

Gods of War Arise



I: Introduction

In a yurt on the edge of your humble fishing village, you sleep soundly after a long day harvesting timber from the nearby wood. The seas have been unusually rough of late, the winds blowing hard away from shore, fish and seals and sea birds alike all hiding from the angry ocean. But the stores are full of salted cod, so there is no need to struggle against the tides. The stiff breeze makes pleasant weather for felling trees, wiping the sweat from your brow with its cool and dry touch.

"We did the same with you as a babe," your father joked. "I'd go outside and split logs until you'd cried out your tantrum."

"It's true, I haven't the years of the sea like you. How old will you be this summer? Ten thousand?"

"Bahaha!" He roared with laughter. "It's more like twenty thousand, raising you lot alone! Speaking of which- I'll be gone by the time you return. I'm Watcher this eve."

"Aye," you replied. "We'll leave supper on the stove."

"Nothing like ice cold fish soup after walking the bluffs all night," he responded with a laugh and a wave, as he ducked out the door of the yurt.

At least your final memory of him is a warm one.

II: All That Was

You awaken to the sound of a distant crash- perhaps that great stubborn pine that swallowed your saw finally gave up the ghost. But no- more sounds follow soon- more crashes, closer, followed by the crackle of flame, shouts of alarm, and the clanging of the great gong. Its note carries clearly through the crisp night air- first once, then again, and a third. After a pause, it repeats. By then, you are all on your feet, scrambling for clothes and boots, dreading what you sense is coming.

And there it is- a third set of three gong strikes. No one need speak, as you've been trained from birth to listen for the warning- *invaders*. Grabbing whatever tools/weapons are at hand, you rush outside to see the world you knew burning. Great flaming balls arc through the sky toward your village, exploding in fireballs that almost immediately turn thatched rooves into infernos.

Your eyes follow the trail of light to the sea- but it is gone. Instead, you see the mouth of Hell agape, vomiting forth all of pandemonium. Long and narrow vessels fill the harbor, the hellspawn that lean against the rows lit by the eerie torchlight and the flaming projectiles loaded on floating siege boats.

A panicked villager dashes up to you- Jethro, probably a runner for the Watch. Wide-eyed and breathless, he hands you the necklace of gold and sapphire that your father has worn since the passing of his wife many years ago. "Your father," Jethro says, between heavy gulps of air, "he says to get the children from the outlying huts... Save who you can... take them to the Tor beneath Crow's Beak." Blood flecks his lips and his knees buckle, but he draws a ragged breath and continues: "Stop for nothing. If you meet the demons, kill them without pity, for they will show you none." Jethro collapses, and you see his entire back is scorched by flame, and a large splinter of wood is impaled in his back. Life fading from his face, he finishes, "Then find Olli. Only he knows..." the rest comes out as a gurgle of red foam.

II A. Save Who You Can

Skill Check/Decision: Burning Yurt

Fast as you can, you try and herd together the children from your edge of the village, which has been largely spared by the bombardment, save for one yurt which took a glancing blow. It has partially collapsed and ablaze, and the door is blocked by a fallen beam. You hear the cries of the young twins Harri and Jemma trying to squeeze beneath the beam to escape.

What do you do?

Move beam: raise beam vs house collapse
Str + per dice (red/blue)
2 heroes can use the best of each attribute
Drops = move beam Swords = dont collapse
Each attempt = 2 resolve

Smash/hack through wall. Make attacks w/weapon, 1 resolve each, 0 def, 20 hp

Other ideas? (Leave them) 2 OPPOSING DIMENSIONS

Reward: +2 children, +3 resolve to All (above max/morale), +1 Clothes

Leaving the burning yurt you and the ~10 kids begin to rush towards the treeline, planning to turn north towards Crow's Beak from the cover of the woods.

"But they're in the trees too! I saw... shadows!" It matters not. There are many many more behind you. As father was wont to say, the only way through, is through.

II B. For They Will Show You None (Fight)

In woods: Two enemy scouts pop out close by (elite goons), Two further away (goon / warrior)

Exposition:

Objective: Kill/down them (they are there to prevent escape/warning other villages)

Enemies drop: small shield, footman's axe, hatchet, damaged gambeson, damaged hides

While looting, more enemy scouts start approaching, Heroes/children must flee

"Fake" Fight: Bear (objects folder 'enemyB')

Pops out of its burrow from hibernation. Sleepy, then angry/roars at being awoken prematurely.

Seems like it's gonna attack heroes- charges through past them, then falls on the pursuers.

"If these demons raiding your lands are creatures of Hell, what terrible corner of Creation birthed this monstrous titan? With terrible speed and power it crashes headlong into the group, sending the bearded red-eyed warriors in their heavy armors and furs tumbling. Before they can find their footing, the bear falls upon the lead warrior, its claws removing his face with one swipe, then biting through the collar of its metal armor and nearly severing the head."

"Remembering yourself, you take off running once again, glancing back to see a haze of blood and steel and fur, and hearing the brief but terrible death cries of the demons. As the embrace of the woods takes you out of sight, you hear an earth-shaking roar that terrifies you to the very core."

"But beneath that icy touch of fear, there is... something else. A stirring sensation. A kernel of heat amid the cold, like the first licks of flame from a newly kindled fire. It puts strength in your tired wobbly legs and propels you onwards."

All gain 6 Resolve. (No rest after this combat)

II C. Heavy Is The Burden

Runestone 1 + Skill Check/RP: Reluctant children

Run a good ways towards the Crow's Beak.

Some of the children cannot/will not go any further

If Harri/Jemma were saved, they can each take a child on their back.**

Stop to catch breath in a small clearing

Runestone: IRON

- *On man above and dwarf below / Many gifts the sun bestowed / Six and ten and ten a-gain / Twas the last that taught us pain / Passage to heaven, it could have bought / Yet only death did it wrought*
Explanation: but the last (final element used by sun #26)
- Strike runestone with pure iron object (not steel)
- Reward: Weapon glows hot and hardens to steel? Choose a steel weapon of your choice* (less than X steel) to morph the iron weapon into

Options:

Pray to the gods/nature (which ones? Ask player to explain/rp) for help. WIL + one other attribute of choice (justify)

Help: WIL- a stray ox wanders into view, will carry several children

STR- +str (1 child = 0, 2 child =1)

Convince them to buck up WIL/PER

Other? 2 OPPOSING DIMENSIONS

Leave them

Carry them: 1 child = (4-STR) resolve 2 children (on 1 person) = (6-STR) resolve

**H/J

Go slower: extra fight (II D)

II D. He Who Delays Is Lost

Another fight (bandits/scouts) catch up

Run for the tor?

Children fall behind

Fight here?

III: Here We Lick Our Wounds

III A: A Cornered Animal (Fight)

Defend the den from pursuers

Twins (if alive) can throw javelins/hatchets (or be npc ally/goons)