, angels, archangels and seraphim, the Pesedjet has enforced a hierarchy on them in defiance of Aten's will. (To name a thing, after all, is to have power over it.) This hierarchy also assures that a titanspawn of a particular station cannot become a focus for more of Aten's power than that station would permit, so the Pesedjet

can focus its attention on the higher-ranking Hands and leave the weaker ones for its Scion heroes and demigods. Although Thoth's classification system is derived from Judeo-Christian sources, Thoth does not strictly follow the standard hierarchy of those religions. For example, the term "angel" usually denotes the lowest rank of heavenly messengers according to Christianity, but Thoth uses the term "cherub" to describe Aten's weakest servitors.

Every Hand of Aten possesses the luminous template. The angelic ranks described by Thoth are as follows:

CHERUB

Cherubim are the weakest of Aten's warriors. In this, Thoth has diverged significantly from traditional angelology, as it considers cherubim second only to the seraphim in divine status. Thoth, however, noticed that Western culture has long depicted cherubim as chubby, winged infant males, most notably in the works of Raphael and various painters of church frescoes. Taking advantage of this popular artistic interpretation, Thoth has successfully affixed this definition onto roughly a third of the Hands of Aten. These cherubim lack a distinct humanoid form and generally manifest as flitting globes of bright light from one to three feet in diameter, although they can manifest arms or tendrils in order to lift small objects. Cherubim can fly at great speeds and can unleash both blinding flares and coherent beam attacks not unlike lasers. A cherub's typical Legend rating is 5, and all are generally easy pickings for a God. They are not harmless, though. Even the weakest cherub retains the power to explode at will, inflicting grave damage on anyone within range.

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4; Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 1, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Academics 2, Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Brawl 2, Empathy 3, Fortitude 4, Integrity 4, Investigation 2, Marksmanship 5, Occult 2, Politics 2, Presence 3

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: A cherub has Epic Strength, Epic Stamina and Epic Appearance equal to its (Legend rating - 2). Cherubim do not generally possess Knacks, however.

Flare: A cherub can unleash a flash of blinding light. Anyone who fails a reflexive (Wits + Awareness) roll to shut her eyes or look away will be blinded for a number of actions equal to the cherub's Legend rating.

Flight: All cherubs can fly at speeds of 75 miles per hour outside of combat or at movement rate of five yards per tick while in combat.

Light Beam: A cherub can fire a beam of coherent light (essentially a laser) that burns with intense heat. This beam is targeted with a (Wits + Marksmanship) roll and has a lethal damage bonus equal to the cherub's Legend.

Luminous Nature: All cherubs carry the luminous template (see p. 290).

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 6, Damage 6B, Parry DV 3, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 8, Damage 3B, Parry DV 4, Speed 4

Light Beam: Accuracy 8, Damage 6L, Range 20, Speed 6

Soak: 3A/6L/8B

Health Levels: -0x6/Incap

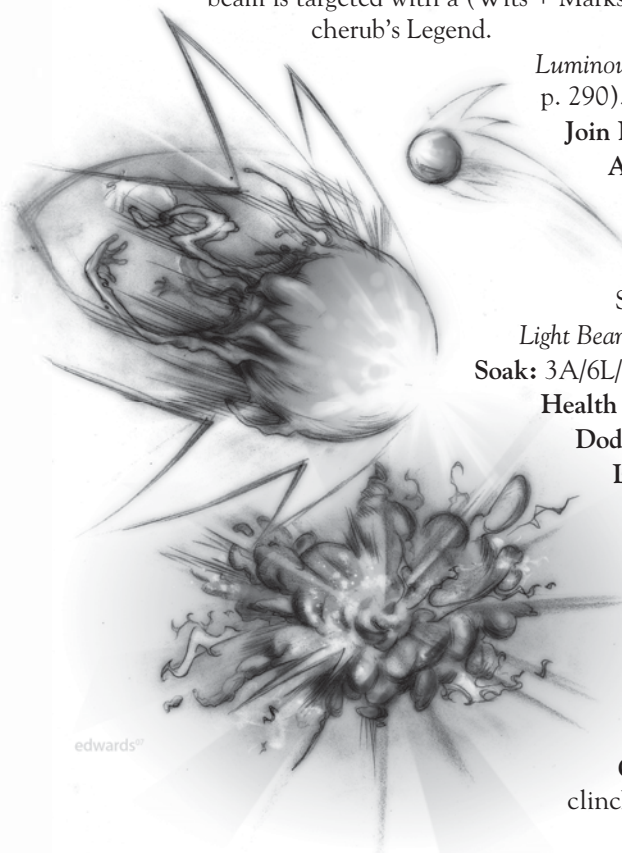
Dodge DV: 7

Willpower: 7

Legend: 5 **Legend Points:** 25

Trophy: The trophy of a cherub is a small tablet of salt that, if eaten, renders the Scion immune to the harsh desert environment of Akhetaten for 24 hours. If taken in the World, the tablet allows the Scion to resist the more conventional but still punishing environment of earthly deserts for up to a week. While the effects last, the Scion will be immune to heatstroke, dehydration, sunburn and the blinding effects of the desert sun.

Other Notes: Lacking limbs, cherubim do not possess a clinch attack.



ANGEL

Angels are the most common of Aten's foot soldiers. They typically appear as luminescent, winged humans, with powers and characteristics identical to cherubim. Angels are considered more dangerous than cherubim, however, because they alone among the Hands of Aten have the ability to "dim" their natural luminescence and conceal their wings, allowing the titanspawn to pass as lesser immortals and get closer to the targets of their suicidal attacks.

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5; Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5; Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 1, Rapacity 1, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Academics 2, Art (Singing) 4, Athletics 3, Awareness 4, Brawl 4, Command 3, Empathy 3, Fortitude 4, Integrity 4, Investigation 3, Marksmanship 5, Medicine 1, Melee 3, Occult 3, Politics 3, Presence 4, Thrown 2

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: An angel has Epic Strength, Epic Stamina and Epic Appearance equal to its (Legend rating - 2). Angels do not generally possess Knacks, however.

Flare: An angel can unleash a flash of blinding light. Anyone who fails a reflexive (Wits + Awareness) roll to shut their eyes or look away will be blinded for a number of minutes equal to the angel's Legend rating.

Flight: All angels can fly at speeds of 150 miles per hour outside of combat or at movement rate of 10 yards per tick while in combat.

Light Beam: An angel can fire a beam of coherent light (essentially a laser) that burns with intense heat. This beam is targeted with a (Wits + Marksmanship) roll and has a lethal damage bonus equal to the angel's Legend. Unlike cherubim, who are limited to a single beam, an angel can fire light beams out of each hand simultaneously. Such attacks follow all the normal rules of making two attacks simultaneously.

Luminous Nature: All angels carry the luminous template (see p. 290).

Join Battle: 7

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 9, Damage 6B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 8, Damage 9B, Parry DV 4, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 10, Damage 6B, Parry DV 5, Speed 4

Light Beam: Accuracy 8, Damage 8L, Range 20, Speed 6

Soak: 5A/14L/16B

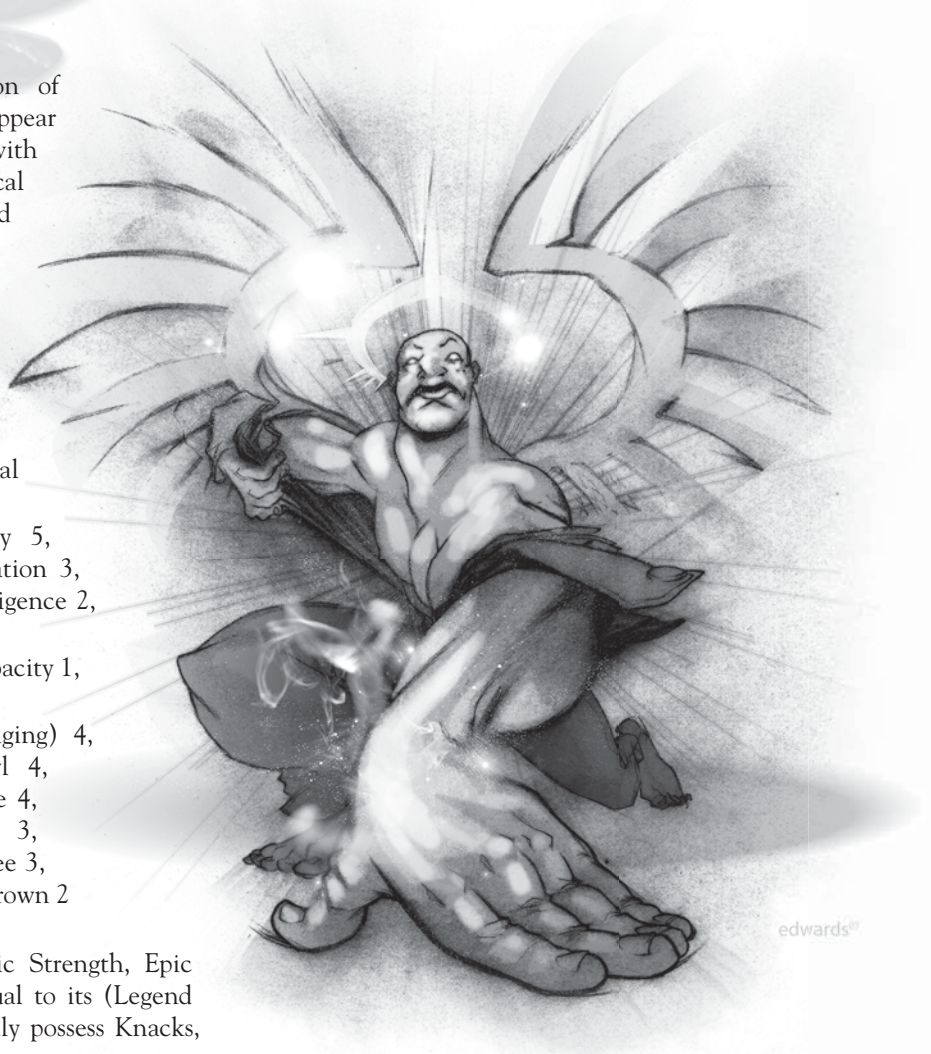
Health Levels: -0x17/Incap

Dodge DV: 8 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 7 **Legend Points:** 49

Trophy: The trophy of an angel is the same as that of a cherub except that the duration of the protection is three days in Akhetaten and a month in the World.

Other Notes: None



ARCHANGEL

Archangels are far more powerful than cherubim or angels. They typically appear as large adults of either gender, fashioned from pure light. All archangels have a set of powerful wings, and most are armed with some kind of melee weapon, most commonly a sword of light. Such weapons are merely extensions of the archangel's body. As such, regardless of the type of weapon that manifests, it has an Accuracy, (lethal) Damage and Defense bonus equal to the archangel's Legend rating. As a practical matter, this means that all archangels simply add their Legend ratings to attack and damage rolls. Archangels also possess the flare and beam attacks common to cherubim, and their "suicide bomber" attacks are far more potent. Archangels can reach Legend ratings of up to 8, and usually have the maximum Epic Attributes allowed by their Legend ratings. Roughly 20 percent of the Hands of Aten are archangels.

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 7, Stamina 8; Charisma 6, Manipulation 6, Appearance 7; Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Virtues: Ambition 4, Malice 2, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 1, Art (Singing) 4, Athletics 4, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 5, Empathy 4, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 4, Marksmanship 5, Melee 5, Occult 4, Politics 4, Presence 5, Thrown 3

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: An archangel has Epic Strength, Epic Stamina and Epic Appearance equal to (its Legend rating - 1). Archangels do not generally possess Knacks, however.

Flare: An archangel can unleash a flash of blinding light. Anyone who fails a reflexive (Wits + Awareness) roll to shut their eyes or look away will be blinded for a number of hours equal to the archangel's Legend rating.

Flight: All archangels can fly at speeds of 300 miles per hour outside of combat or at movement rate of 25 yards per tick while in combat.

Light Beam: An archangel can fire a beam of coherent light (essentially a laser) that burns with intense heat. This beam is targeted with a (Wits + Marksmanship) roll and has a lethal damage bonus equal to the archangel's Legend.

Light Sword: An archangel can manifest a sword or similar melee weapon out of pure light. Regardless of the weapon's nature, its Accuracy, Damage and Defense bonuses are equal to the archangel's Legend. The weapon's Speed is 4.

Luminous Nature: All archangel's carry the luminous template (see p. 290).

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 12, Damage 9B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P



Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 11, Damage 12B, Parry DV 5, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 13, Damage 9B, Parry DV 7, Speed 4

Light Sword: Accuracy 20, Damage 17L, Parry DV 10, Speed 4

Light Beam: Accuracy 9, Damage 9L, Range 50, Speed 5

Soak: 7A/26L/30B

Health Levels: -0x28/Incap

Dodge DV: 10 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 8 **Legend Points:** 64

Trophy: The trophy of an archangel is the same as that of an angel except that the duration of the tablet is 10 days in Akhetaten and one year in the World.

Other Notes: None

SERAPH

Seraphim represent the most powerful and deadly of Aten's warrior-servants. Each seraph manifests as a humanoid figure with two sets of wings and usually the head of some kind of animal. A seraph typically stands between 15 and 30 feet tall. Like archangels, each seraph is armed with some kind of melee weapon made of light. This weapon carries all the bonuses and benefits of the weapons carried by archangels *except* that the weapon of a seraph inflicts aggravated damage. Seraphim also possess all the light-based powers of their lesser kin. A seraph's blast attack is enormous, however, with a blast radius big enough to take out an entire city block. Seraphim have been known to achieve Legend ratings of 11, and some Gods suspect they might reach as high as 12 but that Aten is holding the most powerful seraph in reserve for some elaborate attack plan. Mercifully rare, only about 10 percent of the Hands are seraphim.

Attributes: Strength 10, Dexterity 9, Stamina 9; Charisma 8, Manipulation 8, Appearance 8; Perception 6, Intelligence 5, Wits 6



Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 1, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Academics 4, Animal Ken 3, Art (Singing) 5, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 5, Empathy 5, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 5, Marksmanship 5, Melee 5, Occult 5, Politics 5, Presence 5, Thrown 5

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: A seraph has Epic Strength, Epic Stamina and Epic Appearance equal to (its Legend – 1). A seraph also has all the appropriate Knacks for which it meets the prerequisites.

Flare: A seraph can unleash a flash of blinding light. Anyone who fails a reflexive (Wits + Awareness) roll to shut their eyes or look away will be blinded for a number of days equal to the seraph's Legend rating.

Flight: All seraphim can fly at speeds of 600 miles per hour outside of combat or at movement rate of 50 yards per tick while in combat.

Light Beam: A seraph can fire a beam of coherent light (essentially a laser) that burns with intense heat. This beam is targeted with a (Wits + Marksmanship) roll and has a damage bonus equal to the seraph's Legend. The light beam of a seraph inflicts *aggravated* damage.

Light Sword: A seraph can manifest a sword or similar melee weapon out of pure light. Regardless of the weapon's nature, its Accuracy, Damage and Defense values are equal to the seraph's Legend. The weapon's Speed is 3.

Luminous Nature: All seraph's carry the luminous template (see p. 290).

Join Battle: 11

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 14, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 13, Damage 14L, Parry DV 6, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 15, Damage 11L, Parry DV 8, Speed 4

Light Sword: Accuracy 25, Damage 22A, Parry DV 13, Speed 3

Light Beam: Accuracy 11, Damage 12A, Range 50, Speed 5

Soak: 10A/51L/55B

Health Levels: -0x52/Incap

Dodge DV: 13 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Trophy: The trophy of a seraph is a small salt tablet that allows the one who eats it to survive the deserts of Akhetaten for one month. If taken in the World, the pill will confer permanent immunity to the environmental conditions endemic to earthly deserts.

Other Notes: None

THE ICE JACKAL

Perhaps the deadliest hazard in all Akhetaten save for Aten himself, the ice jackal is typhonian jackal forged of the purest ice. Four hundred feet from snout to tail, the jackal also bears the luminous qualities endemic to most of Akhetaten's inhabitants. Against the blinding snowfield of its hunting grounds, the jackal is almost invisible at rest, but it is a terrifying beast when moved to action. Filled with the divine light of Aten itself, the jackal has a Legend rating of 11 and a host of Epic Attributes and Boons. Unless the Scions are Gods themselves (and at the peak of their development as well), they would be wise to employ stealth rather than raw force.

More information on the ice jackal can be found on page 156.

Attributes: Strength 12, Dexterity 15, Stamina 12; Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3; Perception 8, Intelligence 6, Wits 6

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



Abilities: Animal Ken 4, Athletics 5, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Fortitude 5, Integrity 4, Investigation 5, Presence 4, Stealth 5, Survival 5

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 7 (All Knacks appropriate to a four-legged creature), Epic Dexterity 8 (All Knacks appropriate to a four-legged creature), Epic Stamina 6 (All Knacks)

Luminous Nature: The ice jackal carries the luminous template (see p. 292).

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 19, Damage 16L, Parry DV 38, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 21, Damage 13L, Parry DV 40, Speed 4

Soak: 6A/22L/28B

Health Levels: -0x26/Incap

Dodge DV: 44 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Trophy: The trophy of the ice jackal is the tip of Aten's finger. The fingertip acts as a Birthright relic for the Sun Purview. It also allows its bearer to ignore all effects of the luminous template (except for being caught in a luminous creature's self-destruction), allowing the bearer to attack luminous creatures freely. By spending a point of Legend, the bearer can even grant herself the benefits of being luminous for once scene.

Other Notes: None

LESSER PHOENIX

The Great Phoenix is a terrifying and implacable foe, and his offspring are no pushovers either. Over the millennia, the Great Phoenix (which can impregnate itself at will) has laid thousands of eggs and birthed just as many lesser phoenixes. Each lesser phoenix manifests as a smaller version of its parent: a luminous nemean hawk with a wingspan of

about 20 feet. Lesser phoenixes regenerate just like their parent but take a full day to be reborn. Being relatively unintelligent predators, they do not fixate on specific Scion targets as the Great Phoenix does.

Attributes: Strength 6, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5; Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 6; Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 2, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 4

Abilities: Academics 1, Animal Ken 1, Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 3, Fortitude 3, Integrity 3, Investigation 2, Presence 4

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Uplifting Might), Epic Dexterity 3 (And the Crowd Goes Wild [does not apply to Flame Strike attacks], Divine Balance, Untouchable Opponent), Epic Stamina 3 (Damage Conversion, Inner Furnace, Devourer)

Flame Strike: As per the attack of the Great Phoenix (see p. 289) except that the Accuracy bonus is only +3 and the Damage bonus is only +5L.

Flight: Lesser phoenixes can fly at speeds of 100 miles per hour outside of combat or at movement rate of 10 yards per tick while in combat.

Infernal Nature: Each lesser phoenix carries the infernal template (see p. 321).

Luminous Nature: Each lesser phoenix carries the luminous template (see p. 290).

Battle: 7



Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 7, Damage 15L, Parry DV 7, Speed 5
Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 9, Damage 12L, Parry DV 9, Speed 4
Flame Strike: Accuracy 13, Damage 6L, Parry DV —, Speed 6
Soak: 3A/7L/9B

Health Levels: -0x10/Incap

Dodge DV: 12 (8 if grounded) **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 5 **Legend Points:** 25

Trophy: The trophy of a lesser phoenix lies in its feathers, which, in the hands of someone capable of forging relics, can be used as fletching in specially designed arrows. If a Scion spends a point of Legend as he fires an arrow with a phoenix feather at the end of its shaft, the arrow will explode upon hitting its target, adding 10L damage to the attack.

Other Notes: The lesser phoenix carries both the luminous and infernal templates. It is immune to attacks based on the Fire or Sun Purviews made by those of lower Legend. The fiery corona that surrounds the lesser phoenix adds five additional dice of lethal damage to all of its attacks (which has been added to the attack traits), and anyone who comes within five feet of it automatically takes five dice of lethal damage every five ticks. This damage is soakable.

RASAP WARRIOR

The most human-seeming of all Aten's servants, the rasap are warriors forged of pure light. Relatively weak individually, the rasap are dangerous to Scions mainly because of their military tactics, their numbers and their luminous natures. Like all luminous beings, each rasap is capable of exploding in a ball of fiery energy upon death.

The rasap are described more fully on page 159.

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma3, Manipulation2, Appearance3; Perception2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 2, Rapacity 1, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Athletics2, Awareness2, Brawl3, Command1, Empathy 2, Fortitude 1, Integrity 3, Investigation 2, Larceny 1, Marksmanship 4, Medicine 2, Melee 5, Occult 1, Politics 1, Presence 2, Survival 4, Thrown 3

Supernatural Powers:

Luminous Nature: Each rasap carries the luminous template (see p. 290).

Join Battle: 5

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 6, Damage 4B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P
Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 5, Damage 7B, Parry DV 2, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 7, Damage 4B, Parry DV 4, Speed 4

Spear: Accuracy 7, Damage 9A, Parry DV 3, Speed 6

Bow: Accuracy 8, Damage 6A, Range 30, Speed 5

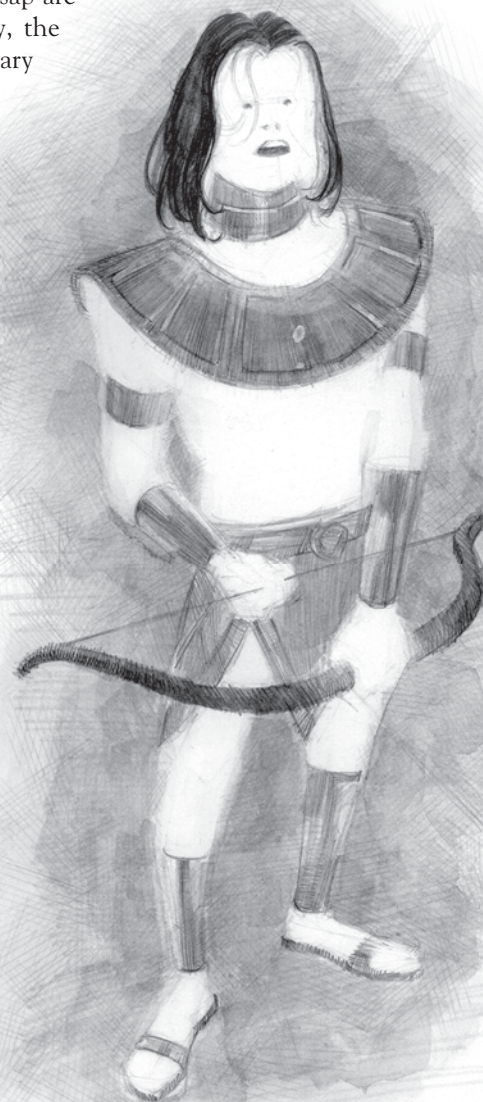
Soak: 2A/8L/12B (Armor of Aten, +2A/6L/9B)

Health Levels: -0/-1/-1/-2/-2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 4 **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 2 **Legend Points:** 4

Trophy: The trophy of a rasap lies in his weapons and his armor, which are useless to a Scion unless she has the ability to assume a luminous template. A Scion with at least four Boons from the Sun Purview,



however, can “fake” the luminous template sufficiently to use these items as long as the Scion is also carrying the Birthright relic associated with that Purview. The weapons and armor cannot be used as Birthright items.

Other Notes: Every rasap is armed with a bow that has the traits of a normal hankyu and a spear with the traits of a kontos (see **Scion: Hero**, pp. 203 and 202, respectively) except that they inflict aggravated damage against beings without the luminous template. They inflict normal damage against beings with the luminous template and inflict aggravated damage only when wielded by someone with that template. The armor of Aten is enchanted leather armor that can be worn only by a luminous being.

AVATARS OF THE DROWNED ROAD

Favored Purviews: Animal (Aquatic Animals), Darkness, Magic, Moon, Water

Banned Purviews: Earth, Fire

The Drowned Road is one of many names for the Titan realm of Water, the manifestation of the oceans themselves. The sobriquet is the result of Mami Wata’s current status as the preeminent avatar within the Greater Titan. Her dominance is not nearly so absolute as that of Aten, but Mami Wata’s delicate alliance of convenience with Rán blocks all efforts to assert control by her three rivals, Cipactli, Nu and Tethys.

Almost every creature within this realm is either a nemean or a typhonian beast. They have to be—no normal animal less than a sperm whale could possibly survive the crushing pressures of Mami Wata’s domain. Even those creatures not enhanced in size, such as the zombies in the Gallery of Corpses, are totally immune to the water pressure and completely able to perceive and function normally in the preternatural darkness of the Drowned Road’s depths.

CIPACTLI

A true terror of the deep, Cipactli takes the form of a gargantuan sea monster with the head and front legs of a crocodile and the tail of a fish. The avatar is about 250 feet long from snout to tail. In addition to her enormous crocodile’s mouth (which is capable of swallowing a man whole without difficulty), Cipactli has an additional mouth on each of her joints. Cipactli represents the sea as devourer, which consumes those who enter it without the skill to survive its environment. The least intelligent of the Drowned Road’s avatars, Cipactli makes up for her animalistic nature with a predator’s low cunning.

Cipactli has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. She favors Physical Attributes and prefers to brutally tear her enemies to pieces. More information on Cipactli can be found on page 163.

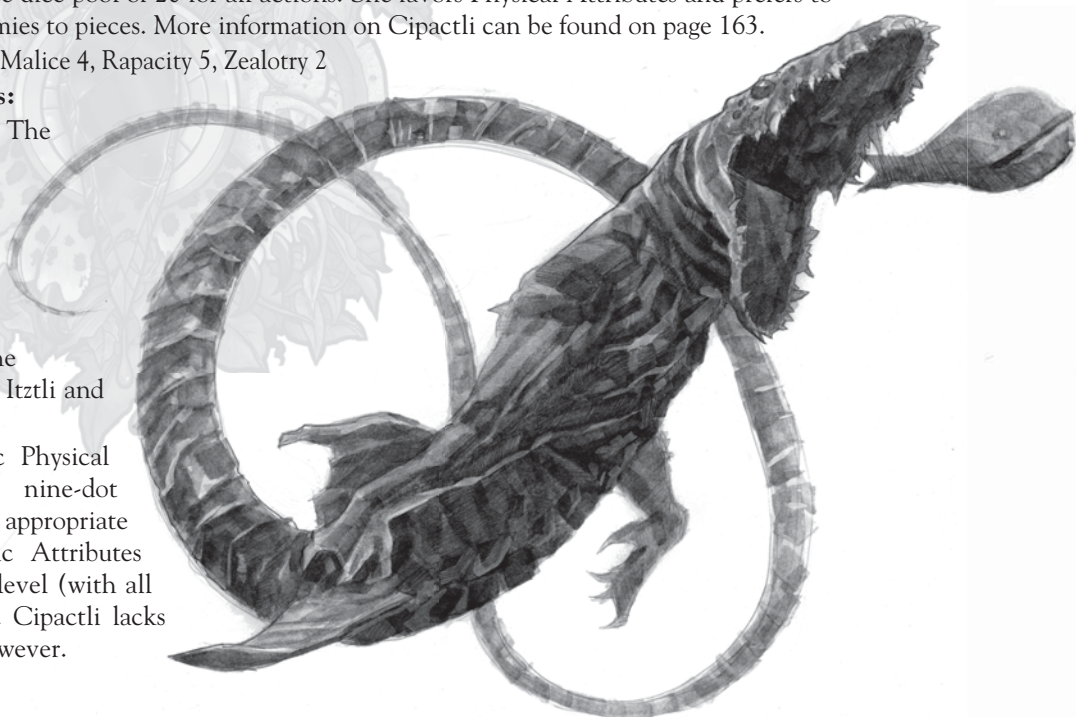
Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 4, Rapacity 5, Zealotry 2

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The Flood

Boons: Every one-to eight-dot Boon from every Purview except Earth and Fire. Cipactli also has all Boons from the Animal (Crocodile), Itztli and Water Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the nine-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). Other Epic Attributes are at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). Cipactli lacks Epic Intelligence, however.



Tough Hide: Cipactli's hide could be the toughest thing in the Three Worlds. Her hide confers a soak bonus of +25A/50L/100B and has an all-purpose Hardness of 50. Some Scions have theorized that the best way to fight her is to let oneself be swallowed and attack from the inside. There have been no volunteers to test this strategy.

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 17L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 46, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 48, Speed 4

Soak: 34A/92L/147B (Tough Hide, +25A/50L/100B; Hardness 50)

Health Levels: -0x46/Incap

Dodge DV: 52 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: Cipactli's clinch attack inflicts +6L damage due to the fact that so much of her body is covered with extra mouths replete with sharp teeth.

MAMI WATA

A beauty to match Erzulie, Aphrodite or Freya, Mami Wata is the dominant avatar of the Drowned Road, although her status is largely dependent on her alliance with fellow avatar Rán. For all her power over her domain, Mami Wata relies chiefly on her incredible Epic Appearance, which she uses to seduce males and females alike into her service. The avatar most commonly manifests as a female with the lower body of a fish, a snake or an eel, or occasionally an octopus.

Mami Wata has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions.

Mami Wata favors Social Attributes and prefers to defeat her enemies through seduction and guile. More information on Mami Wata can be found on pages 162-163.

Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 3, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 2

Supernatural Powers:

Aquatic Telepathy: Although Mami Wata's rating in the Animal Purview is limited to eight dots, she has the power to command all fish and other natural aquatic life forms found in this Titan-realm. She can perceive and even communicate through any such sea life within a range of 100 miles from her location.

Avatars: The Abyss, The Flood

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview except Earth and Fire, which are forbidden to her. Mami Wata also has all Boons from the Cheval, Darkness and Water Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

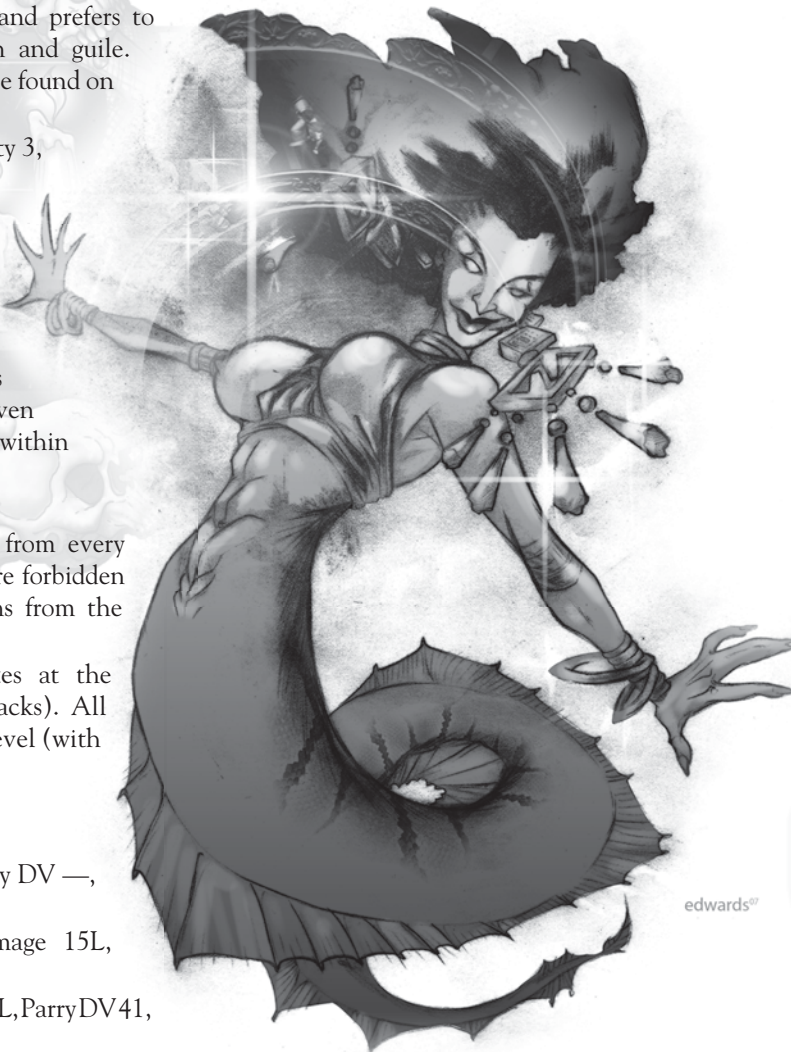
Join Battle: 22

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 22, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 21, Damage 15L, Parry DV 39, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 23, Damage 12L, Parry DV 41, Speed 4



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Soak: 8A/35L/40B
Health Levels: -0x39/Incap
Dodge DV: 46 **Willpower:** 8
Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121
Other Notes: None

NU

The most reclusive and patient of the avatars of the Drowned Road, Nu keeps its own counsel and waits for the opportunity to strike, whether at its enemies in Ville au Camp or at its rival avatars. A hermaphroditic shapeshifter, Nu can appear as a shapely female with the head of a snake, a frog-headed man, or simply as a frog of monstrous size. Its goals are perhaps the most simplistic of all the avatars of the Drowned Road—it wants to inundate the World and transform everything into crystal-pure water, unsullied by the messy, chaotic residue of living creatures.

Nu has a base dice pool of 18 for all actions. It favors Physical Attributes and prefers to crush its enemies by sneak attacks before drowning them. More information on Nu can be found on page 163.

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 4, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 4

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The Flood

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Earth and Fire, which are forbidden to it. Nu also has all Boons from the Animal (Frog), Heku and Water Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 18

Attacks:

Clinch (Humanoid Form): Accuracy 18, Damage 10L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 17, Damage 13L, Parry DV 54, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 19, Damage 10L, Parry DV 56, Speed 4

Tongue Strike (Giant Frog Form): Accuracy 23, Damage —, Parry DV —, Speed 6

Soak: 10A/51L/55B

Health Levels: -0x54/Incap

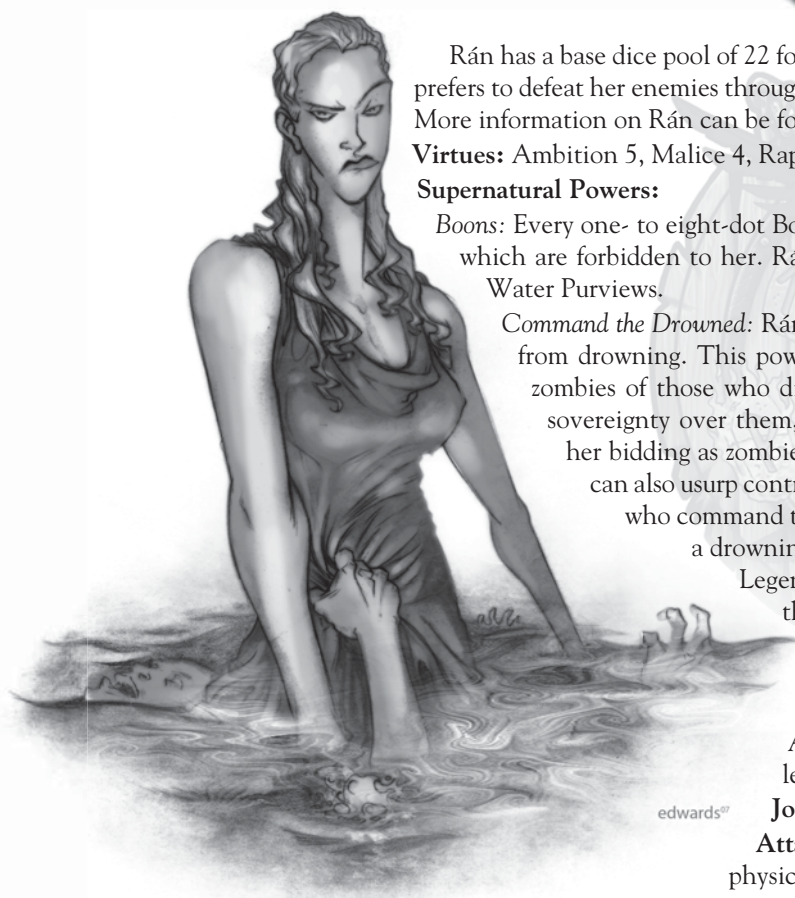
Dodge DV: 60 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Other Notes: In its giant frog form, Nu can simply ensnare victims with its long tongue and snatch them into its mouth. This attack has an Accuracy bonus of +5, but inflicts no damage other than pulling the target into Nu's mouth if the target's player fails an opposed Strength roll. A being swallowed by Nu inflicts five dice of aggravated damage every five ticks due to exposure to stomach acid.

RÁN

Although not quite so beautiful as Mami Wata, Rán also manifests as an incredibly attractive woman, though with pale Nordic features. She favors diaphanous gowns that shimmer in the waters of the Drowned Road. Rán holds dominion over all victims of drowning, but she favors drowned men, especially good-looking ones. In the end, however, she is not picky. Her goal is to drown every living thing in the World, so that every such being is bound to become her servant. Her alliance with Mami Wata will last only as long as it takes to defeat all their joint enemies. When the Drowned Road covers all the World, it is inevitable that Rán's slaves will outnumber Mami Wata's. Only then will Rán make her move for supremacy.



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Rán has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions. She favors Social Attributes and prefers to defeat her enemies through a mixture of seduction and brutal treachery. More information on Rán can be found on pages 163-164.

Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 4, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 1

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Earth and Fire, which are forbidden to her. Rán also has all Boons from the Darkness and Water Purviews.

Command the Drowned: Rán has absolute command over those who died from drowning. This power requires no Legend cost. The ghosts and zombies of those who died from drowning instantly recognize Rán's sovereignty over them, and the corpses of drowning victims rise at her bidding as zombies without any special magic on her part. She can also usurp control over the zombie slaves of Scions and others who command the dead as long as the zombie was raised from a drowning victim, but only if the other necromancer's Legend rating is less than her own. Rán *despises* those who have the power to overrule her commands to her drowned lovers.

Epic Attributes: Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 22

Attacks: None. Rán never engages in crude physical attacks. She relies instead on her magical powers and her thousands of zombie lovers.

Health Levels: -0x39/Incap

Dodge DV: 46 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Other Notes: None

TETHYS

Once, like her rivals Mami Wata and Rán, Tethys was a great beauty. Unlike them, however, her appearance has faded over the millennia. It is difficult to maintain one's good looks in the face of overweening homicidal rage. Tethys typically manifests as a giantess with Greek features, standing more than 50 feet tall. Her features are those of a woman who could be quite beautiful, but not while her hair is filled with clumps of seaweed and her face is bloated and pale. Although Mami Wata and Rán together can contain her rage, Tethys is unquestionably the most dangerous of the avatars of the Drowned Road. While all of the avatars have influence over the concept of drowning, only Tethys represents the inevitability of that fate for everyone lost beneath the ocean's waves. This aspect of the avatar is reflected in her unique power. Tethys can negate any natural or supernatural protection against drowning that is not reinforced by an 11-dot Boon or Ultimate Attribute. If she wishes, Tethys can cause fish to drown by moving air past their gills too fast for them to



draw oxygen. For that matter, she can “drown” a creature that *doesn’t even breathe* by forcing water down its throat and exploding its lungs or stomach.

Tethys has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. Tethys favors Mental Attributes and prefers to simply drown her enemies, carefully studying them to find out how best to defeat their protection before striking. More information on Tethys can be found on page 164.

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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Flood

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Earth and Fire, which are forbidden to her. Tethys also has all Boons from the Water Purview.

Epic Attributes: Epic Mental Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Tethys’ Curse: By spending 10 Legend points, Tethys can negate any natural or unnatural resistance or immunity to drowning not derived from an 11-dot Boon or Ultimate Attribute. This power affects everyone within her line of sight (which is pretty far with Epic Perception 10).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 38, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 40, Speed 4

Soak: 8A/34L/39B

Health Levels: -0x38/Incap

Dodge DV: 44 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: None

LESSER CREATURES OF THE DROWNED ROAD

In addition to the avatars of the Drowned Road, this realm is home to a variety of unusual and deadly aquatic life forms.

AHUIZOTL

The ahuiizotl are vicious little monsters spawned by Cipactli. These malefic creatures are occasionally found in the World, but most of them swim in the waters of the Drowned Road in the company of their sire. An ahuiizotl has the basic body structure of a small dog, but its paws and hindquarters are those of a monkey. Perhaps most disturbingly, the ahuiizotl has a long, prehensile tail with a fully functional human hand at the end. Ahuiizotl are highly carnivorous and prefer the flesh of human beings. Although they are no match for Gods individually, they make excellent scouts and spies, especially in the murky waters of the Drowned Road where their slick black fur makes them almost invisible (five bonus dice to Stealth rolls). They represent a far greater danger to younger Scions, whom the ahuiizotl swarm like simian piranhas.

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 3, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Animal Ken 2, Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 3, Fortitude 3, Integrity 1, Investigation 2, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Dexterity 2 (Lightning Swimmer*, Untouchable Opponent)

* Lightning Swimmer functions exactly like Lightning Sprinter except that it works only while the ahuiizotl is swimming.

Join Battle: 5



Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 6, Damage 3B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P
Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 5, Damage 6L, Parry DV
4, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 7, Damage 3L, Parry DV
6, Speed 4

Soak: 1L/2B

Health Levels: -0/-1x2/-2x2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 5 Willpower: 5

Legend: 4 Legend Points: 16

Trophy: Almost beneath notice to any Scion above the hero level, the trophy of ahuizotl lies in its tail-hand. If dried and cured, the hand withers into a small “monkey’s paw.” Once per day, the Scion can spend a point of Legend and ask the hand the direction of either some place the Scion has been before (but which he currently cannot find) or some object that once belonged to him. The hand will quiver slightly then point one finger in the direction the Scion must go.

Other Notes: None

THE CAPTAIN OF THE HENRIETTA MARIE

The Captain of the slave ship *Henrietta Marie* has no name, or at least none that he can remember. Even the name of the ship is new. Before the ship was called the *Henrietta Marie*, it was called the *Flying Dutchman*, and other names before that dating back to when Phoenicia ruled the seas. Not so much a sailing ship as a floating concept, the *Henrietta Marie* represents every ship whose captain fell from grace with the sea and was condemned to roam it for eternity in search of a port that could not be found.

If drawn into conversation, the Captain might say that once, long ago, he was a man. He was not always a slaver. As Mami Wata became one with the Drowned Road, his blackened soul responded to her dreams and desires, just as his form and the appearance of his vessel responded to the horrors of the Transatlantic slave trade. He seems to recall once being a mortal pirate. Then Mami Wata touched him, and his skin turned green and his fingers transformed into tentacles. As years turned into centuries, whatever humanity he had slipped away, and he became a monster of the blackest depths.

THE PISCEAN TEMPLATE

Just as most of Akhetaten’s creatures are fashioned of light to reflect Aten’s glory, many beasts who swim the Drowned Road are designed by their creators to resist the crushing depths of the ocean. Every creature that Scions are likely to encounter here is immune to oceanic pressure and to drowning (save at the hand of Tethys). Many of these creatures are further protected by the blessing of the Titan itself. Such beasts, referred to as piscine creatures, possess a preternatural toughness that far exceeds that of their mundane counterparts. A piscine beast doubles its Stamina for purposes of calculating soak, and it soaks lethal damage (but not aggravated damage) with its doubled bashing soak. Furthermore, if the beast has Epic Stamina, that Epic Attribute is treated as if it were one dot higher for the purposes of calculating bashing and lethal soak. This benefit cannot be used to give the beast the benefits of Ultimate Stamina.

Finally, piscine beasts are immune to any Boons from the Water Purview deployed by someone with a lower Legend rating. Attacks using the Earth or Fire Purviews, however, are considered to have the Piercing quality against piscine beasts.

When encountered onboard the *Henrietta Marie*, the Captain appears to be a gigantic squid more than 75 feet long, but whose eyes remain remarkably human (albeit huge). The Captain is intelligent, conversational and physically very powerful, with access to several Epic Attributes and Boons. He also has the ability to summon a seemingly infinite number of zombies from the hold of his ship (in fact, he can summon a zombie for everyone who ever died from drowning in the ocean). The Captain does not remember when a great sea serpent began berthing in his hold, but he is grateful for the company. The serpent is the only other member of the *Henrietta Marie*'s crew capable of intelligent conversation, and the Captain has taken to referring to it as his "first mate."

Whatever goals the Captain once had, they are now subsumed into his obsession with the slave trade. Just as Mami Wata's rule is informed by the dreams of thousands of slaves who died on route to their masters' plantations, so are the Captain's dreams twisted by Mami Wata's desires to enslave all who live. A cunning Scion aware of this obsession can manipulate the Captain by playing the role of a potential buyer. To the Captain, however, anyone not a buyer is a potential slave to be seized and condemned to the *Henrietta Marie*'s hold.

Further information the Captain can be found on page 161.

Attributes: Strength 20, Dexterity 12, Stamina 20; Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1; Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 3, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 1

Abilities: Academics 1, Animal Ken 1, Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Command 5, Control (Sailing Vessel) 5, Fortitude 4, Integrity 3, Larceny 5, Melee 5, Occult 5, Politics 3, Presence 2, Thrown 3

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 5 (all Knacks appropriate for a squid), Epic Dexterity 5 (all Knacks appropriate for a squid), Epic Stamina 5 (all Knacks appropriate for a squid)

Piscean Nature: The Captain possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Tentacular Ommidexterity: The Captain can make 10 independent attacks in a single Attack action, one with each tentacle.

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Clinch (Tentacle): Accuracy 17, Damage 21L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 16, Damage 24L, Parry DV 19, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Tentacle): Accuracy 18, Damage 21L, Parry DV 20, Speed 4

Soak: 5A/56L/56B

Health Levels: -0x29/Incap

Dodge DV: 23 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 7 **Legend Points:** 49

Trophy: The Captain's trophy is awarded by the *Henrietta Marie*. The ship does not speak, but all those nearby can sense what it wishes to communicate. Every Scion who participated in the Captain's demise is granted one ghost slave... whether they want one or not. The ship also demands that the Scions select one of the ship's slaves to become the new Captain. To those ends, it allows the Band to enter the Captain's quarters (which the current Captain has been too big to get into for centuries) and review the ship's manifest. Exactly who is on this boat is

up to the Storyteller—the ghosts of dead enemies or fallen allies, famous (or infamous) historical figures, innocent people who were shanghaied on their way to Heaven, et cetera. Once the Scions have selected their slaves and appointed a new Captain (who immediately develops aquatic features), the ship heads off into the mist.

Other Notes: None

DUNKLEOSTEUS

During the late Devonian period (from about 360 to 415 million years ago), the dunkleosteus was perhaps the World's most dangerous predator. Armor-plated and stretching up to 30 feet in length, the dunkleosteus was carnivorous. In place of teeth, the fish had two pairs of razor-sharp plates that formed a beak that could tear flesh and crush bones with ease. In the World, dunkleosteus vanished during the Late Devonian Extinction. In the Overworld, nothing is lost forever.

In the black depths of the Drowned Road, great schools of these vicious predators still swim. Many of them are scared with deep bite marks cutting into their armor—when prey is elusive, the fish turn on each other in a cannibalistic fury. Few things in the Drowned Road can prey on a dunkleosteus other than one of its kin... or a larger relative. In addition to the great schools of these predators, Cipactli and Mami Wata have both given their blessings to certain exceptional specimens. More than two dozen nemean dunkleostei roam the waters of the Drowned Road, each more than 150 feet long and each with an armored hide tougher than Sherman tank. Even more frightening, one of these beasts is a typhonian. The ancient myths of Sumeria and of the Talmud call him Leviathan, and stretching more than 500 feet in length, the name suits him.

These traits are those of the standard dunkleosteus:

Attributes: Strength 15, Dexterity 8, Stamina 15; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 2

Virtues: Mundane dunkleostei are unintelligent and have no Virtues.

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

Piscean Nature: The dunkleosteus possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 5

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 15, Damage 19L, Parry DV —, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 17, Damage 16L, Parry DV —, Speed 4

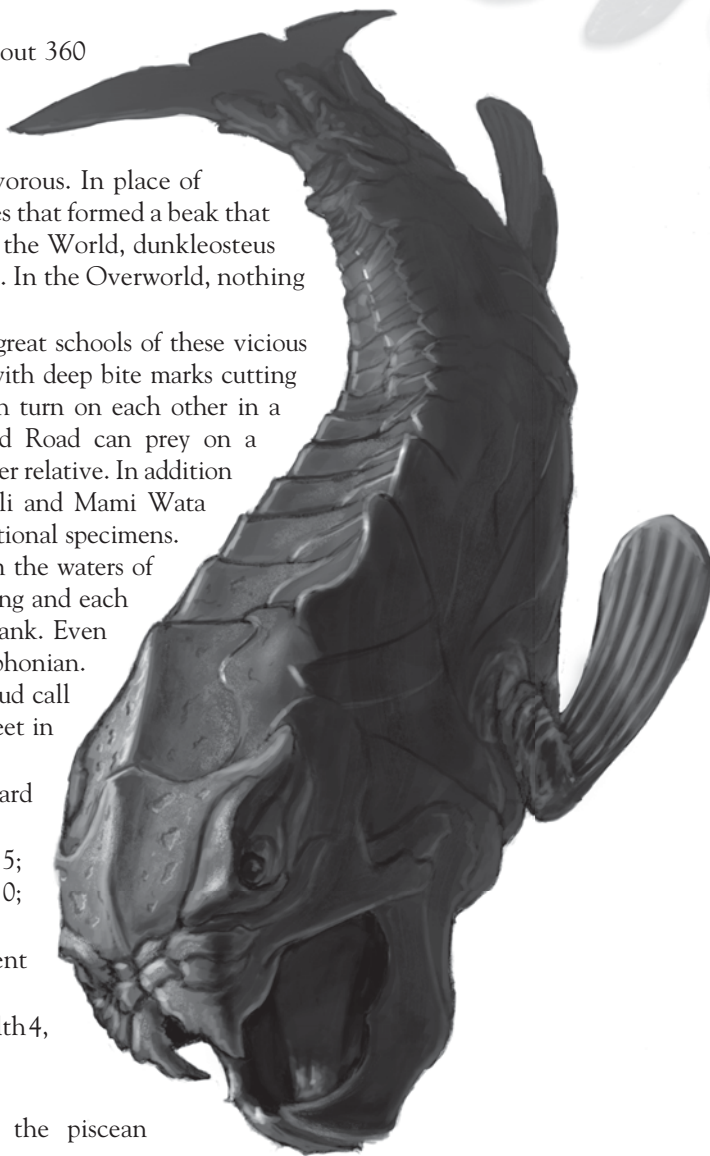
Soak: 30L/30B

Health Levels: -0x2/-1x4/-2x4/-4x2/Incap

Dodge DV: 8 **Willpower:** 3

Legend: 3 **Legend Points:** 9

Trophy: The common dunkleosteus has no trophy. Like so many inhabitants of the Drowned Road, it is not truly a magical creature but simply a prehistoric fish that swam here from the primeval oceans that connected to this realm long before the rise of humanity.



Other Notes: The bite of the dunkleosteus inflicts lethal damage and has a +3 Accuracy bonus. Like most fish, dunkleosteus has no effective means of parrying any attack, and with its prodigious soak, it has little need to. The same goes for its larger kin.

These traits are those of a nemean dunkleosteus:

Attributes: Strength 30, Dexterity 16, Stamina 30; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 2, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 1

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 4, Epic Stamina 4. Nemean dunkleostei do not generally possess Knacks.

Piscean Nature: The nemean dunkleosteus possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 23, Damage 34L, Parry DV —, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 25, Damage 31L, Parry DV —, Speed 4

Soak: 4A/71L/71B

Health Levels: -0x22/Incap

Dodge DV: 14 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 6 **Legend Points:** 36

Trophy: The nemean dunkleosteus does present a trophy to anyone brave enough to claim it. Deep inside the great fish's mouth lies a six-inch piece of pure quartz. In the hands of a skilled smith, this razor-sharp crystal can be mounted onto a spear or similar weapon. Such a weapon will typically have prodigious traits and usually serve as a Birthright relic for the Animal (Fish) or Water Purviews. Regardless of what type of relic is created, treat the Birthright as if it were one dot higher than it normally would be (to a maximum of 5).

Other Notes: The bite of the nemean dunkleosteus has a +3 Accuracy bonus.

These traits represent Leviathan:

Attributes: Strength 60, Dexterity 20, Stamina 60; Charisma 5, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 3, Rapacity 5, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Presence 5, Survival 5

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 10, Epic Stamina 10. Fortunately, Leviathan lacks Knacks.

Immortality: See "Trophy."

Piscean Nature: Leviathan possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 7

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 27, Damage 64L, Parry DV —, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 29, Damage 61L, Parry DV —, Speed 4

Soak: 10A/166L/166B

Health Levels: -0x99/Incap

Dodge DV: 21 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Trophy: Rather unique for a titanspawn, the trophy a Scion gets for slaying Leviathan is... Leviathan. The great beast cannot permanently die, and finding a way to permanently kill it is a good way to endanger all life in the World's oceans. A Scion can kill it temporarily, however. It will come back to life in about five minutes and then, pursuant to some mysterious geas that was placed on it before the Dawn of Man, it will offer its services to the Scion who killed it for a year and a day.

If the Scion accepts, Leviathan will open its cavernous mouth and swallow the Scion and her companions whole. Rather than go to a grisly, digested fate, the Band will surprisingly find itself on dry land (sort of), as there is a fairly large and well-appointed palace just inside Leviathan's mouth. From inside the palace, the Scions can rest and recuperate, as well as direct Leviathan to wherever they wish to go. The palace has no weapons or useful relics, but it seems to have an infinite supply of food and drink, fresh clothing, and even simple entertainments. While inside Leviathan, Scions are invisible to other titanspawn. Leviathan will not

fight against the Titans or their minions on the Scions' behalf, nor will it leave the Drowned Road, but it can take them anywhere within the Titan-realm fairly quickly and without drawing the attention of the avatars. At the end of its time of servitude, Leviathan will unceremoniously spit any remaining occupants out and swim away. It can be enslaved again for the same time period, but only if the Scions can once again repeat the legendary feat of slaying it. And Leviathan learns from its mistakes.

Other Notes: None

THE LUSCA

The Lusca is a typhonian chimera from Caribbean legends. A terrifying beast, the Lusca—there is mercifully only one—combines the body of a megalodon (a massive prehistoric shark) with the tentacles of a giant octopus. True megalodons still swim the waters of the Drowned Road, with bodies stretching up to 50 feet in length. Such beasts are guppies compared to the Lusca, however. The Lusca stretches over 300 feet long. Its mouth is more than 40 feet wide, with a dozen rows of razor-sharp, foot-long teeth. Sprouting from the Lusca's midsection are eight writhing tentacles, each more than 75 feet long and each capable of crushing a submarine in its grasp.

The Lusca tends to hunt in the areas near Cipactli. The crocodile-avatar birthed the Lusca and weaned it on her dark ichor until it reached its present size. It is the only creature of the Drowned Road that Cipactli will permit to hunt in her territories, although even this great monstrosity is wise enough to avoid getting between Cipactli and her own prey.

Attributes: Strength 40, Dexterity 30, Stamina 40; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 10, Intelligence 2, Wits 6

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 4, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Fortitude 5, Integrity 3, Survival 5

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 5 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Dexterity 5 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Stamina 5 (all appropriate Knacks)

Octopodal Omidexterity: The Lusca can make eight independent attacks simultaneously (and with the full dice pool) on a single Attack action, one with each of its tentacles. Its preferred fighting strategy is to keep trying to grab the toughest opponent until it has seized her in a tentacle and then, on its next action, bite her in half while her DV is neutralized by the grapple.

Piscean Nature: The Lusca possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 10

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 35, Damage 41L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 37, Damage 46L, Parry DV —, Speed 5, P

Unarmed, Light (Tentacle): Accuracy 36, Damage 41L, Parry DV 29, Speed 4

Soak: 5A/96L/96B



Health Levels: -0x39/Incap

Dodge DV: 32 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 6 **Legend Points:** 36

Trophy: The trophy of the Lusca is in its gullet. When the great beast first appeared in the World centuries ago, it assaulted an Aztec coastal village and somehow managed to reach far enough inland to seize the village's Chac Mool (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 163) in its tentacles. The Lusca dragged the great stone idol into the sea and swallowed it, and it has been lodged in the Lusca's throat ever since. The traits of the Chac Mool are identical to the one described in **Scion: Hero** except that this one *triples* the Legend reward provided by Itzli Boons instead of merely doubling it. The problem, of course, is carting a four-ton stone idol around the Drowned Road without letting it go and losing it in the bottomless depths of this realm, let alone getting the monolith out into the World again.

Other Notes: None

MEGALODON

Extinct in the World for over 1.6 million years, the megalodon was a prehistoric shark stretching up over 50 feet in length and weighing more than 30 tons. Schools of megalodons still swim the waters of the Drowned Road, as do a handful of nemean megalodons that are over five times the size of their mundane kin.

These traits represent a single "normal" megalodon. Such megalodons typically travel in packs of five to 10.

Attributes: Strength 15, Dexterity 15, Stamina 15; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1; Perception 6, Intelligence 1, Wits 5

Virtues: Megalodons are unintelligent predatory animals with no Virtues.

Abilities: Athletics 4, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 3, Epic Stamina 3. Megalodon typically lack Knacks.

Piscean Nature: The megalodon possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 8

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 21, Damage 19L, Parry DV —, Speed 5, P

Soak: 3A/37L/37B

Health Levels: -0x19/Incap

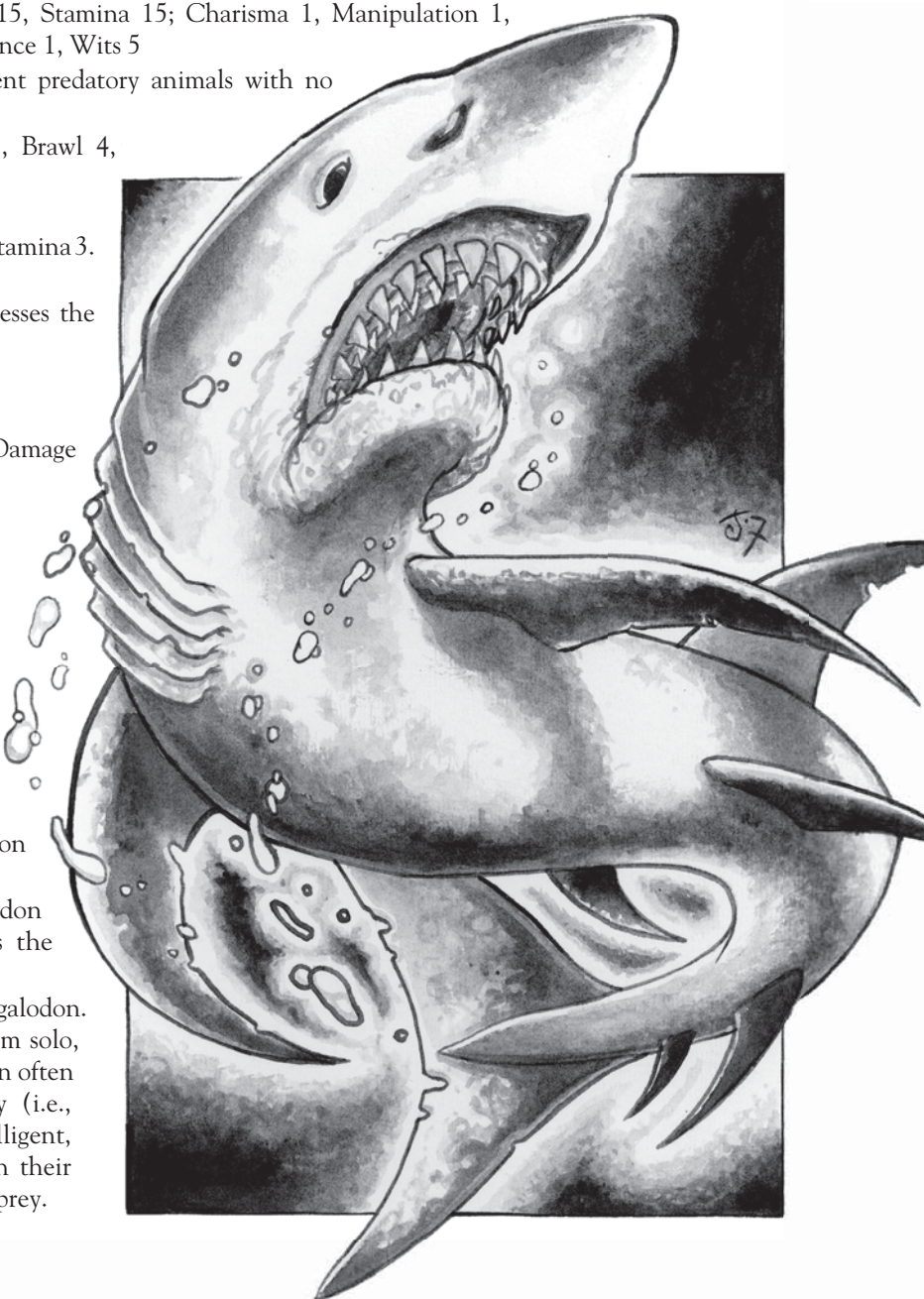
Dodge DV: 12 **Willpower:** 3

Legend: 4 **Legend Points:** 16

Trophy: Megalodons, while rare and unusual, are not magical creatures and have no trophy. At the Storyteller's discretion, Scions might find something interesting when they cut one open, however—such as the relics of the last Scion devoured by the shark.

Other Notes: The bite of a megalodon has a +3 Accuracy bonus and has the Piercing quality.

These traits represent a nemean megalodon. Such gargantuan beasts generally swim solo, but the spilled blood of one megalodon often attracts any others who are nearby (i.e., within a few miles). Moderately intelligent, nemean megalodons like to toy with their prey before feasting, especially Scion prey.





Attributes: Strength 25, Dexterity 15, Stamina 25; Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1; Perception 8, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 4, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 1

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Fortitude 5, Integrity 4, Presence 5, Survival 4

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 7, Epic Stamina 7. Like the lesser breed, nemean megalodons typically lack Knacks.

Piscean Nature: The nemean megalodon possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 10

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 22, Damage 29L, Parry DV —, Speed 5, P

Soak: 7A/79L/79B

Health Levels: -0x37/Incap

Dodge DV: 14 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 8 **Legend Points:** 64

Trophy: The trophy of a nemean megalodon lies in its teeth, one of which will be silver instead of the normal bone. That silver tooth, razor-sharp and almost a foot long, can serve as a Birthright relic for the Animal (Shark) and Water Purviews, and may be used as a blade in a Birthright weapon.

Other Notes: The bite of a nemean megalodon has a +3 Accuracy bonus and has the Piercing quality, just as the bite of its mundane counterpart.

NOMMO

A nommo is a titanspawn minion indigenous to the Drowned Road. Once, millennia ago, nommos were the scourge of the seas, but when the Drowned Road was sealed up within Tartarus, the entire race was banished with it. Over the centuries, the nommos have developed a culture of sorts in their dark, watery cities carved from the immense coral reefs that float throughout the Titan realm. While the race serves Mami Wata, each nommo is an individual. Some nommo clans serve other avatars, while some individuals might well choose to aid a Scion in exchange for a promise that she will be allowed to remain in the World after the Titan is imprisoned once more.

The nommos are a repulsive breed. Each of the creatures superficially resembles a merperson with an enormous fish tail. The resemblance ends there. A nommo's upper body is covered in thick green scales, his arms end in webbed claws with wicked talons, and his head is a piscine horror not unlike that of the gill man from the *Creature from the Black Lagoon*.

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6; Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0; Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 3



Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 3, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Animal Ken 3, Athletics 4, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Fortitude 5, Integrity 1, Investigation 3, Melee 5, Presence 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

Piscean Nature: Each nommo possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 10, Damage 6B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 9L, Parry DV 4, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 6L, Parry DV 6, Speed 4

Trident: Accuracy 10, Damage 9L, Parry DV 7, Speed 5

Soak: 12L/12B

Health Levels: -0/-1/-1/-2/-2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 6 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 3 **Legend Points:** 9

Trophy: A nommo's eye is its trophy. A Scion can place one in his mouth under his tongue (assuming he can do so without vomiting) and, over the course of 30 seconds, his body will transform into that of a nommo. He retains his normal intellect, Boons and Epic Attributes, but his form is otherwise that of a nommo, and no one who did not observe the transformation (including even avatars of the Drowned Road) will be able to pierce this disguise. The effect lasts until the Scion spits out the eye. While in nommo form, the Scion will intuitively be able to speak the language of the nommos, and the fact that he has a gooey eye under his tongue will not affect his ability to communicate with such creatures. However, he will be at a -4 penalty on all attempts to verbally communicate with his fellow Scions. Since nommos are everywhere in the Drowned Road (albeit with varying degrees of social acceptance), a clever Scion can use this trophy to infiltrate the undersea sanctums of his titanspawn enemies, and perhaps even gain access to the avatars themselves.

Other Notes: None

THE SEA SERPENT OF THE *HENRIETTA MARIE*

The sea serpent that dwells within the hold of the *Henrietta Marie* is actually a typhonian sea snake. Normally coiled into a comfortable position, the serpent stretches to a phenomenal 600 feet in length once it exits the ship's hold. Despite its length, it is relatively narrow—its body has a circumference of 10 feet at its widest point. The serpent can dislocate its jaws, however, and can easily swallow anything car-sized or smaller. Its digestive juices inflict five dice of aggravated damage every five ticks to the unfortunates who find their way to its gullet. Against larger targets (such as ships), the serpent coils about the enemy and crushes it into digestible bits.

To the great surprise of Scions who encounter it, the serpent is intelligent and capable of speech. Its voice is sibilant and almost hypnotic, and listeners cannot tell from its speech whether it is male or female. For as long as it can remember, the serpent has dwelled within the hold of the *Henrietta Marie*. The hold is dark and relaxing, and the relatively lazy serpent can rest there and sleep rather than spend all its time swimming the endless depths of the Drowned Road. The Captain of the *Henrietta Marie* has taken to referring to it as his "first mate," a conceit that amuses the serpent endlessly. For its part, the serpent considers itself a passenger on board the vessel who pays its way by occasionally devouring those who threaten the Captain's business rather than an actual subordinate.

More information on this sea serpent can be found on page 161.

Attributes: Strength 30, Dexterity 15, Stamina 20; Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1; Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 4, Malice 4, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Academics 3, Animal Ken 1, Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Empathy 2, Fortitude 5, Integrity 4, Investigation 2, Larceny 2, Medicine 1, Occult 6, Politics 3, Presence 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 6 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Dexterity 5 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Stamina 5 (all appropriate Knacks)

Piscean Nature: The sea serpent possesses the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 10



Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 31L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 22, Damage 34L, Parry DV —, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 24, Damage 31L, Parry DV —, Speed 4

Soak: 6A/56L/56B

Health Levels: -0x29/Incap

Dodge DV: 25 **Willpower**: 8

Legend: 7 **Legend Points**: 49

Trophy: The trophy of the sea serpent lies in its tongue. About five feet long and three feet wide when cut out of the serpent's mouth, the tongue is coated with a strange, leathery hide. If prepared by someone capable of forging relics, this material can be made into a Birthright relic (such as a diving suit, for example) for the Water Purview. Also, while a Scion carries this item, all creatures of the Drowned Road (and all mundane sea creatures in the World) whose Legend ratings are less than that of the Scion will flee him in fear. Mechanically, the item adds seven automatic successes to all Presence rolls made to intimidate sea creatures. The avatars of the Drowned Road are immune to this effect.

Other Notes: The bite of the sea serpent has a +3 Accuracy bonus.

SIMBI MAKAYA

A corrupted Scion of Damballa and now Mami Wata's chief lieutenant and occasional love slave, Simbi Makaya achieved godhood centuries ago, only to fall before Mami Wata's feminine wiles. He delights in revealing to his patron's other lovers that their feelings of love and devotion are an illusion, laughing as they discover the truth but are still powerless to resist their feelings. Ironical then that he shares the same disability. (Simbi Makaya would doubtless go mad if he ever realized that Mami Wata uses him just as surely as all her other lovers.)

Simbi's true form is that of a handsome and virile African warrior, but in his self-imposed exile within the Titan realm, he remains almost constantly in the shape of a typhonian sea serpent nearly a mile in length. When in his human form, he carries a staff of gnarled wood topped with a human skull that once belonged to a fellow Scion of Damballa. A powerful sorcerer, Simbi Makaya uses Fate against Mami Wata's enemies as surely as a surgeon wields a scalpel.

More information on Simbi Makaya can be found on page 162.

Attributes: Strength 11, Dexterity 11, Stamina 11; Charisma 9, Manipulation 9, Appearance 5; Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 4

Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 4, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Academics 4, Animal Ken 2, Art (Sandpainting) 3, Athletics 4, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Command 4, Control (Horse) 4, Craft (Altar) 3, Empathy 4, Fortitude 4, Integrity 4, Investigation 4, Larceny 2, Marksmanship 4, Medicine 2, Melee 5, Occult 4, Politics 3, Presence 4, Science 2, Stealth 4, Survival 2, Thrown 3

Birthrights: Guide 5 (Mami Wata), Relic 5 (Staff—Animal [Snake], Health, Magic, Mystery)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast



Blessing of Mami Wata: Although not a piscean, Simbi Makaya is completely immune to drowning and other environmental hazards endemic to the Drowned Road. Tethys can overcome this effect, but even she is powerless to drown Simbi Makaya if he takes the form of The Beast.

Boons: Animal Aspect, Animal Command, Animal Communication, Animal Feature, Animal Form, Assess Health, Create Animal, Epic Enhancement, Heal/Infect, Holy Font/Epidemic, Horse, Hybrid Chimera, Magic 10, Met Tet, Met Tet's Claim, Mind-Riding, Mystery 9, Petro's Hands, Protean Understanding, Rada's Eyes, Restore/Wither, Ride Animal, Team, Upside-Down Horse, Waking Zombie

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 7 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Dexterity 6 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Stamina 5 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Charisma 6 (all Knacks), Epic Wits 5 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**)

Spells: All spells in all three **Scion** books.

Join Battle: 8

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 16, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 15, Damage 15L,

Parry DV 23, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 17, Damage 12L, Parry DV 25, Speed 4

Staff: Accuracy 18, Damage 16B, Parry DV 26, Speed 4

Soak: 5A/17L/22B

Health Levels: -0x17/Incap

Dodge DV: 30 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Trophy: Simbi Makaya's trophy is his staff. It has the following traits: Accuracy +2, Damage +4B, Defense +3, Speed 4. It also acts as a Birthright item for the Animal, Health and Magic Purviews.

Other Notes: While in his giant snake form, Simbi Makaya's heavy and light unarmed attacks represent bite attacks that cannot be used to parry.

SIREN

The sirens who guard Tethys' castle were once lesser immortals of the sea, nymph-like creatures with dominion over the rocks and shoals that surrounded islands. These sirens, sadly, dwelled too near Tethys' former domain in the Overworld and were condemned to exile with the Titan. Although creatures of the sea, the sirens miss the sky that they have not seen in untold centuries. When not residing in Argyre singing for their supper, they dwell in the submerged islands of the Sirenum scopuli, where they sing laments for the World they expect never to see again.

Sirens appear pretty much as depicted by Greek mythology. Each is an incredibly beautiful woman whose legs are replaced with a powerful fish tail. Seductive and alluring, a siren's chief weapon is her voice—the song of a siren can overcome the will of any man with a Legend lower than her own. Women, on the other hand, are highly resistant to the song of a siren.

More information on these sirens can be found on page 162.

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Charisma 6, Manipulation 6, Appearance 6; Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 2, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 3

Abilities: Academics 2, Art (Singing) 5, Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Brawl 3, Empathy 3, Fortitude 2, Integrity 3, Investigation 1, Occult 2, Presence 3, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Changing States, Create Water, Desiccate, Water Breathing, Water Control, Water Mastery

Epic Attributes: Epic Charisma 3 (Benefit of the Doubt, Blessing of Importance, Charmer)

Hypnotic Voice: A siren can emotionally manipulate others through the sound of her singing. Roll the siren's (Charisma + Art). The player of everyone who can hear the singing must then roll (Integrity + Willpower + Legend) and get more successes to avoid having their characters become enthralled by the siren's song. Generally, an affected person will move toward the siren if at all possible and, once within sight, remain in her presence until her song is done. An enthralled subject will not ignore danger to himself (he won't just stand around listening while someone hacks at him with a sword), but he will blissfully ignore dangerous environmental hazards that he must cross in order to reach the siren. Men are more vulnerable to a siren's song than women, and all men suffer a -5 penalty to the roll to resist. Tethys also suffers a -5 penalty to resist the siren's song, as the avatar has been using the sirens for centuries as an addict uses drugs—as a way of ignoring her problems.

Join Battle: 6

Attacks: None. A siren will never engage in physical combat and will always attempt to flee anyone who threatens her and is able to resist her song.

Soak: 2L/3B

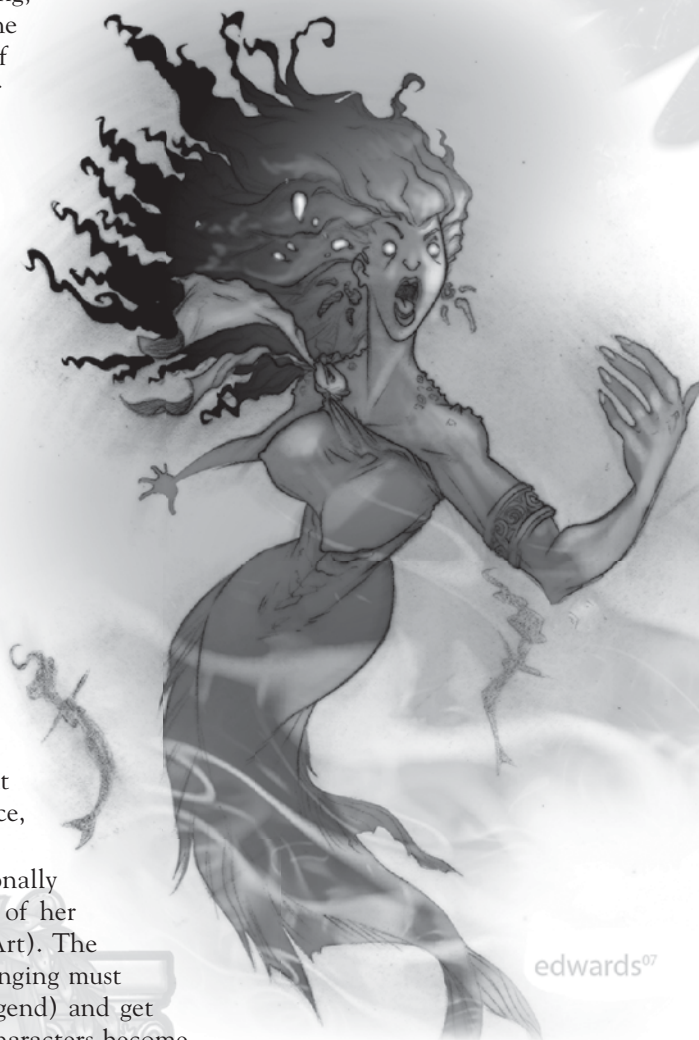
Health Levels: -0/-1/-1/-2/-2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 6 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 7 **Legend Points:** 49

Trophy: The trophy of a siren is the small seashell pendant she wears around her neck. When worn by a Scion, this pendant confers a three-die bonus to all uses of the Art Ability that involve singing.

Other Notes: None



ZOMBIE OF THE DROWNED ROAD

The zombies who serve Mami Wata are in all respects identical to normal zombies (see **Scion: Hero**, pp. 293-294) except that they are perfectly adapted to their watery environment and possess superhuman strength.

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 1, Stamina 6; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 1

Virtues: None. Zombies are never required to make Virtue rolls of any kind.

Abilities: Athletics 1, Awareness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 1

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 2 (Crushing Grip, Divine Wrath)

Piscean Nature: All zombies of the Drowned Road possess the piscean template (see p. 303).

Join Battle: 3

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 4, Damage 6L, Parry DV –, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 3, Damage 9L, Parry DV 1, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 5, Damage 6L, Parry DV 2, Speed 4

Soak: 12L/12B

Health Levels: -0/-0/-0/-0/-1/-1/-1/-1/-2/-2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 1 **Willpower:** 3

Legend: 3 **Legend Points:** 9

Other Notes: Drowned Road zombies automatically fail all social rolls other than intimidation. When a zombie of the Drowned Road initiates a Presence-based roll to intimidate someone, treat his relevant Social Attribute as 5. Zombies suffer only bashing damage from firearms attacks and ignore all wound penalties. They also soak lethal damage with their full Stamina. Zombies are immune to all mind-controlling effects and all effects that generate fear. They are often extras.



AVATARS OF MUSPELHEIM

Favored Purviews: Chaos, Death, Fire, Mystery, War

Banned Purviews: Health, Water

There are either five or six avatars of the Titan realm of Fire, depending on whether one counts Camaxtli and Xocotl as two individuals or as components of a single being. Each avatar represents a separate aspect of the concept of fire. Prometheus represents its productive applications, while Surtr represents its destructive potential and Kagutsuchi represents its capacity to kill. Surtr is the dominant avatar at the moment, but his importance is less due to his personal power than the fire giant chooses to believe. In fact, Surtr's chief advantage over his rivals lies solely in his reputation. Fate has decreed that Surtr will one day burn down the World Tree, and Surtr's rivals have simply decided that it is more expedient to work with Fate (i.e., helping Surtr to achieve his destiny) than to work against it (by trying to supplant Surtr and thereby delay Ragnarök).

CAMAXTLI-XOCOTL

A reclusive and obscure being (or beings), Camaxtli-Xocotl is a composite deity that was worshiped by different Mesoamerican tribes under each of his names. Although Camaxtli-Xocotl often manifests as two distinct male beings, he's actually a single avatar who seems gripped by a form of multiple-personality disorder. Mesoamerican legends identify each of Camaxtli-Xocotl's component identities as being a separate deity who guided the dead through the Underworld. The reality is that Camaxtli-Xocotl represents the power of fire to cleanse and purify.

Camaxtli-Xocotl is easily the most compassionate of all Titans, but that only makes him even more dangerous and terrifying. He deeply regrets the fact that mortals are doomed to die and then enter the cold,

fireless realm of the Underworld. To Camaxtli-Xocotl, the denial of warmth is the most tragic aspect of the Underworld. Accordingly, when the Titans are victorious, he will free the souls of the dead from their cold domain (along with the living souls he “rescues” from the purified World by immolating them all) and place them in the heavens, in the hearts of flaming stars. There they will burn without ceasing until the end of time itself. The possibility that the poor souls themselves might not wish to spend eternity in a hell of never-ending million-degree heat doesn’t concern Camaxtli-Xocotl. After all, the mortals will almost certainly come to appreciate their circumstances... eventually.

Camaxtli-Xocotl has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. In his Camaxtli aspect, the Titan manifests as a great warrior who favors Physical Attributes. Obsessed with warfare, Camaxtli often endlessly divides himself into warring Aztec armies so that he can stage war games against himself. Although he could theoretically unleash thousands of troops against Scions, he would never do so, as he is quite vulnerable to 11-dot attacks such as The Flood when so divided. Occasionally, however, leftover remnants of these armies retain individual existence after the conclusion of the fight, although they generally remain perfectly loyal to Camaxtli.

Xocotl, on the other hand, favors Social Attributes and prefers to defeat his enemies by attacking at their points of spiritual weakness. When pressed into combat, he relies on his power to immolate others with a mere gaze. The two aspects can manifest separately, just as a torch lit from one bonfire can be used to set another alight, and in this way, they converse, scheme and argue, despite being two parts of the same intellect. They will not fight Scions as separate entities, however, as their dice pools are cut in half and their Epic Attributes decrease by two when they are so divided.

More information on Camaxtli-Xocotl can be found on pages 174-175.

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 3, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 3

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Devourer, The Wyrd

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview except Health and Water, which are forbidden to him. Camaxtli-Xocotl also has all Boons from the Fire, Itztli and Mystery Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Camaxtli possesses Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks) and all other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). Xocotl possesses Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks) and all other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Camaxtli:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 55, Speed 5



Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 57, Speed 4
Camaxtli's Maquahuitl: Accuracy 25, Damage 21L, Parry DV 59, Speed 4
Xocotl:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 38, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 40, Speed 4

Xocotl's Burning Gaze: Accuracy 25, Damage 16L, Range 200, Speed 3

Soak: 39L/39B/8A

Health Levels: -0x36/Incap

Dodge DV: 61/44 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: Camaxtli's Maquahuitl has the following traits: Accuracy +5, Damage +10L, Defense +5, Speed 4. It cannot be used to inflict bashing damage because of the tremendous heat it generates. Xocotl's Burning Gaze has the following traits: Accuracy +5, Damage +15L, Range 200, Speed 3. This attack is targeted with a (Perception + Awareness) roll and cannot be used defensively. Also, while the attack has a Speed of 3, Xocotl can use his gaze attack only once every 10 ticks (that is, it has a seven-tick "recharge" time before it can be used again). The Dodge DV listed first is Camaxtli's. The second is Xocotl's Dodge DV.



KAGUTSUCHI

Manifesting as a seemingly friendly, middle-aged Japanese man in traditional dress, Kagutsuchi is never without a lit torch in one hand, a cup of boiling water in the other, and a friendly, convivial smile on his face. The smile is a lie. This avatar represents the fire that burns man, woman and child without pity, and Kagutsuchi is also sometimes called the Lord of Arson.

Kagutsuchi has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions. He favors Social Attributes and prefers to lure his enemies in with a false façade before burning them alive. More information on Kagutsuchi can be found on page 174.

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 5, Rapacity 5, Zealotry 1

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Abyss, The Devourer

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Health and Water, which are forbidden to him. Kagutsuchi also has all Boons from the Darkness, Fire and Tsukumo-Gami Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Kagutsuchi's Torch and Cup: Kagutsuchi carries a lit torch in one hand and a cup of perpetually boiling water in the other as foci for his power. Once per action, he can attack with either the torch, by striking a single target with it, or with the cup, by hurling its seemingly infinite supply of boiling water onto groups of targets. Both attacks are targeted with 22 dice (plus 29 automatic successes), and both attacks ignore half the soak of struck targets. (They also ignore half the target's armor, thanks to the Piercing quality.) The torch has a Damage bonus of +50L, while the cup has a Damage bonus of only +25L but can strike as many targets as fit in a five-yard-radius circle.

Join Battle: 22

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 22, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 21, Damage 15L, Parry DV 39, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 23, Damage 12L, Parry DV 41, Speed 4

Kagutsuchi's Boiling Cup: Accuracy 22, Damage 26L, Parry DV —, Speed 5, P*

Kagutsuchi's Torch: Accuracy 22, Damage 51L, Parry DV 40, Speed 5, P

* The Boiling Cup can affect multiple targets grouped closely together.

Soak: 8A/35L/40B

Health Levels: -0x35/Incap

Dodge DV: 46 **Willpower**: 10

Legend: 11 **Legend Points**: 121

Other Notes: None

MERETSEGER

An oddity among the avatars of Muspelheim, Meretseger is the only one of her kind not normally associated with fire. Instead, Meretseger is an avatar of the oppressive, crippling heat associated with the desert. She despises water in all its forms and desires to turn the whole World into a burning desert whose inhabitants have no relief from their suffering. Meretseger typically appears in the form of a 100-foot-long cobra made of smoldering black sand.

Meretseger has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions. She favors Physical Attributes and prefers to strike at her enemies as directly as possible. More information on Meretseger can be found on page 174.

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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Devourer, The General, The Reaper

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except*

Health and Water, which are forbidden to her.

Meretseger also has all Boons from the Death,

Fire, Heku and War Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the

10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot

level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 22

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 22, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Bite: Accuracy 27, Damage 22L, Parry DV —, Speed 4

Soak: 10A/52L/57B

Health Levels: -0x52/Incap

Dodge DV: 63 **Willpower**: 9

Legend: 11 **Legend Points**: 121

Other Notes: Meretseger's bite has the following traits: Accuracy +5, Damage +10L, Defense —, Speed 4. On a successful bite, she also injects into the target her venom, which has the following traits: Tolerance —, Damage 10A/minute, Toxicity 12L, Penalty -1.

Meretseger is invariably surrounded by three to five of her cobra children (see "Black Sand Cobra," pp. 320-322).

PROMETHEUS

A rarity among the Titans, Prometheus has a markedly better reputation among mortals, Scions and even some Gods than his status as an avatar would suggest. This is because those who admire him do not stop to consider the ramifications of his nature. Prometheus represents fire harnessed for humanity's use. This does not necessarily mean fire harnessed for humanity's *benefit*. In truth, Prometheus cares only that fire be used creatively. He does not care if mortals use it to roast meat and light homes or if they use it to firebomb their enemies into extinction. Prometheus does not simply represent physical fire, he also represents the creative spark of genius shorn of any consideration for how the fruits of that genius might be misused by the unscrupulous or the foolish.

Prometheus usually appears as a handsome man dressed in Greek attire with black hair and a Grecian nose, who stands about 60 feet tall. He is a skilled shapeshifter, however, and he will assume a less imposing form if doing so will allow him to ingratiate himself with Scions who might free him from confinement. He is eager to return to the World and provide humanity with the fruits of his intellect. Already, he has heard of the human race's ingenuity in conquering the mysteries of the atom and unleashing nuclear fire. He is confident that, in time, he can make those fires burn even hotter.



Prometheus has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions. Prometheus favors Mental Attributes and prefers to defeat his enemies through the application of technology and intellect. More information on Prometheus can be found on pages 173-174.

Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 2, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 3

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Devourer

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Health and Water, which are forbidden to him. Prometheus also has 10 dots of Arete (Craft), 10 dots of Prophecy and all Boons from the Fire Purview.

Epic Attributes: Epic Mental Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Shapeshifting: Prometheus can assume any form he chooses at the cost of a single Legend point. He cannot, however, assume the form of any being more powerful than himself. Therefore, he will rarely bother to assume another form to attack. When Prometheus changes shape, his weapons change size with him automatically.

Join Battle: 22

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 22, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P



Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 21, Damage 15L, Parry DV 39, Speed 5
Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 23, Damage 12L, Parry DV 41, Speed 4
Prometheus' Sword: Accuracy 25, Damage 22A, Parry DV 42, Speed 4
Prometheus' Desert Eagle: Accuracy 25, Damage 15L, Range 20, Clip (infinite), Speed 5, P
Soak: 8A/35L/40B

Health Levels: -0x66/Incap

Dodge DV: 46 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Other Notes: Prometheus' Sword is an oversized xiphos with the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +10A, Defense +3, Speed 4. The sword's aggravated damage stems from the fact that the blade burns with a nuclear flame. Prometheus also carries specially modified twin Desert Eagles that never need reloading and that have the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +14L, Range 20, Clip (infinite), Speed 5, P. Both of these weapons can be used by Scions who acquire them, and each will resize itself for its bearer at the cost of one Legend. However, the damage of the xiphos is only lethal unless the wielder has at least 2 dots in the Ambition Dark Virtue, and the damage of all three is halved thanks to their now reduced size regardless.

SURTR

The dominant avatar within Muspelheim, Surtr most commonly appears as a Muspel giant standing more than 300 feet tall, with blackened, iron-hard skin broken by cracks through which fiery magma can be seen. In battle, he can grow to up to a mile in height by secreting magma from his joints and then hardening it into an outer carapace. Although arrogant and cruel, Surtr is not a fool, and he is careful not to let his personal foibles interfere with his effective leadership... for the most part, anyway. He is utterly unaware of how much his actions since escaping Tartarus have alienated his wife Sinmore. He is equally unaware of how his fellow avatars plot against him, waiting for the day he fulfills his destiny so they can finally usurp and supplant him.

Surtr represents the concept of wildfire, the inferno that, whether created



by man or nature, destroys everything in its path. He views his role in Ragnarök as important and long overdue. Fate demands the inevitable destruction of the World, but only so that a better World can rise from its ashes.

Surtr has a base dice pool of 24 for all actions. Surtr favors Physical Attributes and prefers to confront his enemies directly. He is not, however, above using the intellect of Prometheus to augment his tactical arsenal. More information on Surtr can be found on pages 172-173.

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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Devourer, The General, The Void

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview except Health and Water, which are forbidden to him. Surtr also has all Boons from the Chaos, Fire, Jotunblut and War Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Infernal Nature: Surtr possesses the infernal template (see p. 321) and adds his Legend rating in lethal damage dice to all unarmed attacks.

Join Battle: 24

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 24, Damage 25L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 23, Damage 28L, Parry DV 57, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 25, Damage 25L, Parry DV 59, Speed 4

The Sword of Revenge: Accuracy 31, Damage 38L, Parry DV 63, Speed 5

Soak: 10A/52L/58B

Health Levels: -0x85/Incap

Dodge DV: 64 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 124

Other Notes: Because Surtr is constantly on fire, he adds his Legend to his Damage for all unarmed attacks, and all such attacks inflict lethal damage. Surtr also wields the infamous relic blade known as “The Sword of Revenge.” This sword, an astonishing 50 yards long and weighs about 20 tons. The sword’s base traits (in Surtr’s hands) are as follows: Accuracy +7, Damage +25L, Defense +10, Speed 5.

LESSER CREATURES OF MUSPELHEIM

In addition to its avatars, Muspelheim is home to a host of unique and deadly creatures, most of whom are infernal in nature. Muspel giants (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 272-273) dwell in Muspelheim in untold thousands, and are by far the most common indigenous life form. There is a certain tension, however, between those giants who remained behind in the World to work toward Muspelheim’s eventual freedom and those who were carried away into Tartarus with their sire. Ironically, those giants who were trapped with Surtr are the ones who seem more acclimated to the modern World. Those Muspel giants who were trapped in Tartarus were taught the rudiments of technology by Smidhikunningr (an alias of Prometheus), while those who remained behind were exiled to the periphery of civilization and are somewhat rustic in comparison.

Both groups of Muspel giants look down on normal fire giants (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 315) who are the product of millennia of interbreeding between Muspel giants and captured mortals and who are viewed as being somewhere between idiot children and members of a slave race.

BLACK SAND COBRA

The black sand cobras of Meretseger wander their mother’s smoking deserts in an endless search for prey. The smaller of Meretseger’s cobra children, the black sand cobras make up for what they lack in size with their pack-like tendencies and their deadly venom. While far smaller than the nagaraja (or nemean cobra, see pp. 322-323), the black sand cobra is still about the size of a large king cobra, stretching about 15 to 20 feet in length. Able to raise the front third of its body, a black sand cobra can easily “look down” on a normal sized mortal.

THE INFERNAL TEMPLATE

Most of the life forms indigenous to Muspelheim possess the infernal template. Infernal creatures possess bodies of magical coal, which burns constantly at incredible temperatures without ever being consumed by the fire. In addition to any other innate powers, an infernal creature is typically surrounded by a corona of red flames, although intelligent infernal creatures can turn off these flames for a scene at the cost of one Legend point if they have a good enough reason to do so. The heat of this fire inflicts (Legend) dice of lethal damage every five ticks on any beings not immune to fire or heat attacks who comes within (Legend) feet of the infernal creature. If the creature is a nemean, this range increases to (Legend x 5) feet. If the creature is a typhonian, the range increases to (Legend x 10) feet and the number of lethal damage dice rolled is doubled.

An infernal creature is completely immune to non-magical fire-based attacks of any sort, as well as any use of a Boon from the Fire Purview deployed by someone with a lower Legend rating. Attacks from the Water and Sky Purviews, however, are considered to have the Piercing quality against such creatures.

In addition to its bite attack, the black sand cobras can also spit venom up to a range of 10 feet. Worst of all, black sand cobras usually attack in packs of five to 10 and are capable of coordinating their assaults.

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 8, Stamina 8; Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2; Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 3, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 1

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Command 1, Marksmanship 5, Presence 5, Survival 4

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Dexterity 3, Epic Wits 5. Black sand cobras generally lack Knacks.

Infernal Nature: Each black sand cobra carries the infernal template, although it's made of smoldering black sand rather than coal, and adds four levels of lethal fire damage to all attacks. (This damage bonus is included in the traits.)

Join Battle: 10

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 15, Damage 16L, Parry DV —, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 17, Damage 13L, Parry DV —, Speed 4

Venom Spit: Accuracy 16, Damage —, Range 10 feet (maximum), Speed 3

Soak: 4L/8B

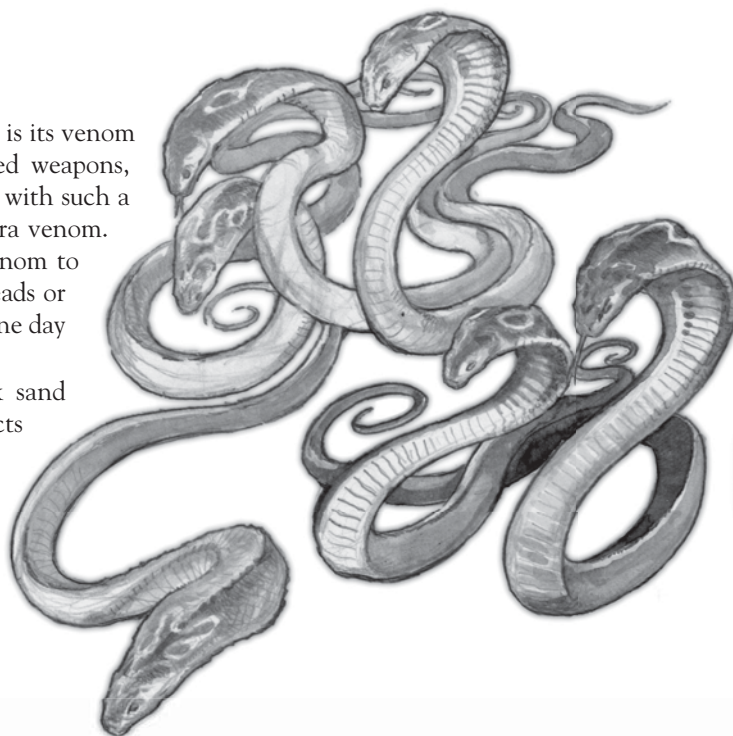
Health Levels: -0/-1/-1/-2/-2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 13 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 4 **Legend Points:** 16

Trophy: The trophy of the black sand cobra is its venom sack. Its poison can be used to coat bladed weapons, arrowheads or even bullets. Anyone injured with such a weapon suffers the effects of black sand cobra venom. Each cobra's venom sack carries enough venom to cover a single bladed weapon or 15 arrowheads or 10 bullets. Once coated, the effects last for one day before the venom loses its potency.

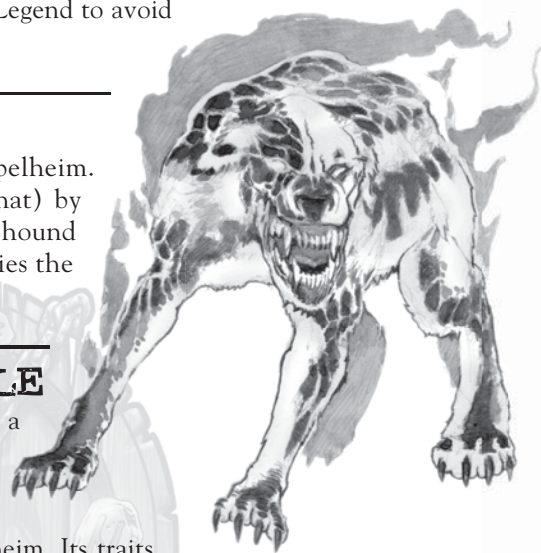
Other Notes: The bite attack of a black sand cobra has +3 Accuracy. If the cobra inflicts any damage on its target, it also injects its deadly venom: Tolerance —, Damage 10A/minute, Toxicity 12L, Penalty -1. Those slain by the venom burn to ash from the inside. The spit attack of a black sand cobra has an Accuracy bonus of +3. It inflicts no damage (the cobra must



actually bite its victim to inject enough venom to harm her), but players of targets successfully struck must roll (Stamina + Resistance) against a difficulty equal to the cobra's Legend to avoid having their characters' permanently blinded.

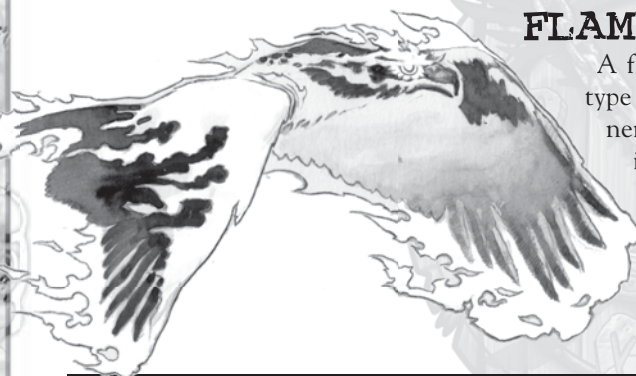
COAL HOUND

Coal hounds are a breed of fenrir common across Muspelheim. Some packs run wild, but others have been tamed (somewhat) by Muspel giants and are used as hunting or war dogs. A coal hound has all the traits of a fenrir (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 317) but carries the infernal template.



FLAME EAGLE

A flame eagle is a type of infernal nemeanraptor indigenous to Muspelheim. Its traits are identical to those of the lesser phoenix of Akhetaten (see pp. 296-297).



LAVA EEL

Lava eels are fiery, snake-like creatures that swim in the liquid magma rivers of Muspelheim. Each lava eel has the traits of a lindwurm or tatzelwurm (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 313) but also carries the infernal template. Any damage inflicted by a lava eel inflicts fiery lethal damage except to creatures immune to fire.



NAGARAJA

Meretseger's most frightening servants are her nemean cobras, more commonly referred to as nagaraja, or "snake kings." Each nagaraja is about 50 feet in length, and its scales give it remarkable resistance to injury. Also, each of these enormous snakes has a deadly venomous bite, and while the nagaraja's venom itself is not as potent as that of its smaller kin, the black sand cobras, the great nagaraja makes up for any deficiency with fangs that are as long as swords. Nagaraja also have a spit attack with a maximum range of 30 feet. Fortunately, unlike black sand cobras, nagaraja do not travel in packs. Indeed, it is unusual for one of the great predators to tolerate another of its kind within the same region of desert.

Attributes: Strength 15, Dexterity 8, Stamina 15; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2; Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 4, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 1

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 5, Brawl 5, Marksmanship 5, Presence 5, Survival 4

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 6 (all Knacks appropriate for giant snakes), Epic Dexterity 6 (all Knacks appropriate for giant snakes), Epic Stamina 6 (all Knacks appropriate for giant snakes), Epic Wits 5 (all Knacks appropriate for giant snakes)

Infernal Nature: Each nagaraja carries the infernal template, although it's made of smoldering black sand rather than coal, and adds eight levels of lethal fire damage to all close-range attacks. (This damage bonus is included in the traits.)

Join Battle: 10

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Bite): Accuracy 18, Damage 27L, Parry DV —, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 20, Damage 24L, Parry DV —, Speed 4

Venom Spit: Accuracy 18, Damage —, Range 30 (maximum), Speed 3

Soak: 6A/24L/31B

Health Levels: -0x29/Incap

Dodge DV: 27 **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 8

Legend Points: 64

Trophy: The trophy of a nagaraja lies in its eyes... or one of them at least. Once the beast is slain, the Scion who claims the trophy must choose whether to take the left eye or the right eye. Whichever one is left behind will instantly disintegrate along with the rest of the snake's body. The left eye can aid in using the Mystery Purview, while the right one can aid in using the Prophecy Purview. The Scion must stare deep

into the inky blackness of the serpent's eye for five minutes before the player rolls for either Prophecy or Mystery (assuming his character has those Purviews, of course). The first time the eye is used, it adds six dice to the roll. The second time, it adds only five, then four and so on until it is used up. An eye can only be used six times before it is exhausted. A character without the Mystery or Prophecy Purview can use the appropriate eye to simulate the Purview in question, using the eye's diminishing dice bonus as his entire dice pool.

Other Notes: The bite attack of nagaraja has +6 Accuracy. If the cobra inflicts any damage on its target, it also injects its deadly venom: Tolerance —, Damage 4A/minute, Toxicity 6L, Penalty -1. The nagaraja's spit attack has an Accuracy of +5 and a Speed of 3. It cannot be used for defense. If the attack

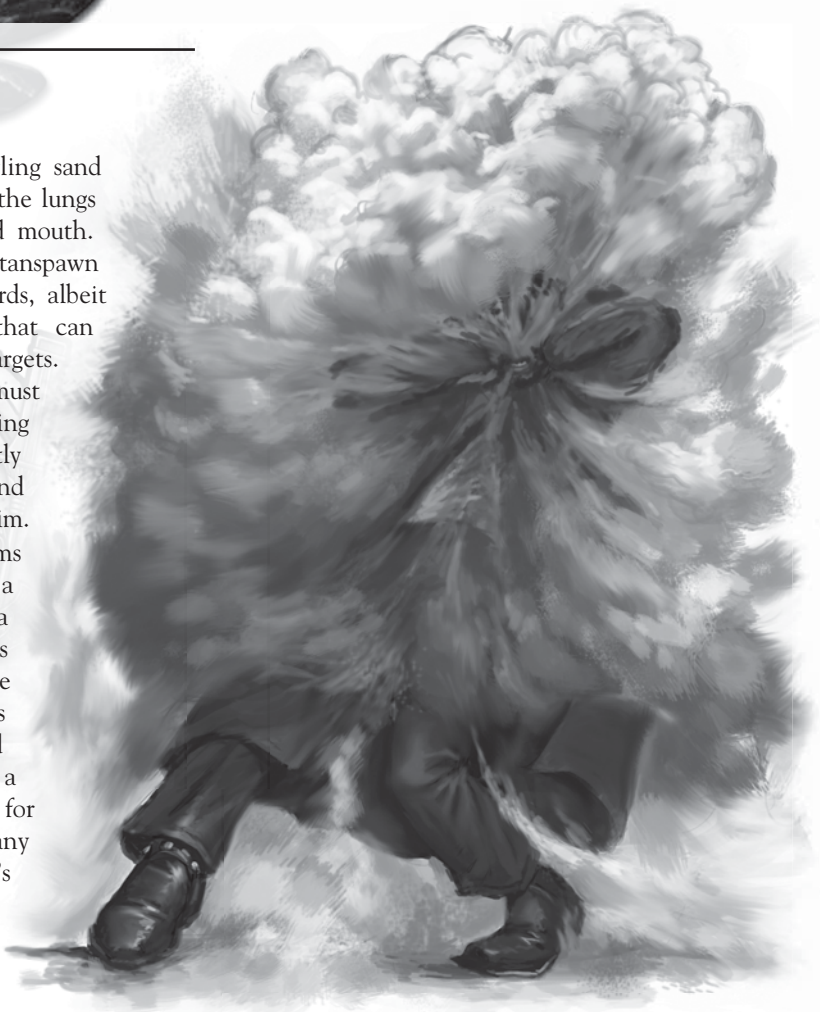
is successful, the victim's player must roll (Stamina + Resistance) against (the nagaraja's extra attack successes + Legend). If the nagaraja garners more successes, the victim is blinded for a scene. Although the blindness does not last as long as that inflicted by a black sand cobra, it is more likely to affect Scions. The victim's Epic Stamina is reduced by an amount equal to the nagaraja's Legend for purposes of determining how many extra successes are added to the roll to resist blindness.



SANDSTORM OF MERETSEGER

Meretseger's sandstorms are whirling sand devils that attempt to fly down into the lungs of their victims via the nostrils and mouth. These sandstorms are not so much titanspawn to be fought as environmental hazards, albeit intelligent environmental hazards that can actively change course to harry their targets. Anyone caught within a sandstorm must roll (Stamina + Fortitude) to resist being exposed to Meretseger's venom, exactly as if the Titan or one of her black sand cobras had successfully bitten the victim.

Worse, these venomous sandstorms vary in Intensity on a scale of 1 (a small dust devil a few feet tall) to 10 (a vast typhoon of sand miles across). As expressions of the Titan's baleful hate toward all intruders, the sandstorm's Intensity rating reduces an affected Scion's Epic Stamina rating dots on a one-for-one basis to a minimum of 0 for the purposes of determining how many extra successes are added to his player's (Stamina + Fortitude) roll. This effect reduces only Epic Stamina dots and has no effect on mundane Stamina.



SINMORE

Like her husband, Surtr, Sinmore stands over 300 feet tall, but the differences between the two giants are notable. Where Surtr's skin is misshapen coal mixed with lava, Sinmore's complexion seems like human skin, albeit skin tinted a fiery crimson. Her hair is a corona of flame, and she goes into battle in soot-covered chain mail.

Sinmore is more than Surtr's bride, she is also his daughter. An ancient titanspawn, Sinmore was created by the Titan to be both his lover and his earthly seneschal during his long imprisonment. She has been the latter for several centuries, far longer a period than she was ever the former. Accordingly, Sinmore is surprisingly ambivalent about her mate's return from Tartarus, to say nothing of his ultimate goals. During her regency, Sinmore was the unquestioned leader of the Muspel giants. Now, she is treated more like a favored concubine than an experienced leader.

Further complicating things is Surtr's newfound appreciation for Forge-Cunning's mechanized weapons of war. A product of the Viking era, if not actually an adherent to Norse Virtues, Sinmore still considers combat and killing to be a personal matter, unfit for impersonal technological assaults. A clever and sociable Scion might find Sinmore someone with whom he could deal. While she will never consciously betray her husband, she might well be turned against his other allies if persuaded that they are leading Surtr astray.

Attributes: Strength 20, Dexterity 16, Stamina 20; Charisma 8, Manipulation 8, Appearance 5; Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 5, Malice 4, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 2

Abilities: Academics 2, Animal Ken 2, Art (Pyrography) 1, Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Command 4, Control (Dragon) 3, Craft (Smithing) 3, Empathy 1, Fortitude 3, Integrity 4, Investigation 2, Larceny 1, Marksmanship 4, Medicine 3, Melee 5, Occult 5, Politics 5, Presence 3, Science 1, Survival 3, Thrown 2

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Bestial Endowment, Blazing Weapon, Bolster Fire, Control Fire, Devil Body, Dire Endowment, Divine Endowment, Epic Endowment, Fire Immunity, Fire's Eye, Flame Travel, Human Endowment, Inferno, Supernal Bestial Endowment, Supernal Human Endowment

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 8 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Dexterity 8 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Stamina 8 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Charisma 8 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Manipulation 8 (all appropriate Knacks)
Muspel Giant: Sinmore can cause the corona of fire around her body to ignite any flammable thing she touches. Doing so adds 18L damage to any physical attacks she makes and inflicts 18 dice of lethal damage to anyone who makes a successful brawling attack against her. This effect lasts for one scene. She can spend an additional Legend point to expand this corona of fire, inflicting the same damage on everyone within nine yards. Sinmore can also heal herself of wounds by placing the injured body parts in burning flames. Doing so costs one Legend point and her player must roll her Legend rating, with Sinmore regaining one health level per success garnered.

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 21, Damage 21L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 20, Damage 24L, Parry DV 39, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 22, Damage 21L, Parry DV 41, Speed 4

Spatha: Accuracy 25, Damage 34L, Parry DV 41, Speed 4, P

Soak: 8A/44L/56B (Chain Mail, +5L/7B)

Health Levels: -0x39/Incap

Dodge DV: 44 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Trophy: Sinmore's trophy, like that of all Muspel giants, is her heart, which remains behind after death. If recovered promptly, the heart will still hold a quantity of her eitr, which can be poured into any suitable receptacle. Far more powerful than that of typical Muspel giants, this eitr confers seven bonus dice that can be allocated to either Strength and Stamina as the player wishes for the duration of a scene. Once Sinmore has been slain, her eitr no longer has any mind-altering properties, and the blood is safe for Scions to drink for its potent properties. Sinmore's heart contains enough blood to supply 30 doses. The blood will keep indefinitely as long as it is stored in a relatively airtight container.

Other Notes: Sinmore's spatha, a gift from Surtr, has the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +4L, Defense +3, Speed 4. It also acts as a focus for Sinmore's infernal nature, adding an additional +9L when an infernal creature wields it. It also has the Piercing quality. The sword is oversized, far too large for human-sized creatures to use practically.

Sinmore is typically surrounded by a retinue of eight to 16 Muspel giants (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 272-273).



AVATARS OF TERRA

Favored Purviews: Animal (Burrowing Animals), Earth, Fertility, Health, Magic

Banned Purviews: Death, Sky

Terra is the one of the oldest of the many names for the World, and perhaps the most remarkable feat of the Titanomachy was how the Gods succeeded in binding the Titan who represented the World itself into Tartarus while simultaneously leaving the World itself behind and untouched. The dominant avatar with Terra is Gaia, the Titan's progenerative aspect, who sends her creations against Mount Olympus in untold millions. It is a war of attrition—Gaia's chief concern is that Zeus' thunderbolts are capable of smiting even a Gigas, so she seeks to deplete his supply of ammunition before sending in her most powerful weapons.

The various avatars of Terra represent differing aspects of the concept of fertility. Jord represents the desire to mate and procreate. Kamimusuhi represents the actual process of reproduction and pregnancy. Gaia represents the process of giving birth and of the continued vitality inherent in each viable species. Coatlicue represents the inevitability of extinction for those species that prove themselves unworthy of continued existence. Finally, Gran Bois represents the need for a viable habitat as a prerequisite for continued speciation.

COATLICUE

Called the "Mother of the Gods" by the Aztecs, Coatlicue sired Huitzilopochtli and Quetzalcoatl, among others. The patron of women who died in childbirth, Coatlicue, like Gaia and Kamimusuhi, is perpetually pregnant. Unlike her sisters, however, Coatlicue hates her children, both those she has already delivered and those who remain in her womb. To Coatlicue, the perfect child is one who is stillborn and troubles his mother no more.

The Devouring Mother most often appears as a large and bulky humanoid crocodile, with prominent flaccid breasts. She wears a skirt of writhing snakes, and carries the hands, hearts and skulls of her dead children on a necklace as a memento of those she has lost—and those she has killed.

Coatlicue has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. She favors Physical Attributes and prefers to simply dash out the brains of whoever is foolish enough to challenge her. More information on Coatlicue can be found on pages 167-168.



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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The Shaper

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Death and Sky, which are forbidden to her. Coatlicue also has all Boons from the Animal (Snake) and Earth Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Skirt of Snakes: In her customary form, Coatlicue wears a skirt consisting of writhing poisonous snakes that bite anyone she grapples. Mechanically, whenever Coatlicue succeeds in grappling an opponent, in addition to any other damage, the Storyteller rolls 10 dice of lethal damage for the snakes. This damage is soakable but also has the Piercing quality. If the target suffers even one level of damage, he must also roll (Stamina + Fortitude) against a difficulty of (the number of lethal levels inflicted x 10) to avoid suffering additional poison damage. Treat this poison as titanspawn venom (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 182).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L (plus snake attack), Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 55, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry 57, Speed 4

Bite: Accuracy 24, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6

Soak: 10A/51L/56B

Health Levels: -0x55/Incap

Dodge DV: 61 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: Coatlicue's claws allow her to inflict lethal damage with her unarmed attacks, and her bite attack has +4 Accuracy.

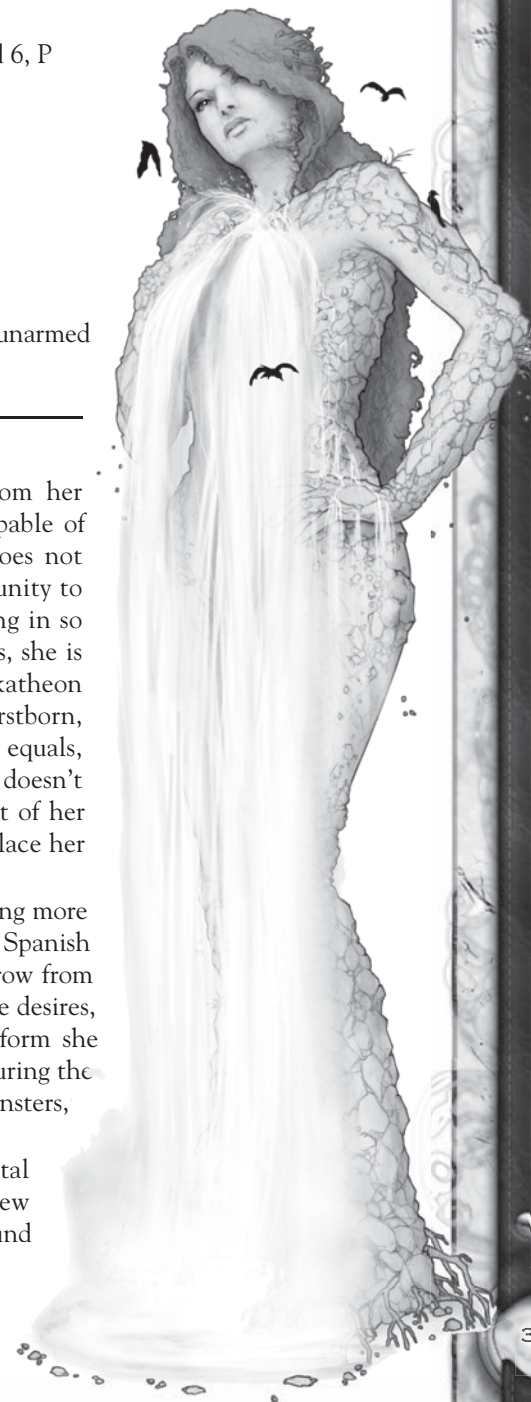
GAIA

Currently the dominant avatar, Gaia derives her preeminence from her ability to create new life on demand, especially powerful life forms capable of challenging the Gods almost from the moment of their birth. Gaia does not require seed to produce new life, but she will not turn down the opportunity to mate with a powerful Scion if she can produce a more powerful offspring in so doing. Ironically, although Gaia is the most important of Terra's avatars, she is also the most amenable to changing course. If convinced that the Dodekathemon would let her offspring walk the World once more and would permit her firstborn, the Gigantes and Hekatonkheires, to ascend to Mount Olympus as equals, Gaia might willingly surrender and go to New Tartarus. Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean that her fellow avatars would go along with her. Most of her fellows are *not* so forgiving, and they would quickly band together to replace her as lead avatar unless they were somehow prevented from doing so.

Gaia generally appears as a woman of earth and stone typically standing more than 50 feet tall, with roots and plants growing from her body. Her hair is Spanish moss, her lips are rosebuds, and when she stands still, roots quickly burrow from her feet into ground below her. Although Gaia can mate with anyone she desires, she can also impregnate herself at will, giving birth to whatever life form she desires. When left to her own devices, she prefers to sire chimerae, and during the Gigantomachy, the Dodekathemon called her Echidna, the Mother of Monsters, for the grotesqueries she unleashed on the World.

Gaia has a base dice pool of 24 for all actions. She favors Mental Attributes and prefers to defeat her enemies with the hordes of dazzling new life forms that are hers to command. More information on Gaia can be found on pages 166-167.

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



Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Green, The Savior/The Scourge, The Shaper

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Death and Sky, which are forbidden to her. Gaia also has all Boons from the Earth, Fertility and Health Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Mental Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 24

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 24, Damage 13L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 23, Damage 16L, Parry DV 40, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 25, Damage 13L, Parry DV 42, Speed 4

Soak: 8A/35L/41B

Health Levels: -0x39/Incap

Dodge DV: 47 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 124

Other Notes: None

GRAN BOIS

The Lord of the Forest Primeval, Gran Bois is the only male avatar of Terra. While his fellows represent different aspects of the reproductive cycle, Gran Bois governs the environment that is necessary for life to flourish. He typically manifests as an elderly and seemingly kindly Haitian man or, less commonly, as a massive buck. More often, however, he does not manifest at all, instead becoming one with the vast forests of Terra. He has absolute control over the flora and fauna of his Titan realm. Gran Bois is most commonly encountered in that stretch of Terra that is coextensive with the islands of the Caribbean.

Gran Bois has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. He favors Physical Attributes, tearing whole trees from the earth to hurl at his adversaries. More information on Gran Bois can be found on pages 168-169.

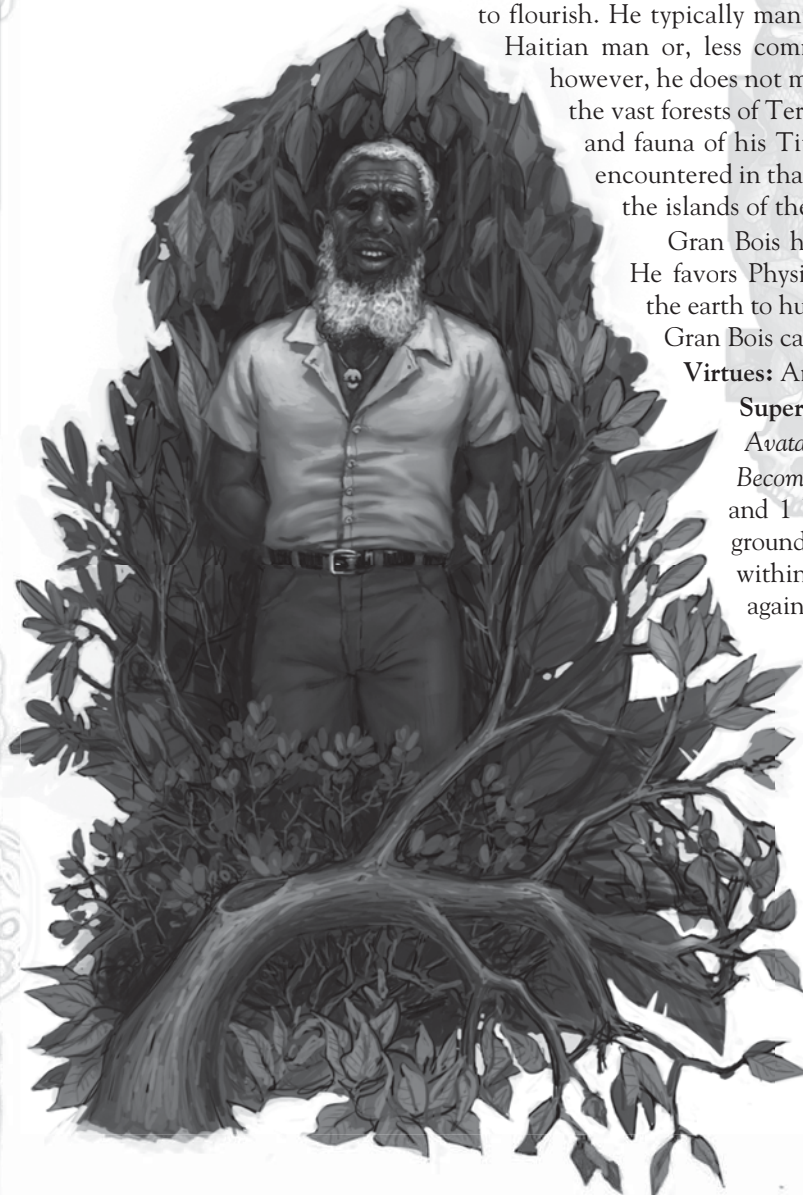
Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 3, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 4

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The Green, The Shaper

Become the Forest: At a cost of 30 Legend points and 1 Willpower, Gran Bois can sink into the ground and control the earth and every plant within a radius of 10 miles, directing them against his enemies as he pleases for the duration of a scene. All attacks take the form of environmental attacks (trees falling onto Scions, solid ground suddenly turning into quicksand, tropical plants firing poisonous quill darts, etc.) that are targeted with a dice pool of 20 (plus 46 automatic successes).

Gran Bois can target a specific individual once every six ticks. He can target multiple individuals in the target area, but he must divide his dice pool and his automatic successes up among all the targets. These environmental attacks can be dodged and parried normally (i.e., through Dodge and Parry DV).



The Damage bonus for a successful attack is +10L, which can be soaked normally *unless* the attack is defined as being non-soakable. Non-soakable attacks, such as quicksand attacks or poison attacks, have a Damage bonus of only +5L. While in this state, Gran Bois is immune to all attacks that are not supported by an 11-dot Boon or Ultimate Attribute. At the Storyteller's discretion, however, a stunt that severely damages a significant portion of the area Gran Bois is possessing could force him to end the effect early and resume a corporeal form.

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Death and Sky, which are forbidden to him. Gran Bois also has all Boons from the Animal, Cheval, Earth and Fertility Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 55, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 57, Speed 4

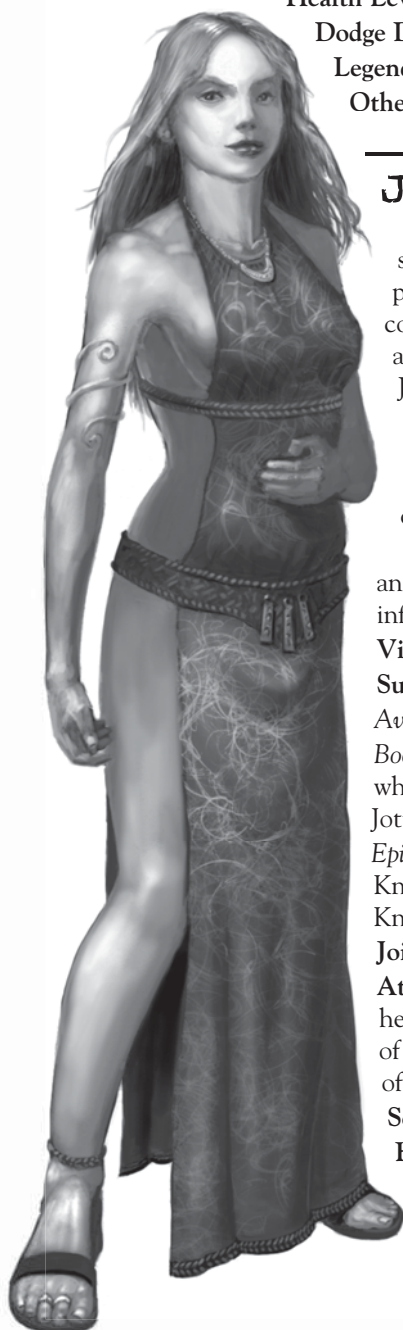
Soak: 10A/51L/56B

Health Levels: -0x52/Incap

Dodge DV: 61 **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: None



JORD

The mother of Thor, among other Gods of the Aesir, Jord manifests as stunningly beautiful Nordic woman who always appears as the observer's perfect ideal of female beauty and who constantly seeks suitable mates for copulation. Of all the avatars of Terra, Jord is perhaps the most ambivalent about the Titan's ultimate goals. Somewhat blasé and perhaps even vacuous, Jord personifies the sexual act itself. Kamimusuhi carries to term those children Jord conceives, and Gaia gives birth to them, but Jord epitomizes the drive to seek out a suitable mate. Therefore, Jord is often content to lose herself in sexual pleasure divorced from any of the consequences of her continual pregnancies.

Jord has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions. She favors Social Attributes and prefers to defeat her enemies by drowning them in lust and pleasure. More information on Jord can be found on page 168.

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 4, Rapacity 5, Zealotry 2

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Green, The Shaper

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Death and Sky, which are forbidden to her. Jord also has all Boons from the Earth, Fertility and Jotunblut Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 22

Attacks: None. Jord first seeks to seduce her enemies. If that fails, she summons her hordes of minions to her aid while she herself sinks into the protective womb of Terra's soil. As a last resort, she summons Gran Bois to do her fighting for her, offering him sexual favors in exchange for defending her person.

Soak: 8A/35L/40B

Health Levels: -0x35/Incap

Dodge DV: 46 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Other Notes: None

KAMIMUSUHI

Generally appearing as an attractive Japanese woman in the later stages of pregnancy, Kamimusuhi is always with child. She can choose to give birth whenever she wishes (or pass the fetus along to Gaia for delivery as she chooses), but Kamimusuhi becomes pregnant once again within seconds of delivery and ready to give birth again just a few minutes after that. If necessary, Kamimusuhi can deliver a new creature into the world every five minutes, and each of her offspring is delivered fully grown and ready to fight in his mother's name. Although Kamimusuhi can sire chimerae, minion races or virtually anything she desires, her usual preference is to create new kami. Such beings are lesser immortals roughly on par with a Scion of Legend 4, though she can sire one equivalent to Scions of Legend 6 or 7 as well.

Kamimusuhi has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. She favors Mental Attributes and prefers to defeat her enemies by carefully studying them and siring children designed to exploit their weaknesses. More information on Kamimusuhi can be found on page 168.

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 2, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 3

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Green, The Shaper

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Death and Sky, which are forbidden to her. Kamimusuhi also has all Boons from the Earth, Fertility and Tsukumo-Gami Purviews.

Endless Fecundity: Kamimusuhi has the power to impregnate herself at will, and she can also choose what she wants to sire. While her preference is to produce kami, she is capable of siring quite literally anything. The cost is 10 Legend points per dot of permanent Legend the offspring will have (to a maximum of Legend 7), and the process takes at least one minute per point of permanent Legend. All of her children grow to adulthood within seconds of birth.

None of these titanspawn may possess templates powered by other Titans, however, so only the nemean, typhonian and geotic templates are available to them.

Epic Attributes: Epic Mental Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks: None, Kamimusuhi always relies on her children to fight her battles for her, siring new and deadly children on the spot if necessary.

Soak: 8A/34L/39B

Health Levels: -0x35/Incap

Dodge DV: 44 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: Theoretically, Kamimusuhi's children could include beings comparable to any god, lesser immortal, chimera, minion or anything else described in this book or in the two previous **Scion** books, subject to the limitations outlined previously.

LESSER CREATURES OF TERRA

Nearly every type of land-based animal found in the World is represented by a nemean analogue in the teeming wilderness of Terra, and most predatory animals are represented by typhonian equivalents. Additionally, examples of virtually every type of chimera found in the World can also be found within Terra, along with colonies of most every minion race that is considered "uncivilized." That is, wild harpies live in aeries throughout Terra, but not more sophisticated races such as tengu. The majority of life forms indigenous to Terra possess the geotic template.

ANTAEAN GIANT

Antaeans are the offspring of Antaeus, a giant of Greek legend slain by Heracles. Antaeus was one of the demigod's more difficult challenges, as the giant could not be slain while his feet touched the ground. Once Heracles realized that fact, he simply held the giant aloft while choking him to death.

Antaean giants follow the standard template for the generic elder giant (see **Scion: Demigod**, pp. 268-269), save that they possess the geotic template. Unlike most geotic creatures, however, antaean giants retain the benefits of the geotic template even outside the realm of Terra. Specimens of this deadly breed often threaten Scions in the World, just as their forefather threatened Heracles all those years ago.

GIGAS

Nearly every Scion eventually has some sort of encounter with a giant, but no giant found in the World or the terrae incognitae can prepare one for an encounter with the First Giants, the firstborn children of Gaia—the Gigantes. Each Gigas stands over a mile in height. A Gigas' strength is unparalleled. Even Heracles would be hard pressed to match one in direct physical confrontation. Indeed, the Gigantes are individually so strong that they could have long ago battered down Mount Olympus itself if only they could have found weapons durable enough to stand up to the punishment.

For all their peerless strength, however, Gigantes are limited both by their natural stupidity and by their ugliness.

While vaguely manlike in appearance (despite its vast size), a Gigas looks to be a deformed and misshapen specimen of humanity, generally with a sloped brow and dull expression.

More importantly, Gigantes have great difficulty moving quickly, as they

are humanoid only from the knees up. A Gigas' feet and shins are replaced with a mass of writhing snakes that, while disturbing, do not make for efficient movement.

For all their bitterness over millennia of mistreatment, a significant percentage of the Gigantes might be won over if the Dodekathemon could be persuaded to treat with them as equals instead of grotesque distant cousins. In exchange for a vow (enforced by Fate) that the Gigantes and their cousins the Hekatonkheires could dwell in the Overworld in peace, Gaia might give up her fight and go to New Tartarus peacefully. Or not. After all, 3,000 years is a long time to spend locked up in a pit just because your relatives thought you were too ugly to have around.

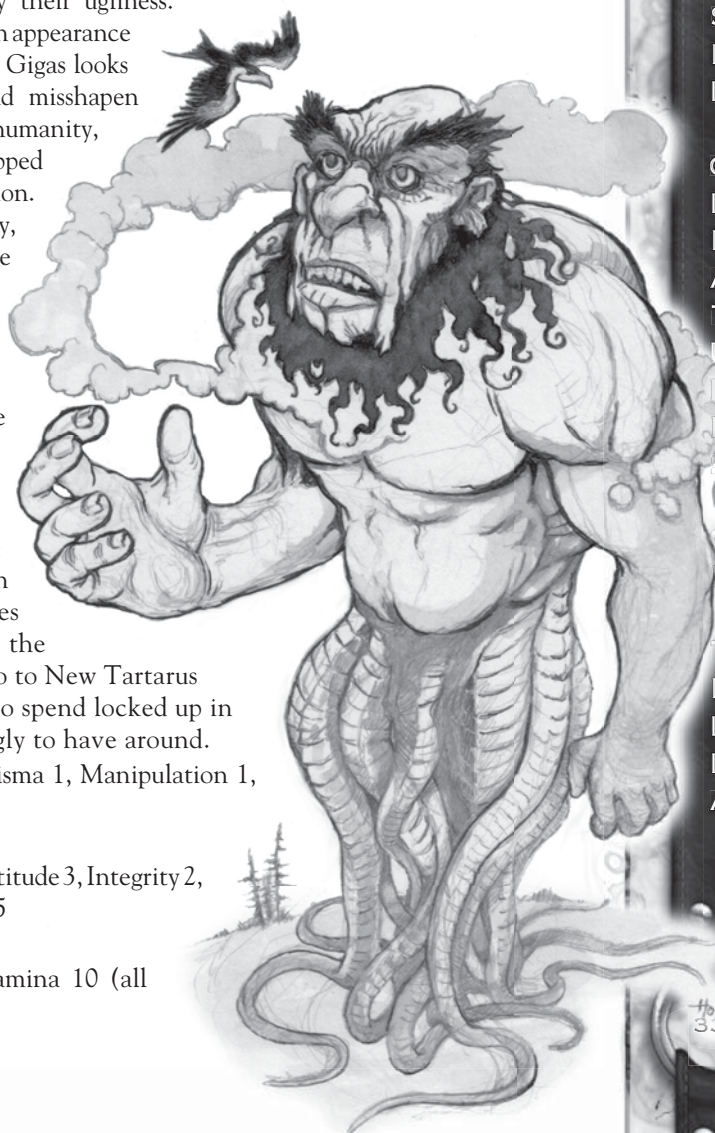
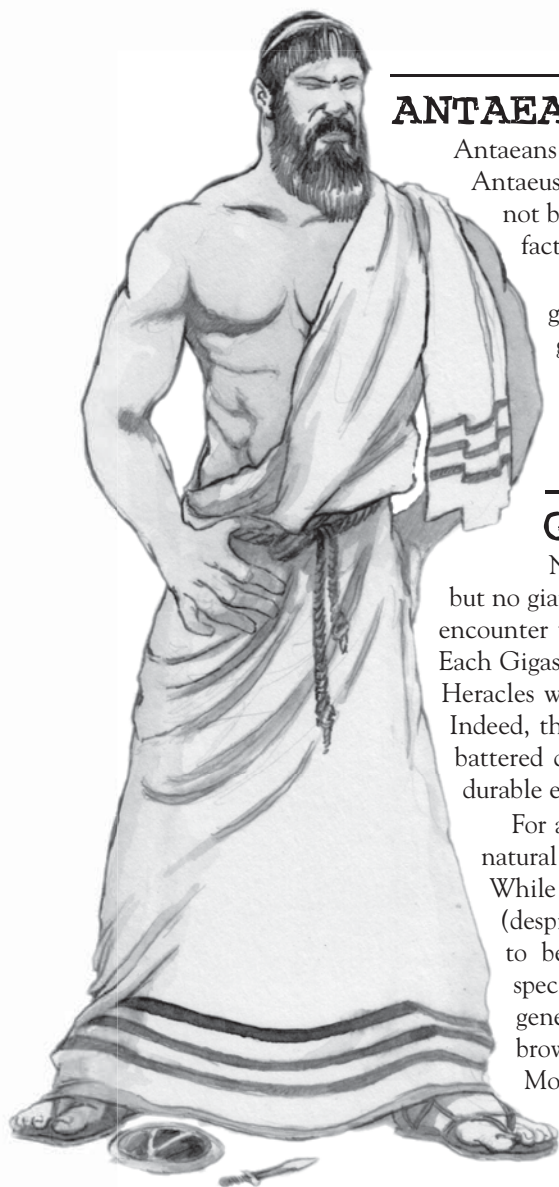
Attributes: Strength 100, Dexterity 5, Stamina 50; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 4

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 2, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 3

Abilities: Athletics 4, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Empathy 3, Fortitude 3, Integrity 2, Investigation 2, Melee 5, Presence 5, Survival 3, Thrown 5

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 10 (all Knacks), Epic Stamina 10 (all Knacks)





THE GEOTIC TEMPLATE

Most of Terra's inhabitants possess the geotic template. Such creatures are fundamentally connected to the life-affirming nature of this realm, a realm that is the epitome of the concept of a "biosphere." This connection manifests itself in an astounding rate of regeneration for Terra's creatures. A geotic creature regenerates a number of health levels equal to its Legend rating every six ticks. This regeneration does not distinguish between bashing or lethal damage. (If one Scion slashes at a ferocious nemean gopher with a sword and another bashes one with his fist, both will be astonished as the creatures' wounds quickly heal up.) A geotic creature can heal aggravated damage only at the natural rate.

There are three limitations to this power. First, the effects of the geotic template apply only while the creature is within the realm of Terra. Second, this regeneration requires a creature to maintain contact with the earth, and if a Scion holds the creature aloft long enough, his allies can kill it. Finally, geotic creatures cannot regenerate damage inflicted with the Sky or Death Purviews. Such damage is treated as aggravated, although the creature can still apply its normal soak.

Geotic creatures are immune to Earth-based Boons deployed by beings with lower Legend ratings. Attacks using the Death or Sky Purviews, however, are considered to have the Piercing quality.

Join Battle: 8

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 9, Damage 104L, Parry DV 4, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 11, Damage 101L, Parry DV 6, Speed 4

Tree Trunk: Accuracy 11, Damage 131B, Parry DV 5, Speed 5

Thrown Boulders/Small Mountains: Accuracy 10, Damage 111B,

Range 2,000 (see "Other Notes"), Speed 6

Soak: 10A/71L/96B

Health Levels: -0x149/Incap

Dodge DV: 10 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Trophy: The trophy of a Gigas is its brain, which despite the monster's incredible size, is only about a third of the size of a normal human brain. The brain will keep indefinitely once it has been removed from the Gigas' body. For every bite the Scion takes from the brain matter, he will gain a temporary dot in his choice of Epic Strength or Epic Stamina. For every dot of Epic Strength or Epic Stamina he gains, however, he temporarily loses one dot of Epic Intelligence (and one dot of normal Intelligence per bite if he has no Epic Intelligence). The Scion cannot eat so much at one time that he raises either his Epic Stamina or Strength above 10 or that he reduces his normal Intelligence to 0. The benefits of improved Epic Strength and Epic Stamina last for a scene. The effects of the reduced Intelligence last for a full day. A Gigas' brain typically is big enough to support 20 bites.

Other Notes: Gigantes are too big for any sort of effective clinch attack against most creatures. When fighting anything less than typhonian in size, there is essentially no difference between a grapple and a light unarmed attack. When throwing boulders or small mountains, it's true that a Gigas' Epic Strength and concomitant Knacks increase his throwing range preposterously far. The range listed here, however, is the range at which he can reasonably attempt to hit something Scion-sized or smaller.

GRIFFIN (CREATURE ●●●●)

Griffins are legendary beasts found in the mythologies of Greece and ancient Egypt and later in the legends and heraldry of medieval Europe. Each griffin has the body of a large lion, but it possesses the head and wings of an enormous eagle, and its front legs are eagle talons instead of a lion's paws. The first griffins were fashioned by Gaia as a type of war beast. However, they were among the earliest form of titanspawn, and unlike most of the Titans' other creations, they were not designed to possess an innate hatred for the Gods and their Scions. Accordingly, after the Titans were imprisoned, it was possible to tame wild griffins and use them as mounts.

Today, griffins are rare but are still used as steeds by Scions resourceful enough to find them and determined enough to tame them. In their natural habitat, the creatures are wild predators, and even after being tamed,



they remain aggressive carnivores. Scions are most successful in taming griffins if raised as hatchlings. A female griffin, after a successful mating with a male, will lay a single egg. This egg is very sturdy and will hatch normally after about a month, even without the mother's presence to provide body heat. Thus, a Scion who acquires a griffin egg need only wait until it hatches for the newborn to imprint on him just as a newly hatched duckling might. Griffins grow to an adult size in about six months. In order to use a griffin as a mount, the Scion must remain close to the hatchling and continue its training throughout the maturation process.

Griffins can fly at five times their normal movement rate. They can attack with both beak and claw.

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5; Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2; Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 3

Virtues: Wild griffins typically have Dark Virtues, with Rapacity as primary. Tamed griffins usually have the same Virtue set as their handlers.

Abilities: Animal Ken 5, Athletics 4, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Empathy 2, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Investigation 2, Presence 5, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 1 (Holy Rampage), Epic Dexterity 2 (Cat's Grace, Lightning Sprinter), Epic Stamina 2 (Holy Fortitude, Inner Furnace, Self-Healing, Devourer)

Flight: Griffins can fly at speeds of up to 150 miles per hour.

Tough Hide: The skin and feathers of a griffin are supernaturally tough, doubling the creature's bashing and lethal soak before Epic Stamina is applied.

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Talons): Accuracy 9, Damage 11L, Parry DV 6, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 11, Damage 8L, Parry DV 8, Speed 4

Soak: 2A/10L/14B (Tough Hide, +5L/7B)

Health Levels: -0/-0/-0/-0/-0/-0/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 8

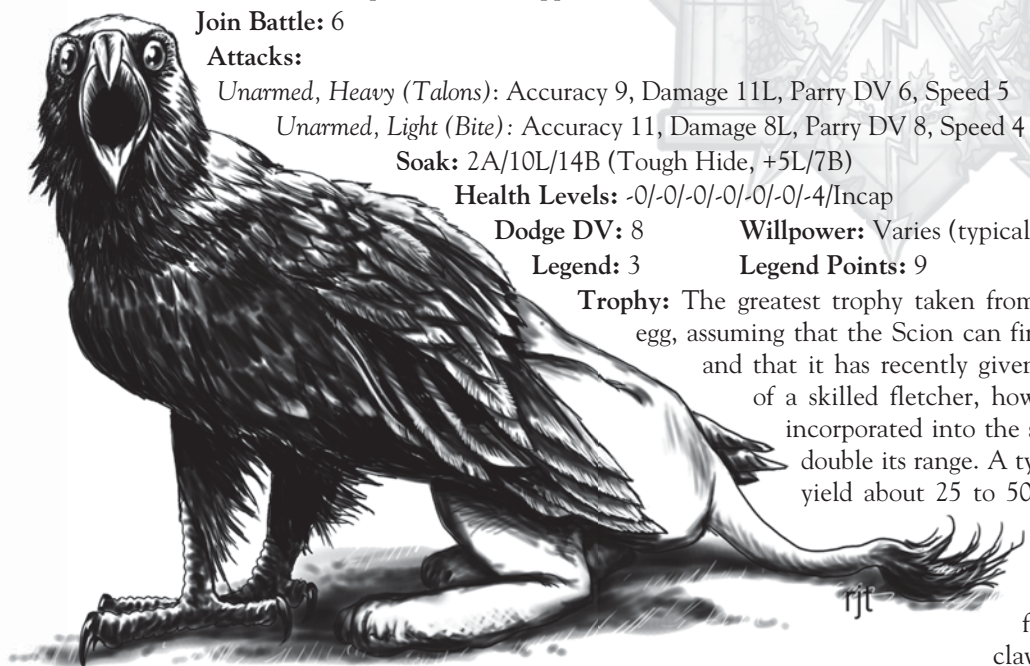
Willpower: Varies (typically 5)

Legend: 3

Legend Points: 9

Trophy: The greatest trophy taken from a dead griffin is its egg, assuming that the Scion can find the creature's nest and that it has recently given birth. In the hands of a skilled fletcher, however, griffin feathers incorporated into the shaft of an arrow will double its range. A typical griffin will only yield about 25 to 50 feathers suitable for use in arrow-making, however.

Other Notes: Attacks from a griffin's beak or claws do +2L damage.



HEKATONKHEIRE

The gargantuan and grotesque Hekatonkheires are perhaps the most dangerous of Gaia's offspring. Far less numerous than the Gigantes, the Hekatonkheires make up for it by being bigger, smarter and more versatile. Greek mythology describes the Hekatonkheires as each having 50 heads and 100 hands. This is somewhat inaccurate. In fact, each Hekatonkheire has as many limbs and sensory organs as it needs. The true form of a Hekatonkheire is that of a protoplasmic blob about 10 times the size of an aircraft carrier. The Hekatonkheire can alter its form at will sprouting as many limbs as it needs to attack and defend itself, though producing much more than 100 appendages spreads the creature out too thinly to defend itself properly. Although not brilliant by any means, the Hekatonkheires are of at least average intelligence and are capable of formulating and executing plans. Recognizing that they are her most formidable children, Gaia has largely kept the Hekatonkheires in reserve, hoping to weaken the Dodekathion by attrition and remove its most powerful Gods from the fray before sending in her firstborn to strike the final blow.

Attributes: Strength 60, Dexterity 20, Stamina 40; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0; Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Virtues: Ambition 4, Malice 3, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 1

Abilities: Athletics 4, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Empathy 3, Fortitude 5, Integrity 5, Presence 5, Thrown 4

Supernatural Powers:

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 10 (all Knacks)

Protoplasmic Nature: Hekatonkheires don't have any Epic Stamina nor do they possess the geotic template, but then, they don't really need those advantages. The body of a Hekatonkheire has the consistency of a dollop of strawberry preserves that just happens to be two miles long and one mile wide. Cutting or bashing attacks simply slice through the beast's exterior... which then simply closes without any noticeable damage. In other words, except for a few special attacks, a Hekatonkheire is effectively indestructible. Mainly, the creature's only weaknesses are fire, electricity and extreme cold. Attacks that draw upon the Fire or Sky Purviews affect a Hekatonkheire normally, although only the highest levels of those Purviews can realistically kill something as big and tough as a Hekatonkheire. Other than that, only attacks made using 11-dot Boons or Ultimate Attributes can do the job. Heracles might rip one apart with his bare hands or Zeus might strike at one with a thunderbolt, but a simple sword (pardon the pun) won't cut it.

Pseudopodia: A Hekatonkheire has as many arms and heads as it needs to do the job. When in combat with a Band of Scions, the creature's normal strategy is to extrude two gooey tentacles for each of its opponents, seeking to bash them into submission or drag them inside its body to smother them. If a Scion can evade two simultaneous attacks (at full dice pools) per Attack action, then the Hekatonkheire ups the ante, adding two more arms to attack that target until she is defeated or she flees. Each of a Hekatonkheire's tentacles attacks independently, up to a maximum of 25 independent attacks. For every additional five arms, a cumulative -2 penalty applies to all of its attacks. When faced with opponents who can strike from a distance, Hekatonkheires may hurl mountain-sized boulders up to several miles in response.

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Clinch (per appendage): Accuracy 25, Damage 61L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Crush: Accuracy 25, Damage 61L, Parry DV —, Speed 6

Unarmed, Heavy (per appendage): Accuracy 24, Damage 64L, Parry DV 12, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (per appendage): Accuracy 26, Damage 61L, Parry DV 13, Speed 4

Thrown Boulders/Small Mountains (per appendage): Accuracy 24, Damage 71B, Range 2,000 (see "Other Notes"), Speed 6

Soak: 20L/40B (plus total immunity to most physical attacks due to Protoplasmic Nature)

Health Levels: -0x74/Incap

Dodge DV: 18 **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Trophy: The trophy of a Hekatonkheire is a tiny glass bead less than a quarter-inch in diameter. (Finding the damn thing in the midst of a dead titanspawn the size of a small town might be harder than killing the Hekatonkheire in the first place.) If recovered, the bead can act as a Birthright relic for the Earth, Fertility and Health Purviews. Additionally, if swallowed, it confers the benefits of the geotic template (see p. 332)



except that the effects continue to function even outside Terra. A Scion can't metabolize these tiny, BB-sized pellets—even with the Devourer Knack from Epic Stamina—so they follow the natural course. If she wants the benefits to last, she will have to recover the bead once it makes its way through her digestive system. Then she can eat it again (*hopefully* after she cleans it thoroughly, but whatever).

Mechanically speaking, once the Scion swallows the bead, she will regenerate a number of bashing and/or lethal damage levels equal to her Legend rating every six ticks as long as she maintains contact with the earth. Her accelerated healing does not, however, apply to injuries suffered as a result of the Death or Sky Purviews. She soaks those normally but treats them as aggravated damage in terms of how long it takes to heal. Finally, this effect ends the very next time the Scion has a bowel movement.

Other Notes: The Hekatonkheire's crush attack simply involves rolling over the enemy and grinding her beneath hundreds of tons of protoplasmic goo. This attack can be dodged but not parried. When throwing boulders or small mountains, it's true that a Hekatonkheire's Epic Strength and concomitant Knacks increase its throwing range ridiculously far. The range listed here, however, is the range at which a Hekatonkheire can reasonably attempt to hit something Scion-sized or smaller.

SERPOPARD (CREATURE ●●●)

The serpopard is a minor chimerical beast associated with Egyptian legendry. The creature combines the attributes of the leopard and the serpent, but very subtly. In fact, the creature is indistinguishable from a normal leopard unless it uses its special attack, which allows the beast to shoot its head out up to three yards for a bite attack. In ancient times, the Egyptians called such creatures "sedja," but among modern Scions, the vulgar "serpopard" (or serpent-leopard) is more common, much to Thoth's annoyance.

Serpopards were among the earliest of all chimerae, an early attempt by Gaia in her Egyptian guise Mut to forge useful servitors. Although formidable against mortals, the serpopard was hardly up to the challenge of fighting a heroic Scion let alone a demigod. After the Titans were bound, the remaining serpopards were hunted to extinction, except for a small number that were captured and tamed by Scions of the Pesedjet who were good with animals, especially Scions of Bastet.

Modern Scions who use serpopards as Birthright Creatures typically find them engraved on Egyptian cartouches, inscribed along with an incantation for bringing the creature to life. Some Scions of Bastet have been rewarded with Creatures that appear as simple house cats but can transform into serpopards when a command is given.

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2; Perception 4, Intelligence 1, Wits 3

Virtues: Conviction 2, Harmony 2, Order 2, Piety 2

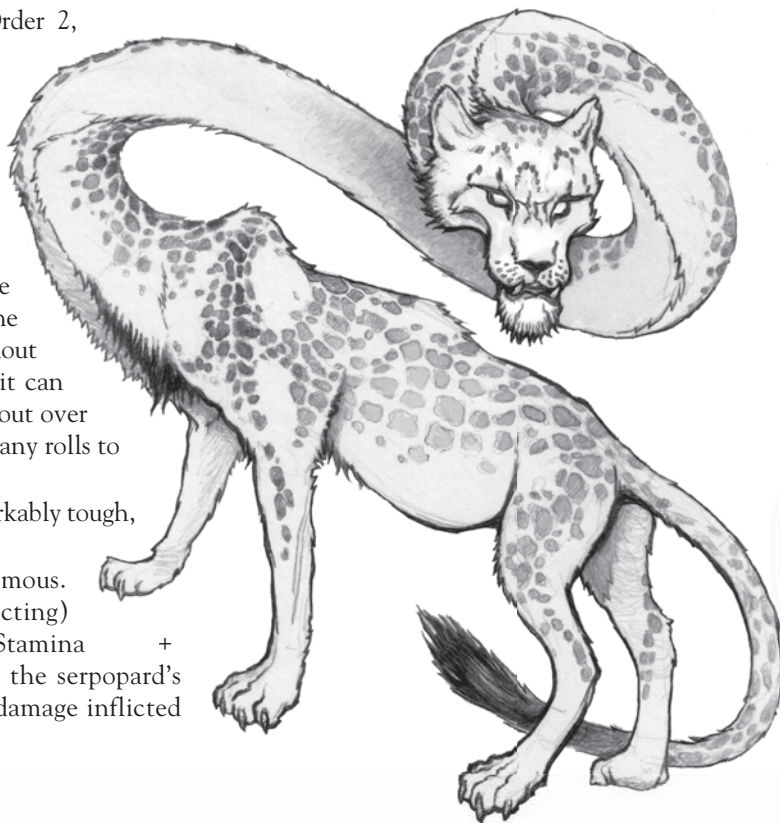
Abilities: Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Fortitude 4, Integrity 2, Investigation 2, Presence 1, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Supernatural Powers:

Extendable Neck: The serpopard can extend its neck a distance of up to three yards as a reflexive action. This allows the creature make a ranged bite attack without moving into close combat range. Also, it can extend its neck and cause it to writhe about over its body like a snake, adding four dice to any rolls to intimidate others.

Tough Hide: The serpopard's hide is remarkably tough, adding +4 bashing and lethal soak.

Venom: The serpopard's bite is venomous. On a successful (i.e., damage-inflicting) attack, the victim's player must roll (Stamina + Fortitude) against a difficulty equal to the serpopard's Legend. If the roll is unsuccessful, the damage inflicted is doubled.



Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Claws): Accuracy 7, Damage 10L, Parry DV 3, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 9, Damage 7L, Parry DV 5, Speed 4

Soak: 6L/8B (Tough Hide, +4L/4B)

Health Levels: -0/-1/-1/-2/-2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 5 **Willpower:** 4

Legend: 3

Legend Points: 9

Other Notes: The serpopard's bite and claw attacks inflict an additional +2L.

AVATARS OF SOKU-NO-KUMI

Favored Purviews: Darkness, Death, Psychopomp, Magic, Moon

Banned Purviews: Fire, Sun

Despite his capture (and in part because of it), Mikaboshi, the darkness that existed before the light, remains the dominant avatar of Soku-no-Kumi, the Greater Titan of Darkness. The circumstances of his failure also resulted in him being the only avatar to maintain any connection to the Overworld at all. His only rivals are Erebus, the darkness of those places where no light shines, and Huehuetotl, the darkness that seeks to snuff out the light. While the two bitterly rail against Mikaboshi's perceived incompetence, he alone still has servants active outside Soku-no-Kumi. If the Titan can still be freed, it will only be through Mikaboshi's cunning.

EREBUS

Erebus is the weakest of the three avatars, both in power and in ambition. Erebus doesn't dream of a universe without light. Instead, he is content to simply remain in those places where light does not reach. Having submitted to Mikaboshi's authority, Erebus remains trapped deep beneath the surface of Soku-no-Kumi. Unlike his hated rival, Erebus has a form—he manifests as the solidified shadow of a man standing 100 feet tall. In this form, he receives the supplication of his albino worshippers... and that of any Scions who seek him out. Already imprisoned by his rival avatars, he bears the children of the Gods little malice for imprisoning him further within Tartarus.

Erebus has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. He favors Social Attributes and prefers to defeat his enemies through cunning and misdirection. More information on Erebus can be found on pages 178-179.

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 3, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 2

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Abyss, The Way

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Fire and Sun, which are forbidden to him. Erebus also has all Boons from the Darkness and Psychopomp Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 38, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 40, Speed 4

Sword of Shadows: Accuracy 23, Damage 25L, Parry DV 41, Speed 4, P

Soak: 8A/34L/39B

Health Levels: -0x49/Incap

Dodge DV: 44 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: Erebus' Sword of Shadows is an oversized xiphos with the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +14L, Defense +3, Speed 4. The sword has the Piercing quality, as it is actually a solidified shadow capable of slinking around the target's armor to find chinks where it can slip through. Furthermore, the shadowy nature of the sword allows its Piercing quality to defeat armor with the Bulletproof quality except where that quality is magical in nature. That is, the sword can penetrate conventional Bulletproof vests, but not magically augmented armor. Although the Sword of Shadows is sized for Erebus' massive form, if it is taken from his possession, it will automatically resize itself to its new owner, but only *after* it is removed from Soku-no-Kumi. Until that point, it will remain about 30 feet long and weigh about six tons.

HUEHUETEOTL

The Aztecs used to say that the souls of dead warriors would go forth in the morning to fight against Huehueteotl to clear a path for the rising sun. Then, after the sun reached its apex, the souls of women who died in childbirth would carry the sun to the western horizon to keep it safe from Huehueteotl, as the darkness came back from the east to pursue it.

Huehueteotl, the personification of the darkness that comes from blindness, generally appears as a decrepit and emaciated old man, usually with blind crows sitting on his shoulders. The crows are not "real" in the sense of being independent creatures. Instead, they are expressions of Huehueteotl's desire to blind all those he encounters. The curse of blindness he inflicts is conceptual—after first stealing his target's sight, Huehueteotl then strips them of all their other senses, leaving them trapped in a hell of permanent sensory deprivation.

Huehueteotl has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. He favors Physical Attributes and brutal assaults that usually end with his enemies blind and defenseless. More information on Huehueteotl can be found on page 179.

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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Abyss, The Reaper, The Savior/The Scourge

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Fire and Sun, which are forbidden to him. Huehueteotl also has all Boons from the Darkness, Death and Health Purviews.

Demon Crow Assault: Scions might laugh when a doddering old man accosts them in Soku-no-Kumi and then directs two emaciated crows perched on his shoulders to attack them. The laughter soon turns to screams. The two crows are not actual animals and cannot be slain or injured while Huehueteotl lives. In fact, they don't really exist—the birds are simply a manifestation of the avatar's will. When Huehueteotl unleashes his Demon Crow Assault, the birds are directed toward a single target, attacking with a pool of 20 dice (augmented by 46 automatic successes).

The crows do not inflict any damage. Instead, if Huehueteotl's successes left over after DV is subtracted exceed the target's Legend, then the birds successfully rip out the target's eyes, blinding her. The target suffers no damage from losing her eyes, but no form of healing magic can restore them while she remains in Soku-no-Kumi. Subsequent attacks against a blinded target steal her ears, nose, tongue and



fingertips, neutralizing in turn her senses of hearing, smell, taste and touch (as well as the power of speech when the tongue is ripped out). Targets who have lost all of their sensory organs lose one Willpower point per day due to sensory deprivation and will go insane if the condition persists for more than (Willpower x 2) days.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 55, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 57, Speed 4

Soak: 10A/51L/56B

Health Levels: -0x55/Incap

Dodge DV: 61 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: None

MIKABOSHI

Mikaboshi represents the darkness that is the final fate of all things: Oblivion. He refuses to wear any coherent form and, in a very real sense, is one with the darkness that permeates Soku-no-Kumi. When he deigns to communicate

“face-to-face” with others, Mikaboshi manifests as a white ceramic mask of a serene human face that floats in a pool of utter blackness. More than either of his fellow avatars, Mikaboshi remembers that the darkness existed before anything else. When all light is extinguished, that perfect darkness will rule again.

Since the defeat of his agent Kane Taoka, Mikaboshi’s strength has ebbed. He currently has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions, down from 24 dice previously. He favors Social Attributes and has been very successful in seducing Scions into worshipping his darkness. More information on Mikaboshi can be found on page 178.

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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Abyss, The Mirror, The Reaper, The Way

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Fire and Sun, which are forbidden to him. Mikaboshi also has all Boons from the Darkness, Death, Moon and Psychopomp Purviews.

Crushing Fear of Night: If Mikaboshi does manifest in a solid form (for whatever reason), his preferred method of defending himself is to grasp his enemies in tendrils of inky, impenetrable darkness—essentially solidified shadows. Aside from the physical effects of this attack, the Crushing Fear of Night also allows Mikaboshi to drive his enemy insane by invoking the primordial fear of darkness that exists in all living things.



Mikaboshi's dice pool for this aspect of the attack (which first requires a successful grapple attack) is 22 dice (plus 29 automatic successes), resisted by the Scion's (Integrity + Legend + Willpower). Each net success rolled for Mikaboshi causes the Scion to lose one temporary Willpower point. If all temporary Willpower points are stripped away, every subsequent three successes steals a *permanent* Willpower. A victim who loses all her permanent Willpower is driven utterly mad by a hysterical, overwhelming fear of the dark. Mikaboshi can use this power only while he is physically manifested—it is incompatible with his Darkness Incarnate power.

Darkness Incarnate: While the other avatars represent Darkness, Mikaboshi is Darkness. He has no physical form whatsoever and is utterly immune to all attacks that inflict physical damage. He can be tricked or compelled to assume a physical form, most easily through the use of the Mask of Mikaboshi (see pp. 214-215) through the creative use of an 11-dot Boon or Epic Attribute or just through player ingenuity. At that point, his listed soak and health levels apply. Once physically manifested, Mikaboshi appears to be an enormous, undulating, pitch-black blob replete with waving tentacles.

Epic Attributes: Epic Social Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 22

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 22, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 21, Damage 14L, Parry DV 39, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 23, Damage 11L, Parry DV 41, Speed 4

Note: Mikaboshi attacks physically only if he has been somehow forced to manifest physically.

Soak: 8A/35L/40B (immune to most attacks due to Darkness Incarnate power)

Health Levels: -0x39/Incap

Dodge DV: 46 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Other Notes: None

LESSER CREATURES OF SOKU-NO-KUMI

Every being within Soku-no-Kumi is capable of functioning in darkness (save, of course, for those who have attracted Huehuetotl's ire). Common nemean and typhonian beasts include burrowing animals (such as badgers, moles and weasels), bats and subterranean insects. Perhaps the most dangerous are the typhonian ants, if only for their enormous numbers. Each individual ant is only the size of a minivan, but the creatures can swarm in thousands.

AMA NO ZAKO

Once (despite what all the tales say), Ama no Zako was pretty. A Scion of Susano-o born during the first Titanomachy, Ama no Zako was as famed for her beauty as she was for her intellect, her charm and her battle prowess. So formidable was the young Scion that her father gave her a dangerous mission upon which the fate of the Three Worlds rested: use her feminine wiles to engage and distract Mikaboshi while the other Amatsukami began the process of consigning the Titan to Tartarus. So devoted to her father was Ama no Zako that she would have happily sacrificed her own life in this mission if Susano-o had only asked.

He didn't bother.

Instead, Susano-o lied to his daughter, concealing from her the fact that hers was a suicide mission. When the gates of Tartarus slammed shut, Ama no Zako was trapped on the wrong side, her last sight of the Overworld being that of her father, who refused to meet her gaze. Then she was consigned to an eternity in the black hell of Soku-no-Kumi. To her credit, Ama no Zako lasted for centuries before the conditions of her confinement and Mikaboshi's subtle blandishments wore down her resolve. The Scion cursed her father's name and swore allegiance to Mikaboshi. Then, and only then, did Mikaboshi's servants lead her through the warrens and the chasms of void to a tiny crack in the walls of Tartarus—one far too small for a Titan, but just the right size for a young Scion. Ama no Zako scratched and clawed her way through the crack to the Overworld. She has served Mikaboshi faithfully ever since.

Ama no Zako's centuries of torture in Soku-no-Kumi have greatly marred her beauty, so much so that she now possesses high levels of negative Epic Appearance. Her sole Birthright relic is a hideous demon mask that

she cannot remove, as Mikaboshi attached it to her very skull with rivets of black jade. In Mikaboshi's name, she commands the amanojaku, the oni and those tengu who serve the Titans.

Attributes: Strength 11, Dexterity 8, Stamina 10; Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 11; Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 8

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 5, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Animal Ken 3, Athletics 4, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Command 5, Empathy 2, Fortitude 5, Integrity 4, Investigation 2, Marksmanship 5, Melee 5, Occult 3, Politics 2, Stealth 5, Survival 2, Thrown 2

Birthrights: Followers 5+ (Ama no Zako commands the legions of Mikaboshi and is typically surrounded by a retinue consisting of several oni and tengu, as well as dozens of shinobi), Relic 5 (The Black Blade), Relic 5 (Demon Mask—Chaos, Darkness, Psychopomp, Sky and War)

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Abyss, The Way

Boons: The Abducted Spirit, Battle Cry, Battle Map, Blessing of Bravery, The Blinded Spirit, Co-Location, Come Along, Crawling Chaos, Eclipse, Eye of the Storm, The Helpful Spirit, Hornet's Nest, The Impressed Spirit, The Industrious Spirit, Marathon Sprinter, Morale Failure, Night Eyes, Otherworldly Portal, Oublette, Paralyzing Confusion, Rainbow Bridge, Recurring Distraction, Ride Along, Sabot, Shadow Bodies, Shadow Craft, Shadow Mask, Shadow Refuge, Shadow Shroud, Shadow Step, Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation, Strike Blind, The Summoned Spirit, Terra Incognita, Unbarred Entry, Unerring Orientation, The Wakeful Spirit, Warrior Ideal (Ninja), The Watchful Spirit, Where Are You?, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 8 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Stamina 8 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**), Epic Appearance 8 (all Knacks appropriate to negative Epic Appearance), Epic Wits 8 (all Knacks from **Scion: Hero** and **Scion: Demigod**)

Miasmic Nature: Ama no Zako possesses the miasmic template (see p. 341).

Join Battle: 11

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 13, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 12, Damage 15L, Parry DV 6, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 14, Damage 12L, Parry DV 7, Speed 4

The Black Blade: Accuracy 16, Damage 19L, Parry DV 9, Speed 4

Soak: 8A/34L/39B

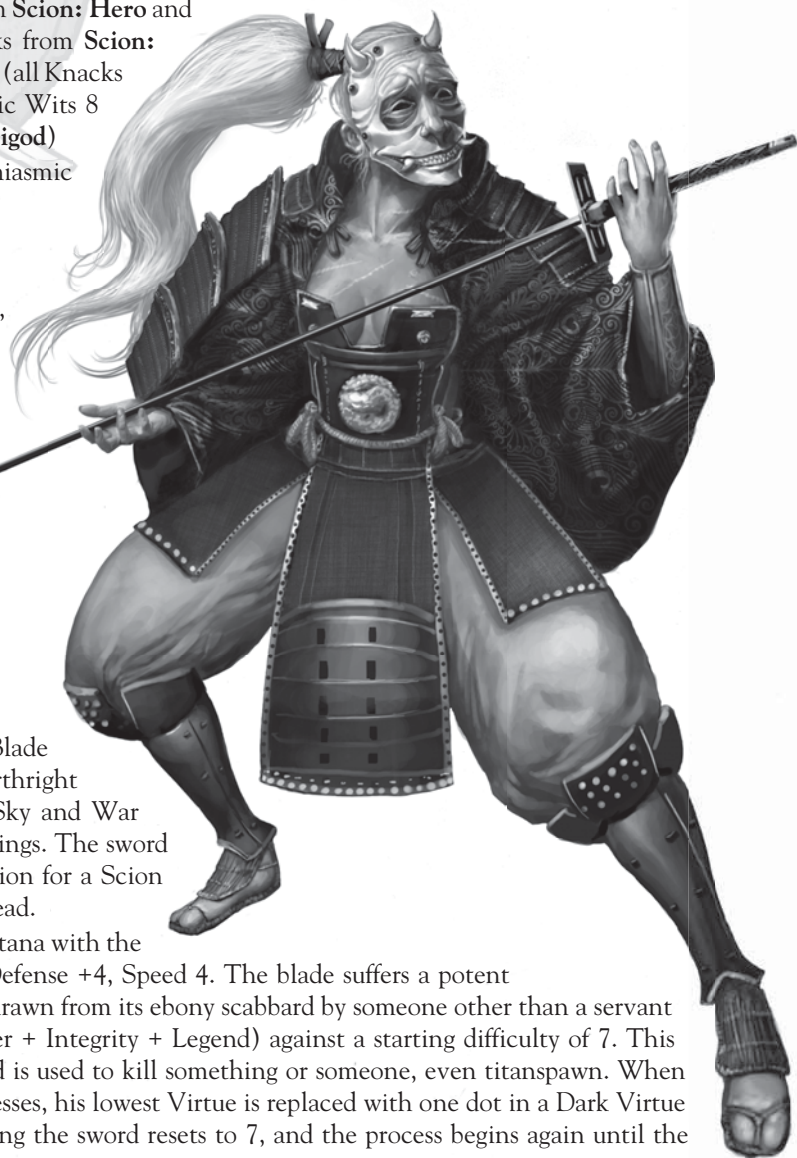
Health Levels: -0x35/Incap

Dodge DV: 12 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 144

Trophy: Ama no Zako's trophies are the Black Blade and her Demon Mask, which can serve as a Birthright item for the Chaos, Darkness, Psychopomp, Sky and War Purviews. Unfortunately, these are mixed blessings. The sword is cursed, and the Demon Mask will not function for a Scion unless it has been permanently affixed to his head.

Other Notes: The Black Blade is a jet-black katana with the following traits: Accuracy +3, Damage +7L, Defense +4, Speed 4. The blade suffers a potent curse, however. Every time the Black Blade is drawn from its ebony scabbard by someone other than a servant of the Titans, the wielder must roll (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) against a starting difficulty of 7. This difficulty increases by one *every* time the sword is used to kill something or someone, even titanspawn. When the wielder eventually fails to get enough successes, his lowest Virtue is replaced with one dot in a Dark Virtue chosen by the Storyteller. The difficulty of using the sword resets to 7, and the process begins again until the Scion is utterly corrupted.



THE MIASMIC TEMPLATE

While the creatures of Akhetaten are filled with the glorious primal light of Aten, the denizens of Soku-no-Kumi serve darker masters. A creature possessing the miasmic template invokes the primal terror of the dark that exists in all living things. Those protected by this template are too frightening for lesser beings to confront. The player of an attacking Scion whose Legend rating is less than the targeted creature must roll (Willpower + Integrity + Legend) and get more successes than the target's Legend in order for his character to join battle against that creature. If the initial roll is unsuccessful, the player can roll again every five ticks to see if the Scion can overcome the effect. After a successful roll, the character can attack that creature freely for the rest of the scene. Characters with Legend ratings equal to or higher than that of the target creature are immune to this effect. As a side effect, miasmic creatures are invisible to the Sense Legend power of this realm's giant ants.

As a final defense, intelligent miasmic beings can transform themselves into beings of pure shadow for the duration of a single tick. While protected by this shadow body, the creature ignores all damage inflicted on that tick save attacks based on fire or light (including the Sun Purview). This power has a prodigious Legend cost—10 points per tick—but while active, it provides a perfect defense against most physical attacks.

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

GIANT ANT

Each giant ant is identical to a typical worker ant except for its size (each is roughly the size of a large SUV). To a cunning Scion, the ants of Soku-no-Kumi aren't dangerous at all. Their motivations are no more sophisticated or intrinsically hostile than those of any mundane ant. The ants are dangerous because they feed on Legend as mundane ants feed on sugar, reacting accordingly to Scions in their midst. A clever Scion who can conceal his burning Legend from their crude senses, however, can move around them unmolested... unless he provokes someone capable of directing the ants, such as Erebus, to act more forcefully. The albino men who dwell in Soku-no-Kumi sometimes tame giant ants and use them as steeds.

Attributes: Strength 12, Dexterity 8, Stamina 10; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1; Perception 5, Intelligence 1, Wits 4

Virtues: The giant ants are unintelligent and have no Virtues.

Abilities: Athletics 3, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Survival 2

Supernatural Powers:

Armored Hide: Each ant possesses a metallic carapace that confers +5A/15L/30B extra soak.

Miasmic Nature: Each ant possesses the miasmic template, but is too unintelligent to use its shadow body defense feature (see above).

Sense Legend: Giant ants can sense Legend, apparently by smelling it. A giant ant can detect the expenditure of Legend points at a range of up to one mile. The roll for this ability is (Perception + Awareness), with the target's Legend rating added as bonus dice.

Join Battle: 7

Attacks:

Bite: Accuracy 11, Damage 17L, Parry DV 5, Speed 5

Soak: 5A/25L/40B (Tough Hide, +5A/15L/30B)

Health Levels: -0x4/-1x4/-2x4/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 8 **Willpower:** 3

Legend: 4 **Legend Points:** 16

Trophy: The trophy of a giant ant lies in its antennae, which can be used as a divining rod to detect hidden sources of Legend (magically concealed Scions, hidden entrances to terrae incognitae, etc.). To use the antenna, the Scion must spend a point of Legend and roll (Perception + Occult). The antenna automatically ignores sources of Legend of which the Scion is already aware.

Other Notes: None

GYUKI

A powerful and dangerous chimera found both in Soku-no-Kumi and the World, a gyuki takes the form of a monstrous nemean bull or ox with red skin, a bushy-haired leonine face and two massive and bloody horns that inflict terrible damage. A gyuki typically stands about eight feet tall at the shoulder and is about 15 feet long. In addition to more conventional modes of attack, the creature can also strike at a target indirectly. Instead of targeting one's body, the gyuki instead targets her shadow. This attack suffers a -4 penalty, but any damage completely bypasses the target's soak.

Gyuki are intelligent creatures. In addition to their formidable physical powers, each gyuki can also shapeshift into the form of a beautiful woman. A gyuki can also travel into the dreams of a sleeping victim. The gyuki can inflict no damage within the target's dreams, but it can remain there, lurking in the target's subconscious only to burst free later for a sneak attack, whether the target is asleep or awake.

Attributes: Strength 10, Dexterity 10, Stamina 10; Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2; Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 5, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 1

Abilities: Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 5, Fortitude 3, Integrity 3, Investigation 1, Presence 2, Stealth 5, Survival 2

Supernatural Powers:

Dream Travel: A gyuki can enter the dreams of a sleeping person at a cost of four Legend points. It can remain there indefinitely, lurking in the victim's subconscious but otherwise unable to affect her, although a cunning gyuki can hinder its target by preventing her from sleeping or otherwise manipulating her dreams and nightmares (such as by giving her "prophetic dreams" that lead her astray). The gyuki can burst free from its host at any point. Doing so does not damage the host, but it does give the gyuki complete surprise over anyone present who has not been warned by appropriate supernatural perception.

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 4 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Dexterity 4 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Stamina 5 (all appropriate Knacks).

Miasmic Nature: Each gyuki possesses the miasmic template (see p. 341).

Shadow Attack: By spending five Legend points per attack, a gyuki can target its enemy's shadow instead of her body with a standard unarmed attack. This attack suffers a -4 penalty, but if successful, it completely bypasses the target's soak.

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Gore: Accuracy 14, Damage 16L, Parry DV 14, Speed 5

Kick: Accuracy 16, Damage 11L, Parry DV 15, Speed 4

Soak: 5A/16L/21B

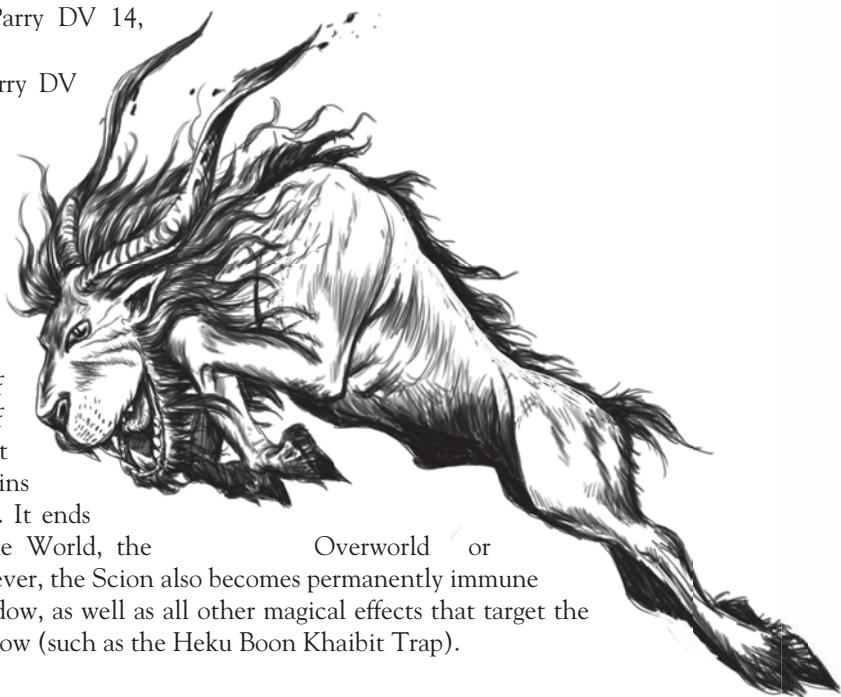
Health Levels: -0x25/Incap

Dodge DV: 17 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 7 **Legend Points:** 49

Trophy: The trophy of a gyuki is in its blood. If a Scion bathes in a gyuki's blood and completely immerses himself, he will gain the benefits of the miasmic template for a number of days equal to his Legend. This effect lasts only as long as the Scion remains in Soku-no-Kumi or the Underworld. It ends automatically once he returns to the World, the Overworld or another Titan realm. Thereafter, however, the Scion also becomes permanently immune to the gyuki's ability to target his shadow, as well as all other magical effects that target the Scion by way of manipulating his shadow (such as the Heku Boon Khaibit Trap).

Other Notes: None





ORGAN BEAST

The organ beasts of Soku-no-Kumi are among the most disturbing creatures to be found anywhere in the Titan realms. Formed in response to humanity's most primal subconscious fears—contamination, disease and blood—the organ beasts appear to be crude and nauseous parodies of conventional animals sculpted haphazardly from bone, viscera and internal organs. Many observers note (between bouts of vomiting) that organ beasts look like mundane animals literally turned inside out.

Generally, organ beasts have the same traits as their mundane analogues. Many organ beasts are also nemean beasts, but mercifully, there are no known typhonian organ beasts. All organ beasts are capable of transmitting highly communicable diseases. On any direct physical contact with an organ beast, the victim's player must roll (Stamina + Fortitude). Epic Stamina applies to this roll, *but* if the encounter takes place within the Forest of Organs, the Scion's Epic Stamina is considered to be reduced by a number of dots equal to the organ beast's Legend. Even if the monster's Legend reduces the Scion's Epic Stamina to zero or below, however, the Scion's normal Stamina is unaffected.

The disease traits of an organ beast's contagion are as follows:

Virulence: (Legend x 3)

Incubation Period: One hour

Untreated Morbidity: (Legend rating x 2)

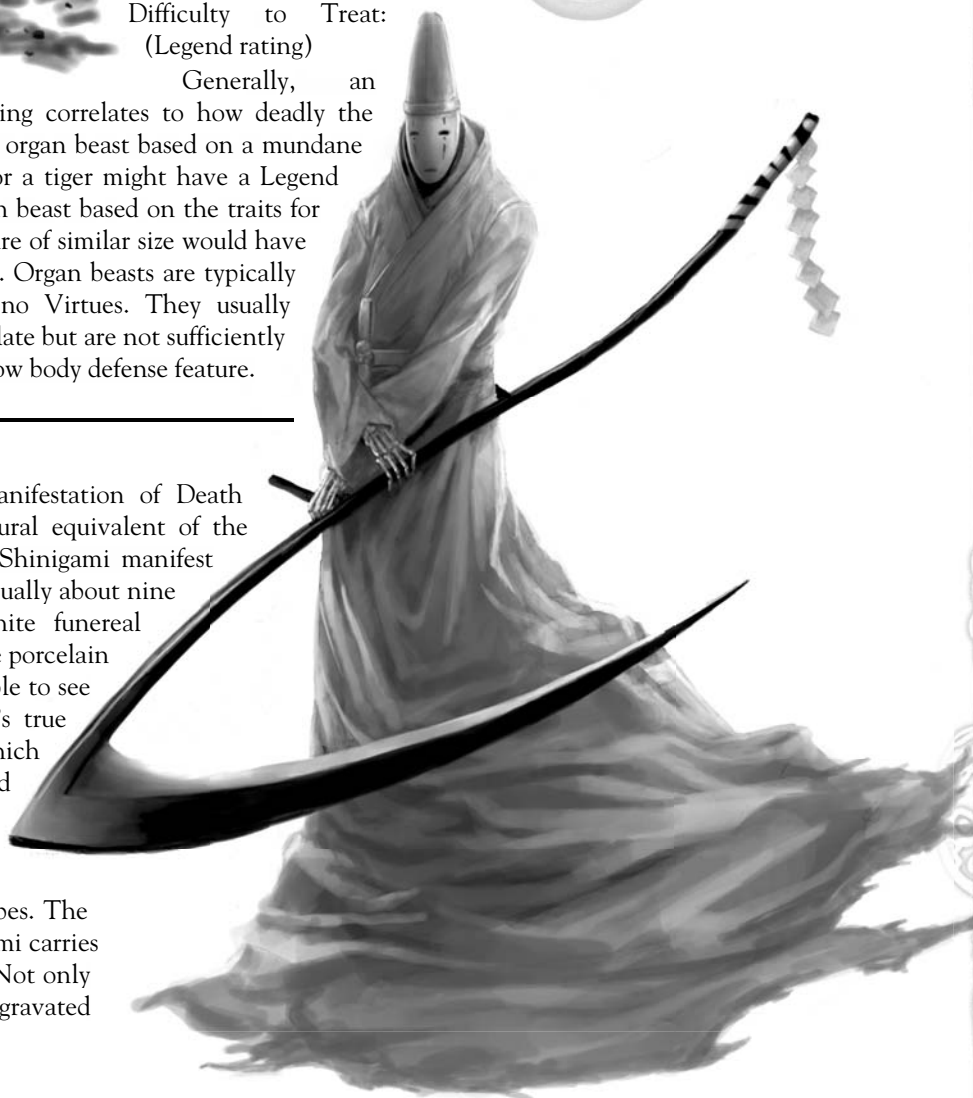
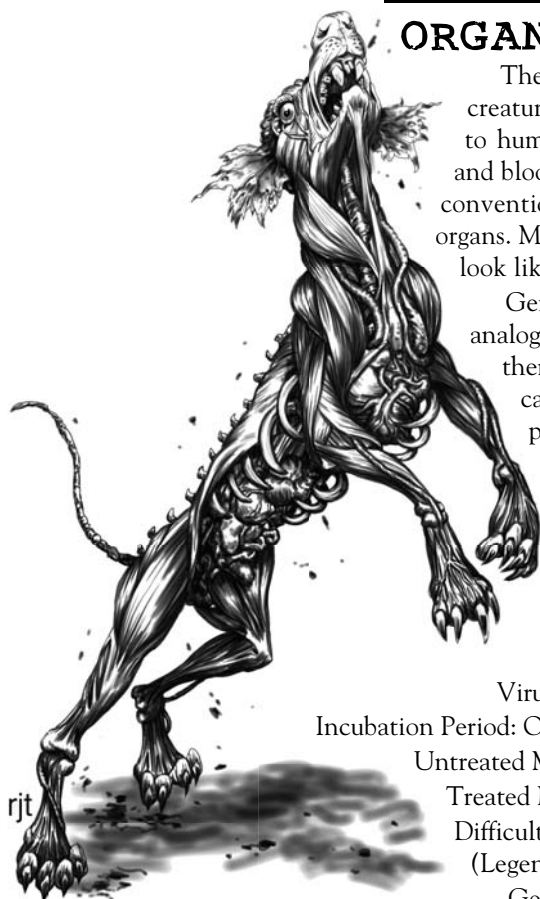
Treated Morbidity: (Legend rating)

Difficulty to Treat:
(Legend rating)

Generally, an organ beast's Legend rating correlates to how deadly the creature is. Therefore, an organ beast based on a mundane predator such as a bear or a tiger might have a Legend rating of 3 to 5. An organ beast based on the traits for a nemean lion or a creature of similar size would have a Legend rating of 5 to 7. Organ beasts are typically unintelligent and have no Virtues. They usually possess the miasmic template but are not sufficiently intelligent to use its shadow body defense feature.

SHINIGAMI

A shinigami is a manifestation of Death itself—the Japanese cultural equivalent of the European Grim Reaper. Shinigami manifest as utterly silent figures, usually about nine feet tall, dressed in white funereal robes and wearing a white porcelain death mask. It is impossible to see anything of a shinigami's true form save its hands, which are nothing but whitened bones whittled to a sharp edge, suggesting that a shinigami is naught but a skeleton beneath its robes. The merest touch of a shinigami carries death, even for a Scion. Not only do their attacks inflict aggravated





damage, but any direct contact with a shinigami automatically inflicts at least one level of unsoakable aggravated damage on the victim. This includes unarmed attacks made against the shinigami by a Scion.

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 8, Stamina 8; Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1; Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 2, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 5

Abilities: Athletics 4, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Melee 5, Presence 5, Stealth 4

Supernatural Powers:

Boons: Death Senses, Mother's Touch

Death Touch: Direct contact with a shinigami inflicts at least one level of unsoakable aggravated damage on the target; all shinigami attacks inflict aggravated damage.

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 8 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Dexterity 7 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Stamina 8 (all appropriate Knacks).

Miasmic Nature: Each shinigami possesses the miasmic template (see p. 341).

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 13, Damage 9A, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 15, Damage 12A, Parry DV 28*, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 17, Damage 9A, Parry DV 29*, Speed 4

Scythe: Accuracy 18, Damage 15A, Parry DV 31*, Speed 5

* If the shinigami successfully parries a Brawl attack, it automatically inflicts one level of aggravated damage on the attacker.

Soak: 8A/33L/37B

Health Levels: -0x35/Incap

Dodge DV: 33 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 9 **Legend Points:** 81

Trophy: The trophy of a shinigami is its mask, which can act as a Birthright item for the Darkness and Death Purviews. Also, even if the Scion has no Boons in the Death Purview, she can perceive and communicate freely with immaterial ghosts.

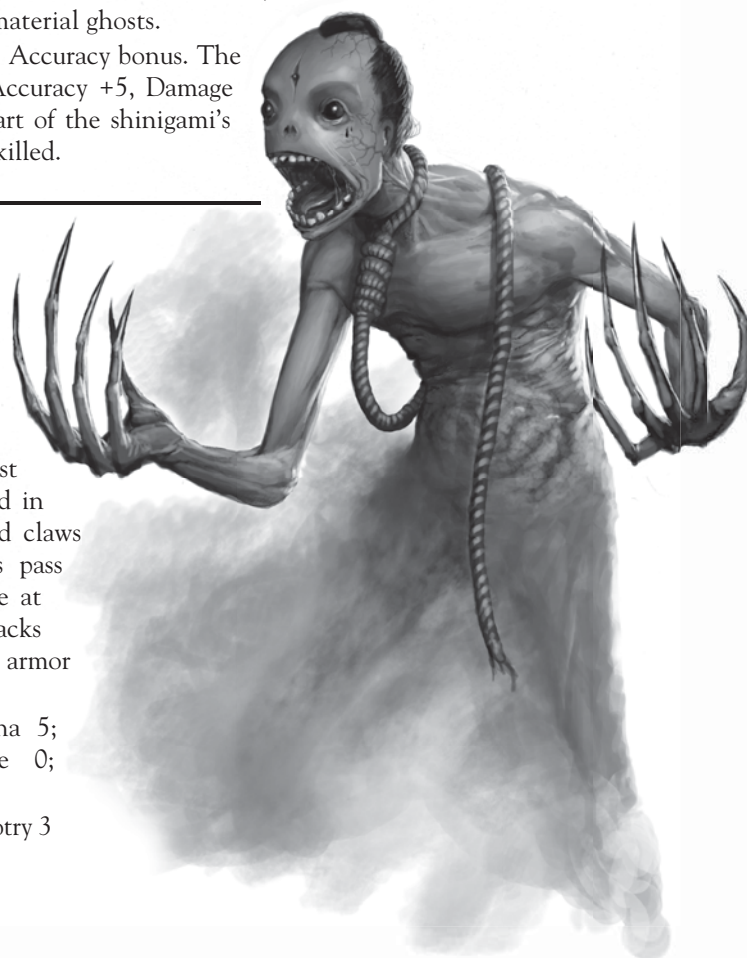
Other Notes: The shinigami's claws have a +3 Accuracy bonus. The titanspawn's scythe has the following traits: Accuracy +5, Damage +6A, Defense +4, Speed 5. The scythe is a part of the shinigami's body and dissolves with it when the creature is killed.

SHITIDAMA

Shitidama are powerful spectres filled with the dark energies of Mikaboshi and consumed by hatred for everything that still lives. Each shitidama has the traits of a standard spectre but with exceptionally high Legend ratings in comparison to standard spectres. Also, while within Soku-no-Kumi, a shitidama can manifest at will with no Legend cost. When manifested in this realm, a shitidama's hands end in wicked claws that inflict aggravated damage. These claws pass ephemerally through armor and flesh to strike at the target's internal organs. (That is, claw attacks by a shitidama ignore both Parry DV and armor completely.)

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 0; Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 4, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 3



Abilities: Academics 2, Animal Ken 1, Athletics 3, Awareness 4, Brawl 4, Empathy 3, Integrity 3, Investigation 2, Presence 5, Stealth 5

Supernatural Powers:

Composite Body: At Mikaboshi's command, two or more shitidama can merge into a single composite being. With small numbers, the effects aren't terribly impressive—every shitidama added to the first increases the composite being's Strength and Stamina by one and adds five -0 health levels. There is no known limit, however, on how many shitidama can merge into a single composite being. If Mikaboshi merged *all* of his shitidama servants into a single creature, its Strength, Stamina and health levels would probably be comparable to that of a Gigas or a Hekatonkheire.

Miasmic Nature: Each shitidama possesses the miasmic template (see p. 341).

Spectral Armor: All shitidama possess magical armor that grants a soak bonus of +2A/5L/5B

Spectral Claws: Shitidama possess wicked claws that inflict aggravated damage and bypass both Parry DV and armor (but not soak that is intrinsic to the Scion's body).

Spectre Nature: Shitidama possess all the powers of a normal spectre (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 293).

Join Battle: 6

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 9, Damage 6B, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 8, Damage 9A, Parry DV 4, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 10, Damage 6A, Parry DV 5, Speed 4

Soak: 2A/8L/10B (Spectral Armor, +2A/5L/5B)

Health Levels: -0x9/Destroyed (Spectres do not suffer wound penalties)

Dodge DV: 7 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 6 **Legend Points:** 36

Trophy: A shitidama has no trophy.

Other Notes: None

AVATARS OF EHEKATOYAATL

Favored Purviews: Animal (Flying Animals), Chaos, Psychopomp, Sky, Sun

Banned Purviews: Darkness, Earth

Five avatars dwell among the swirling storms of Ehekatoyaatl. Huracán's rule here is largely unquestioned, mainly because his is the clearest vision for the World once it falls into the Greater Titan's grasp. Ouranos once ruled here, but now, the grandsire of the Dodekathemon rots in self-pity, while Shu and Kaminokaze plan their elaborate schemes and Tuisco... well, Tuisco simply waits.

HURACÁN

A particularly grotesque avatar, Huracán's customary form is a humanoid being (save for one leg, which is replaced by a venomous serpent) with a distended nose and a bloody axe pinning a mirror to his forehead. It appears that the axe and mirror alike are adornments of Huracán's choosing, for no tales say who dared to strike the Lord of Typhoons. Huracán's anger toward humanity is perhaps the strongest and most hateful of all the Titans—he takes personal offense at intrusions into his domain such as aircraft and space flight. Should Ehekatoyaatl have free reign over the World and be ruled by Huracán's vision, the human race will almost certainly find itself grounded—permanently.

Huracán has a base dice pool of 24 for all actions. He favors Physical Attributes and delights in simply tearing his enemies apart. More information on Huracán can be found on page 183.

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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The Storm, The Void, The Way

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Darkness and Earth, which are forbidden to him. Huracán also has all Boons from the Animal (Coatl), Chaos, Psychopomp and Sky Purviews.



Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). Although he could choose to appear handsome if he wished, Huracán generally favors negative Epic Appearance Knacks.

Join Battle: 24

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 24, Damage 13L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 23, Damage 16L, Parry DV 57, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 25, Damage 13L, Parry DV 59, Speed 4

Huracán's Quauhololli (Melee): Accuracy 28, Damage 23L, Parry DV 59, Speed 5, P

Huracán's Quauhololli (Lightning): Accuracy 29, Damage 13L, Range 30, Speed 5

Soak: 10A/52L/58B

Health Levels: -0x70/Incap

Dodge DV: 64 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 12 **Legend Points:** 124

Other Notes: Huracán's Quauhololli has the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +10B, Defense +2, Speed 5. It also has the Piercing quality. Although Huracán does not require Birthright relics, he prefers to fire lightning bolts through this weapon. When used to fire lightning bolts, the weapon has the following Ranged traits: Accuracy +5, Damage +10L, Range 30, Speed 5. This weapon will not function for anyone save Huracán or another avatar of the Endless Sky.

KAMINOKAZE

Kaminokaze appears as a particularly grotesque black-skinned oni (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 316). The demon wears nothing but a leopard-skin tunic, and he carries a great bag over his shoulders that contains all the winds in the World. Indeed, should Kaminokaze open his bag all the way, the force of the gale might well be enough to rip the World asunder. For all his bravado and bluster, however, Kaminokaze does not desire the outright destruction of the World or even the destruction of humanity. On the contrary, he *needs* humanity, for only humanity is capable of fearing his destructive potential. Only humans build things that Kaminokaze can then delight in destroying.

Kaminokaze has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. He favors Physical Attributes and revels in mindless destruction. More information on Kaminokaze can be found on page 183.

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

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Storm, The Void

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Darkness and Earth, which are forbidden to him. Kaminokaze also has all Boons from the Chaos and Sky Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 20, Damage 11L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 19, Damage 14L, Parry DV 55, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 21, Damage 11L, Parry DV 57, Speed 4

Wind Bag: Accuracy 30, Damage 21B, Range 50, Speed 6

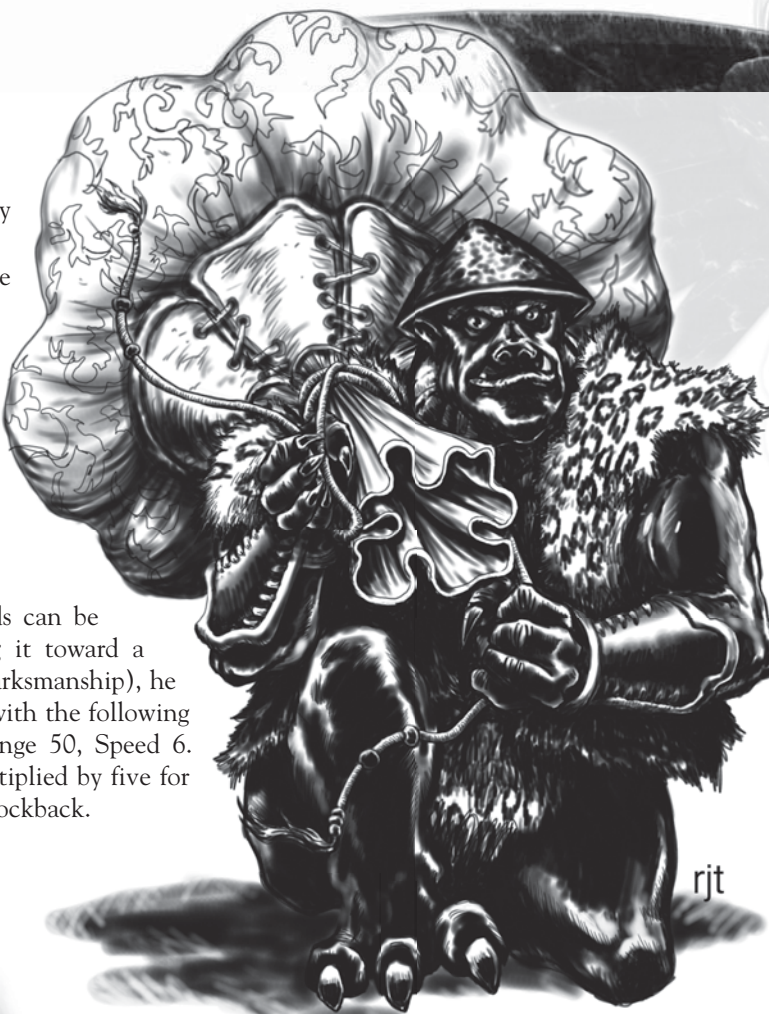
Soak: 10A/51L/56B

Health Levels: -0x60/Incap

Dodge DV: 61 **Willpower:** 10

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

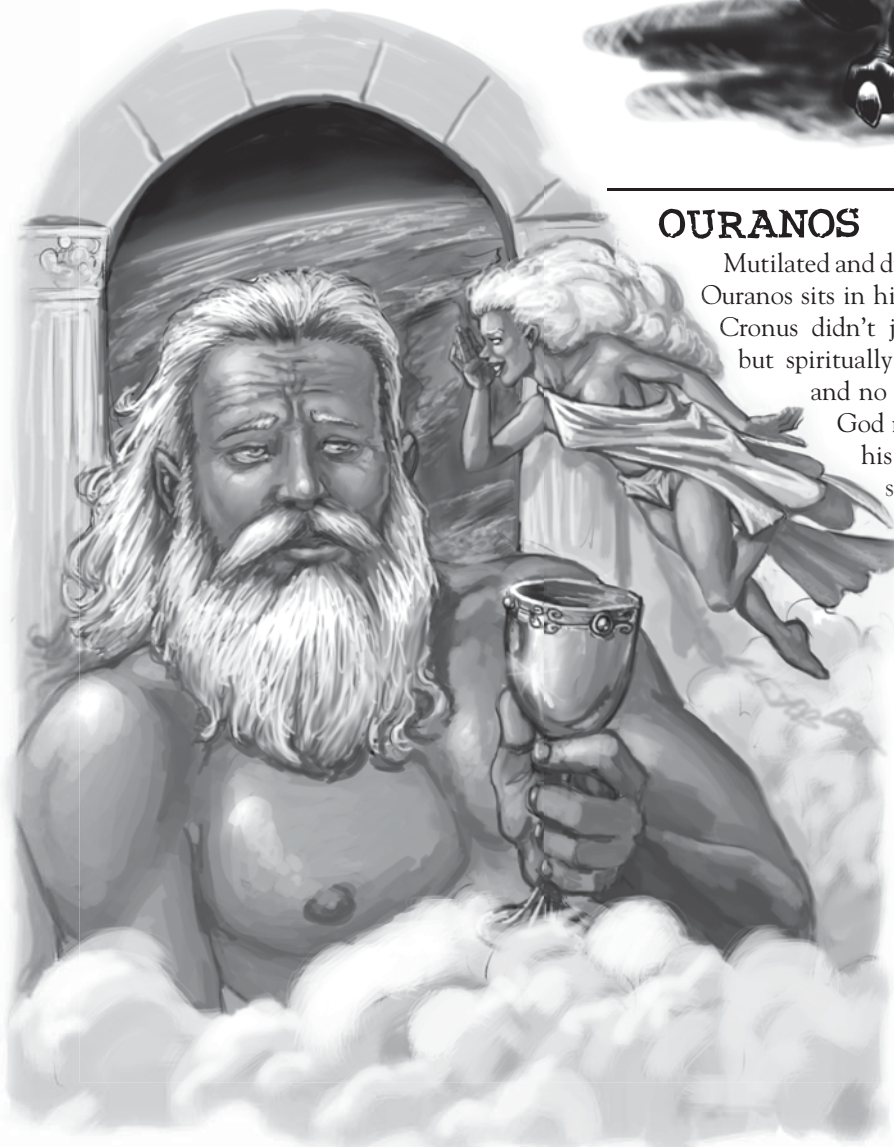
Other Notes: Kaminokaze's bag of winds can be used with deadly efficiency. By opening it toward a target and aiming it with (Dexterity + Marksmanship), he can unleash gale force winds that attack with the following traits: Accuracy +10, Damage +20B, Range 50, Speed 6. Additionally, any damage inflicted is multiplied by five for purposes of determining knockdown or knockback.



OURANOS

Mutilated and drained by the perfidy of his children, Ouranos sits in his villa, paralyzed by ennui. His son Cronus didn't just castrate the Titan physically, but spiritually as well. With no purpose in life and no motive for action, the ancient Sky God reclines in his pleasure chambers as his cloud nymphs dance about him, seeking vainly to excite a libido that no longer exists. Ouranos typically appears as a giant of incredible good looks. His features are noble and vaguely Greek, and he could pass for one of the Dodekathemon if not for his height. (The few modern Scions who have seen his image have remarked that he bears an astonishing resemblance to Charlton Heston.)

Ouranos has a base dice pool of 20 for all actions. Ouranos favors Mental Attributes. Since his castration, he simply hasn't had the passion for anything else. More information on Ouranos can be found on page 184.



Virtues: Ambition 1, Malice 2, Rapacity 3, Zealotry 3

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Glory, The Storm, The Way

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Darkness and Earth, which are forbidden to him. Ouranos also has all Boons of the Psychomp, Sky and Sun Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Mental Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 20

Attacks:

Note: Unless Ouranos is healed of his injury, it is unlikely that he would bother to engage any Scion who challenged him. If he were restored to his former glory (and his Legend rating restored to its previous rating of 12), his attack traits would be as follows:

Clinch: Accuracy 24, Damage 13L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 23, Damage 16L, Parry DV 40, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 25, Damage 13L, Parry DV 42, Speed 4

Xiphos: Accuracy 28, Damage 18L/A (see "Other Notes"), Parry DV 43, Speed 4, P

Soak: 8A/34L/39B

Health Levels: -0x39/Incap

Dodge DV: 44 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Other Notes: Ouranos' xiphos, which has not been wielded since Ouranos' castration, has the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage +5L, Defense +3, Speed 4. It also has the Piercing quality. By spending five points of Legend before making an attack, Ouranos can also charge the sword with electricity, thereby converting its normal lethal damage to aggravated. The weapon is far too large for a human-sized being to use effectively.

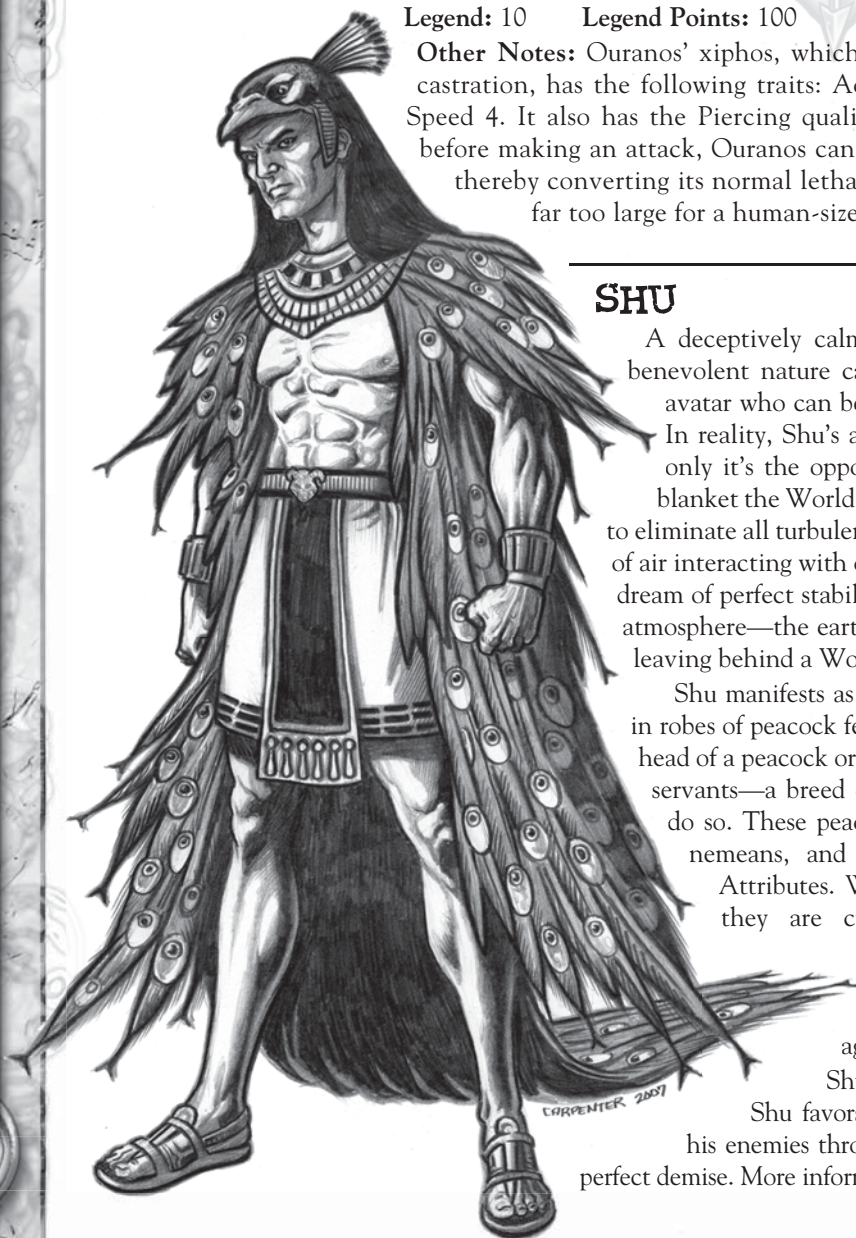
SHU

A deceptively calm and peaceful avatar, Shu's seemingly benevolent nature can cause Scions to think that he is an avatar who can be reasoned with. Such hopes are in vain. In reality, Shu's agenda is just as extreme as Huracán's—only it's the opposite extreme. Where Huracán wants to blanket the World in a typhoon that never ceases, Shu wants to eliminate all turbulence. Since turbulence is the natural result of air interacting with other materials, Shu can only achieve his dream of perfect stability by eliminating everything except the atmosphere—the earth, the Sun, even the vacuum of space—leaving behind a World of clear skies and nothing else.

Shu manifests as a calm but imposing Egyptian male clad in robes of peacock feathers and a headdress that emulates the head of a peacock or ostrich. While Scions mock his preferred servants—a breed of nemean peacock—they are foolish to do so. These peacocks are far more intelligent than most nemeans, and they wield powerful Boons and Epic Attributes. While they are poor martial combatants, they are cunning strategists. More importantly, Shu can watch remotely through the markings on the tail feathers of any of his peacocks and direct his own powers against anyone within view.

Shu has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions.

Shu favors Mental Attributes and prefers to watch his enemies through his spies for days while planning the perfect demise. More information on Shu can be found on page 184.



Virtues: Ambition 3, Malice 5, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 3

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Beast, The Glory, The Storm

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Darkness and Earth, which are forbidden to him. Shu also has all Boons of the Animal (Peacock), Heku, Sky and Sun Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Mental Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

Join Battle: 22

Attacks: None. Shu considers violence to be anathema—a vulgar and unnecessary disruption in his realm's natural stability. He invariably strikes at his enemies from a distance, using his peacock servants as vectors for deploying his powerful mind-altering abilities.

Health Levels: -0x39/Incap

Dodge DV: 46 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Other Notes: None

TUISCO

Little is known about the avatar Tuisco... even to Tuisco himself. Those who have encountered him have pointed out his remarkable resemblance to Tyr. It's not that the two are identical or even look very much alike. It's more like Tuisco appears to be somehow *based* on Tyr in terms of personality and general appearance. For example, Tyr is missing a hand, and Tuisco is similarly disfigured, but the nature of the disfigurement changes upon subsequent encounters. On one occasion, Tuisco might have a withered hand, as if he had suffered from childhood polio. On another day, Tuisco might be missing his hand altogether, bearing a stump, a hook, a prosthesis or something comparable. Those who have studied this matter theorize that Tuisco literally *was* based on Tyr, who, before losing his hand, held a much higher position in the Aesir (one nearly equivalent to Odin himself). These theories hold that the Greater Titan was attempting to create an avatar sympathetically linked to Tyr so that it could exercise greater control over the Aesir, but the Titan was bound before the process could be completed. Regardless, however Tuisco came into existence, he is now utterly obsessed with Tyr and will pursue any scheme that allows him to replace his rival—an obsession that a cunning Scion may use against him.

Tuisco has a base dice pool of 22 for all actions. He favors Physical Attributes and direct combat, perhaps in anticipation for some future confrontation with Tyr. More information on Tuisco can be found on page 184.

Virtues: Ambition 4, Malice 3, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 4

Supernatural Powers:

Avatars: The Storm, The Void

Boons: Every one- to eight-dot Boon from every Purview *except* Darkness and Earth, which are forbidden to him. Tuisco also has all Boons from the Chaos, Jotunblut and Sky Purviews.

Epic Attributes: Epic Physical Attributes at the 10-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks). All other Epic Attributes at the eight-dot level (with all appropriate Knacks).

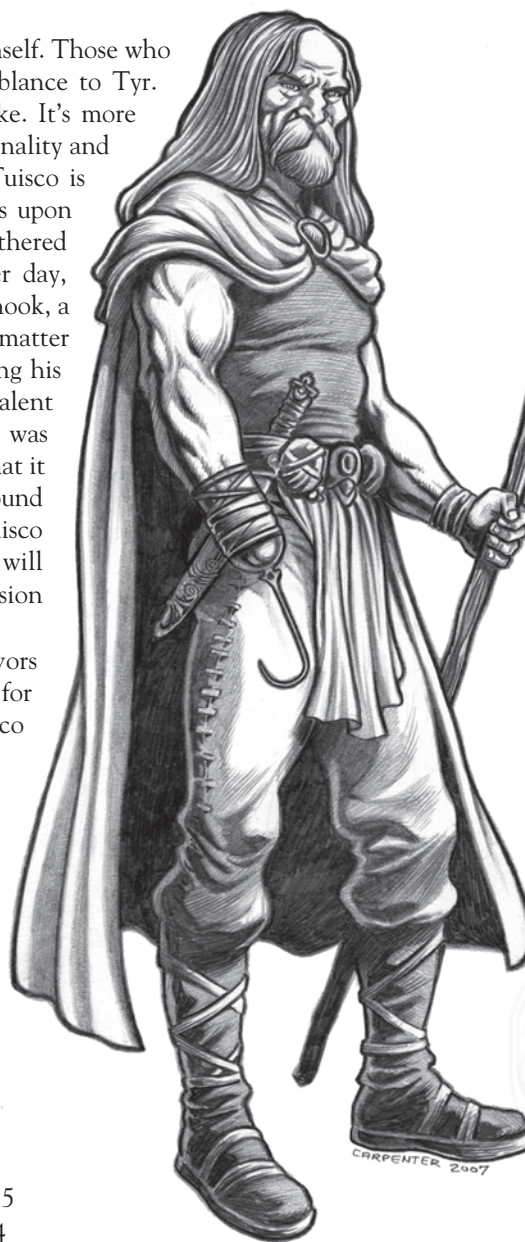
Join Battle: 22

Attacks:

Clinch: Accuracy 22, Damage 12L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy: Accuracy 21, Damage 15L, Parry DV 56, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light: Accuracy 23, Damage 12L, Parry DV 58, Speed 4



Skeggox: Accuracy 27, Damage 18L, Parry DV 60, Speed 3

Soak: 10A/51L/57B

Health Levels: -0x52/Incap

Dodge DV: 63 **Willpower:** 8

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Other Notes: Tuisco's skeggox is a deadly bearded axe that calls upon the wind itself to guide it in both attack and defense. Its traits are as follows: Accuracy +5, Damage +6L, Defense +5, Speed 3.

LESSER CREATURES OF EHEKATOYAATL

Nearly every form of titanspawn capable of flight can be found in Ehekatoyaatl. Coatl's and xiuhoatl's especially abound here, but the greatest by far is simply called the Great Coatl. Unlike the coatls that serve the Atzlánti, all of the flying serpents of Ehekatoyaatl are featherless, including the Great Coatl. Large oni with powers over the winds serve Kaminokaze, as do a few tatsu who have turned from the Amatsukami in favor of the Titans' cause. Ouranos has an entire retinue of nymph-like servitors known as hyades who have dominion over clouds and rain instead of water or trees, and his great cloud villa is guarded by the few remaining Stymphalian birds who survived their culling at the hands of Heracles.

THE GREAT COATL

The Great Coatl is the sire of all of this realm's coatls and xiuhoatl's. Created when Huracán shed the skin from his snake-leg and then breathed the Breath of Life into it, the Great Coatl appears as a snake stretching nearly a mile in length. It can fly with ease and possesses great power over the Sky Purview, as well as other gifts granted by its creator. (The lesser coatls and xiuhoatl's are functionally identical to their equivalents found in the World, except those spawned by the Great Coatl have no feathers.)

Attributes: Strength 30, Dexterity 30, Stamina 30; Charisma 10, Manipulation 10, Appearance 5; Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 8

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 5, Rapacity 4, Zealotry 4

Abilities: Academics 2, Animal Ken 3, Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Empathy 3, Fortitude 3, Integrity 5, Investigation 2, Occult 2, Politics 3, Presence 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

Aerial Nature: The Great Coatl possesses the aerial template (see p. 351).

Boons: Cloud Body, Cloud Sculptor, Create Air, Levin Fury, Unerring



THE AERIAL TEMPLATE

Many of the creatures indigenous to this realm carry the aerial template. Aerial creatures are immune to the environmental hazards of Ehekatoayaatl. They can fly without effort and are immune to the effects of high winds, storms, electricity and cold. Indeed, as a consequence of spending their entire lives aloft in the Endless Sky, aerial creatures remain perpetually charged with electrical energy. Physical contact with any creature carrying the aerial template automatically inflicts a number of dice of lethal damage equal to the creature's Legend rating. Mechanically, any Scion who successfully strikes an aerial creature suffers a number of lethal damage dice equal to its Legend, and the creature itself adds its Legend rating to the damage pool of any physical attacks it makes against a Scion.

Aerial creatures are totally immune to all Boons from the Sky Purview deployed by beings with lower Legend ratings. Attacks based on the Darkness or Earth Purviews, however, are considered to have the Piercing quality against aerial creatures.

Orientation, Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation, Tornado Tamer, Weather Husbandry, Where Are You?, Wind Grapple, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 8 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Dexterity 10 (all appropriate Knacks), Epic Stamina 10 (all appropriate Knacks)

Join Battle: 12

Attacks:

Bite: Accuracy 38, Damage 46L, Parry DV —, Speed 5

Clinch: Accuracy 35, Damage 41L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Soak: 10A/61L/76B

Health Levels: -0x74/Incap

Dodge DV: 69 **Willpower:** 9

Legend: 11 **Legend Points:** 121

Trophy: The trophy of the Great Coatl is its skin, specifically the small patch of multicolored scales behind its forehead. The area is incredibly small for something so enormous, but if that patch is removed and given over to someone skilled at the forging of relics, the snake's skin can be used to create a Birthright item for the Animal (Snake), Psychopomp and Sky Purviews. Additionally, even a Scion without any Boons of the Animal Purview gains the ability to speak with snakes and other reptiles at will. He does not gain any ability to control such animals, and he must be wearing his coatl-skin boots (or whatever form the relic takes) to use this power.

Other Notes: The Great Coatl's bite attack has a +3 Accuracy bonus and inflicts +15L damage but is not useful as a defensive measure. The Great Coatl's clinch has a +10 Damage bonus.

HYAD

The hyades are a breed of nymph (see **Scion: Hero**, p. 298) who hold dominion over the clouds and the air rather than any terrestrial location or phenomena. Daughters of Atlas, the hyades chose exile with the Sky Father Ouranos rather than swearing loyalty to the Dodekathemon. All hyades appear to be women of incredible beauty with a vaguely ethereal quality. A character who views one with Epic Perception 3 or higher will notice that he can see through the nymph as if she were translucent.

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3; Charisma 7, Manipulation 7, Appearance 7; Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Virtues: Expression 3, Intellect 3, Valor 1, Vengeance 1. Despite millennia in Tartarus, the hyades retain the Virtues of the Dodekathemon, mainly because Ouranos simply has not bothered to bend them to his will.

Abilities: Academics 4, Animal Ken 1, Art (Dance) 3, Athletics 2, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Command 1, Craft (Cloud) 3, Empathy 4, Fortitude 3, Integrity 3, Investigation 2, Larceny 1, Marksmanship 1, Medicine 3, Melee 3, Occult 2, Politics 3, Presence 3, Science 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Thrown 1

Supernatural Powers:

Aerial Nature: Each of the Hyades possesses the aerial template (see above).

Boons: Cloud Body, Create Air, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Charisma 5 (Benefit of the Doubt, Charmer, Crowd Control, Girls Just Wanna Have Fun, Pied Piper), Epic Manipulation 5 (Blurt It Out, God's Honest, Instant Hypnosis, Mass Hypnosis, Overt Order), Epic Appearance 6 (Blinding Visage, Center of Attention, Come Hither, Compelling Presence, Lasting Impression, Perfect Actor, Serpent's Gaze)

Join Battle: 8

Attacks: None. The hyades never engage in combat, especially with a Scion come to fight against the Titans. Indeed, they are hopeful that such a Scion will rescue them and return them to the Overworld, as they long ago grew weary of Ouranos and his petulant ennui.

Soak: 2L/3B

Health Levels: -0/-1/-1/-2/-2/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 7 **Willpower:** 6

Legend: 7 **Legend Points:** 49

Other Notes: The hyades have no trophy to offer save for incredible beauty and (by some standards) very loose morals.

STYMPHALIAN BIRD

As part of his Sixth Labor, Heracles was commanded to slay or drive off a flock of deadly vultures that nested near Lake Stymphalia in what is now the Arcadia region of Greece. The vultures, like so many of the beasts Heracles was commanded to fight, were actually a deadly breed of titanspawn—nemean vultures that had been further augmented to possess sharp metallic feathers and claws of brass. Heracles killed most of the birds, but a few survived, hiding in dark and forgotten terrae incognitae of Greece until they heard the call of their Titan creator. The surviving Stymphalian birds have been breeding for some time now, and their numbers have grown to more than 150.

Each Stymphalian bird appears to be a massive vulture with a wingspan between 30 and 50 feet. The birds' feathers are razor sharp and appear to be made of a hard black metal with the tensile strength of steel. Each Stymphalian bird can fire a volley of feathers at a target at will. The birds also have enormous talons that appear to be made of pure brass and are big enough to snatch up a full-grown man in a single claw. Despite their apparent metal construction, the Stymphalian birds have no difficulty flying.

Attributes: Strength 15, Dexterity 10, Stamina 15; Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1; Perception 4, Intelligence 1, Wits 5

Virtues: The Stymphalian birds are unintelligent and have no Virtues.

Abilities: Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 3, Marksmanship 4, Presence 5, Stealth 5, Survival 3

Supernatural Powers:

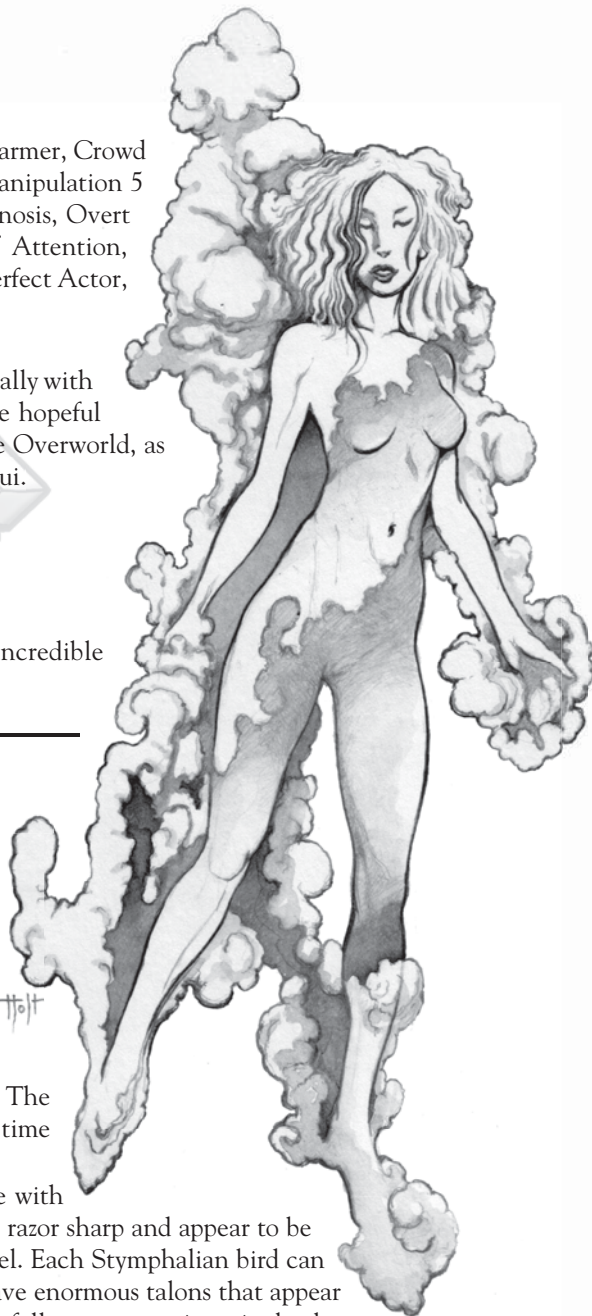
Aerial Nature: Each Stymphalian bird possesses the aerial template (see p. 351).

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 3 (Divine Rampage, Holy Rampage, Uplifting Might), Epic Stamina 3 (Damage Conversion, Eternal Youth, Self-Healing).

Razor Feathers: Each Stymphalian bird can fire a volley of razor sharp, steel-hard feathers at a target. The attack is targeted with (Dexterity + Marksmanship) and has the following bonuses: Accuracy +5, Damage +8L, Range 50, Speed 5. The attack can also target multiple opponents who are within a five-yard radius. Roll once to attack and compare the successes to the DVs of everyone within the targeted area.

Tough Feathers: The feathers of one of these birds are as strong as steel, adding +5A/20L/20B to soak.

Join Battle: 9



Attacks:

Clinch (Talons): Accuracy 16, Damage 21L, Parry DV —, Speed 6, P

Unarmed, Heavy (Talons): Accuracy 15, Damage 24L, Parry DV 6, Speed 5

Unarmed, Light (Beak):

Accuracy 14, Damage 16L,

Parry DV 7, Speed 4, P

Razor Feathers: Accuracy

19, Damage 24L, Range 50,

Speed 5

Soak: 8A/32L/39B

(Tough Hide:

+5A/20L/20B)

Health Levels: -0x17/Incap

Dodge DV: 11 **Willpower:** 3

Legend: 6

Legend Points: 36

Trophy: The trophy of a Stympthalian

bird is found in its razor-sharp

feathers. In the hands of a

skilled Scion, these feathers

can become deadly weapons. When

used as a throwing knife, each feather has

the following traits: Accuracy +4, Damage

+8L, Range 50, Speed 5. If used as a knife, each

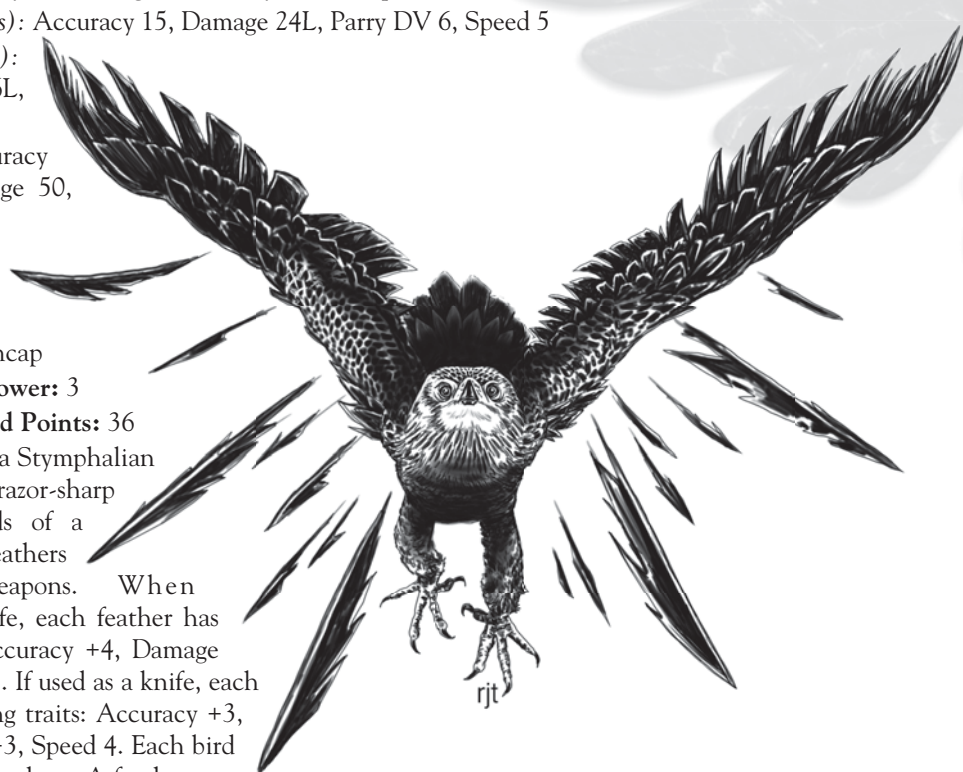
feather has the following traits: Accuracy +3,

Damage +5L, Defense +3, Speed 4. Each bird

yields about 50 usable feathers. A feather can

be used in only one attack. Thereafter, it loses its sharpness and ceases to be an effective weapon.

Other Notes: The talons of a Stympthalian bird have an Accuracy bonus of +3 and inflict +5L damage. The heavy beak of the bird inflicts +0L Piercing damage.



WAR PEACOCK OF SHU

Perhaps the most unusual of all nemean (and certainly the most unexpected to Scions who are more accustomed to nemean versions of predators), Shu's favorite servitors are peacocks roughly the size of elephants. All these war peacocks are highly intelligent and erudite, and a peacock who encounters a Scion will most likely comport himself as a dignified majordomo wondering how this scruffy intruder came onto the master's property. In addition to their natural intelligence, war peacocks have high levels in Epic Appearance and in the Sky Purview. They also make excellent spies and infiltrators, as Shu can choose to see through the "eyes" decorating a peacock's tail feathers as a free action and can channel any of his powers through that peacock for the duration of a scene with the expenditure of one Legend.

Attributes: Strength 10, Dexterity 8, Stamina 10; Charisma 8, Manipulation 8, Appearance 10; Perception 10, Intelligence 4, Wits 6

Virtues: Ambition 2, Malice 3, Rapacity 2, Zealotry 4

Abilities: Athletics 2, Awareness 3, Brawl 3, Empathy 3,

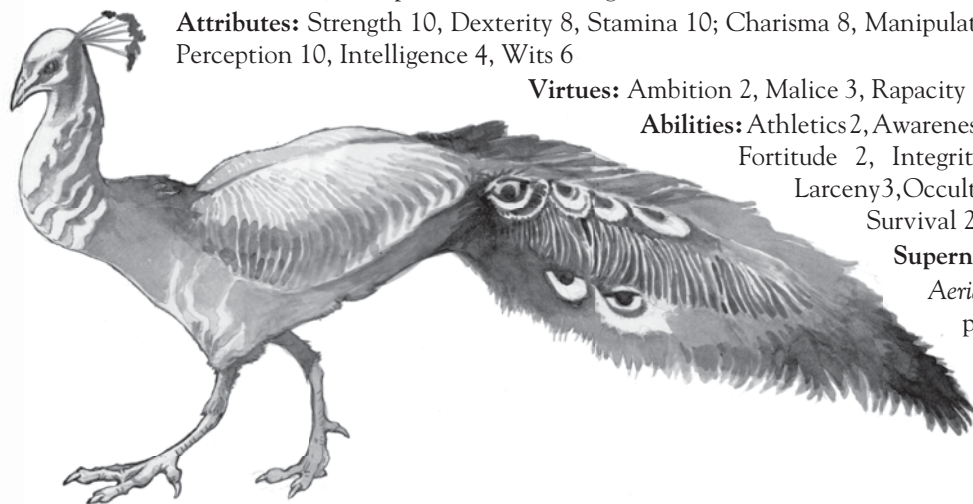
Fortitude 2, Integrity 5, Investigation 3,

Larceny 3, Occult 5, Politics 3, Presence 5,

Survival 2

Supernatural Powers:

Aerial Nature: Each nemean peacock possesses the aerial template (see p. 351).



Boons: Cloud Sculptor, Sky's Grace, Storm Augmentation, Wind Grapple, Wind's Freedom

Epic Attributes: Epic Strength 4, Epic Appearance 8 (all appropriate Knacks). Shu's war peacocks generally lack Strength-related Knacks.

Tough Feathers: The delicate feathers of Shu's peacocks are surprisingly durable... iron-like, in fact. This plumage adds +5A/10L/10B to the bird's soak.

Join Battle: 9

Attacks:

Unarmed, Heavy (Peck): Accuracy 13, Damage 16L, Parry DV 5, Speed 5, P

Unarmed, Light (Bite): Accuracy 15, Damage 13L, Parry DV 6, Speed 4, P

Soak: 5A/15L/20B (Tough Feathers, +5A/10B/10L)

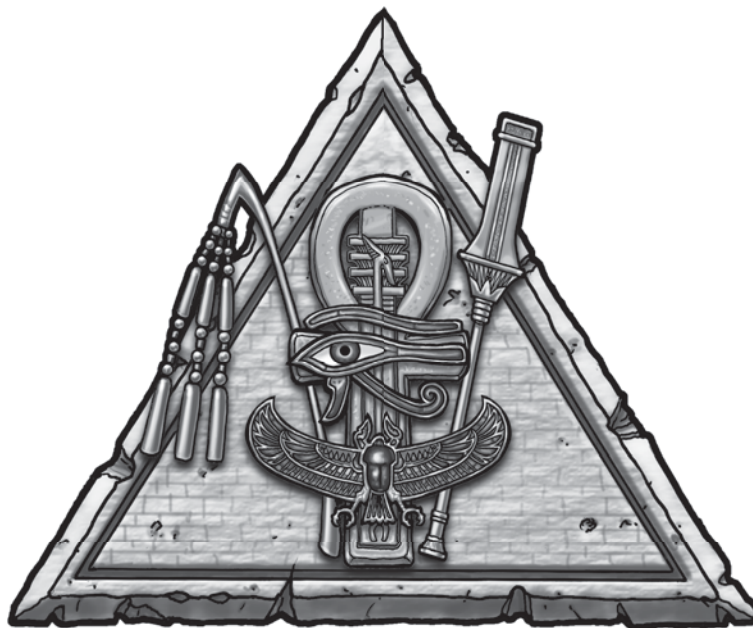
Health Levels: -0x3/-1x4/-2x4/-4/Incap

Dodge DV: 10 **Willpower:** 7

Legend: 10 **Legend Points:** 100

Trophy: The trophy of the nemean peacock is, unsurprisingly, its feathers. After a peacock is slain, all of its feathers' colors fade save for one feather. If that feather is incorporated into an article of clothing, it can act as a Birthright item for the Sky Purview and also raises the Scion's effective Epic Appearance rating by one. This second benefit cannot raise the Scion's effective Epic Appearance above 8, however, nor can its benefits be applied to any application of negative Epic Appearance.

Other Notes: The nemean peacock's beak is surprisingly sharp. It has an Accuracy bonus of +3 and inflicts +2L Piercing damage.



AFTERWORD

As I write this afterword to the **Scion** trilogy, it's Halloween, a holiday that grew out of the Celtic Festival of Samhain—one modern folk have appropriated for their purposes in much the same way **Scion** has with its myths. So, it seems appropriate on this liminal day, when the barriers between worlds are said to be weakest, to be thinking back on the development of a game so closely tied to such concepts.

The whole thing sprung from a pitch I made over five years ago. It was already called **Scion**, and the general concept of children of both God and man fighting a war against the Titans was there too. Then it was brought forth from and condemned to development hell a number of times, having at one time or another a different developer, a post-apocalyptic flavor, a skew toward a younger demographic, a different game-mechanics system—all sorts of craziness—before finally settling back with me, its originator, and becoming the game it did, one surprisingly close to its original pitch from years prior.

An incredibly talented group of people were responsible for making that happen, both within and without White Wolf: Creative Director Rich Thomas, who was a tireless advocate of the game and championed it (and me) with management; matt milberger and Brian Glass, who are solely responsible for turning the three **Scion** game books into literal works of art; and Carl Bowen and Alan Alexander, friends and authors who were there for me from concept to implementation and who wrote huge swaths of all three books. Without them, this work would have been impossible.

And speaking of the impossible, that's what this project would have been without the support of every single one of you, the fans. Launching a new property in today's gaming market is a gamble, and we at White Wolf were counting on you guys to get what made **Scion** great and to support it, and you have. Everybody from distributors and store owners and the gaming media down to the enthusiasts playing the game have been unflagging in their support of the property. The gamble paid off. I'd like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude to each and every one of you. Thanks to you, there's even more **Scion** to come. Look for it in 2008.

John Chambers
October 31, 2007

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SCION



Name _____

Calling

Pantheon

Player	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

Nature

Role

ATTRIBUTES

	Physical
Strength	●○○○○○○○○○☆☆
Dexterity	●○○○○○○○○○☆☆
Stamina	●○○○○○○○○○☆☆

Social

Charisma ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☆
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Manipulation ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☆
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Appearance ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ☆
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Perception ●○○○○○○○○○○☆☆
 Intelligence ●○○○○○○○○○○☆☆
 Wits ●○○○○○○○○○○☆☆

ABILITIES

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Art	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Awareness	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Brawl	○○○○○
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<input type="checkbox"/> Control	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○

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<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○

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<input type="checkbox"/> Occult	00000
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<input type="checkbox"/>	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Thrown	00000

BIRTHRIGHTS

WEAPONS

KNACKS

[illegible]

WILLPOWER

SOAK

A_____ L_____ B_____

VIRTUES

LEGEND

Legend Pts

BOONS

[illegible]

ARMOR

A_____ L_____ B_____

EXPERIENCE

HEALTH

SCION
—
GOD

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