

CAPPA

Book of Days

A Tribe & Cycle



Dream Pod 9

A Tribe 8 Cycle

CAPAL Book of Days

"To stand here, in this city, is to be overwhelmed by destiny. It means realizing what the Eighth Tribe is truly capable of — it means embracing tomorrow for all that it is dizzying heights as well as its setbacks. To be in Capal is to fulfill prophecy."

— Alienor of the Clarion of Destiny

The Capal Book of Days is the core sourcebook for Tribe 8's new setting, the Rising Star of Capal. The city is detailed in all its promise, providing a wealth of ideas for cycles set in the new center of the Known World. Capal is an opportunity to begin a new chapter in Tribe 8, with new Characters taking the place of the old, or as the first installment for new Player Circles. This book includes:

- a history of the Nation of the Fall and story arc summary
- details of the city, including High Town and the slums of Low Town, the bustling Waterfront and beyond the walls.
- numerous maps of the city, and a dazzling new look at the Known World
- snapshots of the powerful Caste of the Eighth Tribe that control the destiny of the new world
- expanded character generation to allow the option of playing Tribals, Keepers, Squats, Serfs and Children of the Eighth Tribe

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Part Six

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us play in your universe

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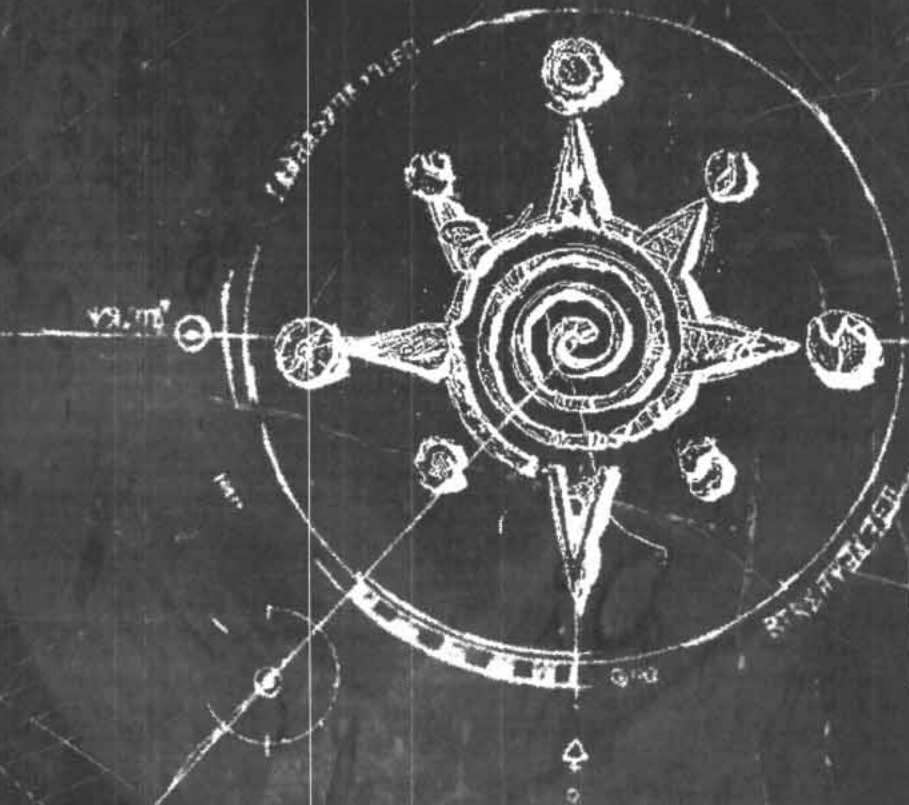
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Chapter one: Capal, City of ...

One or two or three,
Now which City will it be?
The first Fallen City
Or the City after Horn,
But if you call it Three
Then the work's all done!
- 'Riddle of Capal,' Agnite Rhyme



Promise

Alienor of the Clarion's ruminations:

To stand here, in this city, is to be overwhelmed by destiny. It means realizing what the Eighth Tribe is truly capable of and the raw potential each of us has locked in her soul. It means embracing tomorrow for all that it is: dizzying heights as well as shattering setbacks. To be in Capal is to fulfill prophecy. Everything here is so vibrant, leaping into life like an impatient child. It twists, it turns, it thrives on the complexities of human emotion and takes subsistence from our very bodies to survive. We move through our days, building our future on the foundations built by the Cells; those who have dedicated their lives to each other, and in turn, have jointly laid their collective existence down for us. To be without a Cell is to be unworthy of the glorious heritage of Capal. To be without a Cell is to be dead with nothing but the formality of breath in the way.

I have found my Cell, my true calling, after so many years of struggling. For them, the Clarion of Destiny, I have undertaken this endeavor. I will move through Capal's streets, taking its living history and committing it to memory, preserving it, and taking it into me as the power that it is. When I am done, we will have an accounting of all members and all Cells of the Eighth Tribe, a powerful talisman of both our unity and our dedication to duty. Before Mek the Jacker moved beyond the Fold, he laid responsibilities such as this at the feet of my Cell. It is now my most humble pleasure to revisit these alliances so that, through the past, can we gain control over tomorrow.

Danger

Hal Ninva of the Clarion reflects:

Alienor contemplates the city from her balcony; I contemplate her from mine. Will she succeed where none of us could? Will her bright, fresh face win trust among those who are wary of the other Clarion faces? She does not yet understand the danger she is walking into. She does not understand the city, not like we already do.

The little Lightbringer sees a city filled with light and hope, one where the Eighth Tribe will take the reigns of its own destiny and lead the rest of humanity into a bright and glorious future. I look over Capal every night that I am home, before retiring to bed. I have not seen the bright city of Alienor's dreams for quite some time. Instead I see a dark place, torn by division and rivalry, wracked by unrestrained crime and blithely accepted violence in the streets. I see a city uncertain of its own future, staggering forward and toppling down, falling away from the once-bright promise that birthed it.

The dark city that glowers at me through my window while I sleep, the dark city that despises my presence and reviles my efforts, the dark city that waits in the night to slowly devour us, it broods as I do. When I stand on my balcony to watch it, I can feel its eyes returning the gaze, watching me. The city plots my downfall, angry and envious of my attempts to restrain it, heedless of the good I do and intent only on indulging its own pleasures. Capal was a Z'bri city, and that influence never left it; even as we purge it of taint, its rage and anger seeps into our souls. We are no longer of Vimary; we are of Capal, now, and I fear what changes that may bring. I do not see the bright city any longer, but I cannot tell if the fault lies with the city or my own eyes.



Alienor of the Clarion

Alienor accompanied the Army of Liberation to Capal with the Caravan of the Golden Wheel. She fought alongside her Tribesmen, as well as the Fallen. An argument with her Little Trickster left her abandoned just outside of Capal. Betrayed by the woman she trusted, Alienor was lost, and if it were not for Jonhur's Legacy, a Cell of Fallen passing by, she would likely have died in the wilderness.

Jonhur's Legacy did not take her in, but helped her overcome the trauma of her banishment-in-absentia.

Alienor was deemed too weak to fight in the Siege, and lay in the hospital tents far behind the front lines. Knowing that brave women and men were dying at the walls, Alienor pushed herself out of bed and up the blacktop to fight in the last two days of the Siege. Alienor was never assigned a Cell, and spent the next five years trying to find a place to fit in. Hal Ninva selected her, mostly due to her connections with many different Cells, to be the newest member of the Clarion of Destiny.

Highlights: Idealistic, Hopeful, Cagey

Eminences: Conviction and Motion

Attributes: AGI +1, APP +1, BLD -2, CRE +1, KNO -1, INF +1, PSY +1, WIL +2, STR -1, HEA 1, STA 20, UD 1, AD 3

Skills: Combat Sense 1/0, Dancing 1/+1, Disguise 1/+1, Etiquette 2/-1, Hagglng 1/+1, Human Perception 1/+2, Melee 2/+1, Music 1/+1, Read/Write (Tribal) 1/-1, Streetwise 1/+1, Theatrics 2/+1, Throwing 1/+1, Synthesis 1

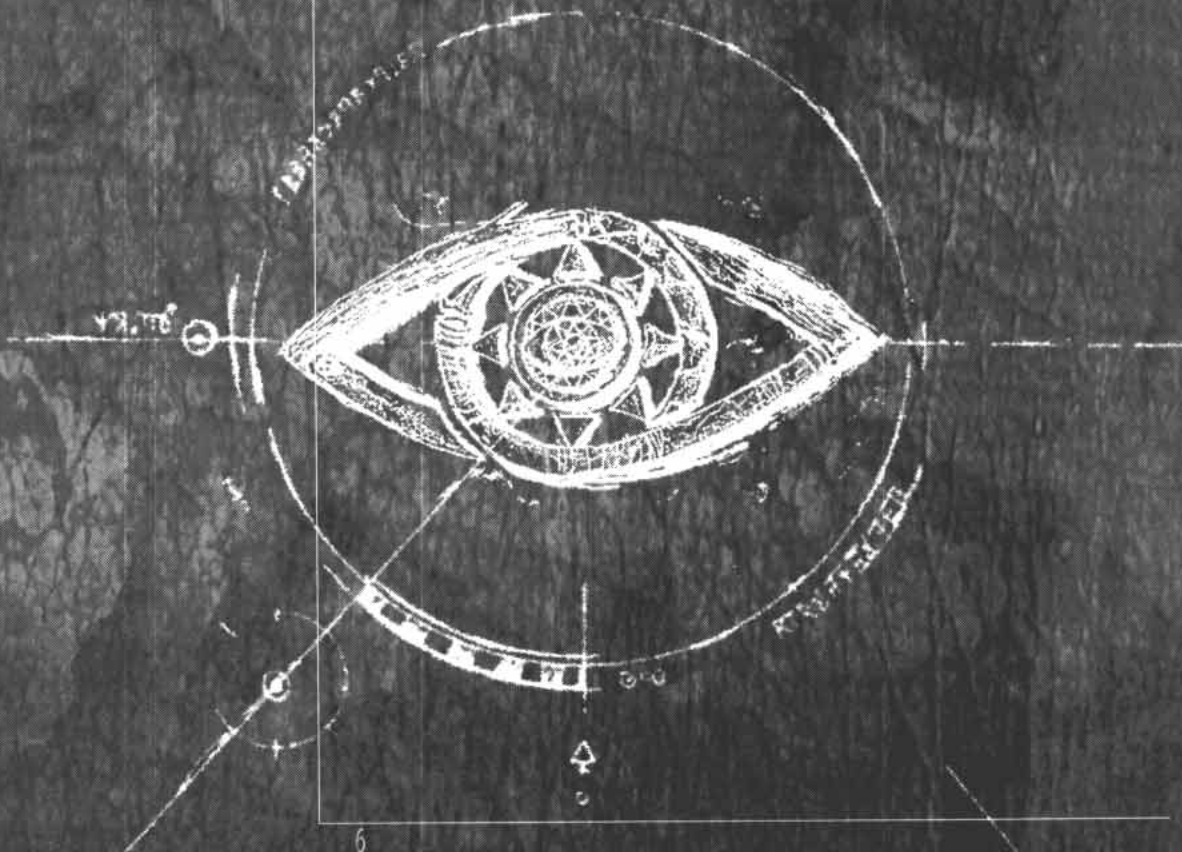
Edge: Membership in the Clarion of Destiny; contacts among Dahlians

Chapter two: Like the Back of my Hand

Capal, City of Rebirth: the jewel set in the center of the civilized world, the beacon to which all men look to take their bearings. We are a city on a hill, with the eyes of all people upon us. As the Citadel which is the bastion of all our strength is shaped as the rising sun, so too does this city promise that the sun will rise on a new world, one fueled by vibrant dream and guided by understanding, fat with the largess of our economy and lit by the hope of all mankind.

Pray that we walk in the guidance of the One Goddess, else all this dream will melt away.

- Deus, Poet of the Eighth Tribe



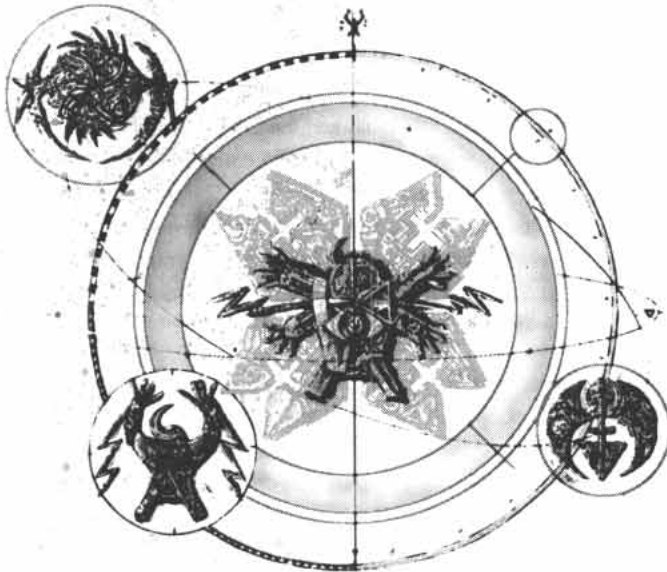
High Town

Alienor steps out of the Clarion —

Today, Phelix — my first day out as a member of the Clarion of Destiny. I think I will look on the City in a whole new light today. Look out the window! Those dark rooftops and stone walls once looked forbidding, but now they hold a certain charm. I think they would be warm against my skin if I touched them. Warm, like my lover or perhaps like a daughter: something loved, that returns that boundless love. Now that I belong to the Clarion, Capal belongs to me. Perhaps one day you will feel that, too. Keep serving the Clarion diligently, and Hal may trade your Evan stripes for those of the Eighth. Then I suppose I will have to write your name down, too.

My new duty is to catalog all the Eighth Tribe. A big task, indeed. Natali thinks there are over two thousand of us, more than I will be able to cover in just one day, so I have decided to start with the **Territorial Cells**. They will be easier to track down, since they have buildings and lands within their charge that they must maintain — they are nailed down, just waiting for me to come by. That is, of course, assuming that they do not sponsor Tribals like we do you, Phelix. Then I will have to ask the Tribals where their patrons within the Eighth Tribe are, and chase them all across the City. How ironic that one of the Clarion will be condemned to the same doom we inflict on others. Oh, don't give me that face, Phelix. You know we all depend on you and would be hopelessly lost without you keeping track of our steps.

I am going to the Citadel and the Ark, first, and then meandering around High Town all morning. I will descend down into Low Town — yes, please do wish me luck — and then come around into the Waterfront. With any luck, I'll be able to canvas the Spires by nightfall. Here I go, Phelix: here comes the newest member of the Clarion of Destiny!



Capal Book of Days

The Capal Book of Days is a sourcebook detailing the capitol of the Nation of the Fall and the new home of the children of destiny.

Within these pages you will find both the bright and the dark sides of the Rising Star, the City of Capal.

Each of the chapters of this book displays a different facet of the new world of Tribe 8. Chapter Two: Like the Back of my Hand describes the geography and points of interest of

Capal. Chapter Three: Brick by Brick is an account of Capal and the Nation of the Fall's history, bridging the five-year gap between the

events of Liberation to the present day. Chapter Four: A Diverse and Varied Population explains the role of Capal's many different popula-

tions, from the Eighth Tribe's Outlooks to the Seven Tribes to the 'outsider' Keepers, Squats and Serfs who are now accepted as citizens in the Nation of the Fall.

Chapter Five: Expanded Character Generation provides both the Weaver and Players with rules and guidelines for creating Characters in the Nation of the Fall, including new options for Character concepts.

Chapter Six: City on a Hill is for the Weaver, and considers the challenges of Capal as a setting, and provides resources to aid the Weaver in bringing the Rising Star to life.

Citadel

As related by Mason, Jacker:

Right you are lass, Citadel is vast. Sometimes I think it's bigger on the inside than the out, which is saying something. If you go up to the top of the Ark you can look down on Citadel and see how truly massive it is. I can't even imagine how our ancestors managed to build something like this — using stone and earth together to create the largest and most secure fort I think I've ever seen. Oh, the Ark, when it was Cht'aux, was stronger — but that was because of all the Sundering defenses used. For natural fortifications I don't think you can beat Citadel, and since the Liberation, my Cell, **The Jackers**, and I have done everything in our power to make it stronger. The Z'bri had left some of its defenses unrepaired, but we've seen to that. I wouldn't go wandering in here, however, as there are rooms upon rooms that even we've not yet explored, and the corridors never end. Once you get down deep enough there isn't light either, and we've occasionally lost guests here for days.

Don't be bothered by that humming sound. Some of our Keeper friends saw to that. They found some kind of Old World magic deep in the bowels of this place, something that cleans the air so that no disease or poison can long remain. It takes a crew of two of them working on it nearly day and night to keep it running, but we've always been grateful. We set off a lot of traps cleansing this place, and if not for their Keeper magic we might have lost a lot more of our sisters than we did. Even now that Citadel is cleansed top to bottom we keep it running, because it's better safe than sorry. Old Mek, he always used to scream at us about being sloppy, and we haven't forgotten the lessons he taught.

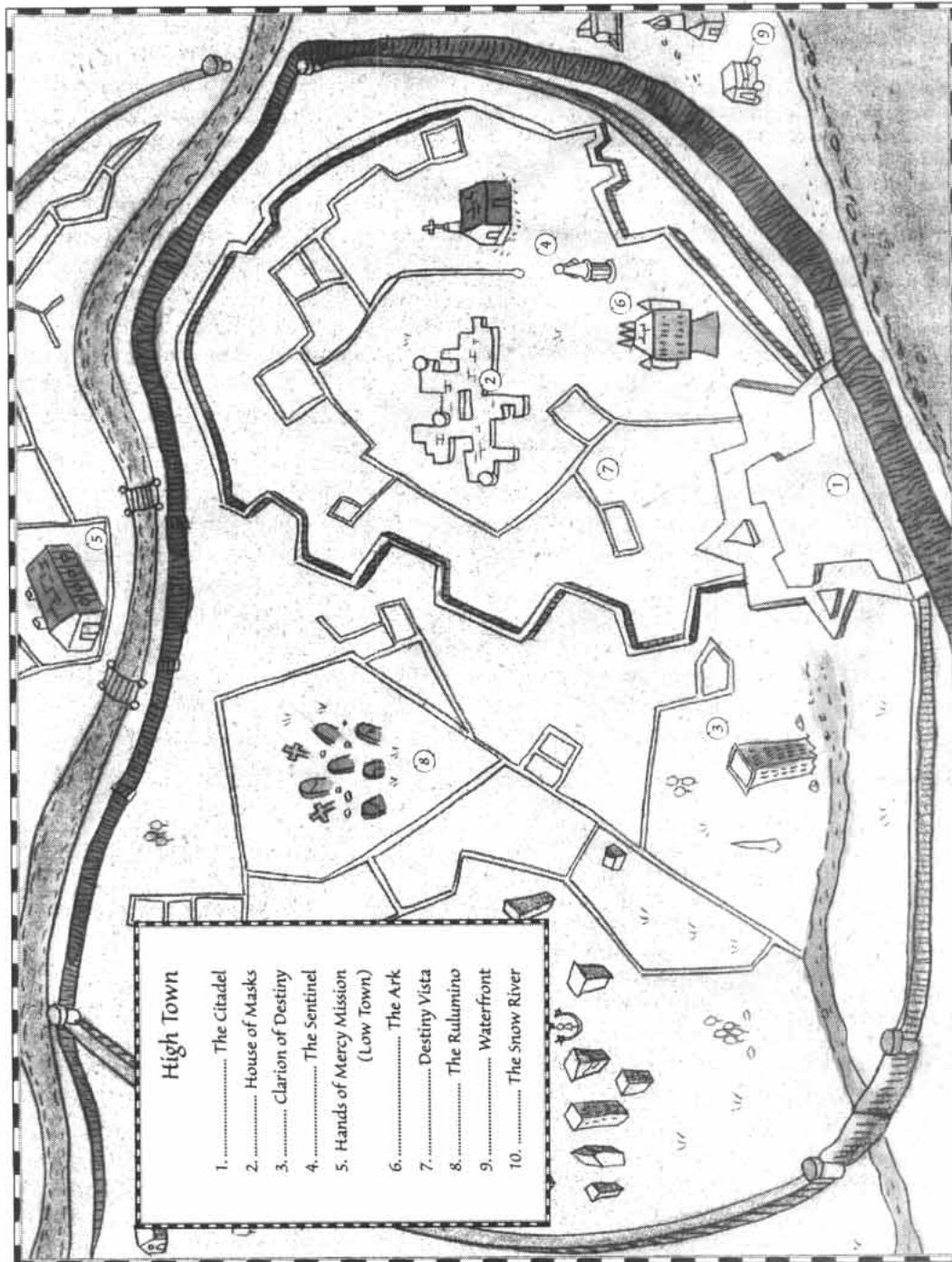
This is one of the bunkhouses topside; from the arrow-slits here you can see out over a lot of the city. If you look out there I'll tell you the steps that our Home Army, led jointly by Jackers and Joanites, has taken to ready our city against attack. We're still working and training, mind you, and do note that we don't even always know all the resources we have. Sometimes organizing a competent force in this city is more politics than I ever thought I'd have to see. The Walls, the Citadel and such are all ours — but the rest of the city belongs to the individual Cells, and they don't always have the spirit of cooperation that built the Eighth.

Okay, ready now? The principle sections of Capal are **High Town**, **Waterfront**, **Low Town** and the **Spires**. High Town is our main bastion of strength, as it is all inside the walls or up on the cliffs. It is fairly easily defended, as we have fully rebuilt and repaired all the old walls, with Keeper aid, and the Citadel can be used to house everyone in High Town in case of a siege. Some of the Keepers are working on putting in big guns along the wall, the kind that we used to blow parts of it down during Liberation. As you can imagine most of the influential members of the Eighth live in High Town, as it is protected and close to all the centers of power.

Now over there, to the south, is Waterfront. It's the section between the walls and the Great River, stretching out away from High Town a bit. Waterfront is our lifeline in a lot of ways, as it is where most of the trade comes into Capal. The Dahlians, the Keepers, the Confederation — all of them bring their wares into Waterfront. That makes it both important, busy, and hard to defend. We run patrols in canoes and thunder canoes up and down the river, making sure that no enemy force can get close to the city, and we've built a couple of towers and blockhouses that could be used as shelter during a raid. Our efforts are limited, however, by the fact that we don't control most of Waterfront; it belongs to various Cells — and the Dahlians.

If you follow the Great River to the east, where the land slopes down well below High Town, that's Low Town. Low Town is a slum, and it's a slum full of people who do not want to cooperate with us "High Jackers" to keep our city properly defended. We've made sure the wall that faces Low Town is extra secure, and we patrol the rivers with thunder canoes. Without more cooperation from the people there that's about all we *can* do, and it worries me to no end. Low Town could be trouble.

Finally, once you get outside the core — High Town, Low Town, and Waterfront — you come into an uncertain world. The Fields of Honor lie just before the Spires, though they are protected well enough by the Veterans of the Hope that I wouldn't worry about them in an invasion. Past the Granddally are the Spires — a collection of Sky-rakers from the World Before. It's technically part of Capal, but it's an area still full of danger — not to mention rogue Z'bril! Agnes is out there, doing the One knows what, and I'm content to leave it to Her. Past the Spires to the north are Riverside and the Maize Bank, both of which belong to extended Joanite clans, and Maize Bank holds Joan's Coliseum. I'm content to leave the defense of that area to them, for now. In the future I'd like to coordinate efforts, but we'll have to leave that till we can get our own backyard in better order.



2. Like the Back of my Hand



Mason of the Jackers

One of the oldest of the Jackers, Mason had been with Mek since their early days on Hom. He was one of Mek's few close friends in the hard times, and stood by The Jacker all the way to the Breach. In the Forlorn Hope he lost an arm and an eye, but more scarring to his psyche is that he was not able to be with Mek in his last moments.

Mason has never really forgiven himself for not dying with everyone else in the Breach, and he spends much of his off duty time drunken and bitter, desperately trying to relive the old days while hopelessly trying to forget. When on duty, however, Mason is a practical man, and he tries to embody the old ways of leadership and battle. The defense of Capal is all he has left, and he considers it more important than his life.

Highlights: Practical, bitter, competent.

Eminences: Bravery and Devotion

Attributes: AGI +1, APP -1, BLD +2, CRE +1, FIT +1, PER +1, WIL +1, STR +1, HEA +1, STA 40, UD/AD 9.

Skills: Ambush 2/+1, Archery 2/+1, Athletics 2/+1, Camouflage 1/+1, Combat Sense 3/+1, Dodge 2/+1, Hand-to-Hand 3/+1, Human Perception 1/0, Intimidate 1/+2, Law 1/0, Leadership 2/0, Lore (Z'bri, Eighth Tribe) 2/0, Melee 3/+1, Notice 2/+1, Sneak 1/+1, Survival 1/+1, Swimming 1/+1, Tactics 3/+1, Throwing 1/+1.

Edge: De Facto leader of the Jackers, and leader of Capal's defensive force.

Destiny Vista

Alienor of the Clarion's walking thoughts:

The first time I saw the Vista it was littered with bodies and blood. This was the stage for the final battle between the Eighth Tribe and the monster Wormwood, and many had fallen. It has been cleaned up considerably since that time, and now it's one of my favorite places in all of High Town. The street is always jammed with people coming and going, framed against the backdrop of the Great River and the lands beyond.

I come here to watch people: the noble **Members of the Eighth Tribe** striding through the masses, the masters of their domain. The **Tribals**, both new and those long since moved from Vimary to Capal, treading in our footsteps and hoping that one day they might be accepted into our elite ranks. I usually see at least one **Keeper**, going about his occult business with a wary eye, those disc-talismans gleaming in the sunlight. Some of them are members of the Eighth Tribe, and some are not, but few outside of another Keeper can tell the difference. I try not to laugh at the **Squats** who wander through, never quite understanding what is happening, but trying so very hard to get by. Some very few, notably the Confederation Tusks from the south, have joined Cells of the Eighth Tribe, as well, but most are here to work, lured by the luxury and promise of the greatest city on earth. Sometimes, of course, there are the **Serfs** — or ex-Serfs, as I should properly call them. Liberated from their Z'bri masters but still fledglings in the ways of freedom and Dream, they numbly go about the business of the Cell which protects and nurtures them.

All this parade of humanity flows before this scenic panorama of the lands around Capal. From Destiny Vista you can see across the Great River, into Boarhead's lands, and on clear days I like to think that I might spy the Keeper lands of Sanjon far down the river. Vimary is, of course, too far upriver to see, but there is always a caravan of boats coming from or going in that direction, keeping up trade with our sisters in the old lands, every day bringing more Tribals from the husk that once nurtured the Nation. Sometimes I think that the people and the scenery are not all that different — Capal is the City of the Horizon, for all our peoples come from far-off. Capal is also the Rising Star, shining bright on the horizon even as we climb towards the zenith of the sky.

The Sentinel

Cari of the Sail gathers his tour around him:

Come, come, circle around here. Don't be afraid! While the Sentinel does look fearsome, he is, of course, only a statue. He's a full four men high, composed of rubble and scraps, relics of the World Before and weapons — careful, don't get too close, the Sentinel is still sharp, though time, wind and rain will dull his edges. This great statue represents the triumph of the Eighth Tribe in the final battles, and the strength of the Eighth now that it rules the City. The annual Festival of Liberation begins here every fall, and circles around and through the entire city, reminding us of the blood and sacrifice we spent in order to liberate the city, and celebrating the joy of being masters of our own destiny.

If you look up at his head, bending down as if to look back at you, you can see the death mask of Mek, the Jacker. It was he who led the Army of Liberation against Capal, and he who assigned all the Cells involved in the Siege their duties. It is the legacy of those duties that still directs the Eighth Tribe, organizing the Cells into interdependent units, each with their own, specific function.

Many of the Cells were directed to take and hold an area or building in Capal, and you can still find those same Cells in those buildings. That building is theirs to protect, but also to care for, use and maintain. Most now run businesses out of their buildings, and often those whose charge includes many buildings allow others to use them for similar purposes. In exchange for the Cell's protection and maintenance, those who work and live in their buildings give them gifts of food, goods, or sometimes labor — alone, even a mighty Cell of the Eighth Tribe cannot clear the rubble out of a building, whitewash its walls and make it suitable for living within a day.

Other Cells were given charges unattached to real estate — instead, they travel throughout the City performing their duties. The **Iron Link** keep the roads and passes, among other things, in good repair and well-lit; the **Harbingers** keep Capal entertained and strengthen our purpose in building the future. There's a boatload of non-territorial Cells, and they do all right. They live within the charges of the territorial Cells, and help them out when needed. Mostly, though, they can be found flitting from one side of the City to another, doing whatever most needs to be done. The other Cells — and sometimes those outside the Eighth Tribe, like you — give them gifts of thanks or barter with them directly, which keeps them going and doing their duties, just as the Jacker intended.

The Jacker was a great general — so great that even in death his orders still ring true, still show us the path towards making the Rising Star of Capal the hope of all mankind. Some say that they have heard his voice in their dreams, or even that, late at night, they have walked by the Sentinel here and seen the statue come to life and speak to them. Now, personally, I've spent the night under the statue to verify whether this was true or not, and the only thing I gained was a runny nose. Take that as you may — perhaps I'm just not worthy of hearing the Jacker's words of wisdom.

The Ark

Hezeus of the Sign of the Hawk welcomes Alienor to the Ark:

Ah ha! Alienor! Come in, come in — we haven't seen your shining face here for quite some time. I hear you have been associating with better company than the **Sign of the Hawk**. How does it feel to be a politician? Oh, pay no attention to all this clutter — some refugees insisted on bringing all their worldly possessions along. Goddess knows why Laran let them. Yes, they've been installed upstairs somewhere. I'm still deciding whether we'll bother carting it up there for them or 'lose' it into the rubbish heap. They will understand in a week or so — they have started a new life here.

Here, follow me. This lobby, large as it is, is no place for a personal conversation. Oh, do you like the windows? They're a recent addition, from the glass smiths down on the Waterfront. We supplied them with workers to dredge up some sunken boat in the harbor — quite a mess, quite costly — but they paid handsomely with those. They light up this whole area! What a welcome to Capal, eh? Great glass windows in the place where the destitute refugees are given food and shelter. Even unto these we bestow riches.

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Hezeus of the Hawksign

Hezeus is a dance of contrasts. On the one hand, he is a firm believer in the hope and promise of the Eighth Tribe, and dedicates his life to the fulfillment of its destiny. On the other hand, he has never been able to completely shake his Dahlian heritage, and is apt to see nearly anyone as a pawn, puppet or tool, given the appropriate manipulation. It was his fervent belief in the Eighth Tribe that goaded him to join the Sign of the Hawk in its assault on the Cht'aux; it was his devious nature that had him turn it into a machine to exploit refugee labor.

Hezeus' intentions change by the day, swinging from altruistic to unscrupulous, but his demeanor is constant: jovial and hospitable, eager to please and see to the needs of guests. Because of his Cell's impressive array of favors owed them, he is often approached for more than just labor. He is beginning to consider expanding his trade, as he perceives that Capal might prove a fertile favor market.

Highlights: Outgoing, charitable, and jolly

Eminences: Illusion and Conviction

Attributes: APP +1, BLD +2, CRE +2, INF +2, FIT -1, PSY -1, WIL +2

Skills: Etiquette 2/+2, Gambling 1/0, Hagglng 2/+2, Human Perception 2/-1, Leadership 2/+2, Speak (Confederation) 1/0, Theatrics 1/+2, Trade 2/+2

Edge: Extensive contacts with many who owe him favors

Semantics

Wade Janssen finds half a moment
to speak with Alienor:

Every damned time Hezeus tells
that story, he gets it wrong. I never
called this great monstrosity of a
building an Ark. My comment was
'a regular Arcology,' which would
make sense and even be relatively
humorous if you didn't have the
vocabulary of a drunken primate
like Hezeus.

Either way, the place has earned its
name since then — we have more
residents every day, which means
I've got to hustle to keep ahead of
them. There's no way so many
people could live in such a building
without the plumbing and
electricity I provide. If only the
ingrates would stop complaining
when they themselves misuse and
abuse the technology until it
breaks!

Ah, and here's Ezekiel, to tell me
that something's been broken.
Again. Best wishes, Alienor. May the
Goddess bless your efforts.

Here, my office, full of all the knick-knacks I've accumulated, as well as the most valuable treasure of all: privacy. Here, have a seat. Care for a glass of brandy? Direct from the House of Masks, best brewers in all of Capal. Just a small glass — yes, there. Now. You say you're after information on my Cell, the **Sign of the Hawk**, and what we do here? Oh, I see. This is one of those questions where everyone knows the answer but you want it from my own lips. Very well.

This building was the last stronghold of the Z'bri during the Liberation. We were but one of many Cells involved in its capture — a grueling, floor-by-floor nightmare, might I add — but we were the only Cell to remain here once the Z'bri were routed and the merry chase was on to catch the stragglers and the Beasts who ran. Our charge was to keep and hold this place, and to find the wounded who had fallen throughout the building, drag them downstairs, and care for them. We went from last to first the next day, when the army needed somewhere to camp and rest that was not infested with the fetid Z'bri Atmosphere. Ours was the first building to be cleansed, and for quite some time, this was the home of all the Army of Liberation. Even then, we played host, clearing out rooms of debris and putting together furnishings for the other warriors. It was then that we earned our name. Wade commented on the building, calling it 'a regular Ark, life of me,' which the other Keepers found terribly funny. The name stuck.

Ah, but time went on, and soon the other Cells cleansed buildings within their charges, and slowly but inevitably the rooms emptied. That winter we had precious few boarders: only perhaps one hundred on any given night. Ha! Yes, one hundred seems a great deal, but remember that once we held the whole of Capal here. We were beginning to worry what the Sign of the Hawk would do to keep ourselves fed when the first caravan of refugees came in. I was down on the Waterfront then, and as I saw their disreputable, dirty forms stumbling off the boat, it hit me — we could house them, feed them and show the newcomers around the city. That would be our new and greatest charge! I strode forward with open arms and welcomed the tired, poor, huddled masses into Capal.

With time my plan changed, of course. Once the Cells got situated, they needed a ready supply of labor and — surprise! — we had something of an excess of it. So we started making connections, introducing refugees in need of work to Cells in need of workers. It was beautiful, the best example of supply and demand I've ever seen, and everyone ended up happy. The Cells got their labor, the Tribals got food and shelter and the Sign of the Hawk — well, we accumulated enough favors and debts that we could keep the Ark running, feeding and heating and caring for all the refugees who come here, yearning to breathe free. Worked so well that here we are, doing the same thing five years later.

Sometimes a Cell only needs workers for a short time, and sometimes they need a more permanent arrangement; we handle both, and every Tribal, Squat and even Serf knows that they'll find an open door here at the Ark. We've even got an arrangement with the Caravan of the Sail for them to send folks our way for a little gratuity — more a token of appreciation than anything I would call a fee — but our best draw is our good name. This is the best and easiest way to get situated in Capal, and the needy come in droves. I'd estimate that we see one in eight newcomers to Capal pass through our doors, and we see to them all. They might need to stay here for a few months, but eventually, we find them all new homes here in Capal, in the city of hope and promise. A few of them have even come back to thank us, and let me tell you: there is no better feeling than to know that you have helped build a life worth living.

Dreams of Teeth

The worries of Edar, former stiltwalker:

No sooner had the caravan docked than that Laran fellow handed us over to one of his boathandlers and directed him to bring us here, to this giant of a building. Seemed the Dahlian had made the trip before; he hardly paused for breath for all his talking on the way up the hill. He showed us all the sights, explained where to go for what, circled us around that great statue outside and told us all about the Jacker. Then he brought us in here and handed us off to that Ezekiel fellow, who clapped his hands and suddenly there were a dozen people showing us to rooms and seeing to our needs. I've never seen anything quite like it.

It's not like what's here is riches and wealth: we sleep six or eight to a room, and the food gets boring after a week, but the blankets are warm, and I've seen more meals in a week than in a Vimary month. The Sign of the Hawk have been our guides and first friends in Capal, always smiling, always helpful, always ready to introduce you to new people. It's a far sight better than the welcome the Nation had for the Fallen when you snuck back into Bazaar, I'll say that, but. . .

I can't help thinking that there's something lurking behind their smiles. They're too wide and too bright and too ready. I've had nightmares of those smiles, glowing in the darkness, jaws and teeth ready to snap you up. I feel horrible for thinking such terrible things of our benefactors, but late at night when all I hear is the snores of my room-mates and the creaking of the building, their welcome becomes a sinister, greedy thing, as if by giving us all this, they take something back that is far more precious than safety and security. Worst part is, I don't think I'll know what it is they get from me until I don't have any of it left any more.

Rulumino - The Maze of Tombstones

Samuel Alghattas of the Salted Soil, Doomsayer Watcher, to Alienor:

Make no mistake about it; there is honor in this grave place. We Watchers guard the bedchambers of the dead; eyes open through the dawn, the day, ever vigilant even in the darkest hours of night. It is a thin thread bridge we walk here, strung between two spindled posts; hallow and horror, earth and River, spirit and flesh. Mary's children have done their best to sanctify this land, but the earth too has memory. Confused, conflicted, marred in the shadow of the beasts, it strikes out like a wounded cub. For now that our heroes have begun to nourish the mauled land, it tastes their blood and bone and its hunger kindles new. The dead throw off their weighing stones and claw their way out to feed off the living. Though perhaps we were once tied in friendship, in battle, or in embrace with the soul that the rotting flesh once held, it is left to us to dispatch by blade, heal by benediction, inhume once more, and pray for the spirit's escape.



Samuel Alghattas

Born an Evan, reborn a Doomsayer, Samuel spent years wandering the Outlands, looking to learn of spirits and the ways that Squats dealt with the world of dream. His journeys eventually lead him to the Great Waters where he met the Great White Spirit. Though he initially turned away from the sea, over the years he was drawn back again and again, dwelling with both the Sanjon Keepers and the Shore People and learning of the spirits of the waters. It was only the War of Liberation that brought him back to the Eighth. Now he tends to the Fields of the fallen with the same dedication he once gave to learning of the ocean. In his dreams, however, he can still feel Great White Spirit calling him, and can taste salty waves. It may not be long before he retires his post and goes once again to the waters.

Highlights: Obsessive, warm hearted, dedicated.

Eminences: Life and Shadows

Attributes: APP +1, BLD +1, INF -1, KNO +1, PER +1, WIL +2, HEA +1, STA 30, ULD 5, AD 6.

Skills: Agriculture 1/+1, Animal Care 1/+1, Boating 3/+1, Combat Sense 1/+1, Dodge 1/0, Dreaming 4/0, Hand-to-Hand 1/0, Lore (Squats, Spirits) 3/+1, Melee 2/0, Navigation (Land) 2/+1, Ritual 2/+1, Survival 2/0, Swimming 2/0, Synthesis 2.

Edge: Watched over by the Great White Spirit (see Into the Outlands, page 74).

The Last Laugh

— A letter from Odette to Monalie:

I met with Hal's little tail today, and will speak with her again tonight. She was flushed and rushed about everything in the House of Masks, and I thought she might bolt — into the inner chambers or out into the street I couldn't say. I am going to meet her again tonight, in a more sedate location, to talk to her about the history of our Tribe in Capal. After I am done with her, I shall send her on to you for further instruction.

You need not worry yourself too much about this little one, or about most of the Eighth for that matter. They strut about the streets with their chests puffed out, proud as Phoenix to be the mighty, undisputed rulers, and never stop to think that perhaps things are not always as they seem on the surface. I think it was their time on Hom that did it. They spent so long worried about the outer shells of power that they never came to understand the inner relations of desire and control.

To this day they call us a "lesser Tribe" and pat us on the head and promise to protect us if we stay on our knees and smile with round mouths. I smile, I do indeed, but not because it makes them happy. I smile because they do not realize that the great Eighth Tribe is really ruled from the shadows and the sheets by those they call lesser.

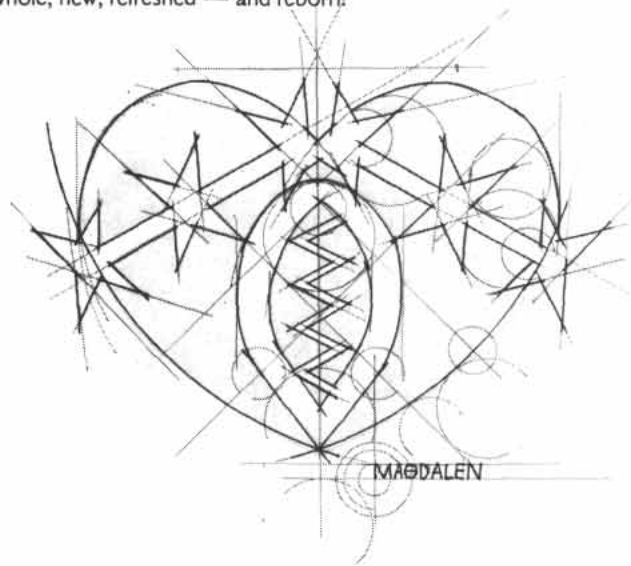
Only we Watchers know how strong our heroes still remain, how their fight against the stain continues, night on endless night. Clearly, there's no one banging on those old iron gates to vie for our posts. No one climbs the trellises of vines that smother and knit those old stone walls in efforts relieve our sleepless nights. Though in the beginning, we needed more than a hundred Watchers at one time, now but two Cells fulfill our function; mine **Salted Soil** keeps watch in the night, while the **Maze Walkers** stake the day.

It's just as well; growing those vines has taken too much toil to wish feet upon them. For five long seasons we failed to foster anything to sprout in this poison soil, but by midseason of the sixth, the first blossoms came, frail and meek and wary. If you come back in the spring, I will show you what has become of them. Fed on Synthesis, watered by prayer; they flourish now, drawing a ring of life around the Field, pulling the restless energy from the soil, and helping the dead lay dead.

Of course, we are not the only ones to be seen in the Rulumino. Lovers and mothers and children come in remembrance of their departed. Their feet measure slow steps through that winding stone pathway, pause at the grave of their beloved to whisper the heart's ache, or the day's doing, or to sing the ballads and tell the stories that appease the restless spirits. However, once their words are spent, they do not retrace their steps. Instead, forward through the turns and twists — they continue.

Do you see that gateway there, the arch that leads over nothing at all? That is the center of the maze pathway. Before one steps through it, one must be prepared to leave the beloved behind, to understand and acknowledge within oneself the demarcation of the past, in flesh communion with one's beloved, and the future, of flesh and spirit divided.

That narrow pathway must be followed. It allows the mourner time to reflect, to turn inward and to release, calming the restless soil with each step. It may not seem a far journey to cross the Maze, but because of the way the path winds and loops, eight clicks are measured in footfalls from the east gate to the west. Every hero of Capal is passed in procession, every memory wound into the ritual of this place. With each pilgrim, the weave grows stronger. I have found that no matter how heavy my journey weighs on me, by the time I reach the arch, my feet near dance and float by the time I emerge, whole, new, refreshed — and reborn.



The House of Masks

The Words of Odette, Mistress of the House of Masks:

Welcome sister, please have a seat. You blush so prettily, but there really is no reason for it — this is not the den of vice and pleasure you came to learn of. The House of Masks is inside, beyond the velvet curtains over there. This front area, the **Green Room**, is simply a meeting place, a common room where anyone can come to have a good drink or good food with fine friends. There are not, you know, many places in Capal where anyone of any stripe can simply sit and enjoy the company of others from all walks of life. Oh, I know there are places where you can go to talk politics, or to make deals, or trades, or to spend an evening with close friends — but those are all quite different. Here everyone can come and relax and mingle with those they might not otherwise have the pleasure of knowing. Soft couches, stuffed chairs and a reputation for fair treatment and safety make the Green Room a place where everyone and anyone can come to know and appreciate you. There are even those who are so innocent as to not know that this popular spot is the portal to the more popular rooms behind.

Those halls beyond are what have made me famous, infamous to some. Once you leave this great and spacious room, moving into the many winding, overlapping corridors beyond, you leave behind the world of restrictions and controls, and enter a world where pleasure and the flesh are queen and king. This building was once some great section of halls and rooms and nooks, and it fits us like a glove of kid skin. There are small rooms for couples, nooks for urgent caresses, larger chambers for those who find their pleasure in groups, and walking ways over pleasure gardens where those who like to see the sky can be observed by those who like to view. Everyone who walks the halls leaves gifts for all in the house to share. The most popular of my boys and girls have private rooms, usually the round rooms in the corners of the long halls, and those who go to their rooms trade favor for favor directly with them. As the Mistress of the House I then receive gifts from those boys in return for the favor of letting them practice here.

There is only one rule in the halls and open chambers — all guests must wear a mask at all times. By obscuring the face you obscure the inhibitions and structures that govern your life outside the walls. In private rooms the masks may come off, though usually they do not. In fact many of the private rooms are masks of their own, where my eager friends can create worlds of fantasy and truth for the exploration of the senses. What happens in those rooms is guarded, not just by those of the House, but by those in power in Capal as well. Many mighty members of the Eighth take it upon themselves to protect me and the secrecy of my House. I will leave the explanations of why to your own agile brain.

It was not always so. This place was a hospital for the first winter of its existence. It was here that I, and others like me, brought the wounded and the dying and tended to their sufferings with healing and pleasure. I saw such suffering here, such bleeding and pain, that I resolved to fill the halls with moans of a very different nature. During my time with the Army I had made many friends among the Tusks, and the veterans of the Forlorn Hope who came here have always remembered my compassion and comfort. It is a Cell of the Hope that owns and protects this place, keeping my friends and I safe. They have free run of the House, and they know that I will do anything for them, and so they leave it to me to run it and be its mistress. Even though I am a member of a lesser Tribe, and not one of the Eighth, I have a position of security, and I thank my sisters of the Eighth for it with every resource I can give to them. It is an arrangement that works well for all.

Hoy Polloy

Jonas Hawker of the Troupe shouts into the crowds of High Town:

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome — well, come in! Come come come, come in to the marvelous! The fantastic! The incredible Hoy Polloy! Entertainments and Diversions of the highest — and lowest — caliber available in all the Liberated Lands! Come! See! Races, Challenges, Contests and Feats of Strength! See arena combat — armed, unarmed and no-holds-barred! Watch and enjoy the tragedies and comedies of Capal's greatest playwrights: witness with horror the fall of Anna the Hearthmother, and revel in the joys of *Slake's Trick of the Flemis*! All this and more awaits inside! Groundling admission is free of charge! Boxes open for members of the Eighth Tribe in good standing!

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Natali of the Clarion

Natali was born into a family of Concubines in Xstasis, and soon after she was old enough, she became the favorite of a Sheban High Judge. Unfortunately for her, Natali believed his words of love and became infatuated with him. She refused to see other clients, and was eventually brought to trial. The Judge himself oversaw her trial, but he showed no recognition. When she asked if he had lied when he told her that he loved her more than the Great Owl, he banished her for heresy.

Heartbroken, Natali was cast out, and vowed she would never be hurt again. She immediately began using her charms to attract men and women who could protect her. She joined the Lightbringers, not because she wanted to see the Fallen united, but because she saw that the more connections were made between the Outcasts, the easier life would be, not only for the Fallen, but herself as well. As Vimary fell into war, Natali maneuvered herself into Hal Ninva's Cell, knowing that he would take her far. Now, she is almost — but not quite — satisfied.

Highlights: Charming, Insightful, Devious

Eminences: Conflict and Unity

Attributes: APP +1, CRE +2, INF +2, FIT -1, WIL +1, PSY -1

Skills: Disguise 2/+2, Dreaming 2/-1, Etiquette 2/+2, Forgery 1/+2, Grooming 2/+1, Hagglng 2/+2, Human Perception 3/-1, Leadership 1/+2, Read/Write (Tribal) 2/0, Ritual 1/0, Seduction 2/+1, Speak (Confederation) 1/0, Synthesis (Treason) 2

Edges: Lightbringer allies, knows many embarrassing secrets of the leadership of Capal

How about you, child, care to view our menagerie of enjoyments? Hurry in now — leave your name and Cell at the door — and you can watch a spine-tingling extravaganza of death-defying and sensual stunts performed by our very own Liberated Leapers... or if your tastes lend themselves to something less tawdry, the next showing of *Elderberries for Deus* is... census?

Oh, I see, yes — I can answer those questions and more inside, perhaps over a glass of spiced wine, in one of our exclusive boxes overlooking the **Arena**. It's empty now, but I'm sure one with your discriminating taste will be able to surmise the astounding view afforded when we fill up the ring with armed and armored fighters. No, dear, I am not trying to sell you anything, I am only trying to give you an idea of what we do here at the Hoy Polloy! Come in, come in, it won't hurt a bit — least not at first — right down this corridor, yes.

You can still trace out the vestiges of Z'bri architecture here and there, especially when you're down in the bowels of the building as we are now. This was, indeed, something of a theater for the Koleris, now sanitized and put to our own use. The ground that is now the Arena used to be their killing floor; the booths and reclusive private stages that make up the **Rudae X** were Cells for their battle monstrosities. Oh, never fear, never fear, the place has been cleared out by a troupe of Marians, Doomsayers and the like. They wanted to burn the place down, but we wouldn't let them. Why waste such an astounding piece of architecture just because its stains are a little hard to scrub away?

Here we are, one of our best boxes, right at the center of the arena — would you *look* at that view? As you can see, the **Boxes** are stocked with all manner of imported luxuries and well-furnished with beverages. There's not a night that goes by that we're not host to a dozen parties, here and in our more private venues elsewhere in the complex. These boxes are, of course, for members of the Eighth and their special guests only — everyone else stands down there, in the **Groundlings** area. Free admission, though, to fulfill the charge of our troupe — the **Troupe of Dreams** to be proper about it — to keep the troops entertained and... ahem... Pacified. It's not my words, ma'am, but the Jacker's, Goddess bless his soul.

Speaking of which, in three day's time, we will premiere an all-new, completely modern reinterpretation of Mek's fall from Joanite grace and slow, determined climb towards mastery of his own destiny. We've put all the resources and talent we have together in our own **Theater of Flesh and Soul** to produce what will be the most groundbreaking dramatic event in our history. It's magnificent, it's glorious, it's a never-before-seen expose of his long, hard life. It is... *Ascent of the Jacker* — how's that grab you for a title? Tell your friends! Tell Hal Ninva, he's in the play — we've got a eager young Stiltwalker fresh in from Vimary to play him in the early years. We'd really like to see Hal's face in the crowd...

Excuse me? Is that all? Heavens, no! The Troupe of Dreams produces a new show, a new astounding display of danger, drama and suspense every fortnight — there is no end to the services that our meager Cell provides the denizens of Capal. Why, when the moon is full next, we will be debuting, erm, yes, I suppose you do have other Cells to see. Yes, yes. Thank you, dear, for dropping by... I hope we'll see you about again soon? Yes... good travels to you, dear.

Clarion of Destiny

Natali of the Clarion chats over lunch:

Home again so soon? Canvassed the city entire already or back for a noontime meal? Here, I was just sitting down myself, and I can pour out two bowls as easily as one. A delegation of Evans happily gifted us with a cauldron of stew to show their appreciation for speaking to some Forlorn Hope Cells about using the Evans' labor. Welcome to the Clarion of Destiny, Alienor, where your meals come to you as markers for favors and debts. Sometimes you can taste the power in each gift — savor that; it is what makes us strong.

Oh, do not give me that face. We of the Clarion not only deserve all this as rightful tribute, but I assure you we would not be able to affect our purposes if it were not for such gifts. The Clarion is the busiest Cell in all of Capal, I have always said, and we have no time to cook our own meals. Never a day goes by that we are not meeting with six different Cells, consulting with Havark or reigning in the machinations of the Tribal Council. It has grown so bad that I must write myself reminders of whom I must speak with — I can not keep them all in my head. I do not know where I would be without the Tribals the Clarion sponsors and feeds in exchange for staying here at the Clarion's building. If they did not keep track of where we were, no one would be able to find us if need arose.

You already know that feeling, I can tell. Feet sore from walking the city end to end? Throat raw and lips dry from speaking to every last woman and man you meet? How goes that census of yours? Do the Cells cooperate and smile as they speak with you, child? Yes, I imagine they do. Few would miss their chance to speak to such a fresh young face as yours. That is good; no doubt they would button up like closed shutters if Hal or I were to circulate the city making lists of people. The Cells of the Eighth are suspicious, Alienor, and well they should be, if only they would worry about those they should. The Cells are too defensive about their own hard-won 'rights' and privileges, and constantly worry that we scheme to take them away. A pity they do not understand that they cannot remain as sovereign islands if Capal is ever to rise to its destiny.

What? I mean nothing more than I say, child. Careful, or you might become as suspicious as the rest of the Cells in Capal.

Low Town

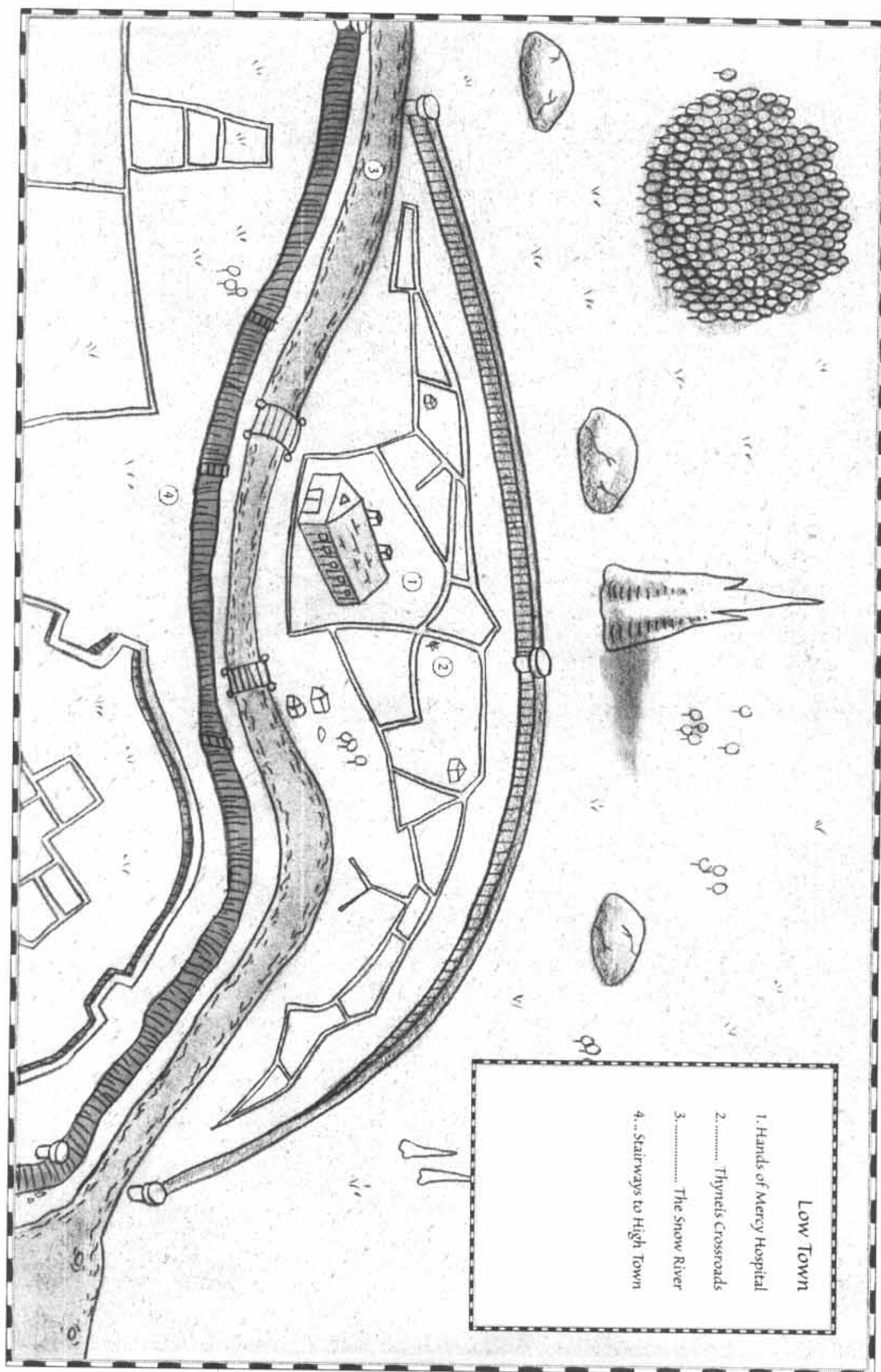
Alienor speaks with a member of Charon's Oarsmen:

Your charge is to maintain the scaffolds and streets that connect High Town to the lower portions of Capal, is it not? I imagine you find more to do on the other side of High Town, where all the business comes through from the Waterfront. What passes by your eyes here, on the route to Low Town? Truth be told I did not think that any more of my Tribe lived in Low Town; I had heard that we abandoned it to Serfs and the poorer Tribals. Look at it — disheveled and crumbling, filthy and unkempt. Its collapse looks vaguely familiar — I have it; it looks like, it looks like Hom, back before the Crusades. Oarsman, we have come so far from poverty and destitution. Why would one of our number insist on living here, no better than we lived before?



LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Hands of Mercy

From the words of Clement:

Hello Alienor, it's been a while since I've seen you about. I hope your friend is doing well? That's good; he was a proud young man, and proud young men have a tendency to be foolish while they should be recovering. Of course, I'd be glad to show you about and even happier to talk about how this place came to be. We must always honor those who came before so that we can remember their examples and live by them.

The grand tour won't be so grand, however. We really only have two rooms here, plus a few sheds out back that we use to store supplies, and a little herb garden along the east wall. This room, the **Hospice**, is where we take care of the sick and injured of Low Town — and no few of Waterfront and even High Town. I think this building was a barn, or storage building, in the World Before, but since we've white-washed the walls and gotten the Keepers to replace the windows it makes a good hospital. The high ceilings and wide doors keep bad vapors and humors from congregating, and gives everyone here a sense of space. We use folding screens to give privacy to those who want it. Some just cannot stand for others to see them weak and injured. It is pure pride, I suppose, but something I cannot fault them for. Many in Low Town only have their pride, and if it was taken from them then they would be utterly destitute. Being sheltered also helps others relax and rest, as everyone wants to seem strong in front of others. That is nonsense, but its also nonsense that you can't stop by talking to people.

Here in the back is the **Shrine**. It is here that we keep Kymber's ashes, and here that I will tell you of how this place came to be. It is not a large room, and there are no ornaments, but this block of marble holds the remains of one of our greatest Saints. Kymber Reva was a hero of Hom, the first Mother of the Eighth, and my savior. She brought me, and countless others, out of madness and pain, and brought us together as a Tribe. Mek may be our father, but Kymber was our mother. She was in charge of all the healers in the Army of Liberation, and she kept the army's mind and soul together. She came all the way from Vimary to Capal, healing the whole way, and she went into the Breach after the Forlorn Hope. Though she was not in the first charge she was there, coming behind the warriors in order to save the wounded and comfort the dying. There, on the Wall, she found a battered and dying Serf. He called out to her, terrified of death, and begged her to heal him. Poor Kymber, I saw the look on her face, the lines of exhaustion and terror, but I also saw the Goddess in her eyes. She went to that man, a Serf and an enemy of the Tribe, and healed him with the last of her energy. As he lived, she died — giving herself for one that we all thought beneath contempt.

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Clement

Driven mad by her Fall, Clement came to Hom a raving thing who had tried to chew her own hands off in her fury and heartbreak. Kymber Reva and the Goddess of Mercy Mission saved her life and her mind, and gave her a new purpose. Since that day Clement has striven to repair sundered bodies and separated hearts, giving people the unity of self that she believes is necessary for them to find unity with others. As one of the medics who followed the Forlorn Hope into the Breach she distinguished herself with such selfless bravery that the veterans of the Hope ensured she was given the Hands of Mercy and allowed resources to run it. Clement has since built the Hands into one of the brightest spots in Low Town, a place of love and healing like few others.

Highlights: Fervent, warm

Eminences: Sensuality, Unity

Attributes: AGI -1, APP +2, BLD -2, KNO +1, PSY +2, STR -1, STA 15, ULD/AD 1.

Skills: Cooking 1/0, Grooming 1/+2, Healing 3/+1, Herbalism 2/+1, Human Perception 1/+2, Lore (Lightbringer) 1/+1, Teaching 1/0, Synthesis 2 (Anima, Passion).

Edge: Just about anyone who has been sick in Low Town has been tended to by Clement, and feel they owe her a debt. Contacts with the Forlorn Hope vets.

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Aostin Hobble-Leg

Once a Tinker always a scoundrel, or so Aostin always says. When he was maimed by a bear and forced to stop running after mischief, he decided to bring some mischief to him. Settling down in a Dahlian/Evan millet in the shadows of Lowtown, he opened up The Milk Sop after tricking some members of the Eighth into sponsoring him. To this day they don't realize that they own a large share of a disreputable bar where half the illegal business in Lowtown goes down — and what they don't know could someday hurt them. Aostin is happy to run everything so long as business is good, but if things ever go sour he will dump the problems on his duped beneficiaries and have himself a good long walk out of the reach of the arm of the law. In the meantime he gets support from the locals as well as a cut of all the trade that goes through his establishment, which makes him about as wealthy as a member of a millet can be.

Highlights: Boisterous, loud, morally speculative

Attributes: AGI -1, BLD +1, CRE +1, FIT +1, INF +2, PER +1, PSY -1, STR +1, STA30, AD 6, ULD 8.

Skills: Athletics 1/+1, Combat Sense 1/+1, Cooking 2/0, Craft (Brewing) 3/0, Dodge 1/-1, Gambling 2/+1, Hand-to-Hand 3/-1, Human Perception 1/-1, Intimidate 1/+1, Lore (Capal) 1/0, Melee 1/-1, Notice 1/+1, Streetwise 2/0, Theatrics 1/0, Trade 1/0.

Edge: Owner of the Milk Sop

It was on that spot, in that moment, that I knew I must build this place. It was to be, and has become, a place where all may come for healing. From the mightiest of the Eighth to the lowliest Serf, any can come here and be healed. It is a vow that I have so far fulfilled, with the help of friends, and one that I will give my life to uphold. This place is sacred, not because of me, but because of Kymber's blood and sacrifice. I swear to you that the Hands of Mercy will still be open to heal all long after everything else has fallen apart.

The Milk Sop

From the words of Aostin Hobble-Leg:

Well now, it's not so very often that we get a good looking, fresh young lass like yourself coming into these broken down holes. Wandering round looking for Thyne's watch, now, are you now? I thought about as much, innocent child like yourself getting lost in these treacherous streets. It's become something of a maze down here, has it not? Ever since the poorer people started setting up shop round 'bout, the roads have gotten ever more clogged with the refuse they haul out of their houses. Between that and the tents and the caravans that park up the road there's always something blocking the throughways. You have to be a street-rat to find your way down here, and a good girl like you doesn't have a chance of getting out in haste, and that's for true.

Don't you worry none, tho', you're welcome here at the Milk Sop. A what? No, I don't rightly know why it's named that. Was named that before I came here, up on a sign in the back. Was a picture of a guy crying over a bowl of milk what had spilled on the ground, and a Keeper told me that the words on it said "Milk Sop." So, to honor the dead who once lived here by right, I kept the name the same. Is only reverent, it is. We're great ones for reverence here, we are, law abiding and proper. . .

Dinan! You put down that chair right this second! Don't you dare go a-bashing people with the furniture while our honored guest is here! I swear, you'd think you had no manners. That's it lad, just pound him with the fists that the Goddess gave you. Much more proper that is, shows a good respect for the joy of the fight. Evn, could you make sure that the boys don't come too close over this way with their little tussle?

Don't go worrying about that, lass, the boys often have themselves a scuffle. It's all in good fun, you see, and it's only once in a blue moon that anyone gets more than their teeth knocked loose. Evn, he's my best boy and the bouncer here. He's a fine lad and keeps sure that it never gets so out of control that those not wanting to fight get hurt too bad. We wouldn't want to be that kind of place, would we? A good fight helps relieve the tensions of the day like nothing else, but you can't go spilling blood as a regular course of things.

That's right, we're a family type establishment here. We have the best hops in all Capal, if I say so myself — and I make the brews myself. The boys and girls come in here after long days of work for to keep the Lowtown eating — we got many a fisherman and miller in this area — and belly up for a drink, a sing and maybe a fight. It's a friendly type place where people can meet, do some trade, and have a good bash now and then. All on the level, I assure you. We don't take kindly to those who try to run illegal goods here; like I said, we're a family type place.

Oh, that's your escort is it? Well then, finish up your drink and off you go. It's been nice meeting you — but if you don't mind, could you not tell the people up the hill about us? We like it cozy here, with locals and all, and well. . . too many fancy folk might put people off their liquor. Thank you kindly, I knew as you would understand.

In the Shadows

The words of Thyne, poor Lightbringer:

I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Alienor. When Eon told me that you were here, I got back as soon as I could. I had to mediate between a group of Farlands Squats and some local Serfs who were arguing over ownership of a latrine. Tempers were high, and I had to keep peace in my district — I do hope you understand. I wish that someone had let me know you were coming; I'd have prepared a better tour for you. As it is, all I can really show you in the bunkhouse and the crossroads — all the other buildings in the district are unsafe for someone as important as you.

I am glad you came, though. It's been almost three years since anyone collected an official report from us. I do manage to get up to the Citadel to leave papers now and then, but I never hear back from anyone. Really? You didn't even know we were here? That. . . I suppose that doesn't surprise me. Things have been chaotic since the Liberation. I don't think the ways you used to govern yourselves on Hom are going to work for a city like this, and I suppose someone had to get lost in the shuffle. With us down here in the dark part of the city I suppose it makes sense that we would be the ones to be forgotten. Never fear, though, we have remembered our responsibilities, and keeping the watch, and the peace, as well as we could without backup.

See that solid stone building there? The two story one with the metal shutters — I think they were old auto doors, once — over the windows? That's the bunkhouse. It's my Cell's base and home. We had to put the metal doors on after we had problems with some angry Squats throwing rocks wrapped in flaming rags at us. We cleared them out eventually, but it was rough for a while. Part of the interior is rebuilt, but we haven't the skills to fix most of the upper floor — so we don't go up there anymore. The Bunker is a good vantage point over the intersection here, which is our protectorate. We were told to hold this place, as the two roads allow access to the rivers, the wall and the old Army camp. We were to guard the intersection against enemies, and to keep it clear in case our army needed to march. We've managed to do that, though the roads up away from our district are falling apart.

We've also managed to clean this whole area, for about a half klick in every direction, of all the Z'bri taint. We used to have a Marian, Halcyon, who worked with us. He died about a year ago, though, and is buried up near Citadel somewhere. Without him it's been harder, but we've at least managed to drive the two Chained that used to live here into the river. About a dozen Squats and Serfs who live in each of those four buildings — no, they don't care that the roofs are about to fall in — started working with us after that. We still have to keep the peace between them, as spontaneous fights between different groups are the biggest manifestation of Koleris Atmosphere left for us to contend with. Mostly, though, they've started working with us, helping us place autos that could be used as cover in a fight, and even helping us fix up some of the buildings with new thatch roofs.

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Thyne of Tirk's Saplings

Thyne left the Firmament when he was 14 years old, following his mother to the war in the H'I Kar. For the course of that war he acted as an aide in the healer's tents, fetching and carrying and doing anything he could to be useful. During the War of Liberation he helped set up the defenses of the marching army, chopping and hauling to help build the fortresses. Though he bravely volunteered for the Forlorn Hope he was turned away. Instead he was assigned to a small Cell and told that he would still have an important role to play, seizing a vital crossroads and protecting it at all costs. Thyne believed that with all his heart, and now, years later, he still does. His unflinching willingness to do simple, hard work for the greater good, and his skill at dealing with people, has let him rise to lead his Cell as an unquestioned member of the Eighth.

Highlights: Solid, Hardworking, Devout

Eminences: Life and Unity

Attributes: BLD +1, FIT +1, INF +1, PSY +2, WIL +1, STR +1, HEA +1, STA 35, UD/AD 6.

Skills: Agriculture 1/0, Combat Sense 1/0, Cooking 1/0, Dodge 1/0, Hand-to-Hand 1/0, Healing 2/0, Herbalism 1/0, Human Perception 2/+2, Leadership 1/+1, Melee 1/0, Notice 1/0, Speak (Evan, Nodaga) 2/0, Teaching 1/0, Synthesis 1.

Edge: Friendship with many of the poor of Capal, whom he has helped and protected in the past.

2. Like the Back of my Hand

That building? Why I... let me think. That would be the Guides down there, I think. Why such an unassuming building? I don't know, really. They cause no trouble and keep to themselves, though a larger number of young folk come and go now than in former years. They would be worthwhile to speak with, though I don't know if they'll have the time; time is something everyone down here seems to lack.

So when you put in your report, can you tell the politicians up the hill that **Tirk's Saplings** are still holding the ground they were given, and have been doing their job? And please let them know that we really could use some backup down here. We can hold our little area, but we can't take back the rest of the slums without more help, both from Jackers and Marians. I'll be in your debt if you can do so.

Waterfront

Alienor speaks with Felicia, Dahlian Trader:

After speaking with the handful of Cells in Low Town, each one more disreputable than the last, the Waterfront is a welcome relief. Clean streets, hard-working people, the bustle of trade and prosperity everywhere you look: this is the side of Capal that I'd rather see. When High Town gets a little too severe, I make it a habit to come down here, where you can feel the pulse of life beating through the place.

The Waterfront is always a riot of colors, whether it be the fanciful clothes the Caravan folk wear or their brightly-painted houses, looking for all the world as though their old wagons had only lost their wheels. With all the Dahlians and their hires that live down here, there's a flamboyancy in every gesture and action that you don't see anywhere else. It's a good thing, though, because without all their elaborate codes of behavior, the Waterfront might be crushed under the weight of trade that moves through here. All these bright colors and excessive displays make the workaday business of the place bearable.

I think I will visit the Keepers first, to get them out of the way, and then proceed down into the heart of the Waterfront.

Keptown

Silas Heath, Port Keeper, speaks to Alienor:

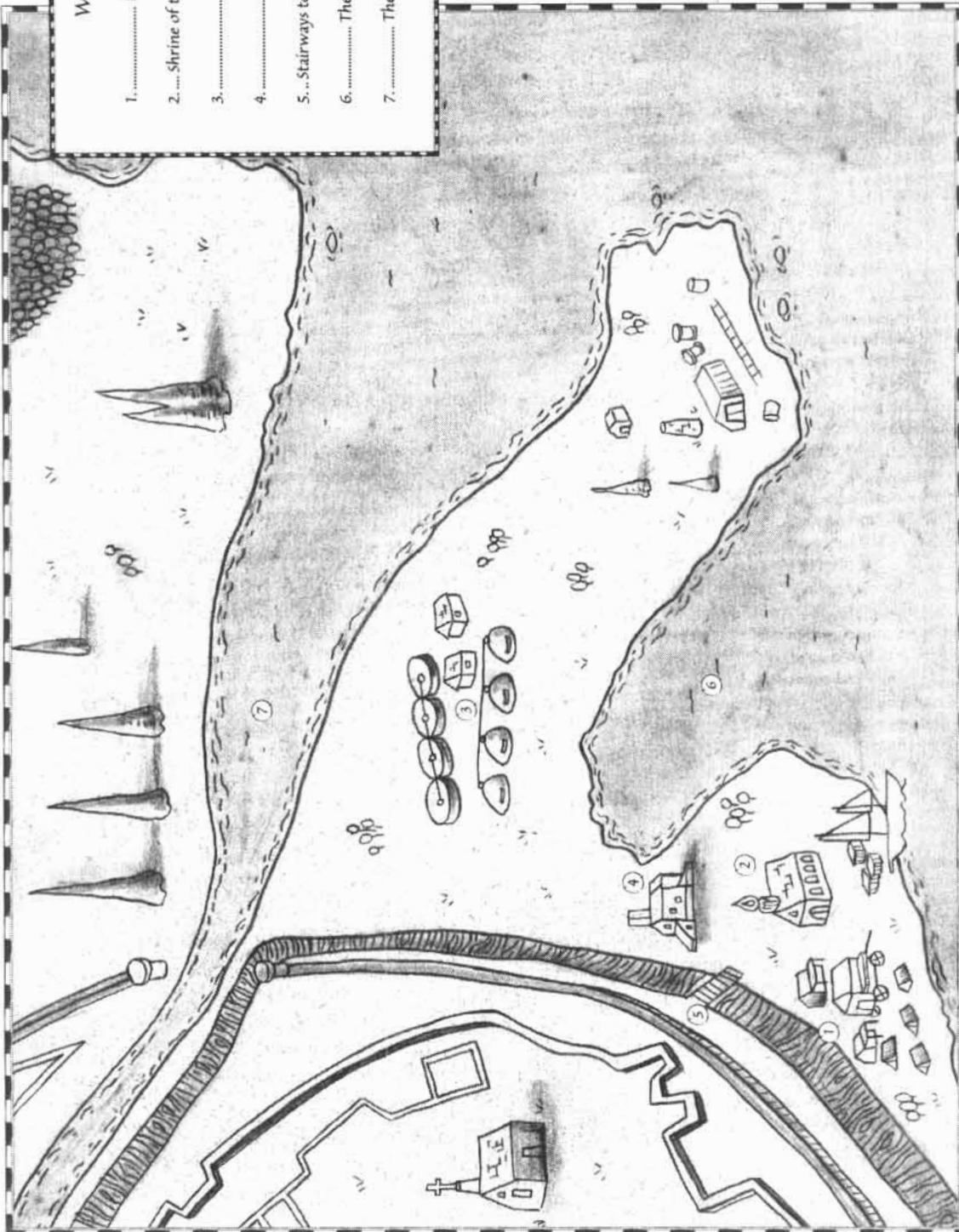
No, you great cur, not that lot of round buildings, that's where we house up. Them five cones on the right that you're looking at now are home to most of us Remnants that came to Capal; A hundred-odd of us call them home. From left to right you're looking at Anger, Serene, Purity, Envy and Fear. Of course they're named after the tunnels in Subterra; it's partly to remind us where we've come from, but mostly it's a mirror of the geographical divide. Each of them houses, for the most part, hold the same communities that were back in Vimary, not including, nat'rally, those who died or fled or stayed behind. Them five buildings combine with the two common houses in the middle and the five warehouse cylinders on the left to be collectively known as the Sillery.

No, the place I was talking about before is the long gray building on the edge of the river. That's the **Bunge**. The whole first floor of the place holds the best machine shop to ever be assembled since the End. Of course it don't look like much to you — unenlightened luddite — but that's where the bolts churn tight and the steam slicks the sweat on your brow. Ain't a time when there isn't two or three dozen of us clanging in the din — resurrecting the world.

Oh — the usual. Autos, bikes, even that great haul truck you all tremble to see. That's where they come from. We've managed to piece together a whole lot more too. Some of it's useful to you; some of it's for our edification and entertainment. Don't you dare scoff, now. One tape-box that can work well enough to spit out music can score enough gunpowder for a hunting Cell's winter expeditions, with a relic skinner thrown in to boot.

Waterfront

1. Little Bazaar
2. Shrine of the Liberator
3. The Sillery
4. Keptown
5. ... Stairways to High Town
6. The Great River
7. The Snow River



2. Like the Back of my Hand



Silas

Silas joined up with DELTA during the War of Crusade because he wanted to have a chance to test out some old cannon he had found and gotten into working order. Unfortunately the cannon proved too difficult to move, and were never actually used in battle. Silas had to content himself, therefore, with blowing things up with the satchel charges that he designed. He stuck with the army through the Liberation of Capal, and promptly used his status as a veteran to set up a machine shop and to bring other Keepers in to help him. Silas could have been one of the great Keeper leaders of Capal, but his gruff and sometimes surly attitude has kept him as a machinist - which is where he most wants to be, anyway.

Highlights: Gruff, skilled.

Attributes: APP -1, CRE +2, FIT +1, KNO +2, INF -1, PSY -1, WIL +1, STA 25, LD/AD 4.

Skills: Combat Sense 2/0, Craft (Metalwork, Weaponsmith, Firearms) 3/+2, Demolitions 2/+2, Dodge 1/0, Firearms 2/0, Gunnery (Cannon) 1/0, Hand-to-Hand 1/0, Intimidate 1/0, Lore (World Before) 2/+2, Melee 1/0, Notice 1/0, Read/Write (Keepspeak, English, French) 2/+2, Speak (Keepspeak) 2/+2, Techlore (Physical Sciences) 2/+2, Tinker 3/+2, Trade 2/+2, Technosmithing 3 (Jury Rig, Remembrance)

Edge: Part owner of a machine shop.

Down beyond, at the port, we receive shipments from the Sail and run our own boats through. We'll even have a tug on the water soon, and if we can keep it running through the winter it'll keep us open through the ice. You ask me, it's a better set-up for us here than it was back in Vimary. There's a smelt, forge and glassworks down by the Granary on the left, and your Joanites working with us say they don't miss their bellows one bit. Of course they're always hitting us up for help, cause the ignorant *epais* can't keep the machines running right.

Glad to see you underdogs have taken the reigns, all things considered. None of the Tribals in Vimary ever saw the value of learning the old ways, but you folk seem a bit different. There's always one of you doggin' about for advice, finally cluing in that we Keepers are more in the know than the cretins you always took us for. A group of you even came down all the way from Westholm with the last Sail expedition. . . the Crescent Chasers, I think. They've been holed up with the Ancients in the Tower for a week or more now, gazing into the heavens, scrawling on their maps and whispering of plagues.

Little Bazaar

Setha, Little Trickster of Little Bazaar and the Cell of the Golden Wheel:

Jass! Tie that canvas tight, or you'll be sowing a trail of seed halfway from here to the Ark! Hurry on, now! The sun's getting low and I promised that load would be there before the last light!

Damnable Heartlanders, with their half-assed heel-dragging ways — what part of Motion confuses them? I can tell you, it's been quite the adjustment these last few years. The Wheel's taken on a good number of the other Caravan folk just to keep up with the demand. Just as well, too, as most of us have stopped the old circuits. The Wheel used to be the most active Caravan back in Vimary, but here we mostly stay on in Little Bazaar, negotiating the imports from the harbor — grain, seed, raw hides and pelts from Boarhead's people down below, and sending them out to those that make good use of them through the city and beyond the perimeter.

If that's not enough work, the same come back in finer form to go right back out again. Luther's people have taken a fondness for that sweetbread the Deth'ons have been making for an age and a half. Until they figure out how the Mothers make it savor and stay — which of course we'll never tell — it looks like we'll be shipping it out by the boatload. Swords and knives always make for a profitable shipment to the Confederacy, of course, and the forge is always pumping down in Keptown as Joan's Weaponshapers pound out enough blades, shields and armor to keep the last of the Beasts at bay.

Laila has set a house of Cerekins to work in Low Town on the cure, seal and knit of the hides and furs that come through. The old hags didn't take too well to it at first, but since Laila's convinced them that eating through the winter meant earning their keep, they've turned out some fine winter coats, boots, belts and packs. We get double the raw for half the finished on the standard stuff — and the special Pellis Armor orders that come in could trade up enough skins for a whole Cell, and then some.

We don't get to travel much anymore, but I tell you we keep the marketplace in tears and triumph. A Dahlia child can't spend her whole life knocking stuff on and off boats! We circle our time through the alleys and stage-ways of Little Bazaar in song and dance and show. Malicat's crew is busier than ever in the streets of Capal, and even though the Tinkers seem to spend half their lives on the Waterfront bumping heads with the Keeps nowadays, they still keep up their bawd in the night. All in all, everything different is business as usual — just as the Lady likes it.

Grandally Gate

Gefry of the Jackers tells Alienor the lay of the land:

Going out, young one? You look a little uncertain — would you like to climb up here to the top of the wall and I'll show you what's what? There's terrible things outside the walls of Capal, child, and I wouldn't want you to meet any of them after passing by my watch. Yes, here you are. You can see nearly everything from the top of Grandally Gate.

Grandally itself heads away from Capal, and eventually wanders all the way to Vimary. On clear days, you can see the thread of the blacktop weaving all the way to the horizon. We maintain waystations all the way along it, keeping the old road safe and secure. You can barely see the first of them from here — see that glint of light? That is the sun bouncing off their signal mirror. Remember when the Joanites had to scrounge across the entire island for every scrap of glass and mirror? No longer: our Keeper friends can make a mirror any way we like 'em.

More immediately, though, you can see that Grandally splits the lands outside the walls of Capal into two very different portions. On the left, between the blacktop and the bluffs overlooking the Great River, you have the **Fields of Honor**, farmlands given to the veterans of the Forlorn Hope as just reward for the risk we took in charging through the Breach. To the right are the **Spires**, a no-man's land that still reeks of Taint. Those skyrakers are all half-collapsed and dangerous, which is why the Eighth has not cleansed them yet. I do not like it, but I understand the reasons: as a Dahlian told me, there isn't enough return on the work to justify expending the effort. Nevertheless, sometimes as I sit here on watch, it seems to me that those looming monstrosities are mocking us. It has become a haven for every Serf who still loves his Z'bri masters, and a breeding ground for the abominations that escaped during the Siege. Every once in a while, something will find its way out of that maze of bone and rock to threaten lives and sanity, but it rarely gets far. The Forlorn Hope lives on one side, and on the other is arrayed whole clans of Joanites.

You can barely see the **Riverside** from here, on the other side of the Spires, along the bank of the Snow River. That land is protected by a handful of Joanite Cells, and settled by all manner of Tribal workers. They say that the Joanites treat the refugees under their aegis better than any within the City, but the trade-off is that those millets live outside the walls of Capal and beyond its strongest protection. Still, I suppose the Joanites protect them well enough, there on the Riverside and further north, beyond the Snow River, on the **Maize Bank**, too far away to see from here. Joan's new home, the **Colliseum** is out there, as well, guarded and kept secret more than the Watchtower ever was. If you choose to go out into Joanite lands, child, come back into the City and exit from one of the northern gates. There's no way to safely skirt the Spires, and travel outside Capal is still as dangerous as it ever was.

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Setha, Little Trickster of Little Bazaar

In the weeks following the Siege of Capal, Kindra, the Little Trickster of the Golden Wheel, fell to a rotting sickness. In her last days, she recommended that Setha, her lover, take her place. Known for a shrewd mind and excellent business acumen, Setha was accepted as the Little Trickster. When calling Setha forward, Dahlia cautioned her that the winds of change were a torrent; "to withstand the tempest," the Trickster said, "be the bridge."

It's advice that Setha took to heart. She maintains the upper hand in each and every deal, and manages to appear whimsical, productive and happy despite the fact that since Kindra's passing, her heart feels dead. She is devoted to ensuring that Capal evolves into a wealthy nation, in the hopes that this accomplishment will plug the void that love once filled.

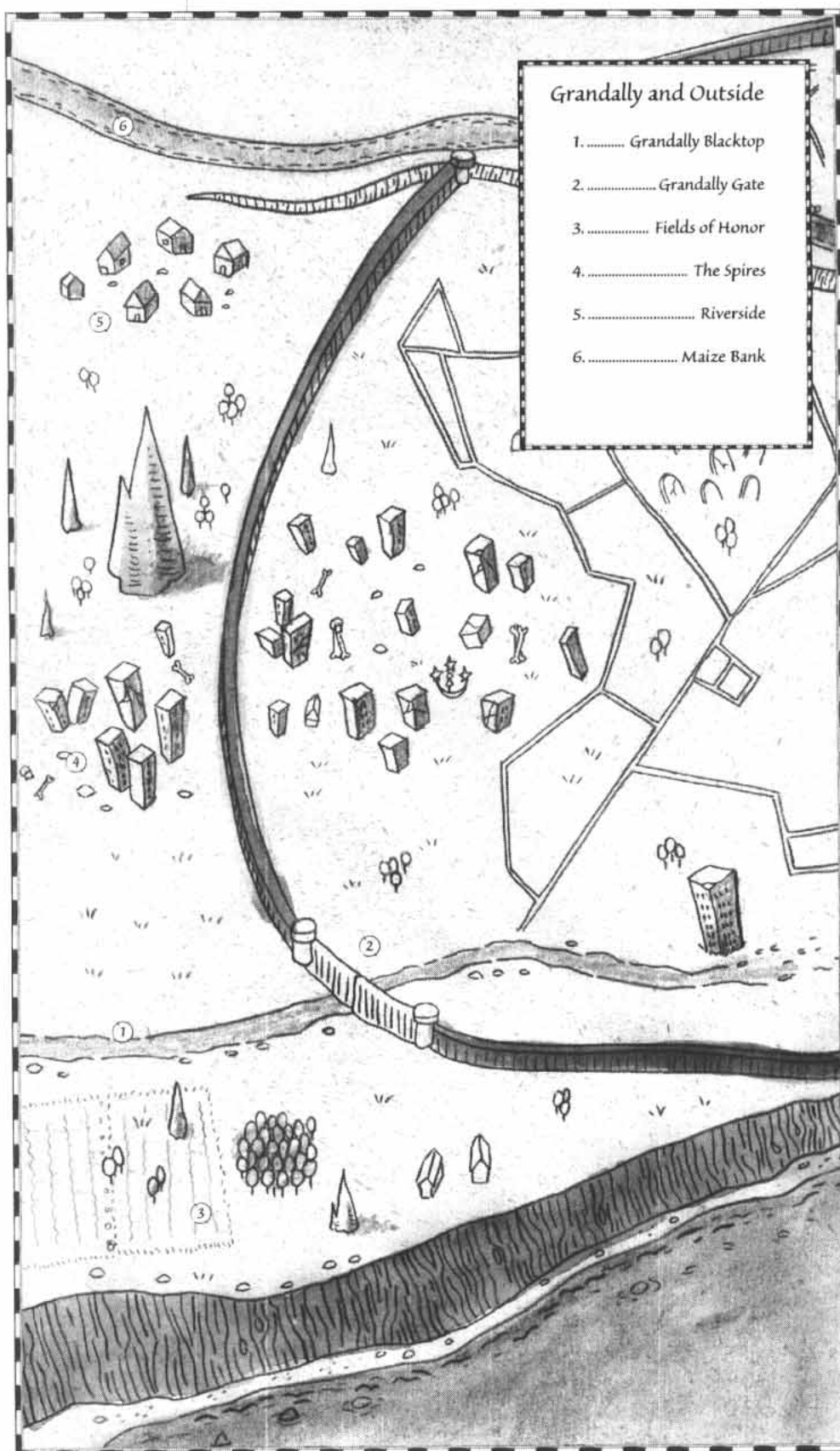
Highlights: Driven, shrewd, lonely.

Attributes: AGI +1, APP +1, CRE +2, KNO +2, INF +2, PER +2, PSY -1, WIL +1

Eminences: Motion and Illusion

Skills: Combat Sense 2/+2, Dance 1/+1, Disguise 2/+2, Dodge 2/+1, Hagglng 2/+2, Hand-to-Hand 1/+1, Leadership 2/+2, Melee 1/+1, Navigation (Land) 1/+1, Notice 3/+2, Sneak 2/+1, Streetwise 1/+1, Teaching 1/+2, Theatrics 2/+2, Trade 3/+2, Synthesis (Metamorphosis) 3.

Edge: Landlord of the Little Bazaar market



Fields of Honor

A confrontation between Adriana Two Swords and Alienor:

You have no right to be on this land. This is my field, and my place, and you came here without permission. This once I will allow it to pass, and assume it was a mistake, but in the future you had better watch your step more closely. This field is precious, and I do not know how many seeds you may have crushed under your careless feet! If it ever happens again you will face the lash, and no one will help you. Now, why did you come here? Was it pure stupidity or did you have a reason?

Ah, so you're the little girl who's signed her soul away to Ninva. Have at it, then, I'll answer your prying questions. But only for a short time, mind, because after that I have to get back to work on my fields, and undo the damage you have done. I will only tell you what you need to know to make Hal go away; I will not give you our secrets. You can tell Hal that if he wants to touch what is ours by right that he had best be wary, for a hand laid on our land will come back a bloody stump. Even in the World Before this place was protected; we have found the shells of great guns that once rested here. Be warned: we have made some of them work again.

These lands, called the Fields of Honor, were given to the veterans of the Hope the second spring that we were in Capal. We had given our lives, our families and our bodies for the good of the Eighth, and for the good of Capal, and these fields were given to us in thanks and honor. We came here, still walking wounded from the Breach, and we made this land ours. The Z'bri had never heavily touched this area, and we had many friends among the Marians who helped us cleanse what taint there was. We gave Evans who had shown valor in the Liberation a place in our Cells, rebuilding the families that we had lost, and they brought with them plows and seed and knowledge of the land. It has taken us four long years, but we have made this into a farmland to rival Lai in the days before Eva sucked it dry. Look over these low, rolling plains of crop — the rii and wheat, the apple trees and flame-maples from which the Tusks taught us to make sweet syrup. We planted these things, we gave our sweat and toil to make this land what it is.

If you think it was easy, you are a fool. There were tracks of white rock that those in the World Before had covered this land with, and we had to rip them out. We had to replenish the soil with mud from the Great River. We had to move the old statues and great guns, and repair those that we could, and move the groves of trees to the north so that they would shield the fields from the coldest winds. We took the land we were given, and we made it rich.

Our farmland is the closest to the city and thus envied by everyone for its profit and position. As soon as it started to produce enough that we could trade the surplus to help build new homes, those in the city started to covet what we had earned. They said that it was not fair, that everyone should be able to farm here. They said that Riverside and the Isle were too far away, and that our lands should be divided up among them. After we had bled, and died, and burned in the Breach and toiled and sweated here — they dared, they dared, to say that it should be taken from us!

2. Like the Back of my Hand



Adriana Two Swords of the Banner

Before the War of Liberation Adriana had a husband and children, a life that she had built out of the pain of her Fall. It was the proudest day of her life when they all chose to follow her into the Breach. That day she lost everything. She lost her beauty to the Appeasement, she lost her husband and children to Z'bri blades, and she lost her belief when she stood above the piled bodies of the dead. The Marians helped her as much as they could, and undid most of the Sundering damage, and eventually Adriana was able to rebuild a new life and a new family. She has bled enough, she believes, and she will be damned before she lets anyone or anything take even a sliver of what she sees as her right away from her.

Highlights: Paranoid, defensive, desperate.

Eminences: Conflict and Vengeance

Attributes: AGI +1, APP -1, BLD +1, FIT +2, PER +1, PSY -1, WIL +3, STR +1, HEA +1, STA 35, UD 8, AD 9.

Skills: Ambush 1/+1, Athletics 1/+2, Archery 2/+1, Combat Sense 3/+1, Dodge 3/+1, Hagglng 1/0, Hand-to-Hand 3/+1, Intimidate 1/+1, Law 1/0, Leadership 1/0, Lore (Z'bri) 1/0, Melee 4/+1, Notice 2/+1, Sneak 1/+1, Tactics 2/0, Throwing 1/+1, Synthesis (Treason, Rage) 2.

Edge: Adriana's swords are blessed by the souls of her husband and children, and she can wield both at the same time with no penalty. She is also one of the lights among the Forlorn Hope veterans, and can call on them in time of crisis.

2. Like the Back of my Hand

Agnes' Amphitheater

Herber —

All those Agnites we saw sneaking
out into the Spires are up to
something, all right. I tracked them
in a good distance, and saw a whole
pack of them tackle a pair of
Gek'roh and come away with hardly
a scratch. It's strange — it feels like
the very air is trying to stick to you
most places out here, but where the
Agnites were going? Not a trace of
Taint.

They've found — or maybe made
— a bubble of cleansed territory in
the middle of the Spires. In the
midst of this, they've resurrected
this great building from the rubble.

Looks like the Council Hall on
Vimary, but festooned with banners
and tinsel and all sorts of colors.
Agnite decor.

Inside, they put on plays. I kid you
not, Herber, and they act out all
sorts of strange rites and
recreations of events. Looks like the
little buggers are trying on roles for
size, just like we've seen them do all
over the City. Agnites don't know
what they are anymore, I don't
think, which is fine by me. It'll
make it all the more easier to take
this real estate from them.

They've got two monstrous sky-
rakers on either side, and I've
explored the interiors: they're clean.
Do you know what kind of gold
mine they're sitting on? And
nobody knows that it's there...

— Jakan

They are still saying it to this day, though few are foolish enough to say it openly anymore. I want you to tell your slick, greedy master this: the Fields of Honor belong to the Hope. We are still respected and powerful, people still remember what we did, and we still have our spirit and our will. We lost everything in the Breach, and we will not lose anything again, not if we have to burn Capal to ashes to keep it.

Now get out of my field, little girl. I will give you the count of 100 Baba Yagas, then I am going to let my hounds out. If I were you I would run back the way I came, because all of this area is watched, and all our houses can serve as fortresses. No one can move through these fields without us knowing.

Flight into Danger

Alienor calls out to a dark figure:

Excuse me, sir? Sir! You have no idea how glad I am to see you here. Are these the Spires? Just the periphery, I hope. I wasn't paying any attention to where I ran; the baying of the dogs drove every thought from my mind. Sir? Sir! Turn and face me, sir, and tell me where we are. I am Alienor, of the Clarion. We are an influential Cell and our favor is — ss.sir? Are you all right? I have not seen someone stand so still since my days on the stage. Sir. Why do you not turn and. oh, no. By the Mask, you are no man! Help! Can anyone hear me? Help me! Anyone!

The Spires

Xander of the Agnites helps Alienor to her feet:

Lucky for you we came along, huh? You didn't know this was Agnite territory, didja? Yeah, everybody else has left the Spires alone, cause they're too big and dangerous and scary. To us, that just sounds like a great playground. Sure, there are monsters like these guys, but we play tricks on them lots more than they catch us. If we weren't out here cleansing, you wouldn't be the first goner. We help people out every day, it feels like. But lately? There aren't even too many of these monster guys left. They're bad sports — they actually started running away last year.

Doing out here? Cleansing. Somebody has to do it, and the Marians can't do it all by themselves. Besides, everybody keeps following after them with their tongues rolling out and making a fool of themselves. You think only Marians can make places better? Get enough of us Agnites together, and we get stomping and singing and chanting: all sorts of things happen. We're almost as good as Marians when we get going. We've got two whole sky-rakers done, and they aren't small ones, either.

Oh, Agnes brought us out here a while ago, two years, I think. She said this place is 'practice' and we've been practicing real good, I tell ya. We go floor by floor, building by building, cleaning out all the bad stuff and letting the sunshine back in. Sure, on the outside all the sky-rakers look big and dark, and most of 'em that you can see from Grandally Gate are still all icky, but the ones on the inside? That's where we're working. We've got a whole chunk of the Spires that's ours, now, and in the middle of all that is — well, that's only for Agnites to know.

Riverside

From the words of Ilunni Guy'on:

Well, it's not every day that I'm told by Agnes Herself to give someone a tour of my home. Is it true that She used to be a little doll carried around by a big bear? I'd never seen Her before coming to Capal, but I've heard rumors. I lived up in Westholm; my father was Evan and we stayed to help protect his people. Never saw a Fatima at all till I joined the army. Then I got to see Joan all the time. Agnes too, but by then She was like She is now — all decked out for war with those great big claws. I don't know why the Agnites don't get afraid of Her; I know I do.

Anyway, this shouldn't be a long tour. Riverside is fairly large, yes, but if you've seen one part of it you've seen it all. Well, as long as you stay away from the little woods up to the north, or from the Spire Ruins. Mostly we avoid the Spires, but patrols have to walk the border between the old 'rakers and our lands several times a day. There are blacktops over there, lots of them, but they thin out once you start getting into Riverside proper. Not that they're all gone, they just get hidden behind the wheat, or are buried under six spans of dirt. We do have a lot of room out here, but we didn't like a lot of the blacktops — they were stained and soiled, and would leak black stinking liquid when it rained. So we covered them with gravel and buried them. The Keepers nearly died, I think, when they saw what we were doing, but by then it was finished and they couldn't undo it.

We cleaned the ground around here well. The little wood to the north has some taint, and the areas near the Spires do as well, but the rest of the ground is clean. The Evans say that the spirits of the earth are happy here. Yes, we do have a lot of Evans here. Though the area was officially given to Joanites, we weren't numerous enough then to settle it on our own. We didn't know enough about agriculture either. So we got our distant relations, our father's brothers and sisters from the Evans, to come join us. They helped us turn this into farm land. We got many of the Yagans too, especially the decedents of the Mordreds who used to train with us at the Seven Fingers, and they took the east part of Riverside and now they raise pigs there. They were all eager to come; I guess Vimary is poor these days, and there isn't enough land to go around. They felt they had to come here to have a chance to grow.

Anyway, we all live in little farmsteads now. There is no central town — it would be to hard to get out to your fields every day if you lived someplace central. That big building over there, the one with the long corral at the end, is the Roundup. The cavalry uses it as a base for their patrols, and late every fall the Yagans round up all their sheep and pigs and drive them there to slaughter or keep warm for the winter. If we walk this way for a good fifteen minutes, we'll come to a hill —

Down there — see that little ring of buildings? That's the Kil'on homestead. It's laid out much like all the homesteads. In the center is the Elder's house — the Evans still call it the Matron's house — it's the main house where everyone eats and sleeps. The buildings around it are workshops — the Kil'ons have a forge, which most don't — sheds for storage, barns, and kitchens. They all have windows only on the inside, and a corral that surrounds the whole area so it can be defended in an emergency.

Blood Amid the Roots

From the report of Ilunni Guy'on,
Joanite Blade:

I went out to the far fields, as you had requested, and spent the day scouting the area. I can report that there were no traces of Z'bri incursions, thank the One. However, I did find other signs that I don't know what to make of. In one field, not all that far from a Chop'on homestead, I found a circle of some ten paces burnt into the middle of a field of grain. It was nearly perfectly circular, and had destroyed a good amount of the crop, which must hurt the poor farmers dearly. In the center was what looked like the burnt remains of a tether, which could have been attached to a stake or pole in the center of the circle. There was blood and fur on the tether, charred badly.

Later in the day I found several old oaks that had blood all about their roots, poured in circles about the trunk of the tree. It looked like some kind of ritual offering, but I don't know from who or too what. I remember my grandma telling me about how some Evans used to feed the spirits of the trees, and I wonder if they could be doing it again. I don't worry to much about it, the Evans have always had their own ways, but I do think that maybe we should keep this quiet. The Eighth isn't always understanding about Tribal ways, you know, and they could use this as an excuse to take over what we've been trying to build here.

2. Like the Back of my Hand

Templars

Now that you have joined us as a Templar, sister, I can tell you of our secrets. The first is that we are in a unique position in Capal. Because most of our sisters are members of Cells, and thus members of the Eighth, we have status as full citizens. We also are loyal to each other, and our Goddess, which ties us all together as family. This dual loyalty lets our sisters in separate Cells work together closely, encouraging their Cells to bringing pressure on issues that concerns us.

As we have a Templar in most Forlorn Hope Cells, and many of the larger Cells in the city have a Templar member, this power can be vast.

Realize, though, that this power must not be used unwisely. Though we have bled enough to earn a place of respect in this city, there are some of the Eighth who resent us because we are members of the Tribes. If we were to use our connected power blatantly or unwisely it could cause the Eighth to reject us, to see us as trying to dominate and control them as we did in the old land. Though many of the Eighth do not remember the worst days, enough of them do. If they ever saw the specter of the Joanite Watch rise over them again they might well go mad with rage.

Joan Herself has never asked us to use our connections. She is busy with other affairs that we will speak of later, too busy to use the option she most certainly holds. If Joan calls we are all bound, honor and soul, to follow Her orders. She is wise, however, and will not do so for no reason. If our Goddess calls it will be for the protection of Capal, and we will rise to the challenge.

We will work with our brothers and sisters of the Eighth, and build a strong and true nation.

I suppose that's about all there is to Riverside. I mean, there are lots more homesteads, lots more fields, but they're mostly all the same. If you ever need to get a message to someone out here in a hurry, go to the Roundup. The cavalry there knows everyone, and can get a message where it needs to go in a hurry. If you wander around on your own, you'll just get lost. Come on now, I'll take you across the Snow River — you can talk to the Templars up at the Coliseum. They'll be able to answer your questions better than I ever could.

The Maize Bank

As said by Jen Luther'on, Templar:

So, Ilunii tells me that you have been wandering our lands asking questions? Yes, he did send a report ahead, he is a good scout and well trained. No, I am not going to set dogs on you — where did you get an idea like that? I do, however, have to be a bit wary of a girl from High Town who comes surveying our lands. It is not that we think you are malicious, it is just that we have to take care of our own. Some of the Eighth remembers the old days of the Watch in Vimary, and they occasionally come looking for payback. We do not need or want trouble like that, and so we watch.

As you can see, we spend most of our time here farming. The rows of corn you came through show that we have gained a greater skill at working the land. The Maize Bank did not get its name for nothing. We live here and grow our crops with our Evan and Yagan sisters, we worship Joan, and we support our Cells and the freedom of Capal. Most of what Ilunii told you about Riverside holds true here as well, but unlike Riverside we do have a center here — the Coliseum.

The Coliseum is the new home and temple of Joan, and the heart of Her Tribe. The circular area of blacktop, and the large spread of it to the right, we use for training. The young cavalry students find it particularly useful, as it takes time to master a horse well and the even ground makes it just a touch easier — though more painful if you fall. The Coliseum itself is defended by the Templars, as it is our home and holy house. No one who is not Joanite is allowed inside, save during the Festival of the Liberator, when the Children of Lilith are allowed to enter. Others have tried to sneak in, probably hoping to steal our sacred artifacts. They did not fare well. Coliseum is probably the best defended place on Capal. We know every door, every hatch, every way in and out, and all are guarded and trapped.

What is it like inside? It is a temple, and a training ground. In the high rooms Joan and Her Templars keep the holy artifacts, and we hold our prayers and rituals. We have made them into places of beauty, replacing the old shattered windows with new stained glass — either made here by our glass shapers, or brought from Vimary. The lower levels serve as worship space for other members of the Tribe. We have taken the old padded chairs we found here and turned them into small boxes for kneeling in prayer and meditation. Finally, down on the floor, there is a large open ring that we use for our coming of age ceremonies and trials. There young Joanites must face ritual combat and earn their adulthood, and Joanites accused of crimes by the Tribe may face their accusers in combat to prove their worth.

Now, if you think you have seen enough, and I think you probably have, I will get some soldiers to ensure you make it safely back to the city.

Doppelganger

Able to walk through many parts of Capal with impunity, the

Doppelganger is one of the few creations of the departed Z'bri that has adapted to the Eighth Tribe's invasion. The Doppelganger is not human, but appears like one from a distance of ten or more feet. It is in reality a constructed body inhabited by a Helot, a spirit twisted by the Z'bri. Some Doppelgangers were created from amalgamations of dead flesh, although many Z'bri considered this in poor taste; most of these monsters were crafted from living humans, usually Serfs, who then had their own souls torn out of the body to be replaced with the perverted spirit. The Doppelganger was used as a willing, knowledgeable and helpful assistant in many tasks.

The creation process is not perfect, and the Doppelganger requires life essence to maintain its existence. Among the Z'bri, human sacrifices were plentiful to keep the valued Doppelgangers going; in their wake, the Doppelgangers have taken to hunting for themselves. The Agnites in the Spires have forced the Doppelgangers to invade the streets and environs of Capal. When they find a human alone and vulnerable, they strike, usually tearing and rending at their victim with their claws, glorying in the kill and the life essence that erupts from the body as it dies. Only a few among the Eighth Tribe are even aware of the Doppelgangers' existence, as few believe stories of Z'bri bogeymen walking through Capal.

Highlights: Eerie, alien, bloodthirsty

Attributes: AGI +1, APP -3, BLD -1, FIT +3, KNO +2, WIL +1

Skills: Combat Sense 2/0, Dodge 2/+1, Hand-to-Hand 2/+1, Lore (Various, Spirit) 3/+2, Sup at the Soul (Doppelganger can harvest life essence from those they kill and maim; for every Deep Wound they inflict, they may heal a Light Wound; for every death, they can heal one of their own Deep Wounds)



Chapter three: Brick by Brick

History is no orderly Passion Play with beginning, middle and end. The world outside of stories is complex and perverse, with more plots and subplots than can be imagined. They knit together into knots that cannot be undone, and hold together so much that we fear to cut them. History is the net of these knots, woven like a drunken spider in a windstorm. History is happenstance, and woe betide the fool who thinks that he can ride it like a horse or mule. History kicks.

- Malicat, Street Historian



Civic Questions

Alienor returns to the Clarion of Destiny:

Out of my way, Phelix. Where is Hal? Hal Ninva! You lying, underhanded, reckless fool! What task did you set me on? Oh no, Natali, you sit right down. I have been chased by dogs! I would have *died* among the Spires if it were not for the Agnites. I had to descend into that cesspit of Low Town. I have been mocked and derided all across this City, and I demand to know why. I thought — you told me — that all I was doing was counting heads, tallying the members of the Eighth Tribe. Bureaucratic busywork, and yet they meet me with scorn and with distrust. What is so important about this census?

No, I do not want some more of that damned stew, Natali, nor do I want to sit down. . . . Damn it all, I see by the looks on your faces, that I will not get any answers any other way. Very well. I have been walking all day and it will do my feet good to sit. That does not, however, free you from my demands. Tell me, Hal. I love this city more than I love my own body, more than the heart that beats blood through my veins. The city is afflicted, and falling sick without anyone noticing. If I know, Hal, if you tell me, then perhaps I can help to heal it. What is wrong with this City?



The Siege of Capal

Hal Ninva of the Clarion explains:

This city was birthed in the chaos of war; never forget that. The lingering effects of the Siege and the Breach still haunt us, still make us dance like puppets to the beat of wardrums long silenced. The city's government was pressed into shape by the strategies and tactics of that war. The army that once conquered the city now rules it under a different name: the Eighth Tribe.

At the head of that army was Mek the Jacker, the general who led us to victory by the force of his character and the universal respect that he had earned among both Tribals and Fallen. The army was riven with distrust and rivalries, composed of pieces as disparate and many as the stars in the sky. Mek rose to lead us because only he could compel all these factions to do their part, a complex game of compromise between individual agendas and the common cause. Half the time we assigned the tasks and duties to those who already wanted them; otherwise we convinced them that the duties they received were what they had always wanted and the thing that would win them the recognition they believed they deserved. Deus, Altara, Kymber and I were involved, but Mek was the figurehead to which we addressed our appeals: if Mek wanted you to do something, you did as you were told, not only because it was best for your Cell and for the war, but because, with a little persuasion, you realized that it was what you wanted to do anyway.



So we — through Mek — assigned each Cell duties and responsibilities. Some Cells were given portions of the city to take and hold from Z'bri attack. Some performed services, tending to the wounded or providing supplies to those who needed them. Some executed specific objectives, cleansing buildings of taint so that they might garrison troops, or destroying the trade carried up the coast from Hattan. The Clarion of Destiny in particular was charged with 'keeping all Cells communicating, informed, and cooperating.' In a way it was genius: by isolating each faction into nearly independent Cells, Mek reduced the friction within the army, creating a dance of Cells which crashed onto the walls of Capal like the waves of a storm.

When Mek fell in the Breach, many worried that the pin that held us together was lost and without him, the army would collapse. Those who doubted did not appreciate the careful work that went into the Cells' assignments: without Mek, the Cells continued to fulfill their duties and the army moved on under the Jacker's legacy. Half the army, away on tasks far from the Breach, never knew that their general had fallen. They learned his fate at the first Festival of Liberation, days after his death. They had functioned without him and they continued to do so afterwards, faithfully fulfilling their assignments in his memory.

The First Convocation of Cells

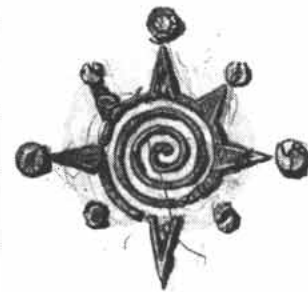
Natali of the Clarion explains:

While the Cell structure was admirable, it still wasn't enough to govern a city. It was outdated, geared toward specific objectives that were fading from importance, decentralized without Mek and haphazard outside of its original purpose, war. The greatest gap in the setup's armor was its informality: it would only be a matter of time before the Cells began to abandon their duties. This is where Hal stepped in, calling on the Clarion's original charter to keep the disparate Cells coordinated, and called the First Convocation of Cells. The words are weighty with importance now, but then, some ten days since the Liberation, they were carefully scripted to be simple, pragmatic and non-threatening so that no over-suspicious Fallen might disdain the gathering.

We sent runners to the Cells we knew would gladly attend and visited the uncooperative Cells personally. Every Cell was invited to come or at least send a representative to the Citadel, where the Eighth Tribe would plan the final mopping up of the city. The night before we called together our Lightbringer allies; we prayed and sang and performed rituals to bless the gathering the next morning, but we knew that success was still uncertain. As we went to our beds we worried whether our gambit would work, but when we arrived at the Citadel the next morning it was already ringed with people. Hal swept in and called the meeting to order, so naturally taking the reins of the conversation that no one questioned it, then or since.

Hal began by calling out the names of Cells and recognizing those who had come and what they had done to uphold their duties and forward the destiny of the Eighth Tribe. He infused them with pride for their own achievements and respect for the work of others, knitting the Cells together in admiration. As he went down the litany of Cells, Hal surreptitiously added three more, creating Cells from the survivors of decimated Cells and others who had come late to Capal. They were our allies, prepared to accept the names and duties assigned to them. Hal never claimed the Cells were created by Mek. He didn't have to; no one knew all the names and Cells of the Fallen, and he capitalized on this to create three Cells that we knew we would need: the Refiner's Fire, to purge and cleanse the city of taint; the Iron Link, Keepers to clear the sewers and repair the streets; and the Heirs of Plenty, to scrounge the city for useful stores and materials.

The roster complete, Hal then led the assembled group of some six hundred in an extended discussion and argument over how best to drive out the last vestiges of Z'bri from the city and how to ensure that the army be fed while it did its work. He never mentioned governing the city; he let someone else say those words, so that it did not appear to be his idea. The only thing Hal was adamant about was that the Cells continue to operate under their assignments; he knew that without that foundation nothing more could be built. For the rest, all the specifics and details of cleaning up a Z'bri city, Hal allowed the Convocation to discuss, making only a few carefully placed comments and suggestions to ensure a peaceful and orderly result. When disagreements erupted over who should undertake which tasks, Hal called for a 'representative sampling' of the Convocation: he selected seven of the attendees to stand and declare their opinion. The consensus among these seven were taken to be the consensus of the whole, and the discussion continued fruitfully. The Eighth Tribe was able to complete the long process of quelling the conquered city.



The Power of Precedent

Hal Ninva of the Clarion speaks:

Notice, child, that everything that happened at the First Convocation happened because it had precedent, and everything that has happened since has happened because of the precedents established then. The Cell structure was maintained because the Eighth Tribe was already accustomed to it, and they could be convinced that everything that was added was part and parcel of the Cells they knew so well. The additions were all carefully prepared implications of previous precedents.

The very Convocation itself and the Clarion's ability to call it was understood to be implied in the Clarion's charge from Mek: to coordinate the Cells. Similarly, the representative sampling was a new way for myself, a member of the Clarion, to keep the Cells communicating with each other. Precedent is the foundation of all power in Capal, Alienor. Without precedent, without our fledgling traditions and policies, there would be nothing but chaos.

The First Rant of Capal



The First Rant is a prime example of both precedent and the chaos that will ensue if we are suddenly without it. This breach occurred nearly a year after the First Convocation, when I and the Clarion were away on Hom collecting the resources and allies that we had left behind during the war. The rant was triggered by a conflict between the **Oscar'on Cell**, charged with maintaining order within the Eighth Tribe, and the **Harrowers**, a veteran Cell of the Forlorn Hope. The Oscar'on accused the Harrowers of hoarding foodstuffs, still in short supply at that time. Their sentence was that the Harrowers surrender their stores to the other Cells; a simple reparation for a straightforward crime. The Harrowers did not see it this way.

Together with allied Cells, all veterans of the Forlorn Hope, they surrounded the Oscar'on courthouse and demanded the judges come out and face their own trial. Their shouting drew spectators, and the crowd grew. Soon every member of the Eighth Tribe who had received punishment from the Oscar'on was there, in a roiling mob just on the brink of riot. The Forlorn Hope kept control of the situation, however, by declaring the assembly a Rant — calling on the precedent dating back to the beginning of the community on Hom.

The Forlorn Hope then staged a trial and near-lynching of the Oscar'on. Because the assembly had been declared a Rant, others were able to speak: cooler heads were able to redirect the mob's energy from vengeance to reform. The Oscar'on were disbanded and its membership reorganized. The Rant, led by the Forlorn Hope, then gave the new Cell orders on how to conduct itself in the future. The mob disbanded peacefully, again because it had been declared a Rant, and those who participated were compelled to follow the traditions surrounding it. We came to the brink of collapse that day: Cell against Cell, faction against faction, the violence would have spread until we were all fighting over the spoils. Only our traditions saved the Eighth Tribe from gutting itself in the street.

The Second Convocation of Cells

Natali of the Clarion speaks:

It won't do to have Rants just springing up wherever there's a problem; it's dangerous. That is why we of the Clarion try to anticipate and prepare for conflicts on the horizon. We diffuse what we can — usually gaining favors as we solve other Cells' problems — but when our own resources and connections are not enough, we call a Convocation. First we gather our allies and assure ourselves of their standing on the issues at hand, find those who will oppose our position, and soften up those who we can. Then and only then, when we already know our chances of success, do the messengers go out to announce the Convocation. This is what we did some three years ago, when we called the Second Convocation of Cells.

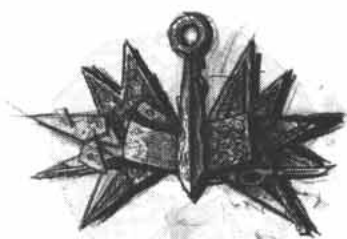
We had emerged from our second frozen Capal winter, and just barely. Food had been scarce and costly to import from the Confederation or Vimary. As the snows melted and the time for planting approached, we knew the Cells would begin to cast their eyes outward, looking for fields to plant on their own. No one wants to starve, and even the Eighth Tribe will consider farming when confronted with an empty belly. Conflict over Capal's little arable land would inevitably follow, so we sought to settle it peacefully before some Forlorn Hope veteran seized the lands tilled by someone who hadn't been at their side in their suicide run.

The first speaker of the Convocation, a former Shaman, proposed that all the land around Capal be farmed communally, the produce to be divided fairly among the Eighth Tribe. The response to this was immediate and negative, which was exactly as we had planned. Hal then made the quite reasonable suggestion that the land be divided among the Cells. To appease the angered Shaman, Hal amended his suggestion that all land belong to the Eighth Tribe, but be tended and harvested by individual Cells. Serfs already living on the land would be directed by the Cell even as they were taught the ways of freedom and Dream. This was heartily supported by nearly everyone — except the veterans of the Forlorn Hope. The territory they tended was primarily urban, unsuitable for farming, and they raged against the injustice that those who had risked the most would receive the least. We were prepared for this, and offered them what is now the Fields of Honor, fertile fields just outside the walls, where Mek's army had camped and no Cell had jurisdiction. They leapt at the offer, and with the Forlorn Hope's support we established the system of stewardship we are familiar with today.

There were still other non-territorial Cells without arable land, however; Altara of the Harbringers argued much more politely and persuasively that they should not be left out, either. Hal proposed a new Cell be created to distribute food to the Cells without farming land. The Convocation was wary, hesitant to invite new members into the franchise. Then Hal performed a political masterstroke: he revealed the three Cells which he had slipped into the First Convocation. Arguing that these three Cells had performed admirably since their inception, he asked why it would not be proper to create one more Cell. The Convocation was dumbfounded; the Forlorn Hope, who would normally have been the most vocal detractors of Hal's actions, were already mollified with their prize of the Fields of Honor. Grudgingly, the Convocation accepted Hal's proposal. The Grocers were created, and the Clarion established its ability to create new Cells and assign them duties.



The Second Rant of Capal



Hal Ninva of the Clarion speaks:

The last thing we did in the Second Convocation was to recognize the changes forced on the Oscar'on, thus validating the results of the First Rant. It was necessary at the time, but I still wonder if it could not have been handled in a better way. I will tell you this plainly, Alienor, that the dissolution of the custom of the Rant is one of the primary goals of our Cell. Rants are too violent, too difficult to control. Any Cell — and perhaps even those outside the Eighth Tribe altogether — can call a Rant, and if they find enough numbers, they might dictate to us on matters that they do not understand. Only months after we misstepped in Convocation and accepted the First Rant as valid, the Second Rant reared its head, goaded on by recognition and prompted by the Great Caravan.

At first we thought that the approaching horde was an army, and Jackers swarmed the walls, armed and ready for battle. They were disappointed; some four thousand refugees from Vimary arrived at Capal's gates, lured by the rumors of our vast fields and great wealth. The rumors were more than slightly exaggerated. Many wondered if Capal would be able to feed this many refugees; most, however, were only overtaken by anger and indignation that our former oppressors had come to eat at our tables. Some feared the Tribes would try to overthrow us and rule Capal as a second Vimary. The mob grew in numbers and volume, and soon the Second Rant had begun, just outside of Grandally Gate.

Some Tribals caught on to the idea and raised their voices to be heard; some listened, most shouted them down. Eventually the camps defined themselves: the Tribals and their supporters who wanted their equal inclusion, their hard-line antagonists who wanted their caravan to turn around and go home, and the moderates, who either feared for our granaries or our stewardship of the land, both of which the Tribals might decimate. Ayla and her Cell, the **Progress of Ages**, fought their way to the center, arguing forcefully that we could not turn our backs on the Tribes, our families and our once comrades-in-arms. The assembled were slowly accepting her point of view, spearheaded by Children of Lilith and Joanite supporters. It was at this point that the Clarion arrived, on the ramparts above the roiling mess of the rant.

Ayla spat at me, as she is wont to do, accusing me of turning the Tribes away as I had wanted to on Hom. I took guilty pleasure seeing the look on her face when I instead sided with her. I cited that Vimary could no longer support the masses it once could, and Capal did not have enough hands to work the fields. Many decried that we would be overrun by the Tribes, even if we could feed them. To this, I suggested that the Tribals be allowed to enter the city but not the Eighth Tribe, that they work under the supervision of the Cells, and that the Cells provide for them and tutor them in life outside of Fatimal guidance. I did not compare this to Serfs, but the similarity was obvious. To encourage the Tribals, I suggested that, if they prove themselves worthy, they could be invited into a Cell themselves, earning membership in the Eighth Tribe.

It was not eagerly or hastily accepted by either side. Many of the Eighth Tribe feared the Tribals' numbers; many Tribals were disappointed in their unequal acceptance. It was, however, the best compromise put forward, and with much help from Ayla and other Children of Lilith, the Rant was won over. The Great Caravan was then conducted to the Ark, which became the Tribals' new home.

The Restoration of the Tribal Council

Natali of the Clarion speaks:

Hal mentioned that many feared the Tribals' numbers, and they were right to. The Tribals outnumbered us, and even if they came unarmed, that could be remedied in time. We had to move quickly, while the Tribes were still acclimating to the city, to forestall them from ever accumulating power of their own. Otherwise you can be certain that the Eighth Tribe would be outcast from Capal just as it had been in Vimary.

We scoured through the refugees and found four Tribals who had once served on the Grand Council of the Seven Tribes. We then hand-picked three more representatives, people who were both respected among their tribes and capable of taking orders. With these seven women and men, we reconvened the **Tribal Council** to help direct and control the Tribal population. It has always been a puppet organization, and we saw no reason to change that; only now it is we, and not the Fatimas, that pull the strings. The Council has no representation in the Convocation; they serve to advise the Clarion and the Eighth Tribe as a whole on Tribal Affairs. They also execute our initiatives among the Seven Tribes. It is the Council which welcomes new Tribals into Capal, conducts them to the Ark or some other place to sleep, and introduces the newcomers to a Cell looking for laborers.

Barring unforeseen complications, the Council worked perfectly, distracting ambitious Tribals into seeking power where there was none, and making political lackeys out of what would be our greatest rivals. Most in the Council are happy with their position, enjoying the little power and greatly improved living conditions that came with their service. Often we need do little to guide them, as they are quick to protect their own positions and that of their sponsors — us.

The Third Convocation of Cells

Hal Ninva of the Clarion speaks:

The Council appeared to be a solid success, bottling up the Tribals neatly and efficiently. Its greatest danger I could not even predict until Tera Sheba Herself came up the road from Vimary, trailing Her faithful drawn out of the Firmament. We had seen Terashebans and Evans straggling into Capal for years, and really, I should not have been surprised when Tera Sheba quit Her stronghold in Vimary. She had no one left to order around. We met Her at the gates where She declared Her intention to join us, pledged to participate in Capal's 'experiment,' and informed me that She would be taking the Sheban seat on the Tribal Council. There was little I could do, so I set about doing it immediately.

The Square Peg

Sydne —

I am glad to hear that you found two former Agnite representatives.

We will select the younger, more malleable one for the Council. The Dahlian you found does present a problem. He is outspoken enough that he may interfere with our plans. Wouldn't it be a pity if he met with an unfortunate accident,

allowing us to select another Dahlian to take his place? A pity for him, that is — it would be entirely convenient for us.

Do not inform Hal about the Dahlian. He does not need to know about a man who will not be important much longer.

— Natali



The Third Convocation of Cells was called a week later. As the delegates entered, the room filled with worry, written on their faces and exhaled into the very air. Our first order of business was to recognize the Tribal Council as a purely advisory body with jurisdiction over only the Seven Tribes. Politically, Tera Sheba's new position was rendered reduced in power, but with jurisdiction over some five thousand souls, that was not enough. To balance their advisory powers, I proposed Havark be invited to advise the Eighth Tribe on Serf Affairs, thus roughly equating Tribals and Serfs. Five thousand mere laborers was less of a concern. Neither the Council nor Havark could participate in a sampling of the Convocation, of course. There was little argument; the rest of the Eighth Tribe shared my fear of Tera Sheba's meddling, and supported any move that would limit Her official power. For a short time, the Eighth Tribe was united in consensus.

To prevent the Tribals from rallying and establishing themselves as a separate and respectable power base, we recognized three new Cells, composed primarily of Tribals. I do not want to disparage their usefulness or devotion to the Eighth Tribe; I have no doubt that they would have been recognized eventually. At that moment, however, it was politically expedient to recognize them then, as an example to other Tribals that the ultimate prize, membership in the Eighth Tribe, was within their grasp. That the Caravan of the Sail was one of these Cells was an added bonus. Strengthening the Eighth Tribe's ties with Vimary made it easier to control the influx of population as well as the import and export of goods.

Clarion Call

The Third Convocation was nearly a year ago, and Tera Sheba, while actively maneuvering for a better position and more power, has yet to meet with any great success. I know Her of old, however; Her lack of apparent success is no reason to become less wary. As the Wise One fades from the Eighth Tribe's eyes as a threat, arguments both old and new are flaring up. Inexact borders between Cells' territory and conflicts over jurisdiction between the territorial and non-territorial Cells slowly boil beneath the surface. Original Cells disdain the newer Cells' place in the Eighth Tribe, withholding or even obstructing assistance in their duties. The Herites complain that the Fatimas have joined us in our city, or that Joanites and Agnites are considered members of the Eighth Tribe. We are continuously splitting at the seams, threatening to disembowel ourselves by our very natures. Which is where we, the Clarion of Destiny, come in.

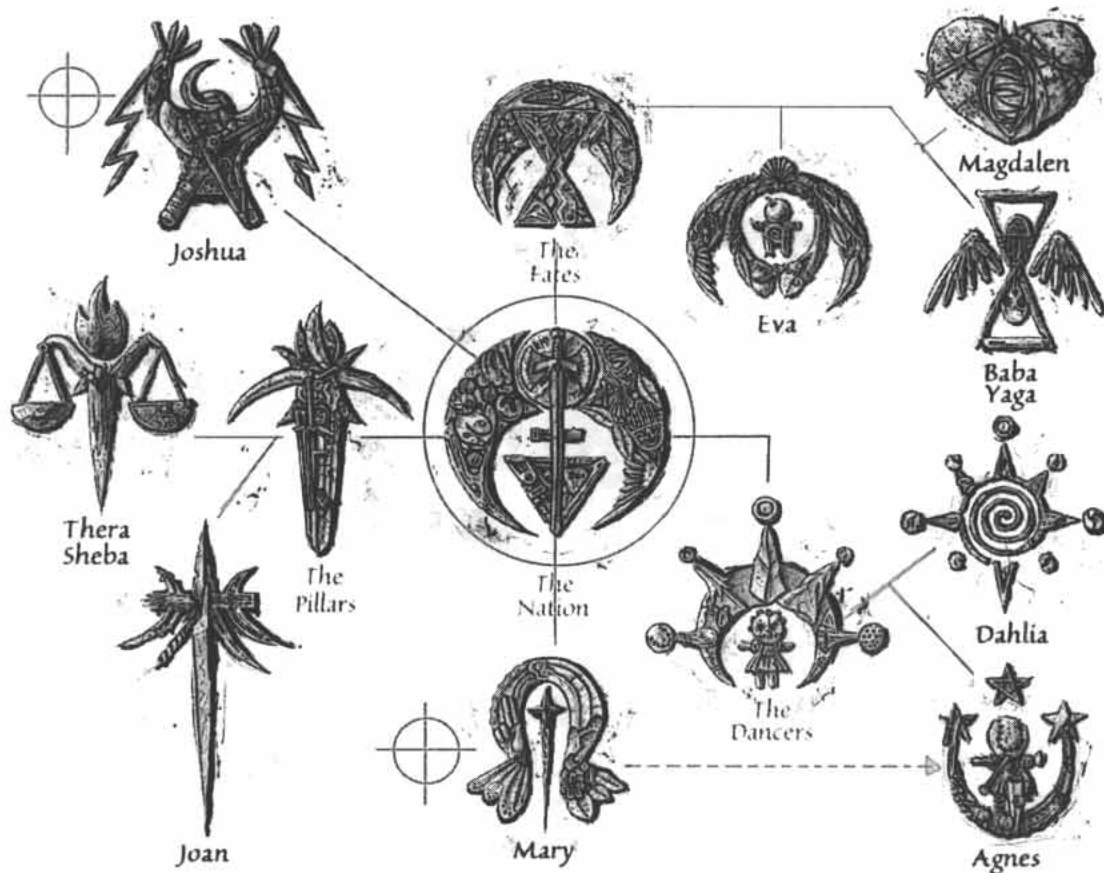
We work to ensure that the Eighth Tribe remains intact and to prevent the entire city from collapsing into civil war and violence. We have gained no small amount of power in the development of Capal's government, but our power is still weak, untried and without solid foundation. The census that you are completing will help define the Eighth Tribe, greatly simplifying and streamlining any political process in Capal. It will make us stronger and better suited to fulfill the Prophecy of Joshua. Now you should understand why this simple list is so important. The only question left unanswered is: will you help us?

Doubtful Peace

Alienor warily replies:

That is not the answer to the question I asked, but perhaps it is the answer to the question I should have asked. I . . . I see what you mean, Hal, and now that I have experienced firsthand that hostility and fear — I understand what is at stake. You did not tell me to be wary, but I doubt that I would have believed you if you had. Capal has many layers, only the first of which I saw today.

Tomorrow — yes, Hal, I will continue your census — I will continue on, and see what else I can find. I will complete this task, and will define the Eighth Tribe, the better to serve it, the better to cultivate it, the better to take up my responsibility and the banner of Joshua. The Rising Star is troubled, perhaps, but not crippled. We will overcome; we will conquer; we will fulfill what prophecy has foretold.



Chapter four: A Diverse and Varied Population

Mix five Outlooks vigorously. (but that's not enough)/Blend in three complementary Tribes, (welcome, our brothers)/Fold in four more Tribes in desperation, (careful who you have for dinner)

Dump in some gadgets and gizmos (we love you, Arcturius!)/Add a dash of Squatty Tusk (gives the mix a hearty flavor)/Layer on top of a bed of the disenfranchised (everything needs a foundation)/Bake for five years to golden brown (dust with snow)

And then throw it on the wall! Throw it on the wall! (makes a pretty picture)

- Recipe for Disaster, a song by Sound of Destruction



The Eighth Tribe

Alienor sets out again:

Okay, Phelix, let's try this again. Out into the streets of Capal, already buffeted with early winds and overhung with threatening clouds, I will go to continue my duty. It does not look like a pleasant day to go outside, but the weather, I fear, will threaten worse in a few day's time. Best to go now, while I can, rather than wait out the first of the winter's storms. With any luck, I'll be able to complete the second half before the rain starts, although the first half was the easier part, by far. This alone is enough reason to make me think twice of going out.

Yesterday I interviewed all the Territorial Cells, and now I set out to find the **Non-Territorial Cells**, those who do not protect a specific building or piece of land, but instead pursue an important service for their sisters in the Eighth Tribe. Some are considerate enough to maintain an office somewhere in the city — borrowed or leased from a Territorial Cell, as recompense for their services — but others only float about the City.

I would give you an itinerary of where I will be today, Phelix, but I hardly know myself. I will go to Slake, first, and then to the other Jacker Cells, and then on to our sisters among the Scions and Harbingers. I suppose I'll have to deal with the Herites, and find the Doomsayers, and oh, all the other additions and revisions to the Eighth Tribe we've had since Capal. Look at those clouds, Phelix — if I finish before it is snowing, I will be lucky.

Jackers: Seek and Destroy

The Words of Slake Morningstar to Alienor:

Come in, sweet one; please, sit down. There is no need to stand on ceremony, or on your feet for that matter. I've been expecting you for a while now! I'd almost be insulted that it took you so long to get to me, but I know you were just saving the best for last. You want to know about the Jackers, I know, and that is a very good thing, a worthy thing. It's so worthy, you see, because most of the Jackers want to know more about the Jackers. It's a funny thing you see, we are the great and glorious Jackers, inheritors of Mek's legacy, the vanguard of the Hope, and about a dozen other titles I could think of. Problem is, once you look past all that pomp and nonsense, you're going to find a very confused and sometimes angry group of women with swords. Yes, I realize you probably don't find confused and angry people with swords to be all that funny, but I was raised Dahlian, and it always brings a smile to my face.

Slake Morningstar of Horizon's Blood

Slake was always a clever boy, and that cleverness at one point brought him to the attention of Dahlia Herself. Unfortunately for him his continued cleverness brought him to Dahlia's attention again, in a much less pleasant way. After he recovered from the scars of his Fall, he found himself becoming close friends with several prominent Jackers, and he left the ways of the trickster behind to learn the ways of the warrior. Since the Liberation of Capal he has learned that the two can be combined to wonderful effect, as can his skills at travel and navigation, to track down and kill the rogue Z'bri who roam the wilderness. Combining political acumen with years of experience at tracking and killing Z'bri, Slake has become one of the favored leaders of Z'bri hunting expeditions into the deep Outlands.

Highlights: Friendly, Sly, Confident.

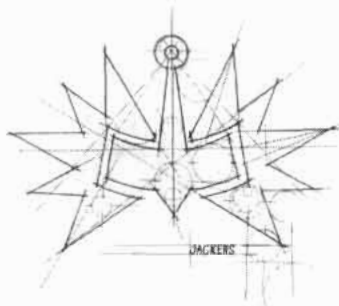
Eminences: Motion and Bravery

Attributes: AGI +1, CRE +1, FIT +2, INF +1, PER +1, WIL +3, STR +1, HEA +1, STA 30, ULD/AD 7.

Skills: Acrobatics 1/+1, Ambush 2/+1, Athletics 2/+2, Boating 1/+1, Combat Sense 3/+1, Disguise 1/+1, Dodge 3/+1, Gambling 2/+1, Hand-to-Hand 3/+1, Human Perception 2/0, Investigation 2/+1, Lore (Outlands) 2/0, Melee 3/+1, Music 1/+1, Navigation (Land) 2/0, Notice 2/+1, Seduction 1/0, Sleight-of-Hand 1/+1, Streetwise 1/+1, Theatrics 2/+1, Synthesis 1.

Edge: Close friends with members of the Caravan of the Sail and Adriana of Two Blades.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



It all started back in the beginning, which is rather a good place for something to start, when the first Jackers got together and decided that they really had to kill some Z'bri. Mostly they got killed themselves, but the ones who were the strongest survived and learned. They taught others, and with time the Jackers of yore got mighty good at killing Z'bri. They got so good at it, in fact, that they ended up burning down the H'l Kar and taking over Capal. It was bloody and horrid and dirty — all the things dear and near to a Jacker's heart. But then when we woke up one day we realized a terrible thing: we had achieved our dream. We had broken the power of the Z'bri once and for all, and now the grand and noble purpose that got us started seemed to be... well, done and gone. Every Jacker in Capal had to look herself in the eye (using a mirror, I assume) and decide what it meant to be a Jacker in this new world. It's been years since we started asking that question, and we really haven't come up with a group answer other than "Kill Z'bri some more." Some of us haven't even come up with an individual answer yet.

For my Cell, **Horizon's Blood**, the answer was simple enough. We keep killing Z'bri. Yes, the power of the Beasts as a unit is broken, but only a fool would think that meant that the Z'bri were no longer a threat at all. There are still Z'bri Lords powerful enough to wipe out a whole Cell wandering the wastelands, trying to build up bases of power so that they can take what we have earned. My sisters and brothers form expeditions, sometimes just us, sometimes as many as 200 people, into the Outlands to track down and kill the remaining Z'bri. We don't really have a choice; they're still out there, poisoning the world with their existence, and enslaving any poor idiot whom they can lay their rotted fingers on.

Other Cells stay here in Capal and hunt the Z'bri who try to creep through our city. Most are a rough and paranoid lot. They have to deal with the most cunning of the Beasts, and their enemies often wear the faces of people they thought could be trusted. Cells like **Mek's Fire** work with the Marians, as much to keep their own souls clean as to help cleanse the tainted that they find, to keep our city safe from the creeping menace. There are few that oppose them, despite the fact that they often use brutal methods, because what they do must be done.

Well, that and one other thing, the fact that most Jacker Cells can count on the support of the Forlorn Hope veterans. It was our Outlook that led the charge into the Breach, and it was The Jacker who gave his life there. Since the founding of Capal the Jacker-led Cells of the Hope, and the Jacker-led Cells who seized the most important parts of the city, have been able to secure and increase their power. You know, I'm sure, that **The Jackers**, Mek's terribly originally-named old Cell, is in charge of all city defense. Other Hope Cells, like **The Band of the Red Hand** also are in powerful positions. It is our connections with them that allow us leeway to do our work. They sponsor our expeditions, making sure we have the supplies and equipment to venture far into the Outlands. They also make sure that those who hunt in Capal are free to do so, using their pull to keep the road clear for hunting and destroying at home.

Jackers: Anger and Worry

The Words of Qualam to Alienor:

You've been speaking to that prancing fool Slake, have you? What a waste of skin. It makes me sick to think that smiling little political boys like him are now leading us. The only reason we haven't killed the little idiot is because he actually can get real Jackers the support we need to do our work. Well, he can get you into and out of the Outlands better than most, I do have to grant that. Nasty little bugger he is, all lies and games.

He is right though, the Jackers don't have much idea of what we're doing these days. We've got power, got respect, got everything we didn't have back in the days when my dad was a Jacker on Hom. We kill the Z'bri we can find, and do a good job of it, but we're starting to think there must be something more to... well, to being us. I mean — by Eva's tits! — we're part of Joshua's prophecy, and we can't just be done and obsolete, can we? I mean, there's more work to do, somewhere, and we should have a part in it. I just can't figure what that part is, exactly. Some day, not soon, but maybe in my lifetime, the Z'bri will be gone. We'll hunt 'em and kill 'em till the last one dies thrashing on the point of our spears. But what then?

For so long we thought that if we killed all the Z'bri then the world would be made right. Now, I don't think all of us think that is true. Yes, they have to be killed, and burn anyone who talks about making peace with the remains of the Beasts. But when they are all dead, what then? I mean it's easy for the others, the Lightbringers know that they are supposed to build us into a people. But what do the hunters do when there is nothing left to hunt?

That's what my Cell, **Umbra**, is trying to figure out. We aren't all Jackers, no, but all of us are the daughters or sisters of the great Jackers of the last generation. Hell, Bellin is one of Mek's grand-nephews or something. We've got Joanites and Doomsayers, and even a Lightbringer, and we're trying to figure out what we're supposed to do when the Z'bri are gone. We could become defenders, I suppose, rather than attackers — but that doesn't seem to fit us. Right now we're looking real hard at the Prophecy, and hoping we can figure it out before we wake up and find out that we aren't important anymore.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Qualam of the Umbra

Qualam was a child of Hom, born on Hom to Fallen parents a few years before Lillith's arrival. His father, Toro, was one of Mek's close friends, and as Qualam grew up he came to believe that his father's Jacker ways were the only ways that mattered to a man. When his father died during the Liberation, young Qualam took up his father's armor (which is still too big for him) and marched bravely against the Z'bri of Capal.

Now, five years later, Qualam is starting to wonder about all the things his father didn't teach him. He can kill Z'bri, he's proven that, but he is worried about the present and the future. He doesn't like the political role that Jackers like Slake play, because it doesn't fit with his image of what his father did. As a result he is turning to the New Bloods and their open policy of working together, trying to work with Doomsayers and Joanites and Yagans to figure out what the Jackers need to do in order to survive.

Highlights: Nasty mouth, uncertain, seeking.

Eminences: Bravery and Fate

Attributes: AGI +1, CRE -1, FIT +1, PER +1, PSY -1, WIL +1, STA 25, UUD 5, AD 5.

Skills: Combat Sense 2/+1, Dodge 1/+1, Dreaming 1/-1, Haggling 1/0, Hand-to-Hand 2/+1, Intimidate 1/0, Melee 2/+1, Notice 1/+1, Sneak 1/+1, Streetwise 2/0, Synthesis 1.

Edge: Well connected with members of the Greater Tribes.



Frederik of the Scions

Frederik was never exiled; sick of the infighting of Playground, he walked away from his Tribe just as Agnes was starting to grow up. He survived his early days on Hom due to Altara Ven and Deus' protection, leaving him with a hero-worship attitude towards both, leaving with them to go to Capal at the age of twelve. Though the war was hard on him, Frederik blossomed once Capal was taken over by the Eighth Tribe. With his unbridled optimism and his inability to take off his rose-colored glasses, Frederik charmed the people of Capal and offered them visions of hope without price and peace without conflict. He fully believes that Capal is the Third City of Prophecy, and that said prophecy will protect all the Eighth and guide them to their destiny with no more missteps.

Highlights: Roseate, budding, imitative.

Eminences: Inspiration and Conviction

Attributes: APP +2, CRE +1, INF +1, PER -1, WIL -1, STA 25, UD/AD 4.

Skills: Craft (pottery) 1/+1, Combat Sense 1/-1, Etiquette 2/+1, Grooming 2/+2, Hand-to-Hand 1/0, Lore (Eighth Tribe) 1/0, Melee 1/0, Theatrics 2/+1, Synthesis 1.

Edge: Well connected with Lightbringers and Agnites.

Lightbringers: Self-Congratulations

From the words of Frederik:

Have you met with Altara yet? Everyone talks to Altara, as everyone should. She is a great leader, and a great woman. It is leaders such as she who have led us to this threshold of prophecy, this horizon built in stone where two rivers join. Do you not see the symbolism? Two rivers: the past and the future, the Tribes and the Eighth, the weak and the strong — all become one. We have fulfilled Joshua's prophecy, we have been born of blood and sacrifice, we have learned the wrath of wisdom and the wisdom of wrath, we have seen the young grow, and it is here and now that we will forge what must be. The Doomsayers still cant and chant and look into the shadows, but I tell you that time is past. Now it is time to look to the light and to feel the love of the One. This is the time of prophecy, and we are the future.

This is what my Cell, **Scions of the Third City**, and I have devoted our lives to. We work with other Lightbringers, with Serfs, with Keepers, and with Tusks in order to make this city a place of freedom and unity, a place without the artificial divisions that have made us hate each other in the past. We speak to each other openly and clearly, and by doing so we clean the air of misunderstanding and pain. That is all it really takes you know, the ability and willingness to be honest and to share. When we speak to each other, and when we listen to each other, how can anything go wrong? It is only when we do not speak and do not listen that hatred creeps in.

One of our greatest allies is the Cell called **Farseers**, a group of former New Bloods and Tusks who have joined us as full brothers in the Eighth. They maintain a close relation with their totem, Far Sight, who has given them a great and mystical feather that allows whoever holds it to see for miles in every direction. They use the feather to find those who would divide us, to see their secret dealings of hate, and expose them to the light. Though I worry that they may be too extreme and violent, they do perform a necessary function. Hate and divisiveness cannot be allowed to thrive in our Promised City.

Equally worthy are our friends **The Grail Seekers**. This Cell of Marians and Lightbringers has a member who once found the Sangrail, and found wisdom in its depths. Now he helps sponsor others who wish to see if they too are worthy of attaining the Sangrail and finding the wisdom of its water. Though he gives council and aid, he does not reveal the Sangrail to those who quest for it. The seeking, he says, is essential to the process, and anything found too easily is not worthy. More should listen to his words, and think about how difficult a time we have had in coming to our Promised City. **The Grail Seekers** has but five full members, all of whom have at least seen the Sangrail, but it has many disciples who hope to someday be worthy of that chalice.

Lightbringers: Disseminating the Disseminators

A meeting with Altara Ven:

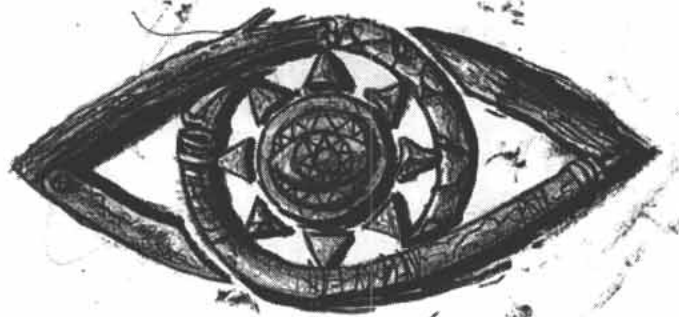
Please, take a seat. I'm too big to stand comfortably, so I've had to resort to intimate councils, such as this. No, not too much longer — another month or so, that's all. I've a nurse hovering around here somewhere just in case; they're worried because I'm so much bigger with my second. But I delivered Kessel without any real complications, so I can't imagine this time will be any different. Agnes can remove the love, but apparently all the machinery keeps ticking, mmm?

So... you're Hal's newest member. Given the census? I hope you understand how prestigious that is. I can only assume the Harbringers will be getting a copy of that, once it's compiled. Well, because that's what we do: we present Capal to the masses, keeping them focused on the goal, providing their spirits with what they need to hear in order to endure the long days. Information like that is vital to maintain our duty, given to us by the Jacker.

When we took Capal for our own, there were so many stories in the wind that eventually it became necessary for one group to keep track of them; to keep what was true in circulation and to weed out those tales left lying by the curbs to frighten small children in the night. There is nothing more detrimental to an embryonic society than a few misplaced rumors. Mek laid at our feet the rather daunting task of keeping the information positive, pure, uplifting and forward-thinking. We create songs to sing, tales to tell around the hearth at night; we pour into their ears the hope they need to have if we're to succeed.

There is a great power to be had here in Capal. You can feel it, I can see it in your bright eyes. It pushes the body when it'd rather sleep and keeps the mind churning long after you lay down at night. But it needs to be focused, pointed in a single direction, or we'll run ourselves into the ground trying to chase after every possibility at once. That's what we do. We focus, we refine. We let people know what they need. Who wants to hear how many buildings still need to be cleansed? No, what they need to hear is how many we've cleansed so far. Wild Gek'roh seen Outside? No, they want to hear how the Forlorn Hope still keep a vigilant eye out for us all.

So, as you can see, that census is extremely important to us.



Altara Ven of the Harbringers

Altara Ven's strength has always laid in her ability to redirect and refocus the energy and attention of those around her. Her passionate — and persuasive — wording has bent more than one ear since her arrival on Hom. When the Seven Tribes were forced to take refuge on Hom, it was her voice that lifted in their defense and rallied the masses to the common goal of driving the Z'bri back.

As Capal was reclaimed, and it became necessary to task someone with dispelling the rumors that sprang up, Altara Ven and the Harbringers were an almost logical choice. The years have not dimmed or slowed her down; if anything, they have only given her more fuel to burn brighter. Fortified by motherhood, Altara's white-hot conviction has been tempered into the wicked blade of commitment and determination.

Highlights: Caring, Vibrant, Captivating

Eminences: Unity and Inspiration

Attributes: CRE +1, INF +1, FIT -1, PER -2, PSY +2, WIL +1

Skills: Craft (Leatherwork) 2+1, Dreaming 2/+2, Human Perception 2/+2, Leadership 2/+1, Lore (Joshua) 2/0, Mythology 2/0, Read/Write (Tribal) 2/0, Streetwise 1/+1, Synthesis (Celtic Cross) 2

Edge: De facto leader of the Harbringers

Children of the Eighth: Grandchildren of Destiny

Yoaven, adopted son of Altara Ven, stops Alienor outside the Shrine of the Liberator:

Don't let Mother know I've talked to you, all right? No, no, I wouldn't get in trouble, but that's not the point. Anyway. You're doing the census, right? You're Alienor? Then you're going to need to mention us, the Children of the Eighth. We're small in number, but there's enough of a count that your recognition through the census will earn us the footing we need to join Cells ourselves.

I'll be eleven this winter, old enough to find an opinion of my own that isn't spoonfed to me by mother or the Harbingers. They mean well, but I've walked too many evenings with my adoptive father to keep my eyes squeezed shut so tightly. Your census can show the Eighth that we aren't all children to be coddled and protected; that some of us have reached an age of maturity where we must take responsibility by the throat and have our way with prophecy. Yes, we are the future they so prayed for — now let us blossom.

I know my parents expect me to take up the reins of the Harbingers and join their information crusade. To their credit, they don't agree with Izak's parents who shoved her out last year to "find her own way." Izzy was as old when she was sent away as Mother was when she got to Hom, but Capal isn't Hom. I'd say there's no more than a handful of us ready to join Cells, but without any sort of formal recognition, we are forced to remain behind our parents' protective lock and key.

Kate has been saying we should make a Cell of our own, made up of Children of the Eighth, but I'm not so sure of this. Would the rest of the Convocation recognize us? None of us fought in the Siege and Breach; none of us understand blood and sacrifice the same way our parents do. They already deluge us with stories of the Z'bri and the glory days of the Fatimas, the very roots of the Eighth. They smother us in the protection of Joshua's Prophecy. How can we understand what the Eighth has become, they say, if we're too young to understand how it all started? But what our parents do not see, can not begin to comprehend, is that we know what it is to be a member of the Eighth in ways that they cannot understand. We are the product of their Dreams given flesh; we are not just the future, we are the children of destiny. You can not keep destiny in the dark forever.

Our Lady of Victory

Claiming the ruins of an ancient stone chapel on the upper edges of Watertown, the Children of Lilitth erected a shrine in honor of the Liberator. On a salvaged broad stone altar within, the Fatima's relics are lovingly laid in sanctuary, awash in the softly colored light from the nave's high windows. Although constantly guarded by the Children, pilgrimages to the chapel are permitted to pay respects.

Beside the chapel a large restored stone building houses a barracks. Several Cells are housed within, and much of the main floor is a hospice provided for those in transition. At night the face of the barracks is warm and welcoming, washed in the light of the Torch of Victory. Eternally tended, the torch burns from within the excavated walls of the chapel's steeple, a beacon for all to remember the harbinger of the Eighth Tribe, and to celebrate the victory over the Z'bri and Capal.



Herites: Hatred of Generations

Jakan of the Goddess' Cutthroats speaks:

Oh yes, now we are free of the Fatima's oppression, but we are not yet free of the Fatimas themselves! Oh, certainly Joan was useful, and Agnes, too, in Her own odd way, but does this forgive them for what they have done? How many Fallen did the Watch slaughter while Joan stood idly by? How many lives did Agnes destroy with Her fickle whims? Have they done anything to recompense for these crimes? Nothing — and they are welcomed into our city. If that were not enough, what of Dahlia, whose crimes against the Eighth Tribe are known and enumerated, but is allowed to settle here at times like a fat spider in the middle of Her webs? I can understand asking the whores into the city; they are put to good use in the House of Masks, but why is the Queen Whore Herself welcomed within our walls when She so chooses, to weave Her plots and intrigues against us?

Those four are as nothing themselves, compared to the worst of them all, Tera Sheba the Oppressor, Tera Sheba the Despot, Tera Sheba the Power-Mad who is not only among us but sits on the Tribal Council as a representative of Her Tribe. The day She arrived, I was serving with the Jackers up on the walls to repay a favor my Cell owed them, so I saw the entire exchange.

She came with a hundred of her minions, ringed around Her like mold spreading out from the center of infection. We recognized Her form from some distance, and called for reinforcements in case the Oppressor had come to pass judgment on us again. The walls were lined with Jackers and Herites, loyal Cells who had seen much of Tera Sheba's tyranny. The Forlorn Hope refused to abandon their fields, and stood guard as the procession passed them by. The Clarion of Destiny and Joan arrived almost at the same moment, just as the Judges came into crossbow range. Hal Ninva called for the warriors to hold off their fire, although even he could not stop two rotten tomatoes spattering across Tera Sheba's blindfolded head. Oh, how I cursed myself that I had not been so prepared that day.

Hal called to Tera Sheba from the walls, asking what business She had at Capal's walls. With words filled with haughty arrogance, the Oppressor replied, and I can still remember them: "Vimary is broken, and the power of two Fatimas will not be enough to restore it. We have come to join you and My Sisters, to participate in the experiment of Capal. I do not seek to rule or pass judgment, but only to enter as another citizen of your City. May we enter into and contribute to the Rising Star, Capal?" Later, another Lightbringer, Morella, explained to me that there was no way for Hal to refuse Her: what could mere mortals do before a Fatima? Perhaps with Joan's help, we might have held Her off, but the Warrior was all too eager to believe Her Sister's claims of repentance and new humility. Whatever the reasons, Hal Ninva played nicey-nicey and smiled, and let the Oppressor in.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Jakan of the Cutthroats

As a child, Jakan entertained Agnes with stunts and pranks that would be criminal for any other Tribe. As he grew older, he became increasingly dangerous and desperate for the Child's attention. When he was caught breaking into Solitude, however, Tera Sheba demanded Agnes exile the thief. On Hom, Jakan stole from Tribals and Fallen alike, and was available for hire to whoever paid him. Together with others of questionable ethics, Jakan formed the Goddess' Cutthroats to fight in the Liberation. Afterwards, he supported settlement in Capal over return to Vimary. When the Tribals followed the Eighth Tribe to Capal, Jakan's old feelings of betrayal resurfaced; the Fatimas couldn't seem to leave him alone. Jakan is likely to return to his schedule of assassinations, and now he has a Cell of like-minded individuals to work with him.

Highlights: Cynical, Angry, and Paranoid

Eminences: Capriciousness and Freedom

Attributes: AGI +3, BLD -1, INF -1, PER +1, PSY -2, WIL +2

Skills: Acrobatics 2/+3, Camouflage 1/0, Combat Sense 3/+1, Dodge 2/+3, Dreaming 1/-2, Gambling 2/+1, Hand-to-Hand 2/+3, Melee 2/+3, Notice 2/+1, Sleight-of-Hand 2/+3, Sneak 3/+3, Streetwise 2/-1, Synthesis (Hide-and-Seek) 2

Edges: Knows many of the secret ways through Capal, including the territories of other Cells.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Withal of the Temple

Charismatic and eloquent, Withal is the founder of the Order of the One, a religious order founded for the worship and scholarly pursuit of the Goddess. Although she spearheaded both the movement and the restoration efforts of the Temple, she claims no leadership, but instead strives to create a peaceful refuge for the Eighth Tribe.

Despite what she does not claim, both the example she sets in her daily life and her devotion to understanding the nature of the One Goddess have earned her a substantial following, especially among the other Herites and the New Bloods. Should Withal choose to assert her influence she could become a key player in Capal society, but for now she is content to maintain the temple, philosophize and pray.

Highlights: Charismatic, idealistic, zealous.

Attributes: APP +1, BLD -1, CRE +1, FIT -1, INF +2, KNO +2, PER +1, WIL +1, PSY +2

Eminences: Freedom and Empathy

Skills: Combat Sense 1/+1, Dreaming 1/+2, Dodge 1/0, Healing 1/+2, Herbalism 1/+2, Hand-to-Hand 1/0, Human Perception 2/+2, Leadership 2/+2, Lore (One Goddess) 3/+1, Mythology 2/+1, Notice 1/+1, Ritual 2/+2, Teaching 1/+1, Synthesis 2.

Edge: Withal radiates a palpable aura of peace; aggressors must roll WIL against a difficulty of 4 to take hostile action in her presence.

Herites: Communion

Withal, Herite, Temple Keeper, Order of the One:

Be welcome, this day and always. I haven't seen you here before, Alienor, but I'm pleased that you've come. The Temple of the One is open for the respite and reflection of all. Many think before their first visit that it is only the Order that comes here, or perhaps only we Herites that strove to build it, but it doesn't take long to dispel that assumption. Most of the population of Capal has been through here at one time or another. We even have frequent visitors among the Keepers and the Squats. You see, there are more than thirty here just now, in the main temple alone.

Out here, unless there is a feast in progress, people mill about as they please. Some come for ardent prayer; some come just for the relief that silence brings. The quiet is surprising, yes? Few know what to say to a Goddess that does not speak to us. She demands nothing — binds us with no restraints but provides us with the strength to carry on — despite the Camps, the Exile, the Beasts that snarled. She is in every fortifying breath.

I know it's difficult to conceive directly of Her. Even among us, we cannot decide as to Her nature or intent. You see the chapel off to the side there? That room is never empty or still. That is where we come, day and night, to discuss and debate, where we strive to know Her better. All of us who grew up indoctrinated in the Tribes know that the Fatimas are aspects of the All Mother, who sent them to save and liberate us. Some of us believe that they were created of Her Will as Her children, imbued to reflect one aspect of Her, but that as Her children, they are separate from the Mother, and She separate from them. Others believe that each aspect is a shard of Her spirit; that She is the sum total of them all. Moreover, some believe that since Joshua's death, the balance has been broken. Some even say that it will not be righted until the seven have been returned to the All Mother's whole.

This is what these halls, these naves, these arches and brilliant windows are all about — belief, and the freedom to believe what you come to know is true. That is what the Herites live for, even if at times our discretion leaves something to be desired. It seems that Herite Cells and members are continually inciting problems in our city, but I would caution you to remember those who do the City good. For every Cell like the **Fever Dream** that works ceaselessly to squash and destroy any free soul that a Tribal may bring to Capal, there is another one, a Cell like **Stone Hands and Feet** that still circulate among the Serfs and bring them into the glory of the One. I like to think that our own efforts here might blot out the missteps of our sisters; surely we do enough good to counter their fumbings and indiscretions. That is, at least, one of my daily prayers.

Children of Lilith: Raising the Light

Yrksarin, Child of Lilith, speaks:

My mother told me that Joshua was a fire. Fierce and bright, he blinded His children's senses to the pain of battle; seething and strong, His heat roiled the blood in their veins. Consecrated in combat, Joshua's fire was held to the dry, soulless timber of the Z'bri, where it consumed and destroyed. Joshua, without the wisdom or device to temper the heat of his fire, without the flesh to sense how it burned him, without the sight to see how His Sisters could not approve of His ruthlessness, was fated to fall.

His daughter, my Mother, the Giver of Freedom, was the one to set His legacy right. She knew, like Her Father, that flame could consume those who rose to rend you, but She also knew it could do more. She knew that flame carefully tended could host the circle of a Nation, that flame contained could illuminate the path to wisdom, that flame directed could churn the fields with ash and make the future grow.

That is what we celebrate during the Feast of the Liberator. From sundown the day before until moonrise on the festival night we fast in darkness, remembering the scarcity and fear of the Eighth Tribe as it came together in the shadow of Her father's death. When the moon, in its first full bearing of spring, shows itself over the horizon, we light our torches and candles, and bear Her remains from Our Lady of Victory through the winding streets of Capal. As we pass homes and hovels, the inhabitants within leave their darkened dwellings in silence, borrow light from our torches and follow along in the processional behind. In the darkened city, the light grows, spindling out like the tail of a comet from the Lady's remains, for She is our wishing star, our harbinger of hope.

When we reach the ground between the Ark and the Citadel and lay Her pallet down, the whole of the Eighth tribe gathers around Her. Though many never followed Her, and even though some still foolishly claim that She was not who She claimed to be, all can appreciate what we are doing — praising the first stirrings of a new nation, the first gathering of hope and resolve, our first moments as a people of the One.

The Children ring out around the gathering, locking our blades or the curves of our axes to seal the circle closed. Our voices rise in song, from whisper to surge, and the light fuses from torch to torch. Gaining weight and texture and breadth, the light climbs and strengthens, moving towards the axis: Her body. We use the gifts She taught us to direct the current of the light, thicken it, edge it ever closer to Her. As the song shakes its cadence into the night, Her body is suffused in brightness. It stirs and lifts and floats above the gathering, the blades of her wings drawing open, Her Father's hammer raised as Her mouth opens alive in a rallying cry. From Her, kindled by Her, the light explodes, flooding each of us in brilliance.

Later there may be feasting, there may be ballads sung and great epics enacted, and pleasures abounding to distract the eye, the heart and the spirit, but in that moment there is nothing but light so strong and bright that all present are inundated with Her radiance; in truth, in resolve and in hope, in that one moment your whole spirit is laid open to the future, and you know what single thing within you is holding you hostage from freedom: the path you must take, the memory that must be overcome, the quest that you must set upon.

Yrksarin, Child of Lilith

A child of five when Lilith first came to Hom, Yrksarin's first memory is bathed in awe and wonder: the Liberator's hand touching her forehead, and filling her with light. Coming of age in the new city of Capal, Yrksarin has been an outspoken voice within the organization of the Children of Lilith. She is an advocate of the Children's role as mediators between the Eighth Tribe and the disenfranchised tribals, believing that turnabout, while fair play, is not conducive to the strength of the Nation, nor in line with Lilith's teachings.

In Yrksarin's view, equality and equitable treatment of all are key to the survival and success of the people of Capal. Having made friends and allies with the Young Bloods, she works tirelessly to ensure that all of the city's inhabitants will one day have a voice and a stake in the future of all.

Highlights: Resolute, fair, charitable

Attributes: AGI +1, APP+1, CRE+1, FIT +1, KNO +1, INF+2, PER+1, PSY+2, WIL +2

Eminences: Vengeance and Force

Skills: Combat Sense 2/+1, Dodge 2/+1, Etiquette 2/+2, Human Perception +2/+1, Hagglng 1/+2, Hand-to-Hand 1/+1, Law 1/+1, Leadership 2/+2, Lore (Lilith) 2/+1, Melee 1/+1, Notice 1/+1, Ritual 2/+2, Speak 2/+1 (Keepspeak, Tribal), Streetwise 1/+1, Teaching 1/+1, Synthesis 2.

Edge: Contacts among the Children of Lilith, members of many Cells

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Alphrid of the Dark

Alphrid is one of the more vocal Doomsayers who preach tragedy on the streetcorners of Capal. As fewer and fewer listen, Alphrid's tenacity only grows, and his voice becomes ever louder. His passion is not for public attention, however, so much as it is scholastic understanding of Joshua's Prophecy, the One Goddess, and other mysteries. He regularly visits the Temple of the One, and maintains extensive connections with other researchers and scholars of the Eighth Tribe's inescapable occult shroud.

Alphrid is a font of information and provides access to the research and learning of all his colleagues, if one does not mind listening to a sermon as the price. Recently, Alphrid has been attracted to the steadfast beliefs of the Yagans in Capal; their acceptance of suffering fits well with his outlook on life, and he hopes that they will allow him to join them in their prayers.

Highlights: Unnerving, Arrogant, and Pessimistic

Eminences: Wisdom and Shadow

Attributes: APP -2, AGI -1, BLD -2, FIT -2, INF -1, KNO +3, PSY +2, WIL +2

Skills: Dreaming 2/+2, Etiquette 1/-1, Human Perception 2/+2, Intimidate 2/-2, Law 1/+3, Lore (Joshua) 2/+3, Mythology 2/+3, Notice 2/0, Ritual 2/+3, Synthesis (Curse of Dream, Tradition) 3

Edge: Knows how to reach the Eye and the Horn, a Secondary Orb where he hopes to hide through the worst of Capal's suffering.

Were some wandering Gek'roh, in the forests across the river, to look to us on the Feast of Liberator, he would cower in the shadows there, to see the City of Capal ablaze in holy light, clearing the darkness from every corner of every side street, proclaiming a place, in comfort, in warmth, and in community, where the Eighth Tribe may prosper in freedom, and in light.

Doomsayers: Precedent of Doom

Alphrid of the Dark speaks to Alienor:

Ah, come to us at last, have you, child? You've spoken with the Jackers and Lightbringers first and now finally you come to us. You've passed my pulpit here in the street how many times, now? Fifteen, I believe, as you've scurried about visiting all the important members of the Eighth Tribe, checking up on those who own land and those who say what you want to hear. Now you come to us, the Doomsayers, the last people you wish to talk to, because all we have to give is bad news.

To begin with, Alienor of the Clarion, your Cellmates are very vocally wrong about a few things, primarily their conceit that Capal is the Third City. Wormwood was not the battle that was foretold — who expected it? And Hal's paltry government is not what must be. In the Third City, we will create freedom for all, Alienor, and here in the City of the Rising Sun I see terrible freedom — for some. No, little Lightbringer, the world is not so bright and cheerful as you imagine. Hope and freedom are not things that you might stumble over in the street. They must be born of blood and sacrifice, child, and despite all our pain we have not seen enough of that yet.

Ghengis of **Shadowblood** claims that Capal is the Second City. Bazaar and Hom or even Hom and Haven might as well have been one place, just as Capal is High Town and Low Town together. Here in the Second City our pride swells to hubris, and as we rest on our laurels we distract ourselves from our real goals. Capal, the grand experiment, is a failure, and Ghengis and his Cell pray in constant vigil for the specter of Joshua to appear and show us the way, to teach us the wrath of wisdom and the wisdom of wrath. Well meaning as he is, however, Ghengis is wrong, too hopeful and infected with your Lightbringer optimism.

Capal is neither Third nor Second, but is the First, the First real City since the Z'bri destroyed the World Before. It is here we will be tested, here that blood will cover our homes. This is the first time we have had homes to be covered! Listen closely, Alienor, for the worst is yet to come. Terrible tragedies will fall upon us, and the Eighth Tribe will know suffering as we never have before. When trouble comes to Capal, Alienor, we will suffer and die, but we will triumph, and emerge strong and feared, ready to claim the destiny that is ours by birthright and sacrifice. Do not fear this future, only know, understand, and accept that the journey is not over, but is only beginning.

Doomsayers: Frogs

From Alienor's conversation with Chetta:

Second City or Third City, it does not matter, because this is not a clean city. The Jackers will tell you, the Marians too, that the city is not yet clean, but even they do not know all of it. I have found secrets, things buried in the mud and the dark water where shadows are reality, and the things I have seen frighten me. Other Doomsayers have learned much as well, following their own paths of mystery and shadows. Together we are piecing together facts that lead us to visions of traps, and poisons, and surprises from the wrong side of the River. While the loud-mouthed ones argue about which city it is, and what the future is, and what the past is, Cells like **Children of Toad** and **Blinded Eye** look to the secrets of the present, and try to find a way to save our Cells.

Listen to me girl, I know things. This is a city between rivers, whose banks are coated with mud and frogs. The waters of rain and melting snow carry the soil, the secret darkness, of this city to the rivers. There it sinks to the bottom, mixing into layers of memory and forgetfulness at the bottom of the water. No one can get down there, no one but the frogs. The frogs birth down there, they live in the water as fish, and know the deeps. They come to land, living in the mud, when they grow — and learn all the secrets of the dark earth. These frogs speak to me, they show me things. Their spirits are my friends, and because I care for them they care for me, and try to tell me of dangers that humans, so far above the mud and out of the water, miss.

I follow their croaking; I use the gifts of the One to find the Truth of what they tell me. I have found surprises. Below the Citadel there are pipes, far under the water, that carry stinking mud out of the city. Those pipes are not guarded, no one even knows where they end in the city. But I will bet you my firstborn that the Z'bri know. They could send their mutable forms up those pipes, come up inside our vaunted walls. They also have left boxes and mounds of flesh, like pods, in the waters of the rivers — and more on the large island in the thick part of the river. Not even the frogs go near those pods, for they are traps, waiting to be sprung on us.

There are other secrets too, things which we must find out. There are flowers that grow here, in the parks near the Ark, that my friends who were once Magdalites say grow noplacelse. Those flowers are picked and used, though I know not what for. I cannot think this is safe, to use a mystery without first examining it. The flower, called the Flying Flower by Magdalites, could be a trap too, and no one even thinks to examine it. My friends in the **Blinded Eye** Cell tried to find out what the flower is, and what it is used for, and they were beaten by several Jackers for their troubles.

Now is not the time for Doomsayers to be arguing over idiot things that do not matter, sounding like impotent Sheban judges debating the meaning of a scroll. Now is the time to keep our eyes open, to watch the shadows and delve the mysteries. We may have come far from Horn, but we have far yet to go, and we need to keep our eyes, and our minds open if we are to finish our long, dark swim.

Chetta of the Toads

Born to stilt-walker parents, Chetta was ever an energetic and curious girl. The two traits combined to get her into a great deal of trouble due to her obsession with uncovering secrets. She was cast out when she was found dealing with the spirits of ten frogs that he had captured, kept until they had died of old age, and then dried and stuffed. The Shebans thought her mad, and possibly tainted. What they didn't understand is that Chetta was trying to learn the secrets of the frogs — things who knew the secrets of the dark, muddy places from which life sprang. Chetta brought her obsession with frogs and secrets to Capal a year after the Liberation. The whisperings she heard in the water, the twisted voices of tainted frogs, led her to believe that there is much amiss in the great city. Now she hunts out traps, tricks, and trails of things lost and twisted.

Highlights: Energetic, anagogic, fretful (nail-biter)

Eminences: Truth and Shadow

Attributes: AGI -1, CRE +2, FIT -1, KNO +1, PER +1, PSY +2, STA 25, ULD 4, AD 3.

Skills: Animal Handling (frogs) 1/+2, Combat Sense 1/+1, Craft 2/+2, Dreaming 2/+2, Hand-to-Hand 1/-1, Human Perception 1/+2, Lore (Rivers) 2/+1, Mythology (Frogs) 2/+1, Notice 2/+1, Ritual 1/+1, Sneak 1/-1, Streetwise 1/0, Swimming (Diving) 2/-1, Teaching 1/+2, Synthesis 2 (Truthsaying).

Edge: Chetta is starting to suspect the truth about the Flying Flower. Of course this will more likely get her killed than anything else.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Dernai of Thunder Runners

Dernai believes. He believes in the future of the Eighth Tribe, not as former Fallen, but as the best and strongest of all those who hear the voice of the One Goddess. He believes in the harmony and unity of life, and in the need for death and violence as part of peace and prosperity. He believes that the current problems of Capal can be overcome, and that the Eighth can grow straight and tall as the lodge-pole pine that is his totem. Had he chosen one path, Dernai could have been a great Wise Man, but he chose the road of the Warrior because he wanted to change this world, here and now, rather than struggling with intangibles till he was an old husk. Now he stands as one of the strongest, proudest voices of the Tusks, calling for unity and sisterhood.

Highlights: Proud, Just, Spiritual.

Attributes: AGI +1, APP +1, BLD +2, FIT +2, INF +1, KNO +1, PSY +2, WIL +2, STR +2, HEA +2, STA 45, LD/AD 10.

Skills: Athletics 2/+2, Combat Sense 3/0, Dodge 2/+1, Dreaming 2/+2, Firearms 2/+1, Hand-to-Hand 3/+1, Human Perception 2/+2, Intimidation 3/+2, Leadership 2/+1, Melee 3/+2, Notice 2/0, Ritual 2/+1, Sneak 2/+1, Speak (Tribal) 2/+1, Survival 2/0, Tactics 1/0.

Edge: Nearly all the Tusks in Capal will listen to Dernai when he speaks, as will Altara Ven and Deus. He also carries an Old World musket, a flintlock.

Tusks of Capal: Growth of Trees

The words of Dernai to Alienor:

Heroes came to us, chosen by the spirits, and asked of our great father Boarhead that he give them support in driving out the sickness that had rooted deep in the land of Capal. Boarhead feared no man, not even the great heroes, but he respected the wishes of the spirits, and so with glad heart sent out his strongest, bravest warriors — his Tusks. We came in great numbers to fight beside the heroes of the Eighth and their Tribal brothers. There were Tusks at the Stand of St Foy, and our guns were loud the day the Citadel fell. Some of our greatest were even in the Forlorn Hope, and gave their blood to mingle with the blood of the martyrs of the Eighth. In the long winter after the war ended the Tusks stayed to finish the Z'bri, to help root them out and chase them into the wastelands once and for all. They stayed because no Tusk will ever leave a battle unfinished. To desert is the act of a coward, and brings the wrath of the spirits.

So we stayed through the winter, and fought and starved and bled with the Eighth and the Great Tribes. When spring came, many members of the Eighth turned to us and called us brother. They gave us houses to live in, side by side with their heroes, as though we were all bands of brothers. Those we had fought with in Cells, which we thought of as just a band of an army, accepted us as blood and kin. I can remember the day when my new sister Alexis turned to me and said, "You are one of the Eighth, what is your vote?" I must have looked a fish, with my eyes popping and jaw working stupidly. I was one of the Eighth? I remember casting my vote and helping my Cell, my family of honor, determine what course they would follow in the next year.

After I had put in my voice, how could I leave? I had to stay and see that my honor family was well. So did many others. Many thousands of Tusks stayed here, with their new families. Of course they were families that confused us mightily. I spent a full two years living here, only leaving for a few short months to visit my other family in the mountains, before I felt that I knew your people. I know that to this day others, Tusks and the others of the Confederation who have come to live in Capal, still do not feel that they know you. The Eighth are a strange people, and even though I know your ways I cannot say they make sense.

How do I mean? You worship the spirit of Mek The Jacker, who was once a man, but you do not worship the spirits of the rivers. Indeed, you often talk of spirits as equals or lessers. At the same time your Great Tribes and Lesser Tribes worship the Fatimas, who are and are not spirits. Sometimes they kill people for the Fatimas, which is holy, but then when we kill people for the spirits they become angry. How is it right that they worship their spirits and we not worship ours? It is not just that; you also treat each other, even members of the Eighth, as though you were enemies. I have seen Deus and Hal, who should be like brothers, scream at each other in rage, only to have both of them turn on Helem when he tries to bring peace between them. You tattoo your bodies, knowing that such is sacred, then debase your bodies and the spirit marks upon them in orgies and revels that the Oneida would fear. You are a strange and frightening people.

You are, however, family, just as much as my blood is family. Capal need not fear for the loyalty of the Tusks who stayed behind. Though we still owe obedience to Boarhead, we owe loyalty and love to the Eighth, and we will not forget that.

Tusks: Divided Loyalty

As written by Nathan of the Irinakoïw Tusks:

I write you this letter that your chronicle of Capal might be complete. Dernai is a very good man, one of the best, but he is also Tuscarora, and that colors his view. His people are always looking to the future, and so they often miss the present. That could be envy speaking on my part, as the Tuscarora Tusks have had an easier time in Capal than the rest of us. Their people accept that they must make a future, and so accept their divided loyalty without question. The rest of us have not all been so lucky — especially not the Irinakoïw. We grew up with Boarhead as our father, and choosing between one family that demands all loyalty and a second family that demands all obedience is not an easy task. It is one that may well make many of us snap.

So far there has been no war between the Confederation and Capal. Many of the Confederation even live here in Capal now, moved here in the last winters to join their Tusk relatives. This is good, because it means that for now we do not have to make the ugly choice. However there has been conflict between Boarhead and the Eighth. Such is inevitable, as both are King Boar. They must clash occasionally to mark out their territory. Those times when they do flash their tusks at each other are hard on the Tusks. Both of our families demand that we be loyal to them and not to the other family that we love so well. It hurts, and it angers us. We have given blood to both families, why can't they be content? I fear that some day Boarhead and the Eighth will do more than snort and stamp their hooves at each other. If they ever actually go to war I do not know what will happen to us, but I know that it will be bad for all involved.

Bad as that is, there are problems inside Capal that are just as dangerous. I went to Sanjon with members of the Eighth, and I helped them fight against Hattan and Z'bri both. I returned with them to Capal and I fought at the Citadel and when Cht'aux fell. I tried to join the Hope, but was turned away. I fought after, however, and I fought all winter long. No one has ever doubted my bravery, or that of my brothers who fought with me. The Tusks fought as hard and bloody a battle as the former Fallen did, and we stood by them even when members of the Lesser Tribes crawled home. But are we treated as equals? No. The prejudice is not as blatant as it is against others, but it is there. Despite the fact that we bled and died for Capal, many of the Eighth see us as lesser little brothers, not quite worthy of full respect. If someone who was Fallen before they became of the Eighth speaks against someone who was a Tusk before joining the Eighth, the word of the once-Fallen is always taken above the Tusk's. If a position of leadership is available to either a Tusk or a Fallen, it will be the Fallen who takes it.

We, all of us, say that we are the Eighth, and that we are strong and united. It is not true, not yet. There are still old prejudices, old rivalries, old ideas of what the Eighth is and should be, that hold us apart. I warn you now that we were always given respect in the Confederation. If you have two families, and they start to fight, which would you side with — the one who pats you on the head and sends you away from the table, or the one who lets you sit at the head of the feast?



Nathan of the Irinakoïw

Nathan was one of the earliest Tusks to give his loyalty to Capal and the Eighth. Having traveled with heroes of the Army of Liberation, he had seen first hand how brave and powerful the Eighth were, and how much their anger was to be feared. So when a chance to join with them in the new city was offered to him, he accepted it without hesitation. The passing years, however, have made him wonder if that choice was wise. He still loves the Irinakoïw, and is still very loyal to Boarhead. The fact that Capal and Boarhead often disagree, and that he is forced to pick sides or be seen as a traitor by both of his families, has left him wondering what he can possibly do in order to maintain his honor. He is only mildly bitter about the situation, but with time that bitterness could grow.

Highlights: Experienced, capable, divided.

Attributes: AGI +1, APP -1, BLD +1, CRE -1, FIT +1, PER +1, PSY +1, WIL +2, STR +1, HEA +1, STA 30, ULD 8, AD 8

Skills: Athletics 2/+1, Combat Sense 2/+1, Dodge 2/+1, Firearms 2/+1, Hand-to-Hand 3/+1, Melee 3/+1, Notice 2/+1, Speak (Keeper Sanjon Dialect) 1/0, Speak (Tribal) 3/0, Survival 2/0, Tactics 1/-1, Throwing 2/+1.

Edge: Friends with Forlorn Hope vets as well as many Irinakoïw Tusks.

Keepers: Engineers of Capal

Arcturius of the Fury of Vision catalogs the Keepers:

There are approximately 150 Keepers in the city of Capal, though that number comprises only the year-round residents. At any time, it is prone to double depending on the season, the discovery, or by whim. There are three Cells that consist entirely of Keepers. **The Fraternity of Freedom**, led by Garoth Samuels, **The Iron Link** by Maxim Jones, and **The Fury of Vision**, by myself. Between us, we figure just over a sixth of the city's Keeper population, and represent half the Keeper contribution to the Eighth Tribe.

Arcturius of the Fury of Vision

Arcturius never stopped watching and learning the ways of the Tribals.

He knows from observation, that although custom, dress and belief define them as different from the Keepers, the same river of greed, fear, love, hope and ambition roils underneath both peoples to the same degree. Arcturius can see a future in which the Keepers and the Eighth Tribe have reached a happy medium; the city of lights and roads and vehicles and utilities that his ancestors knew is to be laid over the form, function and people of Capal.

He has been working with the Fury through long dark nights over blueprints of the city's hydroelectric, sewage and construction grids, and together they are working on a plan to resurrect the facilities of Capal. He plans to leverage his influence with the Keepers against the Convocation of Cells in order to overcome the Eighth Tribe's technophobia and build the city of his dreams.

Highlights: Savvy, smart, political

Attributes: APP+1, CRE+2, KNO+2, INF+2, PER+1, PSY+1, WIL+2, STA, UID, AD

Skills: Camouflage 1/+2, Disguise 1/+2, Etiquette 2/+2, Human Perception 2/+1, Leadership 2/+2, Lore (Fallen) 2/+2, Lore (Keeper) 2/+2, Notice 2/+1, Read/Write (Keepspeak) 2/+1, Techlore (Mechanics) 1/+1, Theatrics 1/+2, Technosmithing (Jury Rig) 1

Garoth is an idealistic young man who works hard at bringing we Relics out into the light of day, and establishing the communication networks we need. Although he and his crew live in the city, only half of them are present at any one time. They make frequent sojourns to Sanjon, to Vimary, and further west to Bury and beyond, bringing with them tales of the cosmopolitan promise of Capal. It will be the Fraternity who will assure Capal's continual supply of gunpowder from the easterners, and who will, with time and by information Garoth has gleaned there, allow us a network of instant information stretching as far west as Onto, and east straight back out to the sea. Garoth is an asset to your Nation, as uninterested as he is in the workings of your city. He would like to think that he understands your culture, but does not.

Maxim and the Link, the smallest Cell, are less interested in people altogether. They are more insular, more suspicious, and more closely guarded than Garoth's people or mine. They have amassed ancient texts from several of Capal's fallen libraries and emporiums, and spend most of their time studying them. Maxim has no interest in participating in your politics, venturing out in your city or seeing more people than absolutely required. Most of the Eighth Tribe likely view the Link as the worst of the "old-style" Keepers, and although this is laden with a delectable irony, it is true enough, in that Maxim is the kind of Keeper that people will remember from Vimary — barricaded, with a measure of thinly veiled hostility. He and the Link have been recognized as a Cell, I am sure, only because they have contributed substantially to the health of its populace. His analysis and clumsy, though effective, purification process of the city's water stores our first year in saved a great many from dying of the Rot.

You may guess that Maxim and Garoth are none too friendly, but you should know that I am your key to both locks. There is not a Relic on this shore whom I do not know by face, family, or contribution, nor is there one that does not claim to know me well.

The Fury of Vision has plans for your city, and while we do not wish to control it, we do wish to see it improved. We have got our hands on valuable information that has the capability to transform the world you live in. We will one day be able to give Capal the power and means to become a city to be reckoned with: fortified, prosperous and effective. I shall not explain it all to you now, but be aware that I am, just now, the mouthpiece of the Keepers of Capal. As such I will be laying out the benefits of the pieces before you, showing how one may prosper by the implementation of Vision. It will be then that I shall be the voice over your shoulder, and only then shall I need your support in return.

Greater Tribes

Addendum to the Census of Capal:

After speaking with a passel of Joanites, I have come to the unfortunate conclusion that the lines between the Eighth Tribe and the rest of Capal's residents — especially those within the **Greater Tribes** — are not as clear as I believed before. Of the five I spoke with, two were members of the Eighth Tribe and three were not. Each was very cognizant of who was and was not a member, and the greater responsibilities and honor that lay on the member's shoulders. Yet all five carried themselves with an identical pride. When I asked how the members of the Eighth Tribe could walk alongside those who had not earned that privilege as if they were all equals, they replied that they were, in a way. The five Joanites were cousins, and members of the same Clan. All five worshiped Joan, who taught them that all were equal under Her love.

I walked away thoroughly confused. How strange it must be, I mused, to be both in and out of the Eighth Tribe at once, to worship a Fatima with one's birth Tribe and the One Goddess with the Eighth, to owe loyalty to family and clan while upholding the charge given by the Jacker. Some Joanite families were accepted wholesale into the Eighth Tribe; others were accepted piecemeal, creating a strange connection between the unaccepted and the Eighth Tribe. Somehow, even without being recognized and inducted, they work towards the fulfillment of our destiny. I feel I must include the Greater Tribes in this census for completion's sake; I only hope the weather will hold until I am done.



The Flying Flower

This subtle Z'bri trap is a small flower with purple leaves and bright golden seeds. Magdalites and Squat brewers have both found that when the seeds are ground into a paste and then mixed with fermenting grape juice, the resulting drink is a powerful euphoric that grants the imbiber a sense of near-invulnerability. Needless to say the concoction sells very well among the lower castes of Capal, who want to feel free and powerful, even if just for an hour.

What no one knows (though some, like Chetta, are starting to suspect) is that long term use of the Flying Flower causes the imbiber to slowly lose the ability to connect to the River of Dream. Long term use (such as several months of occasional use, or a single month of nightly use) causes all of the imbiber's Synthesis and Dreaming rolls to be made at a -1, exactly as if she were in Z'bri lands, and Synthesis use will cause Equilibrium loss on a MOF of 3 (rather than 5) or more. The imbiber will start to have horrible nightmares, which can only be calmed by drinking more. After a year of such use, the imbiber will lose all ability to channel the River of Dream, and will start to cause a -1 penalty to the rolls of all those who try to do so within five yards of her.

Flying Flower: Potency 8 Effects
Euphoric Onset Time 10 minutes
Value Average (5)

4. A Diverse and Varied ...



Helem Amankin Jacobi'on

Helem took up the path of the Hermit Blade just after he watched Tera Sheba kill Lilith. Feeling lost, he wandered far from Vimary, returning to Joan's side during the Liberation of Capal after She had been wounded by Wymwood. He carried with him the blades of several Hermit Blades who had died waiting for Joan to free Herself, and that night the ghosts of the former owners returned to Joan's service.

Joan kept him near Her side after that, taking his advice and giving him responsibility within Her Tribe. He was again made a Templar, and was given the job of liaison with the Children of Lilith. He did well, and Joan has made him the head of the Templar guard — one of the most powerful men in the Tribe. Helem now hopes that Joan and the Eighth together can build a better life in Capal.

Highlights: Thoughtful, Centered, Cautiously Optimistic

Attributes: AGI +1, APP +1, BLD +3, CRE +1, FIT +2, KNO +1, PSY +2, WIL +1, STR +2, HEA +2, STA 50, UUD/AD 11.

Skills: Ambush 2/+1, Archery 2/+1, Athletics 2/+2, Camouflage 1/+1, Combat Sense 3/0, Dreaming 1/+2, Dodge 3/+1, Hand-to-Hand 3/+1, Human Perception 1/+2, Intimidate 2/+3, Law 1/+1, Leadership 2/0, Lore (Joan) 2/+1, Lore (Outlands) 2/+1, Melee 3/+1, Navigation (Land) 2/+1, Notice 2/0, Riding 2/+2, Ritual 1/+1, Sneak 2/+1, Speak (Joanite) 2/+1, Survival 2/+1, Tactics 3/+1, Teaching 2/+1, Throwing 2/+1, Synthesis (Battle, Sacrifice, Rage) 3.

Edge: One of the most senior Templars, and much loved by Joan.

Joanites: Noble Warriors

Spoken by Helem Amankin Jacobi'on, Templar:

Ah, Alienor, come in, please. Altara told me you'd be stopping by, and I've been expecting you. I just have to tell you, I think what you are doing is a noble thing. We had enough of secrets and misremembered lore back on Vimary. Capal should be a new start, and everything here should be done on the level and on the record. If we are to build a new city, maybe even the Third City that Doomsayers are so busy denying, then we need to do so together.

So, let me tell you about the Joanites of Capal. First off, we are considered one of the Greater Tribes, which is an honor. Even more than that, many Joanites — myself included — are members of Cells of the Eighth. Because of the long history between the Fallen and the Joanites, not everything has been easy, but the work is being done and we are starting to grow together. A large part of it started with Lilith, of course. That brave Fatima's life brought me, and several other Templars, to start seeing the Eighth as it really was. Her sacrifice brought Joan out of Her long sleep, and forced Her to open Her glorious eyes. After that, when Fallen saved Joan's soul in the River of Dream, we started to come together. By the time of the Liberation of Capal, we stood shoulder to shoulder. Other than the Jackers, Templars made the biggest segment of the Forlorn Hope, and Joanite Cavalry was essential to Mek's victory at Sant Foy.

Because we had grown so close, in the aftermath of Liberation, the Joanites were in a good position to help build Capal. Most of us were members of Cells, and Joan Herself stood with us. She has spent the most time in Capal of all the Fatimas, and has done so without trying to impose Her will upon those who do not wish it. Because of Her presence, and because of the superior way in which we were treated here, many of our Tribe made the long journey from Vimary to join us. Now more Joanites live in Capal than in Vimary, and we have grown to be one of the largest Tribes. We may even outnumber the Evans now, though it must be a close thing.

Inside the Tribe we have maintained the same organization that we always have. The only real difference is that now in addition to Clan, Family, and Guild we have a Cell as well. The role that a Cell plays in a Joanite's life depends largely on the people involved. Many of the Old Guard see their Cell as little more than a political necessity. Moderates, such as myself, see it as a second family. Some of the younger members of the Tribe, especially those with ties to the New Bloods, see it as more immediate than family, just as family is more immediate than clan. Some of them have even married into their Cell, making it family in every way.

In return for the hospitality and welcome that the Eighth has given to the Joanites, we give protection and security. While the Jackers do the important work of scouring the Z'bri from the Outlands, we stand ready to defend Capal if it is attacked while they are away. We have used our knowledge of fortifications and engineering to help rebuild and strengthen the defenses of the city. We are scattered between Cells, and even between cities, but we stand ready to mobilize at a moment's notice. In all things we stand ready to serve our Goddess and help our sisters of the Eighth.

Joanites: Mercenary Brothers

Words of Martin Jacobi'on:

Helem Amankin is as good a man as I've known. Everything that he told you was true as the sky is high, but he did leave a few things out. If you don't mind, I could fill in the gaps. It's a poor soldier that doesn't give a full report, you understand.

The biggest thing that the Old Man didn't tell you was about what it's like for those of us who aren't members of a Cell. Now I'm sure you're expecting me to start bitching and whining about how we get short shrift, and how we always have to dig the latrines and all that crap. Well, forget that. We got it good. Not as good as those who are a part of a Cell, mind you, but still good. Mostly it's 'cause when anyone in Capal sees a Joanite, they just expect that you're a member of a Cell, or have a brother who is. Almost no one here looks down their nose at us, save the ones that look down their noses at everyone. We don't really have a vote in how things are run, but so what? I didn't have a vote back on Vimary either. We're soldiers, and we do what we're told. It's a good way to live, you know; you don't get all that anxiety about the future and doing the right thing all the time.

Still, in this place you have to have friends if you wanna survive. Most of us stay close with the family we have that is in a Cell, and who can call in big guns to protect us. Most of us don't mind that they have double allegiance, 'cause they do look out for us. You can't always go running to your big brother though, and so a lot of us "little brothers" have started setting up groups of our own. We work as mercenaries, working as bodyguards for important folk, fighting against the squats down south who give the Confederation trouble, and doing some free work for our 'big brothers' when they need it.

The biggest mercenary bands right now are **Cauldon's Twenty**, **Boar's Boys** and **Freebooters**. Cauldon's is run by a guy named, you guessed it, Cauldon, and there are — right again — twenty of us. We do lots of bodyguard work, especially for important folk — Hal always has two of us at his side. Boar's Boys work with the Tusks, and hire out to Boarhead, who apparently likes their skills as Dreamers, to fight down south. The Freebooters give us all a bad name; they're the ones that get drunk, start fights, and sleep with people's sons and daughters. I don't know why Joan and Helem don't do something about them.



Martin of the Twenty

When he was 16, Martin was wounded in the battle following the Ziggurat's collapse. He went home, intending to settle in and get married and raise children to protect Vimary. He was unable, and perhaps unwilling, to march with the army to Capal. Instead he stayed home with his Dahlian wife, helping to rebuild Vimary. Two years later his wife died of Kola's plague, and Martin was left without a family of his own. His brothers had come to Capal, and so he followed, despondent and uncertain of his future. Though he came too late to be accepted into a Cell, and has not shown much wish to join one since, the fact that he was both a Joanite and a war veteran assured him of a decent reception in the new city. Since that time he's worked as a bodyguard for various members of the Jacobi'on clan, and once for Altara Ven, when Deus hired him to keep his wife safe.

Highlights: Practical, forthright.

Attributes: BLD +1, FIT +3, PSY +1, STR +2, HEA +1, STA 35, UUD/AD 8

Skills: Athletics 2/+3, Combat Sense 2/0, Dodge 2/0, Hand-to-Hand 2/0, Intimidate 3/+1, Melee 2/0, Notice 3/0, Sneak 1/0, Tactics 1/0, Synthesis 1 (Sacrifice).

Edge: Friends with Altara Ven.

Agnites: Run Around Town

An interview with Cee Cee Runnerabout, Agnite:

Me, me, talk to me! My name? I'm Cee Cee Runnerabout because I run a lot for Agnes and I make sure She knows everything that is going on that needs to be knowing. It is a very important job, I'll have you know. You're the one taking the census, right? Thought so. Do you need any help? I'm very fast on my legs and know all the right questions to ask. Oh, almost done? Oh.

Well, sure, I can do that; I can tell you all you want to know about Agnites and Agnes. Well, all that you want to know that isn't secret, that is. Sure we still have secrets, doesn't everyone? Capal may be our city of hope, but everything has a shadow.

Here in Capal, a lot of us work as Runners, like I do, but I answer to Agnes Herself, so this makes me a little more important than the others. But not a lot; Agnes says that Capal is our destiny and everyone has the right to make it their own, so that means I can't rub it in anyone's face. And I don't, honest. Being an Agnite isn't as easy as you might think it is; we're not just kids here playing in the dirt, I'll have you know. We're runners and explorers; students, teachers, rule keepers and breakers. Agnites walk the glittering streets of Capal with a freedom so few really possess. We have a mask for every face in Capal, and try them on at various hours of the day. Eventually we'll find one that fits us, but in the meantime, we swap them around. But I was telling you *about* the Agnites, not telling you how to *be* an Agnite.

After the siege of Capal. . . yeah, we were there, are you nuts? *Everyone* was there, including us. The Child hated the Abominations as much as those on Hom, so why wouldn't She be there to watch them fall? As I was saying — what? Are you going to interrupt everything I say? No, not really; a few of us were in Cells, mostly kids who'd already traveled with Dahlians as Mascots, but for the most part, we stayed with Agnes. I don't know if this makes us a Tribe anymore, or just a pack of kids, but we stick together. Sometimes people get all riled up about us: are we Fallen? Well, no, because our Fatima is here. Are we still Tribal then? Well, sort of, but Agnes lives for Capal now. So, then we're part of the Eighth Tribe, right? Usually the shouting gets too loud at that point, and we all wander away, and really, does it matter who we are at this point? This is Capal, after all.

Cee Cee Runnerabout of the Agnites

An innocent at heart, Cee Cee is loyal to Capal, the ideals of the future, and above all, Agnes. Where Agnes goes, Cee Cee goes, rarely in a quiet fashion. During the Siege, she stood firmly by Agnes' side. As the bodies of her fellow Children piled up before the wall, she crawled over their bodies to throw herself against the Z'bri. Still young at the time, she only understood the struggle in terms of Right and Wrong: she was right in slaying them because they were wrong in existing. There were very few grays in her world. Now, however, Capal is nothing but a sheet of gray, ideas coming together as they never have before. Like many Agnites, Cee Cee is confused about her place in Capal. As she pushes forward through prophecy, she searches for her place in the scheme of things to come.

Highlights: Frenetic, Optimistic, Distracted

Eminences: Inspiration and Motion

Attributes: BLD -1, CRE +2, FIT +1, KNO +1, PER +1, WIL -1

Skills: Combat Sense 2/+1, Craft (Painting) 2/+2, Dodge 2/0, Melee 1/0, Notice 1/+1, Read/Write 1/+1, Sneak 2/+1, Streetwise 2/0, Synthesis (NaOvetE) 2

Edge: One of five personal messengers used by Agnes, and as such a valued Favorite



Dahlia's: The Caravan of the Sail

Dian, Dahlian of the Sail, explains:

Sure, Laran is still around and still in charge, living high on the hog — with the waistband to prove it. If you're doing a census, you'll want to know how many of us there are, but I honestly couldn't say. We've got so many boats on the water these days it's hard to keep track. These last couple of years we've been fledged to — had people join up — like it was Tamta all year; and not just with birds in season, if you know what I mean. It's true we've got a great deal of people in our Cell, but if you asked some poor Tinker down by the dock if he's a Sailor? He's apt to say yes, just to avoid being kicked.

In the first year we only did one trip down west to check in on things back in Vimary — to see if Eva'd opened Her leaves or if the people of Westholm had climbed over their walls. In the next year, we had to go three times, the year following, ten. Now there are two runs a month out and two landing's in, just to keep the goods and people moving.

Early on, Laran had a heart-to-heart with Vesprus, and the two of them struck up a deal. The Morning Star's an adjunct of the Sail now, though they're rarely in town. They spend most of the year in the Outlands north, east and south of here. They keep up communication and transfer with the Boarhead Confederacy, have made contact with the Leox, and keep in close contact with the Sanjon, too. I hear tell that there's one or two that are even learning how to communicate with the Silent Ones.

Handfuls of the other Caravans have joined up with us as well, but we don't just take anybody in. Not all of Dahlia's children have fared as well as we have. Both the Onhom Path and the Bone Road seem to have gone underground or disbanded. The Red Dawn has been permitted to house up in one of the empty warehouse buildings down in the Sillery. Funny enough, the Keepers don't seem to mind them around at all. Though there are only a few of them left, most of have picked up some measure of the old languages in the last couple of years. I heard a bunch of Keeps on the dock a while back talking about a play the Dawn had staged — entirely in Gaelish — from some mildew-y old text they'd found in the rubble.

The Heartland spends most of its time loitering in Little Bazaar playing music in the streets or composing ballads on commission. They're not technically part of the Eighth Tribe, but they're fun and innocuous, so nobody seems to pay them any mind. The Tinkers share the market space with them, and for the most part, do what Tinkers have always done. Both of them have to rely on us to represent their needs to the Nation, but that's fine by us. We've had to put a reign on their pranks a couple of times — the tricks of the Trickster have got to keep a lower profile in the City of Hope. It wouldn't do at all to end up in the position the Yagans or Magdalites have gotten themselves into — but I do have to say that they make an easy target or scapegoat when the cask's got to be aired.

I can't say as I mind this new arrangement at all. I always said, back in the day, that the Fallen weren't a bad lot, and that anybody with half a brain in their head should expect some pretty big changes. I guess I was right, 'cause here we are, brand new, forging a Nation hand in hand. Praise the Eighth Tribe.



Dian of the Sail

A New Blood for as long as the Bloods have been around, Dian was more than happy to join up with a Capal Cell and start trading between Capal and Vimary. She's an ambitious young woman, and has been making friends left, right, and center with her charming and gregarious ways. She also has shown that she is competent and skilled, and has managed to gain Laran's (the leader of the Caravan of the Sail) trust. She hopes that next time the Caravan of the Sail is given permission to form a new Cell, she'll be appointed as its Little Trickster. While she wouldn't kill for the job, she may well publicly humiliate anyone who got in her way.

Highlights: Ambitious, gregarious, burlesque

Attributes: AGI +1, BLD -1, CRE +1, INF +2, PSY -1, HEA -1, STA 15, LUD/AD 3.

Skills: Acrobatics 1/+1, Athletics 1/0, Boating 2/0, Combat Sense 1/0, Dodge 2/+1, Hagglng 2/+2, Hand-to-Hand 1/+1, Lore (Great River) 1/0, Melee (dagger) 1/+1, Navigation (Great River) 2/0, Slight-of-Hand 1/+1, Sneak 1/+1, Streetwise 1/+2, Swimming 2/0, Theatrics 2/+2, Trade 1/0.

Edge: Well connected with Dahlians in Capal and Vimary.

4. A Diverse and Varied ...

Lesser Tribes

Further Addendum to the Census of Capal:

Many worthy souls live among the Greater Tribes, not yet recognized for the honor and duty they do for Capal; I have seen them. They work alongside their accepted sisters and brothers, assisting their families and clans even in Capal, where the Eighth Tribe likes to think that the old ways are dead. The Tribals who have joined the Eighth Tribe turn and sponsor their families, and I have no doubt that we will see all these noble folk among our ranks as accepted members eventually.

Such consideration has turned my eyes to the rest of Capal, for if I am to include, as I have, the members of the Greater Tribes whom I believe will one day join us, I do not think I can ignore those who belong to the **Lesser Tribes**, either. Even if they hail from Tribes who did not support the Crusades against the H'I Kar and Capal, even if their Tribes were reviled by the Eighth Tribe, even if they came to Capal as refugees with no wealth or skills other than a strong back, do they not have some value themselves? Today they are used as little more than brute labor, but perhaps someday some of these may join the Eighth Tribe. How can I omit them, when they receive the same promise that the Eighth Tribe extends to all who serve and sacrifice for Capal?

Yanasain Yanas'on

The training required to be a Little Crone is long and hard, and insists that one come to believe absolutely in the will of the Fatima and Her place in the grand scheme of things.

Yanasain went through all the training, raised almost from the cradle to take her mother's place as the head of her clan. She loved Baba Yaga, and knew that the Fatima would never leave them, would never let them wander lost as their ancestors once had. Then Baba Yaga withdrew, and Her voice was no longer heard. Her people starved, and there was no one to guide them. Yanasain had to become a leader in every way, and had to learn to make hard choices. She led her people to Capal, where there was at least food and protection. Now she does her best to hold her clan together, praying for Baba Yaga to speak to them again.

Highlights: Disheartened, disinherited, lost.

Attributes: AGI -1, BLD -2, FIT -1, KNO +2, PER +2, PSY -1, WIL +1, HEA -1, STA 10, UD/AD 1.

Skills: Dreaming 2/-1, Herbalism 1/+2, Lore (River of Dream) 2/+2, Mythology 2/+2, Ritual 2/+2, Teaching 1/0, Synthesis 2.

Edge: Leader of a small clan of Yagans.

Yagans: Death-Rattle of the Past

Yanasin, Little Crone, reports to Alienor:

I couldn't tell you how many we are in all, but my own flock is but forty strong. Strong backs for lifting, strong hands for chopping, strong voices for calling the animals home. It's an acrid sort of irony that the Tribe of Death now fulfills the functions that the Tribe of Life once knew. Our scythes cull the fields now, not the flesh.

Somehow, in the siege of Capal, all of the Eighth Tribe and even the Tribals lost their connection to death and the cycle. I could put it up to the fact that our dead would not stay dead; when one must strike knife and axe into the hearts of lover and kin, it is understandable how the living might choose to disassociate with the fallen flesh. I suppose it should be no surprise that we were the first to be disenfranchised, for there are even those among the Eighth Tribe that blame us for the restlessness of the dead.

It has been said that the corruption of Capal is not the source of the turmoil, but that Baba Yaga Herself is lurking in the shadows of the River, forcing the souls of the Eighth Tribe back into their rotting corpses as punishment. When such things are whispered, eyes narrow on all of Her children. Of course, I do not mean to say that is in any way true, or that your dead are not still our business. Although we are strictly forbidden to perform death rites, when someone dies, it is still the Yagans that are called. Small groups of crones known as **Takers** are sent to fetch the corpse and discreetly bring it down winding back alleys to be sealed in rank Cellars. Any that see the corpse's passage avert their gazes. The Takers are the lowest of Capal's low. Considered tainted, they are written off as invisible, inaudible, stained. We are even forbidden to perform death rites for our own, though I still hope that my children will thwart the law for me when my time comes.

No need to level your brow at me that way, I do not rally my people around me; I serve no threat. We all do what we must to make the spine of the Nation as strong as our own. I just can't help but think that we have the potential to play a more vital part of the forging of the city we too fought and died to secure. Our literacy in the matters of death and of dream could help you scourge the stain of the Beasts from the waters of the River, help you free the spindling hold of the land's history and cast it adrift.

We have been told with no uncertainty that we can not be trusted, that should the Bone Rattlers — as you call us now — rouse with you in your rituals, that we would tarnish the pattern of your Synthesis with Yagan will. I am surprised that you do not understand us better. Only the Crone Herself could bend the River in that way, and aside from the thin shades of Her I see in my dreams, She seems all but lost to us.

We do the best we can to keep up our traditions in Her silence, to let Her know that She is missed and that we wait for Her return with every measure of our labors. Unless Mother Death comes to tell us otherwise, you will have no trouble from us. We do our best to keep our bone rattling out of your ears.

Evans: Hope and Toil

Eddmun, Evan fieldhand, speaks:

Ho there! Careful girl — er, my apologies, ma'am. I did not see your tattoos. I had thought you were — ahm. I am gravely sorry, Lightbringer. I should be more attentive when driving a cart through Little Bazaar. Can I offer you a nice melon for restitution? No, this cartload isn't mine, but I'll tell the Cell I work for that I used one. They will take it out of my weekly rations, I suppose, but it will not be a problem. My Cell hails from the Riverside, and are noble Joanites. If I am honest, they do right by me.

I am sorry, ma'am, what is what like? To work the fields in Capal, you mean? Or to be an Evan so far from his Fatima? I suppose there is little difference between the two. Did you ever consider that every Evan you see in Capal had to leave her Fatima to come here? The Joanites talk about bravery and courage all the time, but they came in the Warrior's retinue. We Evans had to have the courage to leave our Fatima, comatose in the center of the Firmament. We had to give up on Her, and realize that our Fatima had failed us. How different are we than the Fallen who turned their backs on their Fatimas? It takes a great deal of courage to overcome that collapse of faith, a courage which we are not recognized for.

The Evans came to Capal in waves. First were those who accompanied the army as healers and militia; some of these are now members of the Eighth Tribe, and examples for us all. After the Army settled here, many Tribals and even some of the once-Fallen sent home for their families in the Tribe of Eva. They had lands they did not know how to manage, and too few hands to work them, so they sent for us, their family among another tribe, for help. For some time, we believed that Capal was an invitation-only affair, that those of us who did not have family in Capal would not be welcome here. The Dahlians proved our salvation. They traveled from Vimary to Capal, whether they were welcome or not, and brought us news of still more fields going fallow for lack of hands. Many of us — especially the poorer families, or those whose lands are still trapped inside the Firmament — left Vimary then, forming ourselves into a caravan of our own, and came here.



Eddmun Chopin

Always a quiet boy, careful not to break things with his vast girth, Eddmun was often overlooked by his Clan and Tribe. After all, he was one of the solid, salt of the earth types who would made up the backbone of the Tribe, working dawn to dusk and never complaining. He didn't need attention, because he could take care of himself. When Eva went to sleep in the heart of Firmament Eddmun stayed on for years, and those left in Vimary took him for granted as they ever had. No one noticed when Eddmun decided, after a long night of arguments and tears, to leave his home and family and find a new life. He traveled all the way from Vimary to Capal alone and on foot and fearlessly approached the Joanites to ask for land to farm. Impressed with his courage they gave it to him, and now Eddmun is quietly building a new life.

Highlights: Firm, salt-of-the-earth, liberty seeker.

Attributes: BLD +3, PSY +1, STR +1, STA 40, UD 7, AD 6.

Skills: Agriculture 2/0, Animal Handling 2/0, Athletics 1/0, Combat Sense 1/0, Cooking 2/0, Haggling 1/0, Hand-to-Hand 1/0, Intimidate 1/+3, Survival 1/0, Trade 2/0.

Edge: As a hard worker, Eddmun has the goodwill of his patron Cell. He may be offered membership soon.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Odette Deanakin

Coming to Capal with the Army of Liberation, Odette has seen everything the city has to offer, and has watched the current balance of power. Using her position as a "liaison" with the Tusks, Odette managed to bribe, seduce, and trick her way into running the House of Masks, technically owned by veterans of the Hope. She has used her considerable charm and political acumen to become one of the greatest unacknowledged leaders of Capal. Though she does not completely control the sex-trade in Capal, Odette has at least a piece of almost all the action in town.

Time has left Odette tired of bowing and scraping and having to satisfy the needs of others in order to keep her position. It galls her that men and women who come begging to her bed at night treat her as a second class citizen during the day. In her eyes it is time for a change, time for the Magdalites to show Capal that they are not a "lesser Tribe" and that they are worthy of respect — and fear.

Highlights: Hungry for respect, sleeky

Attributes: AGI +1, APP +3, BLD -1, INF +1, KNO +1, PSY -1, HEA -1, STA 15, AD 3, UD 2.

Skills: Dance 2/+1, Etiquette 2/+1, Grooming 2/+3, Hagglng 3/+2, Interrogation (sexual) 3/0, Melee 1/+1, Notice 2/0, Seduction 3/+3, Theatrics 2/+1.

Edge: Mistress of the House of Masks.

What we found amazed and confounded us. There were fallow fields, yes, but they were owned — or, I should say, stewarded — by Cells of the Eighth Tribe. The only way that we could work those fields was to work for the Cells who operated them. We went from masters of our own paltry fates on Vimary to laborers on another woman's lands in Capal. Don't get me wrong, ma'am — for most of us, life was better here than it was there. Evans have always been a independent lot, though, and sometimes it galls us to work for someone else, outside the Tribe.

That is why, I think, the impulse to join the Eighth Tribe is so strong among us. We long to work our own lands and produce with our labor something that we can call our own. As long as we work others' lands, all efforts go towards their goals, not ours. We toil in the fields of our Cells all day, and then come into Capal at night to curry favor with others in the Eighth Tribe, trying to find a place for ourselves among them. We look out beyond the fields of Riverside and the Maize Bank, the land along the Granddally blacktop all the way back to Vimary, and we wonder whose land that is. Might we, through our hard work, earn the right to call those fields our own? Might we one day call ourselves members of the Eighth, and masters of our own destiny?

Magdalites: Looking Up

From the Words of Odette:

I hope you are more comfortable here than you were this morning at the Green Room. I shall start my tale of the Magdalites of Capal by telling you that we were the first from Vimary to walk these streets. There were Diplomats and Withered Roses who came here, who learned of Capal at the cost of their lives and souls, years before anyone on Hom turned their eyes to the North. That is something that should be remembered, that it was not only the Eighth that paid for the Liberation of Capal with blood and sacrifice. We too have our martyrs, and they should have earned us a place of respect here.

A few Magdalites, myself among them, came to Capal with the Army of Liberation. Magdalen Herself marched with the army, and helped to create the breach that allowed the Hope to save the city. Though She has since returned to Vimary, She left Her mark here, and that too should be remembered. Even now, when we are treated poorly, the Lover sends more of us here to help strengthen and build the city and its relations with the rest of the world. We want Capal to succeed, and we have supported it since its foundation. Diplomats come here from Vimary, not just to keep communications between the two cities open, but to help your leaders with the problems of dealing with the squats and the distant threat of Hattan.

For all that, however, we are still seen as second class citizens, not worthy of holding anything of worth or power. I am one of the few who have attained a position of respect, and that is only because I am protected by powerful members of the Eighth. For the rest it is not so easy, and life can be very hard. Many Magdalites end up living and working at the **House of Masks**, even those who were not raised as Concubines. It is a hard pill for a Diplomat to swallow, coming here to help only to be reduced to the level of a whore. Of course, those who come under my protection are luckier than some. There are those who will not come to me, or who I will not have, and they... they know little of pleasure anymore. Second rate hustlers on the streets, desperate for food and shelter, they are alone in a city that does not care about their fate.

Other than my people, there are a few of my Tribe who have attained positions of prestige. **Wil Timero** is under the protection of Deus, though I do not think Altara Ven approves. Wil is a clever man, a glib politician and poet who works with Deus on many of his projects. While I do not think Deus and Altara need a political advisor, Wil seems to fill the role anyway — and that gives him some measure of power. **The Flying Flower Guild** is one of the few Magdalite Cells, all Ecstatics who have found a place by peddling concoctions to the many residents of Waterfront and Lowtown. Because they are a recognized Cell they have respect and protection, as well as the power inherent in being the only ones who know how to make some of the most potent and desirable elixirs.

There are a few other groups of Magdalites who are trying to gain recognition as Cells, hoping that they can gain the benefits given to the Joanites, who are also both loyal to their Fatima and members of the Eighth. Magdalen has been silent on the issue, however, and we do not know if she approves. Not that it matters to many, as being so far from the Lover and so close to the power of the Eighth makes it easy to justify the expedient road. **Dreams of Lily**, a group of Magdalites who work with the Caravan of the Sail, are pressing to be acknowledged as a Cell, but I think little of their chances in the immediate future. The Eighth just sees no reason to allow Magdalites to join them as equals.

Magdalites: Between Friends, Not Sheets.

From the words of Monalie, Magdalite Diplomat:

I am glad that Odette sent you to speak to me. I fear that she is more than a little bitter, and sometimes her personal politics cloud her vision. She is correct in her assessment of the poor place of Magdalites in Capal, but because she deals mostly with those who follow the Concubine's path, she does not see all that the Magdalites have accomplished, much less all that they can do for Capal.

Allow me to start by explaining the real position of Diplomats in Capal. Though many of us do have home and shelter at the House of Masks, we do not all work there. It is simply our home, much as Xstasis was in Vimary. We have other duties and obligations here in the city which, though often unacknowledged, are nevertheless vital to the city. Several factions of Diplomats, including the **Liaisons** who work in Waterfront, and **Shannon's Apples**, who work in Low Town, act as mediators and peacemakers among the lesser Tribes and squats. The Eighth rules Capal, but they often do so from a distance, so concerned with their own politics that they fail to provide proper mediation and control of the "lesser" members of the city. No one in power in Capal cares if an Evan merchant is cheated by a Yagan tanner; they leave us to fend for ourselves, and so many Diplomats help to do just that. We walk between the lesser Tribes, and sometimes even between the lesser Tribes and the Eighth, and make sure that problems are solved through mutual negotiation and not bloodshed. Of course, we are limited in this capacity by the fact that we have no official power. It is only tradition and our political skills that give force to our words. Perhaps you could speak to Hal about changing that? We could do this city so much good, if only we were allowed.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Monalie Hevkin

Fairly new in Capal, Monalie is Vimary born and raised, and has come to the City of the Eighth as a Diplomat with a mission. While the others of her guild debated endlessly about the ways to gain power in Capal, Monalie started correspondence with Odette, trying to find out what Capal was actually like. By learning of the ways of the city she hoped to be able to find a weakness that would allow her to gain leverage for her Tribe.

Magdalen's acceptance of Monalie's plan has given the woman a sense of confidence and quiet, strong purpose. Unlike Odette, Monalie feels no need for there to be public acknowledgment of the Magdalites' power and position. Not having suffered through the years of discrimination that the Capal Magdalites have, she is still comfortable playing behind the scenes.

Highlights: Aesthetic, shrewd, patient.

Attributes: APP +1, CRE +2, INF +1, KNO +2, PER +1, WIL +1, STA 25, AD 3, UD 4.

Skills: Combat Sense 1/+1, Dance 1/0, Disguise 1/+2, Dodge 1/0, Etiquette 3/+1, Forgery 2/+2, Grooming 2/+1, Hagglng 1/+1, Hand-to-Hand 1/0, Human Perception 2/0, Investigation 1/+1, Law 1/+2, Leadership 1/+1, Lore (Capal, Tribal) 1/+2, Notice 1/+1, Ritual 1/+2, Seduction 1/+1, Speak (Magdalite Code, Yagan, Evan) 2/+2, Teaching 2/+2, Theatrics 3/+1.

Edge: Head Diplomat in Capal.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Gil Dan'on

Gil was once an important man, a leader among his people and respected across an island. He was politically moderate, and strove to be fair to all, but he was also very ridged and inflexible and always sought to punish the guilty to the fullest extent of the law. Then his world was turned upside down.

Those who were once outcasts became rulers, his Fatima dragged him away from the home he had been taught to think of as sacred, and he was cast, largely defenseless, among those he had once punished.

Gil is not a weak man, and he has not broken from his hard time in Capal, but he has softened and learned to bend. Now he desperately wants to be part of the Eighth, both because he wants protection and power once again and because he really believes he can help guide them.

Highlights: Astringent, borderline desperate.

Attributes: AGI -1, APP +1, FIT -1, KNO +3, PER +1, PSY -1, WIL +1,

Skills: Craft (Bookmaking) 2/0, Etiquette 1/0, Human Perception 2/-1, Investigation 2/+1, Law 3/+3, Lore (Tribal) 2/+3, Notice 1/+1, Read/Write (Sheban) 3/+3, Speak (Sheban) 3/+3, Synthesis 2 (Tradition, Truth)

Edge: Leader of a group of Shebans trying to form a Cell.

The other area in which we work, and in which we could do more if we were not hampered by secondary status, is in keeping peace between Capal and the outside world. Though the Eighth can, and does, deal with Boarhead in a commendable fashion, there are many other groups in the Outlands that the Magdalites know far more about than any of the Eighth. For generations we have been making pacts and alliances, and the Eighth could profit from them if they would just give us respect and position in return.

The most important relation, however, and one that is often overlooked, is the relation between Capal and Vimary. Capal is a miracle of a city, a thriving, bustling, busy, communal place where we are growing, and hopefully growing together. It is a place where trade has reached new levels and where learning and knowledge are growing rapidly, but it also a place where the spiritual heart of the people is being neglected. Vimary can act as a balance to that. Vimary is sacred to us all. It is where the Fatimas were born, yes, but it is also where the Eighth was born, where Mek came to power, where the Z'bri were first turned back, where Lilith reigned and where Veruka was martyred. We, the Diplomats, can help make a future where Capal and Vimary can grow together as body and soul. All you have to do is allow us to help, and we can make both cities into a greater Nation. The choice is up to you. Do we grow together, or do we fall apart?

Terashebans: Soft Cell

The words of Gil Dan'on, Terasheban refugee:

Here, do not pass us by. Yes, you can tell by the sigils on our face and hands that we are of Tera Sheba, but that does not mean we cannot be of the Eighth Tribe as well. Come, come, there is no need to approach with such apprehension. So many of the Eighth Tribe are wary of us who were once Judges and arbiters of justice. They remember the wounds we inflicted on them, and they are slow to forgive. We were the ones who oppressed and persecuted the Fallen, were we not? We are to blame for the Inquisition, and for a thousand individual trials. We killed your Veruka, and the Wise One Herself killed your Lilith. Aren't we the epitome of terror — four creatures wreathed in rags who were once important men.

Ah, but every argument has a rebuttal, and every sentence can be reversed. My friends and I were Judges and Lorekeepers — positions for which the Eighth Tribe has no need, but unlike our fellow Shebans, we are better than simple menial labor. In the halcyon days of Vimary, we were blessed with the Aspect of Tradition, and can see the uses and purposes of things long forgotten. In a city such as this, where every day we reclaim another street from its history, imagine what use our talents could find. We discover the once-flowing arteries of the city, the places where men collected, lived and did their business in the World Before. Given a thing taken from the rubble, we divine whether it was a weapon or a tool or a musical instrument. We raise Capal from the rubble to rebuild it. We are the Dust Scryers, a Cell of Capal.

Ah... no, we have not been recognized yet. The Convocation has not had the vision to see past our former indiscretions and consider what value we might bring to the city. But it is serendipity that we have stumbled across you, dear. I believe that you can see that we are worthy of membership, and you have in your hands the power to give it to us.

All you need is to write down our names and we are a Cell and members of the Eighth Tribe. I assure you we will grow rich and fat from what we find, and no little amount of that wealth could find its way back to you. Do not forget, Alienor, that Hal and Natali are both old and will not live much longer. Having friends and allies among the Cells would not be advantageous — it will be essential for survival.

Wait, where are you going? No, come back, Alienor of the Clarion! You are the only thing that stands between us and destitution! Alienor!

Serfs: Eighth Woman's Burden

Kelley, former Serf, talks to Alienor:

Look at you, shuddering and quivering because you touched me. Are you going to void your lunch here on the street-tiles? Dear Mother, you must be crying inside your head — *I touched that thing, and it has polluted me!* Well, I am sorry, your precious pure grace, but you are the one that bumped into me, not the other way around. In the future I would suggest that you keep your eyes up ahead of you, and not on the ground at your feet. The streets of Capal are not safe, no matter what you of the Eighth would like to think. Even your ilk disappear from time to time, and your frantic Cell's scrabbling wouldn't find you in time to save you.

Oh stop backing away, and take your hand off of your knife. I am not threatening you, I am not grotesquely stupid — just grotesquely ugly. The face does not make the... whatever I am. There is more to a person than their looks, not that your kind know that. You talk about how free you are, but I've seen pretty Magdalite whores bring the leaders of Capal to their knees. You're all just a bunch of hypocrites and liars. You said you came to liberate Capal, but that was just smoke and wind. You came to conquer, and to replace the Z'bri as lords and masters of all you surveyed.



4. A Diverse and Varied...



Kelley for the Hawksign

Melanis and Sangis working together performed an experiment on the nature of human desire.

They took a serf and used Appeasement to remove all signs of sexuality, scarring the hips, chest, and face so badly that any attempt to determine the wretch's sex were impossible. The Melanis then removed all memories of the time before the experiment from the victim's mind. The Z'bri, however, left intact hormones and impulses that produced desire, resulting in a genderless, sexless serf who felt the need for sex and intimacy, but had no way to express it.

The result of these experiments, freed by the Liberation of Capal, is Kelley. Spurned and avoided by nearly everyone, Kelley is an outcast, filled with confusion and a dull and growing rage that will explode into perversion and violence, unless someone can reach Kelley's mind

and heart.

Highlights: Androgynous, Confused, Breaking

Attributes: AGI +3, APP -3, PSY -3, WIL +2, STA 25, ULD 4, AD 5.

Skills: Ambush 3/0, Combat Sense 2/0, Disguise 1/0, Dodge 2/+3, Hand-to-Hand 1/+3, Lore (Capal's Streets) 4/0, Lore (Z'bri) 2/0, Melee 2/+3, Notice 1/0, Sneak 2/+3, Streetwise 4/0, Survival 1/0.

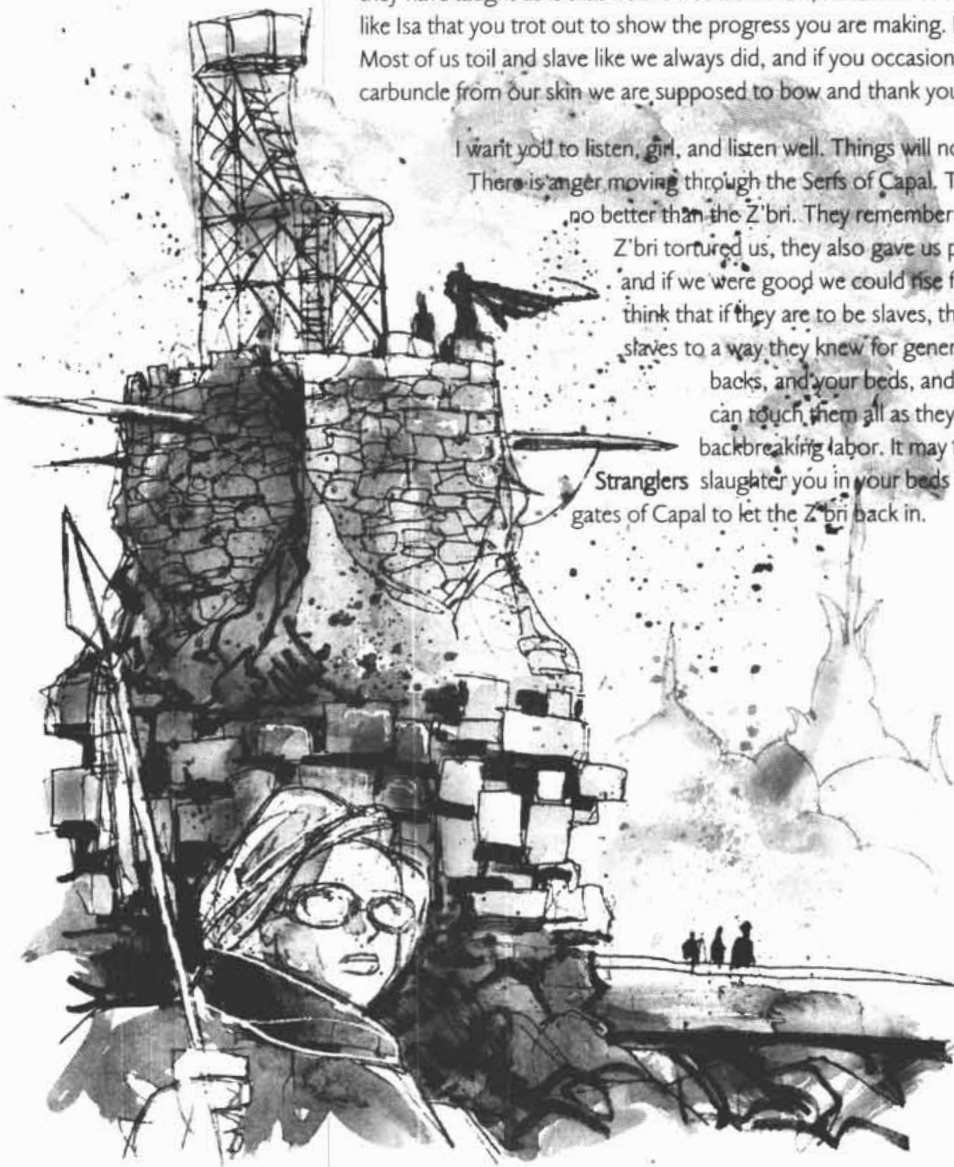
Edge: Kelley's years in Capal have given it an intimate understanding of the streets of Capal. No one knows the city better than Kelley.

4. A Diverse and Varied...

Don't bother to deny it; you know in your heart it is true. When your brave and noble army came marching up to the walls, it was over the bodies of Serfs you had slaughtered. If you didn't kill us directly, then you caused the Z'bri to kill us. They would rather have had us dead than have left us to your hands. Sometimes I wonder if that was actually them trying to be merciful in their twisted way; for many of us being dead would be a blessing. You may not be as cruel as the Z'bri, but at least they paid us for our pain with pleasure and soul's safety, you do not even do so much. You give us pain and pay us with spit. If you are a slave does it really matter if you are a slave to a king or to a demon?

Yes, slaves. That is what we are. Much as the Lesser Tribes whine and bitch, they at least have a choice. They can leave, they can starve, they can do what they want so long as they have the will. We cannot. The Serfs of Capal belong to the Eighth as a collective. When you found those of us left alive in the city, your leaders did not know what to do with us. So they rounded us up, "for our own safety," and assigned us to the good people who would heal us, cleanse us, and teach us how to Dream. What they have taught us is that we are free labor. Oh, I know there are a few prize ponies like Isa that you trot out to show the progress you are making. But that is just a few. Most of us toil and slave like we always did, and if you occasionally remove a wart or carbuncle from our skin we are supposed to bow and thank you.

I want you to listen, girl, and listen well. Things will not stand as they are. There is anger moving through the Serfs of Capal. They think that you are no better than the Z'bri. They remember that even though the Z'bri tortured us, they also gave us pleasure and life eternal, and if we were good we could rise far in their ranks. They think that if they are to be slaves, they may as well be slaves to a way they knew for generations. Watch your backs, and your beds, and your food — for Serfs can touch them all as they go about their backbreaking labor. It may not be long before Strangers slaughter you in your beds and throw open the gates of Capal to let the Z'bri back in.



Serfs: Those Who Toil

The Words of Bullette to Alienor:

Oh! Oh! No, no, Lady, please — *do not sit there*, that chair is not worthy of you. Wait one second and I will get a chair that fits a human being, and will sit in that piece of filth myself. I am sorry to be so slow, it is hard for me to walk on my nasty little legs. I am sorry that you have to see such an ugly spectacle.

There, isn't that better? That chair belongs to one of my masters, Lady Talmique — a Dahlian of the Morning Star. I know it is not quite so grand as serving one of the Eighth, but she is an important member of a Greater Tribe, and that is good. She is a good master, too; she never beats me and only yells at me when I deliver messages to the wrong people. Not that I do that often! I am not stupid, it is just that it is sometimes hard for me to judge people. If I am in the air then they are small below me, and I see the tops of their heads. If I am on the ground then I see their bellies, and am far below them. Not many will stop to talk with me for long, they only wish to be away from me — and I cannot blame them, I wish to be away from me most of the time.

Now, enough of my babbling. You wanted to know about the Serfs of Capal. Well, where to start, we have never had it so good, and that I promise you. When the mighty Eighth drove away the Z'bri it was the grandest day of our shabby lives. You cannot know what it was like, the things they did to us. The field Serfs had it the worst, but even those of us that served in the Lords' Houses were twisted. They took our dreams, you see, our dreams of being something worthy, and they twisted them. I wanted to be a butterfly, and they... made me into this. They mocked me, standing me before a mirror, and laughing at my shriveled legs, my great, ugly, sagging wings that pulsed with ugly purple blood, and asked me what it was like to be a butterfly. I tried to kill myself then, but they would not let me.

Now I serve better masters, masters who make my wings pretty. Masters who let me fly, and who talk to me as though I was a human. I am lucky and I know it. Many of us know it, because we remember the old days. Just ask one of those who push the big wheel all day so that the grain can be made into bread. They work hard all day, pushing the wheel round and round, but then at night they get to go to a home and lie down and not be tormented. They can wash their bodies, as you taught us to, and be clean and not covered in sores and pus. Or ask those who get to clean the dung of animals off the street how lucky they are! The masters even let them keep the dung, so that they can build beds out of it, to sleep warm and safe in the winter when it is so cold. Few of us freeze anymore, and we remember and know how much better we have it now. I can fly, they can sleep and not freeze, and we know that we owe it to you.

The best thing though, the best by far, is that those of us who can have children know that our children will be real humans. The Marians help them, you know, while they are pregnant, and take the ugliness from the babies. Though we are nasty things, our children will be clean, and will be human. Maybe some of them will even be able to join the Lesser Tribes, and maybe some day in the far future our children's children will be worthy of the Eighth. That is my dream.



Bullette for the Sail

All his life Bullette wanted to fly, wanted to be pretty and free like a butterfly. That dream was taken and twisted into a monstrous thing by the his Sangis Lord, leaving Bullette a living mockery of his own hopes. The little man, who couldn't rest his full weight on his emaciated legs, was constantly mocked by the ugliness of his wings. When the Liberators came, a Dahlian put an illusion of beautiful, real wings over Bullette's monstrous deformities, and in so doing earned a lackey for life. Now Bullette serves the Dahlians with a sweaty-toothed devotion, terrified of losing his "new wings."

Highlights: Frantic, off-center, fidgety.

Attributes: AGI +1, BLD -4, CRE +1, FIT +1, PER +1, PSY -2, WIL -1, STR -1, HEA -1, STA 10, UD/AD 1.

Skills: Athletics 1/+1, Combat Sense 1/+1, Dodge 2/+1, Dreaming 1/-2, Navigation (Air) 2/0, Navigation (Land) 1/0, Notice 1/+1, Throwing 1/+1.

Edge: Bullette is winged, and can fly, though doing so is as exhausting as running at a sprint. His flying movement is 70m/round.

4. A Diverse and Varied...



Burke, Marian among the Eighth Tribe

Burke was born on Hom to an ex-Magdalite mother and absent Marian father. As he grew up, Burke listened to the angry words of Herites, and paired their rhetoric with the confusion he felt towards the Tribes. It was not until he turned 15 that his father found him and revealed to him his true heritage. For the next five years, Burke played a similar role to the Marians living among the Tribes, among them, but not of them. He masqueraded as a Herite, and worked in secret to heal the hate and self-disgust that often secretly fueled them. When the Crusades and Liberation came, Burke moved with the army. When the Marians came out of hiding, Burke was finally able to live up to the heritage that he had had to hide for so long.

Highlights: Caring, Wary, Exacting

Eminences: Recognition and Purity

Attributes: APP -1, BLD -1, INF +2, KNO +1, PSY +2

Skills: Combat Sense 2/0, Craft (Woodworking) 2/0, Dodge 1/0, Dreaming 2/+2, Hand-to-Hand 2/0, Healing 1/+1, Human Perception 2/+2, Lore (Mary) 2/+1, Melee 2/0, Notice 1/0, Read/Write (Marian Secret Code) 1/+1, Ritual 2/+1, Survival 1/0, Synthesis (Clairvoyance, Blessing) 2

Edge: In high demand, Burke can call down favors from many Cells who desire his services

Lost Tribes

Alienor speaks with a stranger:

Excuse my exuberance, sir, I had thought I was overlookable here in the corner. I came into the Endless Barrel to get out of the rain and put the finishing touches on the census I have been working on for nearly a week. It began, some time ago it seems now, as a catalog of the Eighth Tribe, but it has grown since. I did not feel it was complete without including those who might one day join you and I as members of the Eighth Tribe. I made extensive notes on the Greater and Lesser Tribes, and even the Serfs, though there's someone... at the edge of my mind... someone I'm sure I meant to speak to whom I now seem to have forgotten. What's that? Of course you are a member of the Eighth Tribe, only members are allowed up here in the second story of the Endless Barrel. Oh. A Marian, you say? Well. Let me wipe this smile off my face and get out my stylus. It seems my record is not yet complete.

Marians: Here But Not Here

Burke, a Marian, finishes Alienor's quest:

I do not think your census would have been incomplete without the inclusion of the Marians, and for that matter, our brothers the Joshuans. The Joshuans are gone, and we Marians are barely here. Certainly we live among you, and in some cases we even live with you, but we do not count ourselves as members of your Eighth Tribe, nor as citizens of your city. We are the last remnants of a dying Tribe, child, and Capal is a city of destiny. The Marians have no destiny, no future; we are only here to watch as the fruits of destiny blossom, to help when our talents are needed, and perhaps occasionally to guide.

Since we came out of hiding on the eve of the Siege of Capal, we have worked among you, cleansing the Taint of your opponents and later purifying the city you conquered. The buildings, the soil, even the people, those you still call Serfs — all were touched and twisted by the presence of the Z'bri, and all of these had to be healed again. We became quite popular; every Cell wanted a pet Marian attached to them, and since we politely turned down invitations to join, they consoled themselves with fast alliances and tight friendships. We Marians became the trophy wives of Capal, and still remain such to this day. That is why I am allowed here in the upper floors: I have earned the privilege just as any member of the Eighth Tribe.

Some say that we disdain membership in your Tribe and City, but this is not true: we simply know that we do not belong in your ranks. It is the same reason why a Marian will not purify a building for a Cell without its participation in the cleansing: we will help you with your burdens, but we will not take them up for you. We are not you; we are not Children of Destiny. We are Marians, and have been throughout a thousand tragedies and joys. Capal will not change us any more than Eva's attempts to adopt us. We cannot be subsumed by our very natures: Purity is one of the few things we still have from Mary, and we can not mix our heritage with others, no matter how caring, noble, or impressive they may be.

I applaud the holistic integrity of your census, Alienor. Too long were we uncoun-
 ted because we did not fit into the only categories allowed. Here in Capal, I sense a
 change. Here, the hard lines between the classes and factions that populate your city
 blur almost on command. Here I see a great hope and a great opportunity for many, if,
 ... yes, there is an 'if.' The Rising Star of Capal sits at the cusp of history and destiny,
 just a hair's breadth from grasping its potential. You might rebuild the world here,
 Alienor. You might win freedom for all, as Joshua foretold. But before you can do that,
 you — you and your entire Tribe — must win freedom for all within your city. Capal's
 masses might climb to the pinnacle of their potential, they may reach and touch the
 One Goddess, they may usher in a new Golden Age for all humanity; if, and only if,
 they are allowed to raise their eyes from the filth and grit of this world, if they are
 allowed to Dream once again.

Joshuans: Lost to Time

Faulhan the Empty, Doomsayer:

I had actually hoped that you'd be able to tell *me* where the children of Joshua have
 gone. They were with us during the Crusades, though secretly, arm in arm with us in
 the Breach, fighting blunt and bloody with us in the Siege. One of Joshua's last
 commands was that His Tribe keep the roads to Capal clear, and that they did. They
 hid because they feared we would not understand, and even when the Marians came
 forth they did not think they could trust us.

They have earned their ranks with us in the Nation of Capal, with their blood and
 suffering. I had hoped they might stay on with us, reestablish our common history, and
 forge the new city of freedom. Instead, as the snow began to melt after the second
 winter, they slipped away, in twos and threes, heading back out into the wilderness
 which hid them for so long.

Perhaps the ravagers have no place in a city with unity at its core. Perhaps they cannot
 rest at the bounds of a city, perhaps not at all until the taint of Z'bri are completely
 gone from all lands, everywhere. Perhaps they have gone to fetch their own to return
 with all their kin; I wish I knew. There was a strong voice which called them home, I
 think, a voice which resonated through Dream. Perhaps, after all this time, they are
 returning to Joshua at last?



4. A Diverse and Varied ...



Faulhan the Empty

Faulhan was born on Hom, the
 child of two Fallen Doomsayers. He
 was far too young to go to war
 either in Vimary or Capal, and was
 only nine when the war of
 Liberation ended. It didn't stop his
 interest, however. Faulhan collected
 every scrap of information that his
 parents and their friends could give.

Along the way he noticed that
 several times the Army of
 Liberation was saved by sudden
 surges of hope and power, and he
 decided that there must have been
 Joshuans hiding in the Army,
 helping from behind the scenes.

Now that Faulhan has reached
 adulthood (14 being a ripe old age,
 to his mind), he has become
 obsessed with finding the Joshuans.
 He has gone to Jackers like Slake
 and Lightbringers like Deus to try
 to get backing for an expedition
 into the Outlands to find the Tribe.
 Due to his inexperience, however,
 no one seems to take him seriously.

Highlights: Conspiracy theorist,
 pretentious

Eminences: Mystery and Shadows

Attributes: CRE +2, KNO +1, WIL
 +1, STA 25, ULD/AD 4.

Skills: Combat Sense 1/0, Dodge 1/
 0, Dreaming 2/0, Hand-to-Hand 1/
 0, Investigation 1/0, Lore (Joshuan)
 2/+1, Melee 1/0, Mythology
 (Joshua) 2/+1, Read/Write
 (Joshuan) 1/+1 Sneak 1/0, Speak
 (Joshuan) 1/+1, Synthesis 2
 (Dream Travel, Tradition)

Edge: Contacts with most of the
 Doomsayers of Capal as well as
 several New Bloods

Chapter five: Power Play

Capal is not a city; it is a braided rope. All the Cells but one are strands within that rope, and together make the rope strong. We, the Clarion of Destiny, stand outside the twisting strands, for we are the weavers, and we weave best when we know what strands we have at our fingertips.

- Hal Ninva of the Clarion



Melting

Alienor of the Clarion:

Capal is not a collection of Cells: it is a great amassing of people, of all histories and of all backgrounds; a people of many beliefs, a people of many practices. The Rising Star is a great, cosmopolitan wonder if, and only if, we allow it to be.

Orderly Transfer of Power

Alienor greets Hal Nirva on Destiny Vista:

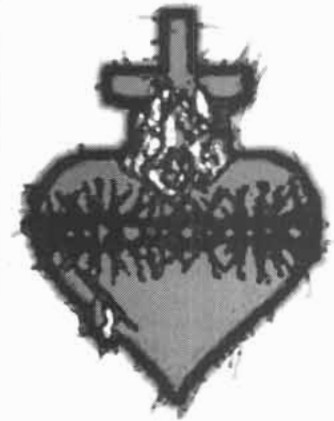
Over here, Hal. The wind and rain are a little weaker beneath the Sentinel. Not too close, now; keep your distance. I did not ask you here because I trusted you, after all.

I understand what the census is, now. The Clarion can control who gets recognized as a new Cell, but they do not yet have any way to control individual Cells from accepting new members. This census won't give you that power, but it is the first step towards that. Like you said Hal, all power in Capal is based on precedent, and this can be the germ of a later precedent. Are you going to politely ask that new members of the Eighth Tribe register with the Clarion so they can be written down on the census? At what point does coming in to write one's name down turn into asking the Clarion's permission to be listed? This will one day be yet another way for you to find a way to restrict privilege and crush freedom. Anything to keep those you approve of in power and those you do not care for on the streets.

Footfall's Echo

I have walked Capal from one end to another in the last week and have seen parts of this city that you have not touched a foot to in years. Do you know what kind of life Capal promises to the people who come here? Do you know what kind of life Capal actually delivers? Worst yet, do you have any idea what Capal could do, what Capal could offer to every woman and man in the world? We live in the brightest beacon of hope in the world. No other place, no other people have the opportunity that we have to bring the world out of the collapse it suffered. What do we then do with all this possibility? We squabble over it and create rivalries and dissensions, keep one group of people out of power because their mothers committed crimes against us.

We, the Eighth Tribe — the Fallen, even if that term has fallen out of style — once championed the vital pulse of life and the responsibility that we had to apply that pulse to the greater good. We are the Children of Prophecy, but what happens if we turn our backs on Joshua's Legacy? We have great potential, but it is potential for good or ill. Our fledgling Nation of the Fall may yet fall again to our own petty rivalries and selfishness. No, do not approach me, Hal. You are the prime criminal here.



5. Power Play

I have your census here — stay back, or I will throw it over the side. I do not think the pages and ink will survive the fall, the wind and the rain aside. And even if you did manage to find some of the pages, how could you ever know if it was complete? I understand how powerful this census is; do not think I will shrink from destroying it, but do not think that I will destroy it needlessly. This census is the Eighth Tribe on paper, and like our Tribe it has potential for good or ill. I intend to see it pave the way for a greater Capal and a greater freedom for all its citizens.

You have already accepted me into the Clarion of Destiny, but you have not inducted me into the real power of our Cell. You will do this — you will cut me in — or else this census will never reach your hands, and I doubt the Eighth Tribe will submit itself for another examination. You have your choice: either accept me as a full member and know that I will work ceaselessly against your domineering agendas, or else see this, your dream of a unified and organized Eighth Tribe dashed to nothing. Do not think for a moment that I won't fulfill either consequence.

Welcome

Hal Ninva of the Clarion

Hal Ninva has finally got what he has always wanted: the Fallen have claimed their destiny, swept aside the Grand Council and then made the Fatimas' Nation subservient to the Nation of the Fall. His leadership of the Eighth Tribe, however, is far from certain.

The Clarion of Destiny may be the most powerful Cell in Capal, but are hardly powerful enough to dictate to the other Cells. Hal has therefore turned to more subtle means, influencing and goading the Eighth Tribe in the direction he prefers.

Unfortunately, the constant maneuvering has taken its toll on the Lightbringer, making him weary, resentful and pessimistic.

Highlights: Charismatic, Organized,
Weary

Attributes: BLD -1, INF +2, FIT -1,
KNO +1, WIL +2

Eminences: Conviction and Truth

Skills: Dreaming 1/0, Etiquette 2/
+2, Hagglng 2/+2, Human
Perception 3/0, Investigation 1/0,
Intimidate 2/-1, Law 2/+1,
Leadership 3/+2, Read/Write
(Tribal) 2/+2, Speak (Confedera-
tion) 2/+1, Synthesis (Truthsaying)

2

Hal Ninva replies:

Oh, I may speak now? Thank you so very much for the privilege. Let me first say that I do not mistake your courage or your dedication to your word. You will throw that document over the side if I annoy you, but I beg you to listen for just one moment. Your demands are met, accepted and approved of, not that the last will matter much to you, I suspect. Welcome to the Clarion of Destiny, Alienor. You will have all the power and prestige, all the weight and responsibility of that position, gladly given to you. I will not lie to you and tell you that I concur with your sympathy for the Lesser Tribes, but such differences in belief I believe I can live with.

What interests me, Alienor, is your wily and agile mind. I hardly expected you to comprehend the full significance of the census, or to engineer this tête-à-tête. It is a rare few that can force my hand, and I prefer to keep them on my side. You understand Capal's disarray — understanding won through experience, which is the only way I think anyone can ever understand the danger that we present ourselves. We need as many able minds as we can find, and I would count myself deficient in my charge if I turned you away. Come, Alienor, help us build this City to its potential, and we shall see the Rising Star shine over all the world.



Chapter six: Expanded Character Creation

"So many new faces! I look forward to meeting you all."

- Hal Ninva, at the Third Convocation of Cells

I do not think you understand the love the Eighth Tribe harbors for Capal. Our love is not patriotism; it is not community; it is greater than these. Our love is pride and self-respect in our deeds and our lives. Every member of the Eighth Tribe can say without hesitation, "I am Capal." Remember that when you think to speak ill of our city in our presence again.

- Altara Ven of the Harbingers



CAPALESE CHARACTERS

The impact of the conquest and subsequent settlement of Capal changes the face of **Tribe 8**, affecting even Character generation. While none of the mechanics have been changed, the setting has been drastically altered. A Player Character in **Tribe 8** after the siege of Capal has a very different place in the world than one played before the Eighth Tribe seized their destiny. Not only have political movements changed the world, but more subtle redefinitions of identity have taken place; the most obvious examples of this are the members of the Nation of the Fall who were never members of the Nation of Vimary. This chapter deals with the changes, expansion and new focus of character generation for the Eighth Tribe.

PASSING THE TORCH

It has been over fifteen years since the Year of Lilith, and any Player Character who began play in her prime has since passed out of it. The end of the Conquest Cycle in **Liberation** creates a splendid opportunity for Players to retire their Characters of some years and take up a new Character of the next generation. The old Character fades into maintaining her lands, attending to her civic duties, perhaps even raising children, and enjoying the privileges she has earned. The new Character bursts onto the scene, earning herself a place among the old and entrenched veterans and conservatives — among which the original Character is numbered.

New Characters can be the students or even children of original Characters. Their mentors tell tales of caution and warning, hoping that the next generation will not fall into the errors of the old, although they will undoubtedly find some pitfalls just as inescapable as their predecessors. More importantly, the last generation instills the values of the Eighth Tribe in the next, so that they may forward the goals of the Children of Destiny. Having learned at the feet of their elders, the youth take up the struggle to bring balance and justice to a broken world.

While their cause will generally be met with approval and assistance from their elders, conflict between new and old ideas and beliefs will inevitably surface. The old guard can quickly become antagonists, either temporarily, until a specific issue is resolved, or permanently, with grudges and wounded pride refusing to make amends. The Players may find their new Characters in conflict with their old ones, trying to outwit, outmaneuver or overpower those that they had come to love in previous games.

This sort of dynastic play can be very rewarding, as Players see a very different side of their former Characters, either as pedagogues or opponents. The Weaver is also given a handful of already developed NPCs to use in her game, with only a little work to bridge the few years since the last time they were played. The only real drawback in this kind of game is conflict between what the Weaver and the former Player believe an old Character's actions would be in a certain situation. If the Weaver chooses to make use of this option, she should come to a very explicit understanding with her Players that the old Characters

are now NPCs; adding traumatic or significant experiences since the last session the old Characters were played will also go a long way to differentiating between the Players' versions of the Characters and their new role as NPCs.

THE EIGHTH TRIBE

Most Player Characters in **Tribe 8** will be members of the Eighth Tribe. These destiny-touched individuals have come far from their status as despised outcasts before the Year of Lilith. Now as leaders of the beacon of civilization, their role in the game as a whole is quite different than it once was. What were once the pressing concerns of their present life — their banishment and the enemies that still hunted them from the safety of the Nation — have passed into backstory. New questions arise to take their place and define the Character's role in the next stage of history.

THE PLAYER CELL

'Member of the Eighth Tribe' is, at least currently, a political distinction which depends on membership in a recognized Cell of Capal. Every member of the Eighth is a member of a Cell. Most participated in the Siege of Capal, and are now members of the Cell they served in. Others have been accepted into a Cell since, usually by proving themselves in service, bravery or skill. A very select few groups created Cells that were later recognized in a Convocation of Cells.

Central to the life of every member of the Eighth Tribe, the Cell defines a person's responsibilities, reputation, lifestyle and identity. Most Cells are tight-knit, united by strong bonds of friendship, common goals, mutual protection and love. Cellmates protect each others' lives and good names, support them in their endeavors and comfort them when they are sick or disillusioned. Each Cell is responsible for a portion of land or a specific duty within the Nation of the Fall; since most believe that they have been chosen by the One Goddess to exercise these duties, many identify strongly with them. Some responsibilities bring their own reward, as well, making the Cell and its members rich and powerful.

Cells do not operate in a vacuum, but in a complex web of interdependencies, contacts and favors. Each Cell knows a number of allied Cells to call on for assistance and has a reputation of their own among the rest of the Eighth. Just as many identify themselves primarily with their Cell and its duties, others associate them completely with their Cell and its reputation. Few Cells are pariahs, but many are commonly known as untrustworthy or reckless. An equal number are seen as noble or self-sacrificing. Such traits will be assumed and expected among Cell members. Players are encouraged to develop their Cell's reputation among the Eighth Tribe to enhance Capal's feeling of interconnection and accountability.

[T] WHERE WERE YOU?

Approximately ninety percent of the Eighth participated in the Siege of Capal; many believe that their authority and rights derive from the risks they took to protect humanity. Consequently, a common question among the Eighth, especially by those of the Forlorn Hope, is "Where were you?" The phrase is usually spat at newly-recognized Cells to question their right to membership in the Eighth, but it is also used to distinguish those who risked the most from those who risked little, such as working to maintain supply lines or purely defensive assignments. Players should determine what their Character did in the Siege of Capal (if they were there at all), and what sort of reputation this has garnered them.

If you have not played or run the **Children of Prophecy** and/or **Conquest** arcs, see *What Has Come Before*, at the beginning of the following chapter (p. 87) for information on the events spanning the time between the setting in the **Tribe 8 Rulebook** and the formation of Capal.

If the optional Perks and Flaws system is being used, any member of the Forlorn Hope can claim up to three levels of Prestige; other veterans of the Siege may have Prestige for their deeds or even Notorious if they served poorly or deserted their post. Characters who served well and publicly, and would be personally known for their deeds, may buy levels of Famous, as well. It is perfectly acceptable to be both Prestigious and Famous. The bonuses are cumulative.

THE PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERSHIP

To be a member of the Eighth Tribe is to be the chosen instrument of the One Goddess' will, the inheritor of the legacy of Joshua and the architect of a glorious future. Members of the Eighth are both citizens and rulers of what is rapidly becoming the greatest city in the known world. With such a position comes privilege, but also incredible responsibility.

Members of the Eighth are accorded honor and respect, at least publicly, from all other residents in Capal, who live and work in the city at the Eighth's pleasure. Those who fail to show proper respect will quickly find their lives very difficult. It is entirely within the ability of any member of the Eighth to blackball a Tribal or Squat, making it impossible to find work or lodging. Serfs who do not 'know their place' are usually simply beaten. Curiously, such beatings are not always administered by the Eighth. Many Tribals are eager to prove their devotion and loyalty and will not hesitate to punish a Serf for a perceived slight against their betters.

All land, fields, real estate, means of production and avenues of trade in Capal are controlled by the Eighth. These resources and their exploitation are the Eighth's right, earned by their blood and sacrifice in taking the city. Outsiders who did not participate in the Siege did not risk their lives and therefore have no right to

the city's wealth. Those who attempt to set up shop within the city are stopped and even punished by those Cells whose business they are infringing on.

In legal matters, members of the Eighth are allowed more leeway than others. Cheating a Tribal in the market, harassing Squats into abandoning desirable real estate, beating a Serf to within an inch of her life and other 'indiscretions' are often overlooked. Additionally, the testimony of the Eighth is given more weight than others, allowing members to shout down the evidence offered by 'unreliable' outsiders.

The Eighth's privilege ends at the iron wall of their responsibility. The worst crime a member can commit is to ignore the responsibilities of her Cell. Those who do find that recrimination at the hands of their own Cellmates is often harsher than any legal censure could be; when the actions of one reflect on the reputations of many others, discipline is strongly enforced.

A HERITAGE OF OPPRESSION

Even though the Eighth Tribe is now powerful and honored, Players and Weavers cannot forget the Characters' roots, which lie tangled in oppression, betrayal and exile. No Fallen was untouched by the hatred of the Nation, and few are able to truly forgive and forget. Many exercise their new power to oppress Tribals in return. The Tribals' position in Capal, unable to own land or other resources and unable to do business for themselves, is a prime expression of a deep-seated hatred and desire for vengeance.

Players are encouraged to define their Characters' relationship with the Tribes now that the tables have been turned. Characters may still harbor agendas of revenge or scores to settle, and now have the power to make good their retribution.



CHILDREN OF THE EIGHTH TRIBE

Since the Siege of Capal, the Eighth Tribe has watched with pride as another aspect of the Prophecy of Joshua has come to pass: their children have grown and reached maturity, beginning to make their own impact on Capal's politics and culture. The second generation of Fallen is an appealing and challenging opportunity for roleplay, either as wards that must be taught, provided for and protected, or as the Player Characters themselves.

Most children of the Eighth Tribe are less than five years old, born in Capal after its conquest. Others born on Hom joined their parents in Capal after the war, and few of these are older than thirteen. The great majority of the Eighth's children still require supervision, protection and care, which they primarily receive from their parents and their parents' Cell. Conscious of the children's place in the Prophecy of Joshua, the entire Eighth Tribe looks on its children with both a fond hope and a keen sense of protection.

No more than fifty are old enough to be considered adults themselves. These few form a small cadre of individuals which are both the pride and continual worry of the Eighth. Many of the second generation find the 'protection' of their parents and Cells to be stultifying and often complain that they are unable to grow much further without being allowed to experience the world on their own.

The older Children of the Eighth Tribe present a difficulty for Capal's social structure. Few would deny the children a place in the Eighth, but only a handful are official members of Cells. It is uncertain whether children will be expected to join their parents' Cell (or choose, in the case of parents from different Cells) or be required to prove themselves worthy of being invited into another Cell. One of the children has suggested that they form their own Cell; this suggestion has been politely ignored by the rest of the Tribe. In general, Children of the Eighth Tribe are considered *ersatz* members of their parents' Cells until they are formally inducted, either into that Cell or another of their own choosing.

Children of the Eighth Tribe grow up able to wield one Eminence (Tribal or Fallen) from the parent or guardian who was most influential in their young lives. The ability to touch Dream generally strengthens to a noticeable level in the second year of life, but babies with strong Dreaming talent are not uncommon. Sometime around puberty the Children experience a Dream Quest much like the visions that accompanied banishment from the Seven Tribes (*Tribe 8 Rulebook*, p. 118). This is usually heralded by a series of disturbing or revealing dreams, climaxing with the Dream Quest itself. This traumatic experience grants visions and portents of the future and hints toward a better understanding of oneself. The telling and

retelling of a Dream Quest is an exciting time for the Children, as many consider this a rite of passage after which the Child can be considered a 'true' member of the Eighth Tribe. During or shortly after the Dream Quest, the Child of the Eighth Tribe chooses the Outlook which best matches her own goals and beliefs, and receives a second Eminence taken from that Outlook. Children of the Eighth Tribe typically begin to associate themselves with their Outlook after this time, and many consider this a sort of rite of passage into adulthood in the Eighth Tribe.

PLAYING OUTSIDE THE EIGHTH TRIBE

It is quite possible to play Tribe 8 Characters outside of the Eighth Tribe, either with the intent to eventually earn a place among the elite, or disdain membership in favor of other goals. These Characters see Capal from a vastly different angle than is represented in the majority of this book, and their vantage can create an intriguing counterpoint to the hubris of the Eighth.

Earning Recognition: The first and most obvious option for a campaign outside the Eighth Tribe is a group of Tribals or other outsiders attempting to make their way in Capal, with an end goal of recognition as a Cell of the Eighth Tribe. Such Characters will have a long, hard road ahead of them as they balance the needs of simple survival — such as finding food and shelter in a foreign city — with their need to excel, proving their ability and dedication to the Eighth Tribe. Many would-be Cells live in Capal, volunteering and assisting established Cells in the hopes of gaining favor that will one day blossom into recognition. These groups often fall prey to manipulative Cells who use them for unsavory tasks with no intention of speaking in their favor in Convocation.

Conflict: Another option is to play members of Capal's underclass, either Tribals or Serfs, involved in plots which bring them into conflict with the elitist Eighth Tribe. Activists for equality in representation, trade and basic civil rights are both enjoyable and challenging to play. Even those who try to mind their own business can come into conflict with the Eighth Tribe, which can easily spell their ruin. The disfavor of the Eighth Tribe is a subtle but powerful thing, starting slowly, with the Character and/or her Cell noticing small but new difficulties in finding work or lodging in the city. If the activist ceases rocking the boat, life becomes easier as she is accepted as an obedient worker again. If she continues her irritating activities, she can look forward to sleeping on the streets, paying through the nose for food, and becoming the scapegoat for Herites or other angry members of the Eighth Tribe. Despite these deterrents, some still find resistance and conflict to be necessary and even desirable in their quest for respect and equality.

6. Playtime

Non-intervention: One more option in a campaign outside of the Eighth Tribe is to neither seek its approval or work against its goals. Tribals from Vimary, Serfs from surrounding lands, or even Fallen from Hom who did not emigrate to Capal might visit the city on other business with no intention to earn recognition and no reason to fight the Eighth Tribe. The Characters may need to barter for goods or acquire assistance from Capal's elite; they may need a guide through the city or surrounding territory. They may, despite their best intentions, fall into the morass of Capal politics and find themselves in the middle of a conflict between Cells or between the Eighth, Greater and Lesser Tribes.

TRIBALS

There are two kinds of Tribals in Capal, just as there are two kinds of people in the city. There are those who have been accepted as members of the Eighth Tribe, even as they retain their devotion to their Fatima. The others, without the benefits of Eighth Tribe membership, become the lower class of Capal, their labor usurped and their freedoms constrained. Despite this, Tribals stream into the city: after all, it is better to be a well-fed servant in Capal than be important and powerful in Vimary where your stomach rumbles every night.

REFUGEES

It is difficult to comprehend both the absolute humiliation and incredible hope that Tribal refugees experience when they pass through Grandally Gate. After the terrors of repeated wars with the Z'bri, most of Vimary has been reduced to rubble, its fields stripped and burnt, the stockpiles of resources and other wealth destroyed. Worse, the very social fabric that brought many Tribals wealth and power is no more. Not only fields, but also industries, commerce and trade connections — Bazaar itself! — fell as casualties to the incessant wars. For many Tribals, destitution was an utterly alien experience, and without the wealth and connections that created their former lifestyles they were lost in a world of ruins and ash. With nothing to trade and, for most, few skills that could earn them a meal amid the ruins and salted fields, many fell back onto a meager life of hunting and gathering what food the wilds provided. Hunger became an ever-present reality, nearly synonymous with breathing.

Whispers and rumors of Capal, once a Z'bri city and now a metropolis filled with riches and spoils of conquest, spread throughout Vimary. The simple existence of fertile fields drew many who hoped only to till another's soil in exchange for regular meals. Others hoped that their skills of civilization — trade, government, and other services — might be worth something there. Some few envisioned a rebuilt world that they might participate in and regain some modicum of lost luxury. Caravans of refugees, trailing lines of near-starved but utterly hopeful Tribals, began the long march down the river, many without any supplies to sustain them in the journey, hoping to find sufficient game on the route north. The hope of something better was enough to drive them all the way to the gates of Capal.

What the Tribals found in Capal was both greater and much less than they expected. After the Second Rant, refugees were welcomed into the city, conducted to the Ark or another place where they could find a dry bed and a warm meal. Honest work was arranged for them, sometimes even while they ate. Caught up in a swirl of smiling faces, activity and luxury, many were convinced that Capal was a paradise. Most, in fact, continue to live happily, dependant on the Eighth Tribe, hoping that someday they or their children will prove themselves worthy of membership in the city's elite. Others see Capal as a cunning trap where they serve as nearly slave labor for the Fallen. Some of these crusade for better rights and equality with the Eighth Tribe. Others declaim Capal as a city ruled by usurpers oppressing the faithful of the One Goddess, but few leave willingly. There simply isn't anywhere else to go, unless they somehow managed to have contacts within the Squats or distant Keepers, and even the faithful need to eat.

TRIBALS IN THE EIGHTH TRIBE

It is very possible for a Tribal to also be a member of the Eighth Tribe. This does not require the Tribal to forswear or stop worshipping her Fatima, although some conservatives might consider the faithful Tribal less worthy of membership. Tribals who fought in the Siege were accepted into the Eighth Tribe in the First Convocation; many Joanites, Agnites and Dahlians were added at this time, as well as a handful of others. Since the Siege, special Tribals who have proven themselves both competent and dedicated to the Eighth Tribe have been admitted as well. Most were accepted individually into established Cells, but the Convocation has recognized entire Cells of Tribals, as well. As with other members of the Eighth Tribe, a Player who wishes to play a Tribal Character should determine how they earned their membership: either what service they performed in the Siege, or how they have proven themselves to gain admittance to the Eighth Tribe since the Liberation of Capal.

Tribals also belonging to the Eighth walk a thin line of obligations. They are dedicated to both their Fatima and the Eighth Tribe, and while no Fatima has demanded action contrary to the desires of the Eighth or the Nation of the Fall, it still lurks as a disturbing possibility. More concrete and frequent, however, is their relationship with other Tribals who have not been accepted into the elite caste of Capal. It is difficult to be a master of one's own fate, exalted and enriched by the labor of your former family and friends. The usual reactions fall into two extremes. Some sympathize with their fellow Tribals, ensuring that the labor dumped upon Tribal backs is not too heavy, and constantly seek to improve their lot in life. Many try to sponsor other Tribals into the Eighth Tribe, as well. On the other extreme, however, are those who undergo a metamorphosis after gaining their membership. It is as if they were never Tribal themselves, and many barely acknowledge the Tribal brethren they used to know.

SYNTHESIS AMONG THE SEVEN TRIBES

Most Tribal Characters keep both the Eminences of their Tribe. The two exceptions are the Joanites and Agnites; Tribals who are members of the Eighth Tribe may also wield Synthesis slightly differently than they once used to.

Ever since Joan opened Her Tribe to Fallen who could prove themselves worthy to fight at Her side, Her Tribe has seen an influx of members with Eminences besides those of Fury and Devotion. In fact, some of these newcomers had never been members of the Warrior's Tribe. Joan offered to bestow Her traditional Eminences on these rechristened Joanites, and many accepted the offer as a way to align their relationship with the River of Dream with their new relationship to Joan. Many others declined, however, preferring to retain their Eminences as a reminder of their previous lives and the hard lessons they had learned. Rechristened Joanites might have one or both of Joan's Eminences, or any combination they might have had before they were accepted into Joan's grace.

As Agnes continues the long process of maturity, Her experimentation and learning is mirrored in Her Tribe. Agnites can be found nearly anywhere in Capal, eager to help out in any intriguing task. As Agnites mimic and participate in these activities, their relationship to the River of Dream takes on aspects of those they emulate. Some Agnites have displayed the ability to exchange the Eminence of Capriciousness for one of the nine Fallen Eminences, usually after they have spent considerable time with someone who displays that Eminence. It is uncertain whether they can change this Eminence back, or if they have somehow found a way to accidentally become "Fallen." Agnes continues to recognize those with changed Eminences as Her Children.

When a Tribal is accepted into the Eighth Tribe, her new Cell often stages a ritual to serve as a rite of passage to induct her into her new responsibilities. This is the culmination of what is usually an extended process of awakening as the Tribal casts off her old frame of mind and begins to adopt the beliefs and values of the Eighth Tribe. If she has not already aligned herself with the philosophy of one of the five Outlooks, she will at least have a vague idea of what aspects of these sects they hold dear. During the ceremony, the new member often experiences visions and omens similar to those suffered by the newly Fallen (*Tribe 8 Rulebook*, page 118). She may glimpse flashes of the future, or come to greater understanding of herself. At the end of this vision quest, the new member of the Eighth Tribe may trade one of her current Eminences for one associated with the Outlook which mirrors her new beliefs. Some join no Outlook and retain their former Eminences.

KEEPERS

Keepers are a far more common sight in the streets of Capal than they ever were in Bazaar. While some are members of the Eighth Tribe, others can be found there as well, lured by lucrative trade or the possibility of uncovering artifacts passed over by both Z'bri and Eighth alike. The reception of Keepers is unlike that of Tribal refugees; instead of being conducted to the Ark and put to work, most are received by their brethren at Keptown and wander the streets of Capal freely. Keepers are the subject of awe and sometimes fear, and many in Capal respect the power of their weapons if not the bearers themselves. They are subsequently treated well, almost as well as members of the Eighth Tribe. After all, most of Capal's residents cannot tell the difference between Eighth Tribe Keepers and those who are only visiting.

Capal's new role as the center of a far-reaching trade network is the primary reason that Keepers stay. If civilization is ever to be rebuilt, it will be from here, where goods from as far as Bury or the Novohuron can be combined with resources from Sanjon to recreate new marvels and advancements. Students of history also know that Capal's rising standard of living will foster a greater division of labor, creating specialists and tradesmen who will pave the way into a bright future.

EIGHTH TRIBE KEEPERS

Many Keepers fought alongside the Fallen in the Siege of Capal, and were rewarded with membership in the Eighth Tribe. Unlike other members, Keepers tend to value this association less, seeing it more as acceptance into a trade society rather than being made a citizen of a new nation. Consequently, most Keepers still maintain that they are Keepers first and members of the Eighth Tribe second. There are exceptions, like Arcturius of the Fury of Vision, who are eager to play their part in the reconstruction of Tribal civilization, but most Keepers remain aloof and wary, ready to pick up and disappear when their technology and way of life come under fire yet again.

Keeper Characters are created as normal, but have access to Techlore and other Keeper Skills as well as Technosmithing.



TECHNOSMITHING

Technosmithing is the Keeper's answer to Synthesis. It is the ability to tap into the River of Dream and access the collective unconscious memory of the World Before. It channels not only knowledge but also the hope and faith in technology and other things of the World Before, applying these things to the real world, recreating the wonders lost to time. Technosmithing is bought on the same scale as Synthesis, and each level costs the same number of Skill Points as the corresponding Synthesis level. Technosmithing's use is constrained by Formulae, narrowly defined ways in which Technosmithing's power of Dream can bring about change in the world. All Technosmiths receive one Formula for free; additional Formulae cost 7 SPs each. Formulae can be found in the *Rulebook*, page 175; *Adrift on the River of Dream*, page 124; and *Word of the Keepers*.

The wonders that Technosmithing creates — usually working technology — rarely work for others. Technosmithed gear is temperamental, with a number of idiosyncrasies that only Keepers, and sometimes only the original Technosmith, can adequately address. It is a source of continual frustration for Keepers that the technology they give to others routinely breaks down and collapses. They usually blame this on the 'ignorant savages' who inappropriately handled their precious machines.

SQUATS

The greatest nexus of trade and communication in the known world, Capal draws people from all walks of life, including the numerous bands of Squats that populate the wilderness on either side of the Great River. Most Squats come to trade or to seek assistance against rogue Z'bri (a request that the Jackers are always ready to fill). Others come to live, hoping that Capal's seemingly open acceptance of anyone will include them, as well. They are conducted to the Ark and put to work the same way as Tribals, although unlike the refugees from Vimary, most Squats consider this a high honor. A handful have even been accepted into Cells and are members of the Eighth Tribe. The following information on the Confederation Squats was first presented in *Liberation*, where more detail can be found.



BOARHEAD'S CONFEDERATION

Currently co-existing in an uneasy peace with Capal and the Nation of the Fall, the Confederation is at heart an expansionist, client-state empire. Until the forming of Capal, all peoples on the ever-moving borders of the Confederation were given two choices: join the Confederation, or be conquered by it. Small tribes are even now not given a choice, but are crushed by Boarhead's warriors. Due to this unflinching policy of expansion, Boarhead's Confederation has possibly become the largest political organization (the Confederation cannot quite be termed a 'nation') in the known world. The Confederation's unstoppable growth has brought them up against the coast to the east, the Black Lake and Valley of the White Death to the west, the Tuscarora's mountains to the south and Capal to the north. The Broken Coast to the south holds little interest to Boarhead, as he does not want to come into conflict with the hidden Mistresses of Hattan and their warriors.

ELDERS' COUNCIL

Those tribes powerful enough that straight-out conquest would be too costly are instead 'invited' to join the Confederation and given seats on the Elders' Council. The Elders' Council advises Boarhead on decisions which affect the entire Confederation; Boarhead in turn informs them of the reports he receives from his Tusks, who are posted throughout the lands held by the various tribes. The Elders' Council is at once the most powerful body within the Confederation and also a mere puppet organization.

IRINAKOIW

The Irinakoiv are Boarhead's tribe, and the most powerful tribe within the Confederation. No other tribe boasts the numbers or land that the Irinakoiv hold, a fact which the Irinakoiv never tire of reminding them. Irinakoiv are wide-shouldered and tall, and produce many strong warriors and Tusks, all of whom strive to emulate the noble savagery of King Boar, their totem. The Irinakoiv value battle prowess and brute strength above all other virtues, and award veterans and their greatest warriors with positions of leadership.

Luther Boarhead won his position of power with his skill and daring on the battlefield, but his abilities as an able leader have allowed him to keep it. Boarhead strives to maintain his image as a great warrior (an image he needs to retain power) even as he recognizes the necessity of alliance with other tribes — and now Capal — against their greater enemies, the Z'bri.

NODAGGA

The Nodagga and the Irinakoiv have a long history of alternating cooperation and conflict, and many Irinakoiv men have taken Nodagga women as mates. While the Nodagga are fearsome warriors, their reputation is that of eldritch witches and secretive mystics, worshipping Manylegs, the hoarder of knowledge at the center of her web. The history of Nodagga-Irinakoiv interactions is a constant see-saw of shifting power, as the Irinakoiv lever the Nodagga into cooperation, only to have the Nodagga respond with trickery and magic to force the Irinakoiv's hand. While Nodagga and Irinakoiv are the closest of all the tribes, few Irinakoiv dare to travel through the Nodagga lowlands to the east without a native guide.

MOWAK

Populating the hills to the west of the Irinakoiv are the untamable Mowak, vicious warriors who were for some time the Irinakoiv's most potent rivals. After the tribes separating the two had been conquered and subsumed, the Irinakoiv and Mowak faced off in what was expected to be a bloody, endless war. It was at this time that the Capal Koleris attempted to absorb both Irinakoiv and Mowak, not bothering to make any distinction between the two. Together with the Nodagga, these tribes united against the Z'bri and pushed them back across the Great River. Through the war, Mowak and Irinakoiv fought side by side, and came to recognize many similarities between their tribes. The Mowak revere their totem, the Onto, much as the Irinakoiv worship King Boar, and award battle prowess with positions of authority.

TUSCARORA

Introspective and forward-looking, Tuscarora are a loose coalition of mountain-dwelling people, typified by small and isolated communities who value forethought and contemplation over action. When the Tuscarora do act, it is with meticulous planning, with every potential outcome expected and a response prepared. Runners between communities, as well as their totem, Far Sight, help keep all the Tuscarora communicating with each other, stimulating further conversation. The Tuscarora were not unified by a single leader, but more by this loose consensus, until Boarhead's Confederacy loomed in the lowlands to the north. After much consideration and discussion, the Tuscarora chose one of their number to serve as their chieftain, and sent emissaries to Boarhead, heavily and impressively armed, to seek a place on his Council of Elders.

KAYOO

The Kayoo are the most recent addition to the Confederacy, and have the singular honor of being sought out rather than subsumed by force. Boarhead had made minimal contact with the Keepers of Vimary and coveted their weapons that could kill from afar. Shortly thereafter he heard of Squats far to the east who possessed these weapons, and sent messengers to uncover the truth. The rumors were only partially accurate; the Kayoo people traded with the Sanjon Keepers, even further to the east, and some few of them had been awarded muskets after many years of service. Nevertheless, Boarhead offered the Kayoo a place on his Council, hoping to inherit their good relations with the Sanjon.

THE TUSKS OF CAPAL

With Boarhead's alliance with the Eighth Tribe, he pledged the bulk of his elite warriors, the Tusks, to the war effort. Those Tusks who fought in the Siege were rather surprised to find that they were now considered citizens of the conquered city. Nearly half disdained membership in the Eighth Tribe and left for the Confederation territories after the city was secured. The others, however, stayed in Capal, either lured by the promises of the Eighth Tribe or intending to keep Boarhead's power a presence in Capal. They, like Tribal members of the Eighth Tribe, walk a dangerous road of split loyalties to Capal and to Boarhead. While the Tusks of Capal have had their share of intrigues and politicking, most still do not fully understand their fellow members, or why they simultaneously hate the Fatimas and allow them within their city.

Boarhead's warriors must pass rigorous tests to prove their mettle and earn their place among the Tusks, which requires an array of combat-related skills and positive physical attributes. The best and brightest of these are gifted with muskets, displaying their favor with the Warlord. The maintenance of a musket is complex and time-consuming, and most strip and clean the musket daily to keep it pristine and in working condition. See page 93 for more information on guns.

OTHER SQUATS

While Squats from Boarhead's Confederacy are the most common in Capal, they are by far not the only ones. Lumans, Leox, Spirit Riders and even Lake Squats from far-off Onto have been seen and even made their homes in Capal. A small circle of Riders is currently petitioning to be accepted as a Cell of messengers, and individual Leox have been accepted as valued assistants if not outright members of many Cells. The Squats from farthest away are the fewest in number: a small delegation of Onto Lake Squats makes regular visits for trade, but only a handful have abandoned their homelands in favor of Capal. Few of these have become members of the Eighth Tribe, but may be appropriate for a Cycle played outside the aegis of the Eighth.

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SQUAT SYNTHESIS

Squats have little if any direct connection to the River of Dream. The best of them may have access to the Dreaming and Ritual skills, but many rely on shamans to be their intermediaries with the spirit world. This is not to say that Squats are ignorant of the spirit world; many harbor deep faith and powerful belief in guiding spirits. It is a testimony to that faith that they believe so strongly in things which they cannot see and are only related to them by their shamans and holy men.

If the optional Perks and Flaws system is being used, Squats may be Tenuous Dreamers or Non-Dreamers. Some special few might exhibit the potential to be unrestricted Dreamers, and have two Eminences. Any level of Conjunctional Synthesis would have to be learned from Tribals or the Eighth Tribe, the latter of which welcomes and gladly trains those with the potential to Dream.

SERFS

The lowest of the low in Capal, Serfs aren't even supposed to be called Serfs anymore, as they have theoretically been liberated. They are almost categorically used for the most menial and difficult labor, making a Serf a strange and unwieldy choice for a PC. Despite their limited range of action, the incredible prejudices and challenges arrayed against them provide unique opportunities for roleplay. Below follows rules and guidelines for creating and playing Serf Characters in a **Tribe 8** Cycle.

TAINT

Most Serfs still suffer the lasting touch of the Z'bri, a lingering sense of otherworldly perversion known as Taint. Meditation and ritual cleansing can overcome most effects of the Taint, and many Dreamers within the Eighth Tribe have helped Serfs through this therapy. The process is both taxing and ultimately personal, however, and there have never been enough Dreamers to go around. Most Serfs have been guided through the first steps of cleansing, but work remains to be done. This trial is often the focus of a Serf's life: it is the quest to become human again.

Every Serf was once the possession of a Z'bri, and it is the House of her former owner that determines the specific effects of the Taint. Each morning, the Serf must roll to resist her lingering Taint, as if she was in the presence of her former master's Atmosphere. A failure indicates that she will succumb to the effects of that Atmosphere sometime later in the day. In addition, a fumble indicates that the Serf will radiate that Atmosphere for the rest of the day (although others resist at +1 to their roll). Irregardless of the Serf's success, she will seem unnatural and somehow intrinsically *wrong* to whomever she encounters that day. The lower her MoS or higher her MoF, the more pronounced her Taint will seem to others; an MoS of 3 or more will leave the Serf appearing 'clean.'

Permanently shuffling off the Taint of their former masters is often a lifelong struggle, requiring both counseling with Marians

and members of the Eighth Tribe as well as personal Dream Quests and day-to-day struggle. A Serf Player Character's cleansing could be the focus of a quest or a reoccurring theme throughout the entire Cycle. The Weaver should not make it an easy process; the Serf must take a long, hard look at her own soul, recognizing and accepting all the filth and darkness, before she can accept her own failures and weaknesses as part of being human.

LEGACIES

The curse of the Z'bri's touch warps not only the mind, but also the flesh; reshaping the bodies of Serfs was everything from a useful tool to an art form to the Z'bri, and most of the Serfs in Capal still bear this mark. Some of the deformations, abnormalities and mutations among the Serfs can even have game effects; they may restrict the Character's abilities or allow the Character to do things that normal humans cannot. These are collectively known as Legacies, the lasting mark of Z'bri possession and the most obvious sign of a Serf's subhuman status.

Legacies are purchased in Character creation; since these are direct modifications to a Character's basic capabilities, they are bought with Character Points. The greater and more useful the modification, the greater the cost. Legacies are a double-edged sword, however: such blatant evidence of the Z'bri's touch (and Z'bri modifications are almost invariably blatant) incurs public scorn and sometimes wrath. Legacies carry a negative modifier to any social interaction with the Eighth Tribe, Tribals or anyone else who has reason to have hated the Z'bri, with three notable exceptions. Those Serfs who served Koleris or Flemis masters may use the Intimidation skill without penalty; those who served Melanis may use Investigation without penalty; lastly, Sangis ex-Serfs may use Seduction without incurring penalties based on their Legacies.

Because the possibilities are nearly endless, the following table serves as a guideline:

1 CP Legacy: An insignificant modification that confers abilities that might be mistaken for human: parabolic hearing, thick skin that acts as light armor (AR 5). Characters with this level of Legacy have a -1 Skill penalty in all social rolls besides those noted.

2 CP Legacy: A minor modification that confers abilities only slightly beyond human: claws (UD x5) or eyes that can see into the infrared spectrum. Characters with this level of Legacy have a -1 Skill penalty in all social rolls besides those noted.

3 CP Legacy: A significant modification that confers abilities plainly beyond human: gills, a prehensile tail. Characters with this level of Legacy have a -2 Skill penalty in all social rolls besides those noted.

4 CP Legacy: A major modification that confers abilities well beyond human: feet that can serve as hands, quills like a porcupine. Characters with this level of Legacy have a -2 Skill penalty in all social rolls besides those noted.

5 CP Legacy: An incredible (and probably grotesque) modification that confers abilities humans can only hope to possess: winged flight, bone plating (AR 25). Characters with this level of Legacy have a -3 Skill penalty in all social rolls besides those noted.

SERF SYNTHESIS

Long the possessions of the antitheses of Dream, Serfs have almost no connection to the River of Dream. One of the duties that Cells ostensibly have towards the Serfs under their care is to teach them to Dream. This is a long process, complicated by the fact that most in the Eighth Tribe follow intuitive, personalized paths that do not translate easily to others' ways of thinking. Some Serfs may therefore have low levels of the Dreaming skill. Many Serfs have levels, even high levels, of Ritual (Serf), but for obvious reasons do not practice their old rites, at least in public. Some have been taught new versions of the Ritual skill by the Cells that care for them.

The most talented of the Cells' students have picked up an Eminence from their teachers. They may use this Eminence once per session, allowing them to reroll or add +2 to an appropriate dice roll. A very few Serfs — perhaps twenty in all — have been elevated to the point where they may wield Conjunctional Synthesis, and even then their powers are still budding and weak.

If the Perks and Flaws system is being used, Serfs may be Tenuous Dreamers, Non Dreamers, or some special few might be unrestricted and take two Eminences.

THE INVISIBLE ONES

The Eighth has taken Capal and holds it tightly, the government of the Cells maintaining a careful balance between the elite and the plebian crowds. The census and careful cataloguing of the masses, however, cannot help but overlook some of the most random elements which exist within and without Capal's mighty walls, the elements which may have more of an impact on the city and its future than even the Doomsayers can foresee. The enigmatic Guides, more numerous but more withdrawn than ever, and the Z'bri survivors of the Liberation have roles to play yet, despite the dismissive attitude of the Eighth.

GUIDES

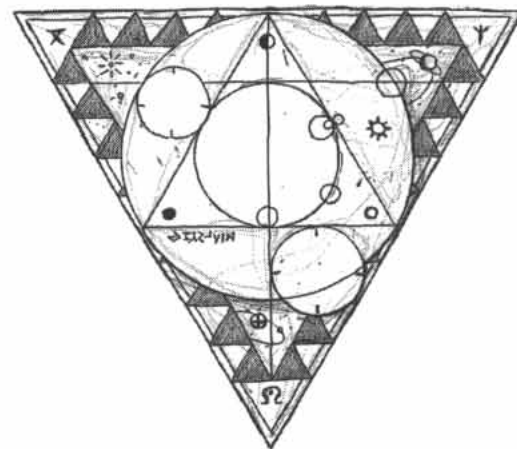
Stepping down from their vaunted position as teachers and mentors to the Fallen, the Guides, led by Halos and Den-Hades, deliberately faded into the background during the Nation's strike against the H'I Kar and invasion of Capal. Collecting their students around them they withdrew from participation in Fallen affairs, and watched with mixed emotions as the desperate battles unfolded across the northern plains. When they were questioned, Halos merely replied that this time belonged to the Eighth Tribe and the Nation of the Fall. The glory of victory, he continued, belonged to the Eighth, and for the Guides to interfere would prevent things from unfolding as they must.

This abnormally fatalistic attitude has persisted, and Halos now find himself at the head of a rapidly growing community of Guides and trainees, all living in or around an adequately-appointed building in Lowtown. The eight full-fledged Guides have another six trainees under their tutelage right now, but despite the recent increase in numbers, the small commune passes unnoticed in the busy neighborhood. Every once in a while someone may stop and wonder what has happened to a Guide she once knew, or what an old mentor is now doing, but the thought is almost immediately chased from her mind by a flood of more mundane concerns. The Guides, thanks to this odd phenomenon, continue to live undisturbed and uninterrupted, rarely seeing even old friends on any regular basis.

Z' BRI

While the Cells of Capal are well aware that certain powerful Lords survived the Liberation, they are less aware of the fact that some of the more potent survivors are quietly rebuilding their power in the wilderness. Driven south and west by the Nation's movements, they lurk in the strongholds of ancient allies and gather strength to fuel their return. A few of the lesser Iv'chet who barely hung on to the vestiges of life after the Liberation of Capal continue to eke out an existence in the Spires which loom over the west side of the city, preying on those unlucky few who wander — unwittingly or otherwise — into their domains.

The Outlands are just as dangerous as they ever were, those Zibri and Gekiroh not allied to Capal seeing no real change in their own lives. The Heartstone of Joshua is rumored to have been borne out of the city itself during the battles of the Liberation, and many of the hunting parties who venture out do so with Joan's blessing, in an attempt to reclaim this most holy of artifacts.



Chapter seven: Weaver Resources

Once I could escape the press of Hom
And wander the wilderness with silence as my guide.
Now Capal presses against my ears
And keeps me trapped like a fly in amber.
I never asked to be its voice;
I never wanted to speak for so many;
I never hoped that a whole city would call me 'poet';
I never dreamed they would need my words.
I have a duty here, as do you.
Maddening, yes, but worthwhile.
How else will Capal stay together
Without our hands and voices lifted in song?
- Deus, Poet Laureate of the Eighth Tribe



WHAT HAS COME BEFORE

The world of **Tribe** has gone through some major changes in the 15 years which have passed since the time described in the **Tribe 8 Rulebook**. These changes, catalogued in the various Cycle books which have been released, are summarized here, to give Weavers who have not read or run the **Children of Prophecy** or **Conquest** story arcs the information they need to use Capal as the setting for their games.

The **Children of Prophecy** Cycle began with the prelude **Quest, Enemy of my Enemy**, where the lost and secretive tribe of Joshua were revealed and some of the seeds for the next part of the Cycle were planted. **Children of Lilith** began as a ploy by Dahlia to change the status quo, which She saw as stifling to the future of the tribes — and which was in direct conflict with the Pact and the work of the Pillars. Dahlia created a false Fatima called Lilith from the remains of Her lost brother Joshua. Lilith came to Hom claiming to be the Daughter of Joshua to teach the Fallen an important lesson — that they needed to find their own future and not fall behind another charismatic leader. This jest grew out of hand when Lilith displayed an independent soul. Soon She had a following of Fallen, known as the Children of Lilith, who (to Dahlia's further shock) exhibited new Joshuan Synthesis powers.

Lilith's presence brought conflict to the Fallen, with the Herites at one end of the political spectrum and the Children at the other. Seeing a threat to the Pact, the Pillars acted. They besieged Hom and had a confrontation with the Fallen and Lilith, which ended in a stalemate. During Lilith's almost year-long reign, She performed various miracles, like the raising of the island of Haven from the depths of the Great River. These bold acts, including a series of attacks on the H'I Kar and Abonom Z'bri, saw the Pillars confronting Lilith once more. At this time, the Baron claimed the Fatimas were breaching the pact, allowing Lilith, a child of the feared Joshua, to strike at the Z'bri in vengeance.

With the confrontation between Lilith and the Pillars at a crisis point, Dahlia decided to end the jest by removing all Her power from Lilith. In this final showdown Lilith tried to strike down Tera Sheba with a huge spear made from Joshua's hammer. Joan intervened and took the blow, and Tera Sheba struck Lilith down. It was at this point that the first cracks between the Pillars appeared, as seen in Joan's defiance of Tera Sheba; disobeying Tera Sheba, Joan took Lilith's remains to Her Watchtower to mourn over Her lost niece. Many, like the Children of Lilith, believe the jest was truly on Dahlia and that Joshua's Daughter truly did walk among them.

DESCENT

Trial by Fire concluded the **Children of Prophecy** Cycle with another a year-long story. It began with the abduction of the Fatima Agnes by the Melanis, with the blame landing on the Fallen. In reality, the whole affair was orchestrated by the Fates — Baba Yaga, Eva and Magdalen — who wished to mature Agnes by subjecting Her to a trial of strength. The Fallen came under renewed siege by the Nation, which caused wide scale

destruction on the Fallen isles, forcing the Fallen to evacuate and go into hiding. The Lilithian leader Ardati Maque was killed defending Lilith's forge in Haven; her death broke the Children of Lilith's resolve.

In the late summer, a plea for mercy by the Fallen leaders ended in their being taken prisoner for their "crimes." A rescue mission led by Kara the Hunter succeeded, freeing all the captives except for Veruka the Wraith and Kara herself, who then stood trial. At this point the Joanites grew unhappy with the constant barrage of orders from the Shebans. The ensuing trial led Marshal Bartholomew to rashly execute Kara, at which point the Joanites and others witnessed a remarkable sign — Kara's shadow and blood formed the symbol of the Joanite tribe. The Templars, led by Shera Uhan'on, saw this and took Kara's body away respectfully, as if she were once again one of their own.

Shortly thereafter, Veruka was also placed on trial. Her proud declaration of Joshua's Prophecy incensed the Tribals. Veruka was set upon a pyre and martyred for her heretical words. As she died, her final words slipped into the minds of all across the island, and the Fallen were given insight into how they could save Agnes and save their people. The Fallen quested to find Agnes and were joined by the Joanite Templars. They sought out and attacked a Melanis stronghold in the H'I Kar and managed to free Agnes, an event that triggered later calls for Crusade, in recognition of the glory and honor shown by those who participated. Agnes returned safely, to be taken in by Joan. The Fallen's efforts were recognized by Joan, who saw that the salvation She sought lay in following Joshua's Prophecy and helping His people — the Fallen.

REBUILDING

Agnes suffered and grew through Her ordeal, developing a desire to prove Her ability to take a more important and mature role in the Nation. Agnes was also annoyed with Tera Sheba for not sending the tribes to save Her when She was captured by the Melanis, and began to have rebellious thoughts about defying Tera Sheba.

The other Fatimas had mixed thoughts on the "growing" of Agnes. Dahlia was happy at Agnes' new outlook, since it separated Agnes from the grip the Fates and Tera Sheba had on Her. The Fates themselves remained in dispute over the outcome of their lesson in **Trial by Fire**, Eva most of all because of the loss of Her hold over Agnes. Tera Sheba was quite concerned with Joan's growing distance, brought about by Agnes' problems, and feared a complete rift between the Pillars. Tera Sheba correctly suspected the Fates, and started an investigation, but could not see how to repair the rift between Herself and Joan.

The Pact of the Dome was technically breached by the Z'bri's actions in taking Agnes, although the Baron claimed it was the fault of a political rival with whom he subsequently dealt. Fortunately, as far as both sides were concerned, this allowed the incursion into H'I Kar to rescue Agnes to be overlooked as well, and the Pact was maintained.

Warrior Unbound began **Conquest**, the second story cycle. It

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took place over a relatively short period of time in the early summer of the year following **Trial by Fire**. In it, Joan opened Her tribe to the Fallen, and many of the Fallen joined after passing the tests the Joanites set for them. Other Fallen, and almost all the Herites, remained opposed to this union, pointing to past lessons (like Lilith) as reason enough to remain outside the tribes.

Joan's actions in taking in the Fallen were of grave concern to Tera Sheba, who called for a trial into this apparent breach of Tribal Law. Joan was forced to go on a quest into the River of Dream and thence to the Sea of the Lost, to find two lost Tribal souls. A group of Melanis Z'bri saw this as an opportunity to destroy the Fold that keeps the Z'bri from returning to their spiritual home. These Z'bri, known as the Blooded Blades, had no regard for the Pact of the Dome, and hoped to achieve their escape through an elaborate experimental process. They then attempted to kill Joan when She returned from Dream. They almost succeeded, even with the other Fatimas present, but were, in the end, destroyed.

Joan's new-won pride, combined with the hatred that the Fallen and Joanites had for the Z'bri led to Joan's destruction of the secret Pact of the Dome in **Broken Pact**. The Fatimas and the Z'bri had long ago sealed a mutual non-aggression pact by trading Joshua's and Tibor's Heartstones. Manipulated by the Baron and wanting to regain Her brother's Heartstone, Joan broke the Pact when She and a small army made a lightning-raid on the Ziggurat. When Joan found out that Joshua's Heartstone was gone, She returned to Vimary in a fury, retrieving and smashing Tibor's Heartstone. This impulsive action forever shattered the peace between Z'bri and Fatimal followers, and completed Joan's split from Tera Sheba.

THE END OF ALL THINGS

Mad with rage and yearning for the taste of war and human pain, the Z'bri then invaded Vimary in a massive wave of two opposing armies in **Vimary Burns**. The Tribes, weakened and split by internal feuding, were unable to stand before the invasion. Within a week most of Vimary had been overrun, and the Tribes were forced to flee to Hom and Haven, taking refuge with the Fallen. The Evans and Shebans took refuge in the Firmament, a gigantic living fortress that Eva had caused to grow up to encompass Sanctuary. For the next two months the Z'bri ravaged what was left of Vimary, turning Bazaar and the surrounding areas into ruins.

Joining together after a series of prophetic dreams and near disasters, including a staged attempt on Magdalen's life, the Fallen and the Tribals took the war back to the Z'bri in **Revanche**. After being goaded to war by Dahlia, the Nation and the Fallen managed to reach a tentative peace while they faced the Zibri threat. Fallen diplomats brought many Evans, and some Shebans, out of the Firmament, though many remained behind. Shortly afterwards, Fallen spies, working with a Magdalite Withered Rose, gained information which they used to break apart the Houses of the H'I Kar, causing House Koleris to leave their former territory undefended as they ran for Capal. With the Z'bri thus weakened, the combined Tribal-Fallen Army

of the Crusade took the war to the Z'bri. After a bloody victory at the Seven Fingers the war descended into months of plague, burning and madness in which Serfs, and even some Tribals and Fallen, were massacred without pity by the Crusading army. Only when the River of Dream started to choke with spiritual pollution did the leaders of the army wake up enough to end the war. The Ziggurat was toppled, and with its fall the power of the Z'bri in the H'I Kar ended forever.

COMING TO GLORY

After the fall of the H'I Kar the Tribals and Fallen spent a hard winter rebuilding, feeding themselves through a hard winter, chasing off the remaining rogue Z'bri, and trying to arrive at some form of living arrangement. **Liberation**, the final chapter of the Conquest cycle, covered the rise of the Fallen under the leadership of Mek the Jacker as they led humanity's war against the Z'bri of Capal. The resources of the Nation were bent towards rebuilding Vimary, devastated by the Z'bri invasions. Forming a tenuous alliance with Boarhead's Confederation, and working with (and sometimes against) the Keepers of Vimary and Sanjon, the Fallen set out on the largest military undertaking in Tribal history — the storming and liberation of the fortress city of Capal. In **Revanche** the Characters had a chance to end Zibri power in Vimary, though at great cost and in often ugly ways. In **Liberation**, the Characters ended Z'bri power in the whole of the north.

After struggling through the hard and often hungry winter following **Revanche**, the Tribals and Fallen started to look towards Capal, knowing that a war with the distant city is inevitable. Capal was not content to wait, as many hoped, for the Nation of Vimary to rebuild after its long struggle, and in a strange alliance with the Machine Monks, attempted to poison the Great River with a plague from the World Before. The discovery of Capal's aggression forced the Nation and Fallen into action, and they responded by sending ambassadors to contract an alliance with Luther Boarhead and his Confederation. Succeeding in gaining Boarhead's grudging support, and driving a wedge between the forces of Capal and the southern realm of Hattan, the combined armies of the Fallen, the Nation, and Boarhead's confederation descended upon Capal in a wave, crushing Z'bri power in the Second City. Hattan's warriors retreated and the surviving Z'bri of Capal fled to nurse their wounds, leaving the empty city in the hands of the Fallen.

The **Capal Book of Days** opens five years after the final battle for the city, the survivors of the Breach, a triumphant but pyrrhic victory, feted as the true heroes of the war. Gathering the scattered masses around Mek's banner, the Fallen have mourned their dead and begun to create a life the kind of which they had only dreamed — until now. Here in Capal, they are rulers and kings, proud and feared by those who once called them Outcast. Capal is the home of the newest power in the known world, the Nation of the Fall.

WEAVING CAPAL

Capal is a deceptively complex setting for the Weaver to use in her game. Weaving this setting and the ramifications of its many parts requires a subtle and informed hand. What follows are a number of considerations that the Weaver should keep in mind.

No Established Hierarchy: Capal has no official permanent government, but rather is run through the influences of an informal network of personal favors and obligations. This can be both difficult and liberating for the Weaver. There is no one person or organization to prompt the Characters into action or send them on quests; on the other hand, anyone can come to the Characters for their help: the Weaver only need worry about making their offer attractive enough for the PCs to accept.

Masters, not Outcasts: The Characters, especially if they are members of the Eighth Tribe, are now the masters of their own destiny. While this has been true for most of **Tribe 8's** metaplot arc, it becomes a central concern in Capal, where choosing to hang out at Junks has been replaced with a social calendar and political wrangling between Cells. It is important for the Weaver to realize that the Characters will often be more proactive than reactive — instead of waiting for something to happen, the PCs will start the wheels rolling themselves. Weavers are encouraged to speak with the Players and determine their Cell's charge, if any, or their overall goals. It is then a simple thing to involve the Characters in a plot by presenting them with an opportunity to forward their agenda.

Capal's Iconic Nature: Members of the Eighth Tribe are part of Capal in ways that modern citizens may have trouble understanding. Most members of the Eighth Tribe fought for and won the city and the right to be its masters. Capal stands as a testament to the glory and bravery of the Eighth Tribe. In addition to its trophy status, the city of Capal is not embodied in the fields and buildings surrounded by walls; it is composed of its Cells and citizens. Every member of a Cell is a functional, working part of Capal. In a very real way, the Eighth Tribe *is* Capal. The love that members of the Eighth Tribe have for Capal surpasses patriotism; it is more like the love of a mother, who gave birth to and nurtured the object of her affection. Members of the Eighth Tribe do not only defend Capal with their lives, but also sacrifice themselves mentally, emotionally and sometimes even physically every day to keep it running. Threats and insults directed at Capal are seen as threats and insults directed at the Eighth Tribe itself, and any member will consider it directed at her personally.

Cosmopolitan Population: There are no fewer than sixteen subpopulations in Capal, and the Weaver may feel intimidated by the thought that she must include every single one of them. If the game does not feature a Keeper, a Squat, or even a Lightbringer, do not worry. Instead, the Weaver should work towards creating an impression of ceaseless activity: the streets are crowded, the bars and dives are packed. The Players' imaginations will fill in the rest of the details.

THEMES

Just as Capal is many things to many people, a Capal cycle can be many different things, and have many different moods. What follows are a number of different lights the Weaver can portray the Rising Star in, depending on what facet of the city she wishes to display. Each theme is followed by potential quests, NPCs and settings appropriate to that theme; these can be used as inspiration or even quick quests in a pinch. The Capal cycle is most enjoyable when all lights are used, in tandem, in sequence and in contrast to each other, creating a portrait of the city as varied and complex as its many inhabitants.

HOPE AND PROMISE

No matter what else can be said of Capal, it is the biggest, brightest thing in the known world. In many ways it is the first real city that the Nation has known. Bazaar was a crossroads and a trade center, filled with people during the day but with few truly permanent residents; Capal, on the other hand, possesses an urban core with a permanent population, surrounded by the fields outside the walls. Capal is also a nexus of trade throughout the known world; no other place sees the number of wonders and treasures that pass through Capal's gates on a daily basis. If any nexus has any hope of rebuilding the glory of the World Before, it is Capal. The citizens strive to protect and promote Capal's stability and glory, working towards the goal of rebuilding civilization on this foundation.

Potential Quests: Earning a place in the Eighth Tribe. Defending the city from Z'bri attack. Acquiring, building and disseminating new resources and knowledge through Capal. Preserving justice in the face of privilege and power.

Potential NPCs: The Clarion of Destiny, The Harbingers

Potential Settings: Destiny Vista, Clarion of Destiny, Green Room

GREED AND HUBRIS

As the center of trade throughout the known world and the beacon of civilization, Capal's stature naturally produces its own dark shadow. Many twist and distort Capal's message of hope into one of privilege and power. Worse yet, few do so intentionally or consciously. The Eighth Tribe won Capal through blood and sacrifice, and now many rest on their laurels and feel that they deserve the 'rights' that they have created for themselves. Many Cells are viciously protective of their privileges, and do not hesitate to inconvenience or impoverish others to hold on to what they have. Usually they justify their actions by their past deeds — the Serfs, for example, should work the Cell's lands due to their debt of gratitude for their Liberation. Most Characters will participate in this almost unconscious oppression to some extent; adventures may focus on the Characters' working through their dark emotions or their spiraling descent into despotism. Alternately, Characters may fight and politick to protect the victims of Capal's darker nature.

Potential Quests: Conflicts between Cells of Capal. Rooting out dissidents within the Eighth Tribe. Defending Tribals or Serfs from exploitation.

Potential NPCs: The Clarion of Destiny, veterans of the Forlorn Hope

Potential Settings: The Fields of Honor, the Rulumino Maze, the Ark



SHADOWS AND DANGER

Not all the dangers to Capal spring from the hearts of the Eighth Tribe. In the absence of strong central government, the shadows of the city harbor criminals — and worse. With the daily influx of people from across the land, Capal's burgeoning population contains a multitude of rival factions and clans, especially among the Squats. As if that wasn't enough, Capal was once a Z'bri city, and still bears the mark, and in some places, the Taint, of that occupation. The insidious Taint exacerbates conflicts and perversions within the populace, inflating secrets into conspiracies and grudges into all-out fights. Characters can struggle against this many-headed beast, trying to quell conflicts and spread justice throughout the city, or deal with the legacy of Z'bri still marking the city.

Potential Quests: Fighting Z'bri hidden within Capal. Foiling plots to bring the Z'bri back to power. Fighting between different Squat factions. Dealing with fallout from Tainted areas, and cleansing them. Quietening the restless spirits of fallen warriors, human and not.

Potential NPCs: Tirk's Saplings, the Stranglers, Z'bri

Potential Settings: Outside, the Citadel, Low Town Crossroads

CENTER OF THE WORLD

At no point in history since the collapse of the World Before has mankind known so much about his world. Maps, trade links and exchanges of culture and knowledge have flourished after the Liberation, and at the center of it all is Capal. Magdalites, Dahlians, Lightbringers and Jackers all campaign away from Capal and into the Outlands every day, eroding its reputation as unknown wilderness. Some seek to unite and bring together, either through trade agreements or alliances; others go forth to destroy the last remnants of the Z'bri still lurking at the outskirts of civilization. The Characters can take up the banner and ideals of the Eighth Tribe and join these crusades to spread the message of hope and a bright future to the rest of the world.

Potential Quests: Establishing new trade routes. Diplomatic envoys to distant areas. Welcoming envoys from those areas visiting Capal. Campaigning against resurgent Z'bri. Joining the skirmishes between the Confederation and the Oneida. Dealing with Rhanto. Protecting the 'Holy Land' of Vimary.

Potential NPCs: The Clarion of Destiny, the Caravan of the Sail, Tusks of Capal

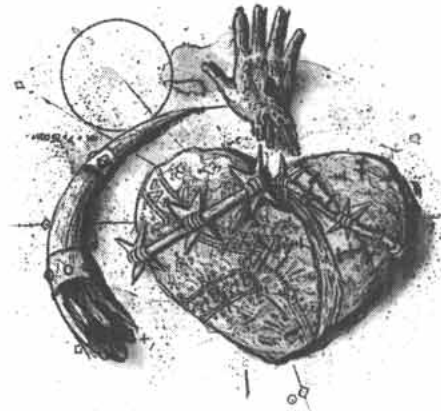
Potential Settings: The Waterfront, Grandally Road, the Outlands, Vimary, the lands of Boarhead's Confederation

PERSONALIZING CAPAL

The city of Capal has no specific center, but a cycle set in Capal does: the PCs. Before the Weaver begins planning her cycle, she is highly encouraged to speak with her players to determine the Characters' intentions and goals. If playing within the Eighth Tribe, the Player Cell will have a charge to look after, as well as established rivals and allies among the other Cells of Capal. Woven into the plot, these elements create a stronger connection between the Characters and the events playing out in the bustling city.

If the Weaver is continuing an ongoing campaign, making the transition from Vimary to Capal entails a few considerations. The first is whether the Players will take up new Characters to continue the saga of the Eighth Tribe, or continue to advance their original PCs. In many ways, the final shattering of the Z'bri menace in *Liberation* and the subsequent establishment of Capal as a city of the Eighth Tribe is a conclusion to the story of this generation. New Characters may now step up to take their place and become the fore behind the Nation's new future. This decision may be welcome or highly unappealing to Players who have built a strong connection to their Characters; in the end, it must be a decision made by the group as to whether some, all or none of the old Characters remain in play.

Especially if the Player Circle has played from before Lilith all the way to Capal, it is almost certain that some deviations from the *Tribe 8* Cycle canon have taken place. This is not a failure on the part of the Weaver; in fact, it is an essential and unavoidable part of roleplaying. The books published in the *Tribe 8* line are to be used as guidelines, not exacting instructions, for creating individual games. If the Player Circle deviates from what is prescribed in the books, they are only exercising one of the more enjoyable aspects of roleplaying: making the stories their own. Capal represents a resting point in the overarching story, where old plots can be brought to a close and new stories begin. As such, the Weaver, possibly with help from her Players, can integrate the group's changes to the first two story arcs (*Children of Prophecy* and *Conquest*) into Capal's setting. Some deviations, such as the death of Hal Ninva or another powerful figure in Capal, may require more extensive rewrites than others, but on the whole, once the Player Circle makes Capal their own, the following cyclebooks should flow more easily, with fewer modifications needed for play.



LIFE IN CAPAL

Capal is a city both alive with light and hard at work restoring its ancient glory. Something is always happening in the City, which presents an ever-active backdrop with which the Weaver and Players can create their stories. Everyone living in the *Rising Star* is busy — and the NPCs whom the PCs encounter always have a dozen things to accomplish with their day. Weavers can use this constant motion as an opportunity to flesh out the portrayal of daily life in Capal, providing specific examples of what and where the NPCs were doing and what they are doing next.

Daily routine differs greatly between the different classes of Capal. For Tribal refugees, Squats and others working under a Cell, the day begins with a morning meal, and work, although not necessarily in that order. The work continues into the late afternoon, broken only by a midday meal which is usually both sparse and eaten on the go, out in the fields or in servants' quarters within the Cell's buildings. Some who work inside the walls are allowed to leave their posts for a short time and find their refreshments in the many shops, stalls and dives in Capal. When the sun touches the horizon, it is time for supper, which many Tribals try to eat with their families and as much of their clan as possible, maintaining their old traditions from Vimary. After supper, Tribals and Squats enter into Capal's energetic nightlife, a holdover from the traditions of Hom.

Serfs, for the most part, follow a routine similar to Tribals and Squats, but are rarely allowed out of the sight of their Cell or off of their Cell's territory. Serfs unaccompanied by their masters are usually on errands; it is not uncommon for haughty members of the Eighth Tribe to question a passing Serf on his destination, and drag him back to his Cell if the answers do not please them.

7. Weaver Resources

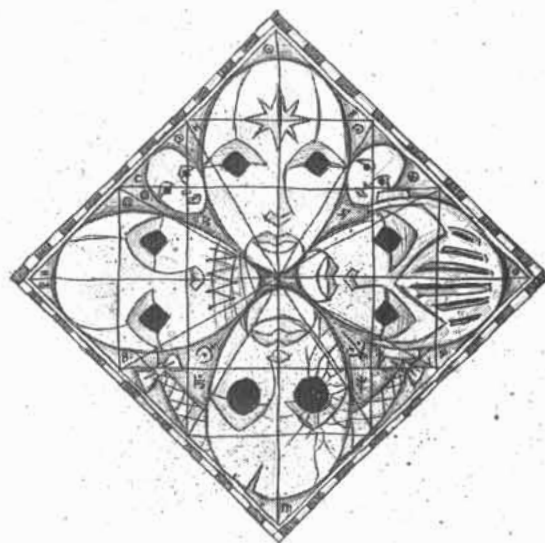
A typical day for a member of the Eighth Tribe is both long and leisurely, beginning early with a morning meal before following the Tribals and Serfs out to their posts. The more charitable supervisors step in and help, providing hands-on instruction; others provide only orders and discipline for slow workers. As the sun reaches its peak in the sky, the Eighth Tribe finds its way to a midday meal, which are almost universally used as opportunities to conduct business and politics. Favors, political jockeying and intrigues are exchanged and practiced over lunch, after which the members of the Eighth Tribe fill the streets of High Town for shopping and entertainment. Many also take this opportunity to seek out other Cells with whom they have business. This ceaseless round of visiting and socializing slowly degenerates into Capal's nightlife.

As the sun sets, both members of the Eighth Tribe and those outside it flock into Capal. Not all of these come to enjoy the many taverns, dives and other venues that come to life at night — someone must also operate the entertainments for others to enjoy. There are uncountable places to go in Capal, catering to tastes ranging from the wholesome to the thoroughly depraved. In one night's journey, many revelers will visit more than one of these; the number and expense of each stop is only limited by the individuals' means. Tribals retire only a few hours after the sun has set, knowing that another full day of work awaits them. The Eighth Tribe continues its rounds of entertainment, socializing, pleasure and politics until well after midnight.

POPULATION

Exact and complete population figures are difficult to find and even more problematic to present, since the traditional distinctions between Tribal and Fallen, as well as the Tribes themselves, are beginning to waver. Consider that some Tribals have become members of Cells, even taking on the Eminence of that Outlook, while still considering themselves followers of their Fatima. The following table displays population figures divided by the primary divisions of Capal: members of the Eighth Tribe, Tribals (those who are not members of Cells), Keepers, Squats and Serfs.

Eighth Tribe		2214	
Jackers	150	Herites	200
Lightbringers	225	Doomsayers	100
Children of Lilith	75	Children of the Eighth	50
Keepers	50	Tusks	100
Agnites	60	Dahlions	140
Evans	400	Joanites	600
Magdalites	20	Shebans	10
Yagan	20	Guides	14
Tribal (non-members)		5950	
Agnites	400	Dahlions	900
Evans	2000	Joanites	900
Magdalites	400	Marians	150
Shebans	500	Yagan	600
Keepers (non-members)	100		
Squats (non-members)		1000	
Confederation	600	Vimary	300
Miscellaneous	100		
Serfs		3000	



CELLS OF THE EIGHTH TRIBE

There are over one hundred recognized Cells that make up the Eighth Tribe. The great majority were created as assault teams in the Siege of Capal, and have retained their names and duties to this day. Others were created after the Siege by Hal Ninva and a Convocation of Cells, and many groups of Tribals and other outsiders still form informal 'Cells' hoping to earn this same honor. These seek Hal Ninva's official recognition in a Convocation in order to become members of the elite Eighth Tribe. Many more others seek to be inducted into an existing Cell to gain the same privileges.

Cells range from the miniscule, with only two or three members, to the enormous: a few of the Joante Cells on the Maize Bank are composed of an entire Joante Clan. All Cells have a recognized leader, even if this position is more of a symbolic figurehead than an individual who dictates policy. Behind the leader and lieutenant can wait loyal followers, polite democratic decision making, or cutthroat politics between rivals. Many leaders have formally and publicly recognized a lieutenant or "drop-dead" as second in charge, who takes the reins of the Cell in case the leader is lost or incapacitated. Only a handful of Cells have been forced to test their succession mechanisms; there is little consensus among the Eighth Tribe as to the 'proper' way to plan for an orderly transfer of power.

The Cells of the Eighth Tribe control, in theory, all real estate, means of production and trade in the City. This does not mean, however, that members of the Eighth Tribe are the only ones who engage in farming, crafting, entertaining or trade. They control the facilities and maintain the rights to practice these trades, but do so by delegating and leasing these rights to others outside the Eighth. It is far more common to see a Tribal selling shoes out of a storefront than it is a member of the Eighth; this shoemaker most likely leases his storefront from the territorial Cell in whose charge it remains. He may also be subject to fees levied by non-territorial Cells whose charge includes outfitting the Eighth with shoes.

These fees and leases are not excessive, just large enough to

support the Cells in question, but permission to trade and use the facilities of Capal is not given freely, either. Would-be shopkeepers and crafters rarely come into Capal bearing useful capital, and must show that they are responsible, gain a Cell's trust, and display the skills that they hope to practice under the Cell's aegis. Many hopefuls do this by serving the Cell for a span of time from a month to a handful of years. Many among the Eighth Tribe see the subsequent gift of a franchise as a suitable reward for capable service.

This design has worked thus far, but is beginning to show signs of strain. As more and more immigrants come to Capal, the rate of growth is challenging the speed at which the system can accept them. The Eighth Tribe, which once comprised one-third of the working population, has become an elite upper crust outnumbered five to one by the disempowered masses. Some Cells, notably the Caravan of the Sail and other territorial Cells establishing commerce districts to rival the old emporiums, have made efforts to ease new citizens into their own businesses and stores. Other Cells have instead retreated, becoming more xenophobic and certain of their own superiority.

MILLETS

Capal is owned by the Eighth Tribe and everyone knows it. Everyone also knows that there is far more to Capal than its ruling class. In the shadows of Lowtown, the bustle of Waterfront, and the freedom of Riverside, the Lesser Tribes, Squats and ex-Serfs have set up their own small communities under the aegis of the Eighth. These small, mostly homogeneous communal groups are known as **millets**. When a millet deals with another millet on an official level, or anyone in the Eighth, or when they want to make any large scale trade or change they have to deal with the Eighth and the difficulties which that presents. However, when dealing with internal matters and small scale trade, millets are largely in charge of themselves. Though it does not give equality to all, this system does allow the non-Eighth Tribe groups in Capal to have some breathing room.

Most of the millets in Capal are immigrant communities. Tribals leaving the increasingly desperate situation on Vimary often find themselves in a hard spot in Capal, having few legal rights and little protection. As a result they tend to stay in the same Tribal groups that they have always lived with, and families and Clans band together for mutual support and protection. The millets are often made up of members of a single Tribe, but many have members from two or three different Tribes. Riverside, for example, has several Yagan-Evan and Evan-Joanite millets (the farmsteads described on pages 28-29 would qualify). As the internal organization of the millet is completely unrecognized by Capal law, such as it is, there is no standard of authority. Usually the group is ruled by the traditions of the largest Tribe represented, so Little Crones have the authority in Yagan-dominated millets, and so forth.

Millets generally administer justice for small crimes committed completely within their ranks. This is not because of any official regulation, but simply because the Eighth does not care to get involved every time one Evan insults another's mother and the two end up in a brawl. If any crime spills out of the millet, or is committed against a member of the Eighth, the jurisdiction reverts automatically to the Eighth. Millets are welcome to trade within their own ranks, so long as the trade doesn't become too profitable. Evans and Yagans in Riverside trade farm tools for healing, or squash for pork without the Eighth getting a cut, for example. If this trade starts becoming large-scale enough to draw notice, however, the Eighth may step in and start taking advantage.

These factors combine to make most millets isolationist. Not wanting to draw attention from the powers that be, and not wanting trouble that could result in their decisions being made for them, members of millets have a tendency to keep their heads down and stay out of trouble in public. Though they are often boisterous and happy within their own ranks, they tend to seem nervous or on edge strangers or members of the Eighth. They also remain very loyal to each other and their local leaders, as their remaining Tribal pride is tied up in maintaining their group identity and independence in the face of the difficulties of life in Capal.



POLITICS

Getting anything accomplished in Capal is a quest in and of itself. Capal has no strong central power as Vimary did in the Grand Council; even the Convocation of Cells is a rare thing, called only in emergencies and thus far only three times in the city's five-year history. In the absence of such a central governing body, all business in Capal is derived from the actions of multiple Cells pursuing their individual charges as given by Mek and getting help from their colleagues only when necessary. The result is a complex web of favors, debts and obligations that somehow manages to keep the entire city running.

The Cells of the Eighth Tribe perform their charges as assigned during the Siege by Mek, although their focus has shifted from conquest to maintenance. The duties and responsibilities granted to each Cell are loosely defined and subject to a good deal of interpretation. When these duties overlap, the Cells involved settle jurisdiction through peaceable negotiation, trade, or downright intimidation.

When one Cell requires assistance from another, its members resort to a complex network of connections and favors. The simplest transactions are favor-for-favor: the Cell in need pledges to perform a favor for the assisting Cell sometime in the future. Sometimes these favors can be traded to other Cells in lieu of pledges of later favors. Instead of promising to return a favor later, a Cell might sell off a favor that someone else already owed them, asking them to pay their debt by helping another. This has resulted in Cells having to assist their heated rivals on more than one occasion.

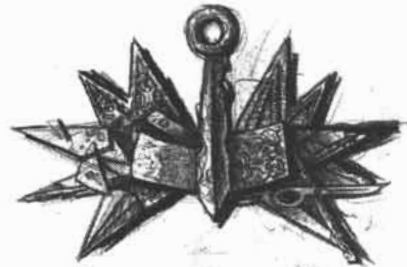
When Cells cannot resolve an issue on their own, they resort to contacting Hal Ninva and his Cell, the Clarion of Destiny, who enjoy a coordination and administrative assignment. The Clarion of Destiny can arrange for support or call in some of its own favors and connections, favors it has accrued by mediating prior disputes between Cells. More on the Clarion of Destiny's unique position and role in the city follows below.

If even the Clarion of Destiny cannot construct an acceptable solution, the final and most drastic option is to call a Convocation of Cells, an event which has only been necessary three times in five years. Convocations of Cells are called only in emergencies, or if a great number of separate matters requires the entire

Eighth Tribe's attention. Each Cell attends or sends a representative; most understand that the more they send, the more shouting power their delegation has, so only those who absolutely can not attend a Convocation are left out. Convocations are mediated by Hal Ninva or another member of the Clarion of Destiny, who calls on Cells and individuals to speak in turn. The mediator usually ends up playing a lightning-quick game to keep all attendees satisfied that they have been heard.

If the entire body of over one thousand delegates cannot come to a rough consensus, the mediator can call for a **representative sampling**, in which seven delegates are selected to speak and vote on the matter. If the seven result in a tie (with abstentions), Hal Ninva has the final, eighth vote. The majority of the sampling is taken as the consensus of the whole. In his role as the mediator, Hal Ninva has often selected those who were already the most outspoken in the general debate for the sampling. While this gives him the appearance of being 'fair,' he has also carefully loaded some samplings to resolve in favor of his preferences. He is subtle, choosing poor speakers as representatives for the points of view he dislikes, or intentionally selecting those individuals who either owe him favors or would like to earn his favor. While many suspect Hal of influencing the results of samplings, none can deny that the Convocations have done the impossible: persuaded the Eighth Tribe to act as one.

When a Cell does not or cannot turn to the Clarion of Destiny, they may attempt to stage a Rant, a popular assembly in an attempt to rule by mob power. This has only occurred in Capal twice before, and both times the results of the Rant were later recognized in Convocation. This is a favorite tactic among the Forlorn Hope veterans, since their increased weight and influence generally help sway the masses to their opinion. Even those outside the Eighth Tribe may speak (or try to be heard) in a Rant, and theoretically, outsiders might even start a Rant to further their agendas. Rants are most effective when they tap into broad-based public opinion, such as the 'oppressive' judges of the Oscar'on or the second-class status of Tribal refugees, as in the past.



THE CLARION OF DESTINY

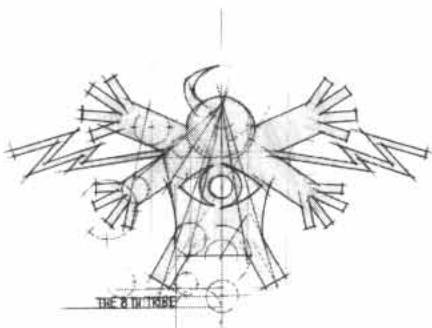
While his position as leader of the Clarion of Destiny makes him powerful, only the naïve would call Hal Ninva the leader of the Eighth Tribe. The Clarion of Destiny is powerful and well-connected, but they are not an authority except in a few, very rigidly defined, areas. The rest of the Clarion's power comes from precedent: the abilities and procedures that the rest of the Eighth Tribe allowed as extrapolations of their original charge, and have continued due to tradition and momentum.

Hal Ninva was at Mek's side during the planning of the Siege of Capal, and his Cell, the Clarion of Destiny, was charged with 'keeping the Cells communicating, informed, and coordinated.' In the years following the Liberation and Mek's death, Hal and his Cell have parlayed and developed their position into an administrators, coordinating the rebuilding, maintenance and government of the city.

Hal's powers by precedent are extensive, but mostly consist of numerous small privileges that become powerful only when combined with a deft hand. Hal can call a Convocation of Cells and, serving as its moderator, take a 'representative sampling' of the Convocation to determine consensus. He may redistribute and grant new duties and responsibilities to Cells, but his most puissant power is to recognize new Cells into the Convocation. Hal's powers are severely restricted by what the other Cells will allow, and his Cell must do extensive cajoling, persuading and calling in favors in order to ensure that each time he exercises his nascent powers he is not successfully opposed.

Hal's most potent power is the ability to officially recognize new Cells; these Cells thereafter owe Hal an incredible debt of gratitude, and can be called on by the Clarion of Destiny for favors and support. The Clarion uses six different Cells in this manner as pawns and support in the Convocation, in addition to the support the Clarion can drum up on its own.

Outside of their political powers, the Clarion of Destiny is also known as a Cell of skilled mediators. Typically, a Cell needing representation or assistance from another Cell will come to the Clarion for help. The Clarion will use its extensive connections and large library of markers and favors to cajole another Cell into action. The Clarion accepts favors and other tokens of appreciation for its services, which only increases the litany of Cells who owe them for service rendered. Over time, this practice has shifted from actual mediation and more towards banking: a Cell can almost exchange its marker for someone else's.



THE TRIBAL COUNCIL

At the bottom of the ladder of power, the Tribal Council has been transplanted from Vimary to Capal, but holds little to no control. Its purpose is to coordinate and control the Tribal immigrants of Capal, and has no jurisdiction over Cell members. It has no representation in a Convocation, and is subservient to the Eighth Tribe. Hal Ninva sits as chancellor, moderating and directing the Council's actions. Tera Sheba sits on the council as the Sheban representative, and uses this position to garner support and to coordinate Her ceaseless efforts to win equality for Her own and the other Lesser Tribes. Why a Fatima has deigned to serve in an institution created by exiles is a cause for continual speculation and concern; many fear that this is only the first step in a greater plan to win control of the entire City.

PLAYER CHARACTERS AND POLITICAL ACTION

It is very likely that, during the course of a cycle, the Player Characters will need to indulge in politics themselves. Even Cells with 'minor' charges, such as the Grocers and the Watchers, often find themselves stepping into the political melee to ensure that they have the resources to perform their duties as well as defending those very charges from infringement by other Cells. During a cycle, PCs will most likely be pursuing goals beyond day-to-day maintenance, but this does not exclude such everyday political wrangling from intruding on plot-driven affairs. The Characters may find that gaining the support of other Cells for their own goals requires them to help those Cells in their own agendas, involving actions they would not normally approve of.

While contacts and political connections are essential to politically-minded Characters, so are a variety of Skills. Etiquette allows Characters to make the right impression with neutral Cells. Human Perception can be used to gauge the intentions and reactions of others. Law in Capal is based on a dizzying list of precedents, as well as the ability to argue that a given precedent is applicable to the situation at hand. Lastly, Theatrics can be used to model public speaking in Convocation or in Rants, gathering support and public opinion in favor of the Character's goals. Players are encouraged to find new applications for other Skills, many of which can be brought to bear on political action.



CLIMATE

Although a great many factors have helped to dramatically improve the quality of life for the Nation of the Fall since the taking of Capal, the climate is harsher here than experienced in Vimary. Winter in the south was buried under an insulation of snow, while here in the north-east, the population is subject to the whims of northern coastal climate. Arctic winds and water streams assault the city in the depths of winter, and the harbors must be worked with heavy boats to be kept free of ice. Large central stoves and sealed walls are necessary to avoid hypothermia in the worst of the winter's rage.

Once the weather has broken, the first few months of the year, although temperate and lovely, are perilous to those living in Low Town, as the river is known to suddenly swell and flood the streets, as well as the homes of those closest to the banks. Fortifications have been built to minimize the damage, but occasionally the water proves too much to hold back. Summers vary from the temperate to the scorching, but provide a good growing season for grain and vegetables, and fall has an extended harvest season for winter roots and squash.

ECONOMICS

Capal's economy exists on three tiers. The most informal and common trading is done on a barter basis. When barter breaks down or when individuals do not want to sink to 'dirty trading,' a gift economy takes over, providing a more gentler and polite atmosphere. When this becomes formalized for larger exchanges, it fades into the favor economy; usually trade at this level is done only by the government of Capal, namely the Cells.

BARTER ECONOMY

Barter, often called 'low trade,' constitutes most of the economic activity in Capal. This is the simplest level of commerce, a this-for-that trade of goods. Barter has no established prices attached to items or goods, and is based more on need than precedent. Vendors will play up the value and scarcity of their wares while buyers will explain that they are only casually interested or know where to find a better bargain elsewhere. At the same time, in a barter economy, both sides are both vendors and buyers, so roles switch often, with vendors waving customers away when they present an 'inferior' trade, or buyers insisting that their proffered payment is scarce, quality workmanship. In the pursuit of a bargain, the concept of 'fair price' is almost entirely absent.

Barter is also used for external trade, and is the lingua franca of Little Bazaar. Here Capal trades what it has for what it does not have, or does not have in enough quantity. Capal is the source for cloth, wine, leatherwork, weapons, steel and other metals, and any number of manufactured goods, both technological wonders from the Keeper's workbenches as well as more mundane items such as clothing and wagons. Capal's primary import is food, mostly in the form of grains and produce, but it also trades for hides, ore, lumber and other raw materials. Those goods not brought in by the Caravan of the Sail are brought by their producers, who hawk their wares in Little Bazaar for a small fee, payable to the Dahlian Cell.

GIFT ECONOMY

While barter works well for goods, the system breaks down when services are bought, or when an individual needs a meal at a tavern. This is where the gift economy comes in. Many establishments such as the House of Masks or the Endless Barrel welcome 'customers' inside, serve them and see them off without even mentioning payment. This is because it is understood that the visitors will make recompense in short order in the form of gifts. Most proprietors are not operating these businesses explicitly for profit, in any case, but to fulfill the charge of their Cell. To a large extent, the proprietors do not care greatly if individual customers make such a repayment, as long as the courtesy is not abused and customers in general repay them enough to allow them to continue fulfilling their charge.

Such a system is, of course, open to abuse. What undergirds the entire gift economy is trust, and the good names of the customers. If a regular becomes a frequent customer without being a regular patron, the proprietors and workers are sure to notice, and begin to subtly correct him. The regular's first hint is being served a cold shoulder of lamb, or some other intentionally below-quality service, whether it be a dull edge to a weapon or a poorly-mended shirt. If the regular gets the hint and makes a gift to the establishment, all is well. If, on the other hand, the regular still neglects to offer anything in return, the proprietors will begin to circulate rumors about his refusal to pay. Soon he will find his string of sub-par service extending to other establishments. If he still does not repay his debts, his 'good name' will be destroyed and he will be turned away, not only at the original establishment, but everywhere else as well.

More than anything else, this is why fights and duels are quick to erupt when someone's good name is slandered. Insulting someone is not only lowering her reputation among others, but threatening her very ability to survive in a gift economy. Anyone who wishes to insult another had better be prepared to back it up quickly, and with proof.

FAVOR ECONOMY

Almost the sole purview of the Eighth Tribe, the favor economy is the language of government in Capal. When one Cell needs the assistance of another, or for any other reason wishes to influence another Cell's actions, they offer the Cell a favor, a promise to support or assist them in the future. These favors may be traded themselves, although many Cells dislike their services being traded like common barter, and refuse to do business again with the Cell that traded away their assistance. More on the favor economy can be found under *Politics*, p. 94.

TECHNOLOGY

Although still wary in the presence of each other, the Keepers have carved out a comfortable niche amongst the Eighth Tribe. Year by year, as the two knit closer together, the Eighth is starting to trust some of the technology the Keepers have to offer. During the siege, many Jackers, Children of Lilith, Joanites and Agnites took to the use of firearms, and a few can still be seen patrolling the perimeter or heading to the hunt with rifle in hand.

Some farming equipment has been resurrected from the lands outside of Capal. A grain thresher, tractor and harvester are in sporadic working order, as is a fish hatchery in Waterfront. Every new piece of equipment put to work in agriculture and fisheries bolsters the new optimism of Capal. A self-sustaining future is tangible just on the horizon, and each smoke-belching machine that the Keepers contribute means that that future is attainable in less time, and with less toil. This is not to say that the transition is easy, for however much the attitude is changing towards the use of machines in everyday life, the large majority of the Eighth Tribe remains technophobic, leaving the operation of the relics to disenfranchised Tribals and the maintenance to Keepers. The idea that the use of technology somehow contributed to the fall of the World Before is still widely believed, and many distrust the growing dependence of Capal on Keeper machinery of any sort.

In addition, the Eighth Tribe has access, at a price, to many of the Keeper transport vehicles (several autos, one large ramshackle truck, a few unreliable motorbikes and boats) although because most of these vehicles need Technosmithing assistance to keep running, they are usually hired with an operator or driver rather than rented alone. A smelt and automated forge has been a great boon to both the machine shop and the burgeoning weapons industry, while a glassworks has regained enough ground to produce lenses sufficiently powerful to reconstruct an observatory in the highest floor of the Bunge. Built from equipment salvaged in Antic in the west, the Ancients close themselves in to brood over the cosmos. In recent times, the Crescent Chasers have emigrated from Westholm to be in academic consult at the Observatory. They hope to glean sufficient information from the Keepers to predict the coming of the next Falling Plagues.

Although few to none outside of the Keepers understand its value, the advancement closest to their hearts lies in the information that has been salvaged in Capal. In an ancient library vault under the city, blueprints and maps that detail city planning, including sewage tunnels, communications systems and the hydroelectric grid have been found within a relic computer. Safe and dry in the confines of the vault, they have withstood the ravages of time. Although still far from understanding the intricacies of how to restore the systems involved, the information lends the Keepers renewed hope that the past is within reach of becoming the future.

GUNS

Since the Tusks and Keepers have started joining the Eighth Tribe, there have been a fair number of former Fallen who have started training with firearms. The advantages of firearms are obvious, and many Fallen saw the power of massed musket fire during the Liberation of Capal. What the Fallen did not see, however, were the many difficulties involved in keeping a gun in working condition. For anyone in Capal having a gun is a symbol of power, not just because of the combat ability of the gun, but because of the expense and time required to keep a gun in working order.

There are two basic types of guns used in Capal, relic guns and



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muskets. Although some Keepers have the skills to build imitations of the old relic guns, they rarely have access to the machine tools and high quality steel necessary to match the power and accuracy of a relic gun. As a result most Keeper-made guns are either zip guns, or less powerful versions of relic weapons. Relic guns, on the other hand, are often powerful and easy to operate, but still require special knowledge to keep in working order. Relic guns must be carefully maintained using Tinkering or a similar skill, or they will quickly degrade.

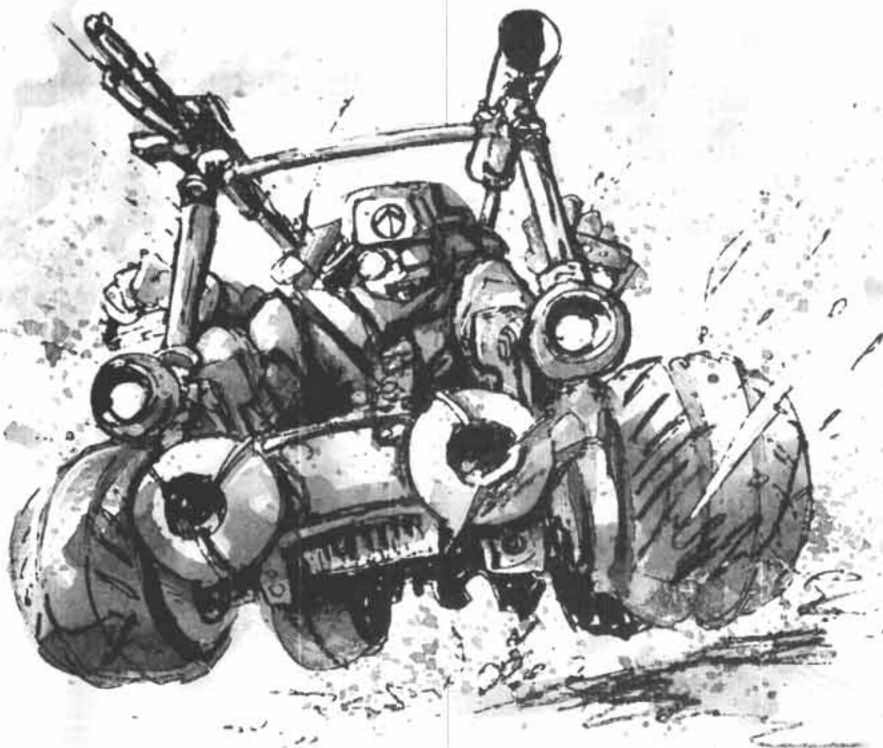
Relic guns also use relic ammunition, which can be produced in limited quantities by Capal's Keepers. Most rounds are made by salvaging spent shells to be reused. Because of this Keepers almost always scour the sites of their battles, looking for spent shell casings. Even with a recycled shell casing making a new round is not easy, as it requires specific amounts and mixtures of powder to be used, and enough crafting skill to rework the bullet. As a result only the Keepers have ready supplies of shells, and even those are in limited supply and kept for emergency.

Muskets are more common, as Sanjon and some Capal Keepers have the ability to produce them in fair numbers. Most Sanjon and Capal-made muskets are flintlocks, which are quick and fairly reliable. They fire by having a bit of flint struck against a steel plate by a spring-loaded firing mechanism (the lock), causing sparks to ignite powder in a pan, which then sets off the main charge in the barrel and fires the gun. The main weakness of the mechanism is that the powder must be kept dry, or else the gun may not fire. Unskilled users may also put too much or too little powder into the pan or the barrel, which can cause a flash in the pan which blinds the firer, or, in the worst-case scenario, can cause the barrel to explode. Some of the Sanjon make percussion muskets, which use a cap rather than an open

powder pan, and so are less vulnerable to misfires and can be fired even in heavy rain. On the other end of the spectrum, some of the Southern Lake Squats are known to carry matchlock muskets, which require the user to stick a long, lit match through a small hole in the barrel, setting the charge off herself. This process is slow and difficult, and the operator must be careful never to let her match go out.

All muskets, matchlock to percussion, are valuable, and trading for a musket is often difficult and involves trading favors as well as goods. Muskets require ball and powder to fire, but both are easy to acquire than shells for relic guns. Horns of powder can be made by most Keepers with the Chemistry Skill, but anyone with a Firearms or Craft (Metalworking) skill can make musket balls by melting down soft metals.

The biggest difficulty in owning a musket is keeping it clean, as the generally low quality powder used by most in the world of **Tribe 8** clogs and damages the barrel unless routinely cleansed. Many Tusks will urinate down the barrels of their guns during lulls in a battle in order to help clean out the foulness, but a field cleaning is necessary after battle, and a full cleaning after every week of use. Even a field cleaning involves taking the gun apart (removing the lock, separating stock and barrel), soaking the inside of the barrel, oiling the barrel and ramrod, stripping and cleaning the firing mechanism (usually a flintlock), including brushing down the pan and oiling the mechanism (most Tusks use vegetable oils, Keepers use motor oil) — then letting the whole thing dry and reassembling it. A thorough cleaning requires more time and effort, as well as specialized tools for opening and rewinding the spring that drives the lock. If this process isn't done regularly, the gun quickly loses accuracy and power and may eventually backfire or explode.



CELLS OF INFLUENCE

In many ways, Capal is not so much a Nation as it is a loose network of individual Cells and other groups of like-minded people. What follows are some of the powerful and interesting recognized Cells of Capal, as well as other groups that do not necessarily have the city's best interests at heart.

THE CLARION OF DESTINY

Members: Hal Ninva (Lightbringer), Natali (Lightbringer), Sydne (Herite), Morella (Herite), Alienor (Lightbringer)

Charge: To keep the Cells communicating, informed, and coordinated

The Clarion of Destiny might be the most powerful Cell in all of Capal, but this does not mean that it can arbitrarily dictate policy or action in the city. Rather, the Clarion of Destiny, ersatz stewards of Capal's governmental machinery, goads and persuades the Cells of Capal to participate in their agenda. Their primary power lies in their position as mediators between Cells, a service for which they accrue favors. Each mediation not only increases their reputation as the Cell to go to with a problem, but also makes them more able to mediate later disputes, therefore accumulating more favors.

Their ever-increasing power might attract attention if the Clarion was not careful to keep their reputation focused on their role as 'humble servants of the people.' Most Cells believe this image, but others, such as the Harbingers and the Forlorn Hope, do not buy in. The Harbingers especially are in a difficult position, as they realize that the Clarion has accrued a great deal of power, but also realize that the Cell is the best hope for a unified Capal. They alternately support necessary actions and work against proposals that will only make the Clarion more powerful.

Allies: Jackers, Sign of the Hawk, Harbingers, Caravan of the Sail, Temple of the One, various others who owe them favors

Antagonists: Harbingers, Forlorn Hope, Fury of Vision, DELTA, Tera Sheba

Members of Note: For Hal Ninva, Natali, and Alienor, see pages 74, 16, and 5, respectively.

Sydne is widely portrayed as 'the calm Herite,' who does not foam at the mouth at the mere mention of the Fatimas and Tribes, and who is capable of dealing and even living with them peacefully. This much is true: Sydne is calm, tactful and politic, and directs all of his efforts towards keeping the Tribes in their place: beneath the thumb of the Eighth. He is not patently or obviously cruel, but harbors a deep vindictive streak, intending to keep the Tribes as second-class citizens of Capal as long as possible. He sometimes sits in Hal's place as Chancellor of the Tribal Council, but otherwise circulates around Capal, trading favors and arbitrating disputes between Cells.

Morella is the least-well-known of the Clarion of Destiny, as she

is quiet and retiring amidst four very outspoken extroverts. Morella serves as Hal's 'quiet solution,' and is sent in where more blatant interference would be resented. Once a Sheban Advocate, Morella is possessed of a calm, well-reasoned conversational attitude, and can lull and convince even the most adamant of detractors. Morella's influence is responsible for a good deal of the Clarion's alliances, including the Temple of the One and other Herite Cells that might oppose Hal's 'union' with the Tribes. Alone among the Clarion of Destiny, Morella is quietly concerned with the inequalities of power in Capal. Her colleagues give lip service to her worries, arguing that keeping the city running is the highest priority — cleaning up, evening out power and other niceties can wait until Capal is more stable.

THE SIGN OF THE HAWK

Members: Hezeus (Lightbringer), Raschel (Jacker-cum-Joanite), Ezekiel (Herite), Annis (Child of Lilith), Gerrard (Tusk), Wade Janssen (Keeper)

Charge: The Ark

The Sign of the Hawk is often lauded as a model of all that Capal stands for. Its membership is cosmopolitan, lacking only a Doomsayer to have a representative of every Outlook of the Eighth. The Sign manages the Ark and its limitless labor market, and has become rich, influential and cultured from the profits. The Sign is closely allied with the Clarion of Destiny and the Sail. Nearly every Cell in Capal has done business with the Sign, and many still owe them favors.

Behind Hezeus' ever-ready smile, the Ark is run like an efficient



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machine with only two goals: profit and prestige. The Sign promotes its image as the best place for refugees in Capal, even though their charge includes nothing of the sort. Hezeus sponsored the Caravan of the Sail into recognition, with the understanding with Laran that all refugees brought from Vimary would be escorted to the Ark as soon as they reached the city. The Sign lavishes new refugees with attention, and promises to make all the necessary connections for them. At the same time, they stay appraised of other Cells' labor needs to better serve them. The Ark supplies temporary labor to Cells for one-time projects (ditch-digging, clearing out a new building, etc.) or introduces refugees to Cells who need their services in exchange for food, shelter and protection. Either way, the Ark accrues favors, but Hezeus prefers to use each new refugee for temporary assignments a few times before 'losing them' to another Cell.

Allies: Clarion of Destiny, Caravan of the Sail, others who owe them favors

Antagonists: Tera Sheba and the Tribal Council, the Templars

Members of Note: For **Hezeus**, see sidebar on page 12.

Raschel: While Hezeus deals with visitors at the Ark, Raschel visits other Cells in Capal, using her impressive array of connections to Jackers and Joanites to further spread the services of the Sign of the Hawk. Her visits are welcomed, as she is well known as a gracious and entertaining guest. Many years ago, Raschel took the tests to rejoin Joan's Tribe, but after the Liberation of Capal has honored her oaths to her Fatima more in word than at heart. The Templars have seen the slow corruption taking root in her heart, and will soon have to take steps to reclaim their Sister from the Ark's influence.

Ezekiel: Grizzled and with skin like sandpaper, Ezekiel serves as the Ark's executive officer, ensuring that the whole building runs efficiently. He oversees a large number of refugees who work to clean rooms, cook food and keep the Ark not only livable, but enjoyable for its residents. It would seem that Ezekiel's Herite heart would be ill-suited to caring for primarily Tribal guests, but he finds ways to appease his agenda. If a drop of poison happens to fall into the bowl of a former Marshal of the Watch, the rest of the Sign of the Hawk accepts it as an operating expense. Unlike Hezeus and Raschel, who only see the Ark as an economic powerhouse, Ezekiel has realized the enormous political weight the Ark might have, and is beginning to have political aspirations.

Annis: Born an Evan, Annis arrived on Horn just in time to become one of the first followers of Lilith. After her new Fatima's death, Annis drowned herself in campaign after campaign against the Z'bri; the Crusade and Liberation were only variations on a theme, except for the crippling blow that cost her a leg during the Breach. She was reassigned to the Sign of the Hawk while the rest of the army mopped up the city, and has resented her 'desk job' ever since. More than anything, Annis wants to campaign again, but in its absence, she contents herself with bullying unruly refugees to maintain order in the Ark.

THE BANNER OF HOPE

Members: Adriana Two Swords (Jacker), Mahilshal (Lightbringer), Marie Eve (Evan)

Charge: Take and hold the interior of the city; this is now interpreted as protecting the city as a whole. Additionally, Hal has awarded the Banner of Hope territory in the Fields of Honor, which they protect and cultivate.

Led by Adriana Two Swords (page 25) and comprised entirely of veterans of the Forlorn Hope, The Banner of Hope is one of the four or five most powerful Cells in Capal. Only the **Jackers** and **The Clarion of Destiny** hold more power, and only the most potent Forlorn Hope Cells can hold ground against The Banner. The Banner of Hope's power is based on three prime factors: its membership of Hope veterans, its control of most of the agricultural trade from the Fields of Honor, and the extensive network of contacts and favors that Adriana has built up over the years.

A fierce and tireless leader, Adriana has used The Banner's power to build up political and physical defenses, rather than trying to turn the Cell into an active force. She, and most of the Cell, are more interested in being left alone with their rightful privileges and rights than in controlling Capal. However, sometimes the best defense is a good offense, and so The Banner is never slack about gaining allies in or leverage over other Cells. As one of the sponsors of the **House of Masks**, Adriana is able to push Odette, and the sex trade of Capal, in directions favorable to her. This includes sending spies to find, or plant, evidence about rival Cells, undermining them at critical points.

The most potent source of strength for The Banner is their relation with the other Hope Cells of the Fields of Honor. While the Fields were being parceled out and set up, Mahilshal made sure that The Banner got all of the lands closest to the markets in Capal. He and Marie Eve then set about setting up large storehouses that they could use to build up stores of food. They generously offered to let the other Cells of the Fields use these storehouses, in exchange for a percentage of the food stored there. The result is that The Banner controls the largest food stores in Capal, and has the potential to put a stranglehold on any food shipments out of the Fields of Honor.

HORIZON'S BLOOD

Though they have considerable power, The Banner also have powerful enemies and rivals. **The Clarion of Destiny** has its eyes on The Banner, and is carefully monitoring their dealings and politics. Though not openly hostile, the Clarion is wary of the damage that The Banner could do to Capal, and is taking quiet steps to neutralize the possible threat of a food shortage. **The Jackers** often ally with The Banner in political matters, but the two Cells have also found themselves at cross purposes in the past. Finally, many lesser Cells have been given the short end of the stick in previous encounters with The Banner, and a smart leader could unite them into a coalition that could pose a threat to the Cell's future.

Allies: Many Cells among the Forlorn Hope, Odette of the House of Masks

Antagonists: Clarion of Destiny, Jackers, numerous old enemies and rivals

Members of Note: For **Adriana Two Swords**, see page 25.

Mahilshal: A former Magdalite, like Adriana, her lover Mahilshal is an ambitious man. Unlike the rest of The Banner of Hope, he is not content to sit in the Fields of Honor and farm and grow old. Mahilshal is a Lightbringer, and one created in Halis' image. He fully believes that the rightful place of the veterans of the Hope is leading the Nation as kings and priests. So far Adriana's strict isolationism has held Mahilshal's ambition in check, but with every passing month he wears away her resistance a little more. Soon this slick and cunning man may be able to convince his lover that it is time to start using the food stores and favors they have accumulated to take power from the central Cells of Capal and turn it over to the Hope Cells of the Fields of Honor — with The Banner of Hope as their captains, of course.

Marie Eve: An Evan warrior, and one of the few surviving Hope Veterans of that Tribe, Marie Eve is one of the main reasons the Hope vets were able to turn the Fields of Honor into such productive land. Her understanding of agriculture is matched only by her understanding of the politics of agriculture. It was her plan to build the well-secured and defended storehouses that have given The Banner its central role in the Fields of Honor, and it is her genius for trade and negotiations that has let the Banner run most of the trade between the Fields and Capal proper. Though she lacks Mahilshal's ambition, Marie Eve has a natural cupidity that makes her lust for a position where she can get her hands on the biggest possible horde of whatever strikes her fancy — food, power, goods. . . it doesn't matter so long as Marie Eve has more than anyone else.

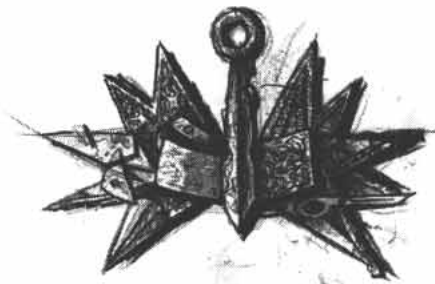
Members: Slake (Jacker), Anne-Sophy (Herite), Kaila (Jacker), Maxcence (Jacker), and many others, mostly Jackers and Children of Lilith

Charge: Seek and Destroy Rogue Z'bri

One of the foremost of the Outlands Cells of Jackers, Horizon's Blood specializes in conducting large-scale and long-term Z'bri hunts in the Outlands. Led by the charismatic and devious Slake (page 43), Horizon's Blood has managed to deftly combine politics with rabid hatred of Z'bri to form an effective, if eclectic, Cell. While other Jacker Cells bug-hunt inside the walls of Capal, or make short expeditions into the lands between Capal and Vimary, Horizon's Blood makes long trips far to the North and South, going as far as the Wall of Fire and the Horse Squat Lands to the south and all the way to Sanjon and the lands of the Silent Ones to the north. In the four years of the Cell's existence they have killed almost a dozen Lords and numberless Iv'chet and Gek'roh — and they claim that they have killed more Z'bri than any other Cell. Most dismiss this, however, as another of Slake's smooth lies.

No one, however, doubts the Cell's effectiveness, and many powerful Cells back them and their expeditions. **The Jackers**, **The Clarion of Destiny** and even the **Templars** all have arranged for resources and political support for Horizon's Blood in the past, and all seem satisfied that their investments are paying off. Considering that the Cell's expeditions occasionally number into the hundreds and require a whole caravan of food and weapons, this is an impressive feat.





Horizon's Blood is also a large Cell, having something over 20 members at any time. The Cell usually adopts new members who show courage on expedition, leading to many not of the Eighth joining the Z'bri hunts in hope of gaining a place in this important Cell. Slake has capitalized on this, building an image of his Cell as the saviors of the brave members of the lesser Tribes. As a result, they have clout among the lower classes of Vimary as well as among the leaders.

For every ally Slake and his crew have earned, however, there is another who would not cross the street to spit on them if they were on fire. Slake himself has a large role in creating this hatred and dismissal, as he is known for playing games (often cruel games) on rookies who go hunting with the Cell. Though he has never actually gone so far as to let anyone die, or be tainted by the Z'bri, Slake and his crew have done just about everything short of that as forms of "initiation." Most Jackers, especially the young ones out to prove their worth, lack the sense of humor to roll with the punches long enough to prove themselves, and end up carrying a grudge. Most of Horizon's Blood are dismissive of those who don't pass muster, thinking them too weak to be a threat to the Cell's established position. They are wrong, however, and the number of enemies their pranks have earned them is growing daily. It will not be long before it reaches critical mass.

Allies: Jackers, Clarion of Destiny, Templars, many Cells among the Forlorn Hope

Antagonists: The Umbra, many warriors bearing old grudges

Members of Note: For **Slake**, see page 43 for more details.

Anne-Sophy: This crippled former Sheban Advocate is the silent partner who makes Slake's public escapades possible with her silent, efficient and not always ethical management and record-keeping. Using a code-language that only she, Slake and Kaila read, Anne-Sophy manages the records of Horizon's Blood and all the resources they get, and use, for their massive ventures. It is she who hides irregularities in the Cell's membership, and makes sure that there is not so much as the appearance of impropriety in the way that supplies and manpower are handled. The fact that Horizon's Circle often does take a hefty skim of the cream off the top, but publicly seems clean as a baby's chin, is due to her accounting wizardry.

Kaila: One of the few pre-Liberation Jackers in Horizon's Blood, Kaila is a former Bone-Road Dahlian with a morbid sense of humor, a tenuous grasp on sanity and an acidic tongue. While Slake leads the Cell in politics and rhetoric, it is Kaila who leads them in battle. She is competent, focused and very skilled, and everyone in the Cell appreciates her and her important role. They appreciate her so much, in fact, that most of them don't even blink when she gives them their battle orders with "Moxxy and Foxy" — two hand puppets made from the skulls of a raven and a fox, complete with voices and a full show that includes sets and costumes.

Maxcence: Maxcence spent 10 years as a Joanite drill-master, shaping the bodies, minds and skills of a generation of Joanite Blades. After the Liberation he decided that he had given his Tribe quite enough, and that it was time he got something that would make him happy — hunting Z'bri. When he approached Slake about joining Horizon's Blood, Slake was ecstatic. He promptly arm-wrenched his Cell into accepting Maxcence, and then put the man in charge of organizing the non-Jackers on long expeditions. Now Maxcence is a happy, happy man — kicking the new recruits awake every morning with his hob-nailed boots, screaming at them until they cry, and then killing Z'bri. What more could a man ask from life?

THE OSCAR'ON

Members: Tamsin Davi'on, Scarson, Samanthaia, and perhaps a dozen others

Charge: To maintain order among the cells, arbitrate disputes and prevent gross crimes against human dignity, without interfering with the proper operation of the City as a whole.

The Oscar'on is one of the few cells to have been modified since their creation by Mek. Originally something near military police, the cell was perhaps too diligent in their pursuit of justice and fell afoul of powerful Forlorn Hope veterans. In the first Rant of Capal, the Oscar'on were nearly destroyed, but instead reorganized and their charge amended with a clause preventing them from interfering with Capal's 'proper operation.' A young daughter of a Forlorn Hope veteran was added to the Cell's numbers to keep an eye on their activities.

Oscar, both the founding member of the Cell and its namesake, did not take the forced modifications well and died the next winter, leaving his lover and son to handle the leadership. Tamsin is still shocked and confused by her lover's death, and her subsequent lack of strong leadership in the Cell has allowed it to split into factions. Scarson does his best to live up to his father's legacy, striving to provide justice for those who are too weak to demand it on their own. Samanthaia, placed in the Cell by the Forlorn Hope, works to protect the interests of the important and powerful figures in Capal. Each has a handful of allies within and without the Cell. When they quarrel and intrigue, the resulting explosions can be impressive; on the few times the two factions work together, the results are nothing short of incredible.

Allies: Forlorn Hope veterans (Samanthia's Faction), Children of the Eighth Tribe (Scarson's Faction), Harbingers (Scarson's Faction)

Antagonists: Forlorn Hope veterans (Scarson's Faction), Clarion of Destiny (occasionally), Monalie Hevkin (rivalry)

Members of Note: Tamsin Davi'on originally joined Oscar on Horn in order to subvert his plans to create a justice system for the Fallen. Over time and as she established ties with other Fallen, her focus shifted from punishing all Fallen to purging those who were not worthy of the distinction of the Eighth Tribe. She even came to love Oscar, and when he withered away, her own heart broke. She spends her time worrying over her dreams and nightmares, and is even considering returning to Tera Sheba and petitioning to be accepted back into Her graces.

Scarson is the son of Oscar and Tamsin, and is nearly 20. He saw that his father died because the rich and powerful denied him and all of Capal proper justice, and since then has dedicated his life to providing the weak and unfortunate (like his father) their chance at justice. He is brash and something of a showman, and commonly publicizes the indiscretions of his rivals and enemies in order to achieve his own ends. He hesitates to use the same tactic against Samanthia, unsure whether it would be right to bring the Cell's internal struggles into public light.

Samanthia is a couple of years older than Scarson, and is already a powerful player in Capal's politics. Using her contacts among the Forlorn Hope veterans, she is able to gather a great deal of support for her own initiatives. The fact that her agenda always benefits them in return only garners her more support for her next move.

TIRK'S SAPLINGS

Members: Thyne (Lightbringer), Eon (Terasheban), Chulta (Joanite) and others

Charge: Low Town Crossroads

Led by Thyne (page 21) this Cell of Lightbringers, Jackers, New Blood Evans and Shebans maintains the lower crossroads in one of the worst slum areas of Low Town. Stationed at the crossroads near the end of the Liberation and then forgotten about for nearly five years, the Cell has grown very tough and self-sufficient. Due to Thyne's patient and stable leadership they have also managed to make allies of most of the Squats and Serfs who live in the buildings around the crossroads.

Though they call themselves Tirk's Saplings, most of the Squats of Low Town call the group Eleggua, though none of them seems to know what it means (at least not anymore — some of them can remember that the name was given to the Cell by an old wise woman who died several years ago). They leave small offerings of food, mostly fish, on the steps of the Cell's bunkhouse, which the Cell accepts with gratitude. The Cell sees the food as a sign that they, along with the protection and justice that they provide, are welcome in the neighborhood.

Tirk's Saplings have two major difficulties. The first is the simple apathy of the rest of the Eighth. Few people in power know, or care, that they are struggling to help Low Town recover. The more immediate enemy, however, is a chained Z'bri named Wishurta. This foul creature is a former Koleris chained into the body of a Komodo Dragon. It hates Thyne, who wounded it with a spear two years ago, and the rest of the Cell for depriving it of food (Serfs). Now it haunts the rest of Low Town, trying to find ways to get back its old hunting ground.

Allies: Low Town poor, few others.

Antagonists: Wishurta, Forlorn Hope, Clarion of Destiny

Members of Note: Eon is a Sheban New Blood, and one of the original members of the Cell. She is Thyne's right hand, and is in charge of maintaining law around the crossroads. She often sets up juries composed of locals to decide the fates of other locals tried of crimes. Though she bases her court around Sheban Tribal law, she is flexible enough to let the residents have some say in the proceedings and to accommodate the law to the circumstances.

Chulta: A former Joanite Ranger, Chulta is responsible for hunting down any Z'bri that come into the area. Silent and deadly with a bow, Chulta also has a talent for organizing the local Serfs into "beaters" to force Z'bri out of hiding. Though she is willing to accept some casualties in order to kill a Z'bri, she does care about her "troops" and does her best to protect them.



THE GRAIL SEEKERS

Members: Fornteac (Lightbringer), Mirian (Marian), Erlaine (Lightbringer), Gregor (Herite), Stefany (Doomsayer)

Charge: Take and hold a small plot of land within the walls of Capal; in addition to this, the Grail Seekers assist others who quest for the Sangrail.

Many years ago a story circulated around Vimary, a story of a powerful magical artifact, sacred to at least two Fatimas. The artifact was called the Sangrail, and it was said to be able to heal and cleanse those who drank from it. In time the legends grew with telling, as a rare few individuals would return from the deep Outlands changed, grown wise and often silent. They would speak, in hushed tones, of the wisdom they had found, and of the strength of soul that the Sangrail had given to them. Some of the first Grail Seekers went on to lead the Nation in the Crusade and the Liberation, showing such remarkable strength that many wished to follow their example and find the mysterious object. When the Marians came out of hiding, they confirmed that there was such an artifact, a sacred bit of Mary and Joshua both, that was a mystery even to them. It was said that its touch could heal wounds — spiritual or physical — that not even the most powerful Forgive or Shaman could.

Not long after Liberation, Fornteac, a Lightbringer who had taken part in the Forlorn Hope and had his pelvis crushed by a boulder, went into the Outlands in search of the Sangrail. With him went his nurse Mirian, a Marian. No one expected to ever see either of them again, as Fornteac was a cripple and Mirian had no training or experience in surviving the Outlands. It was a shock to all when they returned, almost three years later, with Fornteac strong and whole and Mirian nearly glowing with inner power. Over night the myths took on a new import, and many would-be disciples gathered around Fornteac, begging him to tell them of the Sangrail. At first Fornteac would not even speak of his encounters; it was only after he had spoken with Halos and Den Hades that he revealed any of his hard-won knowledge.

Since that day Fornteac has acted as an advisor, mentor and friend to those who wish to seek the Sangrail. He and Mirian have been joined by three others who have found the Grail and returned to tell their tales, and all five work to help others worthy of the quest. They spread stories of the artifact, sponsor expeditions into the Outlands for those they find worthy and teach the values of the Grail (mercy, forgiveness, patience) to any who want to learn. None of them, however, will give any direct information about the artifact. They couch all their information in anagogic tales and myths, and let the seekers know that it is their job to find the truth. As Fornteac has said time after time, "That which is given has no value; if you wish the Sangrail you must earn it."

Allies and Antagonists: Few; contacts with the many who seek the Sangrail

Members of Note: **Fornteac** is a Hope Veteran and Initiate of the Grail, as well as the heart and strength of the Grail Seekers. His many friends and contacts among other Hope veterans allow him the political leverage needed to sponsor Outlands expeditions, and also ensure the safety and political position of his Cell. In his youth Fornteac was a rash and intemperate man, but since returning from his quest he has been a calm, rational man whose deep insights and imperturbable nature can be unsettling to the often impetuous members of the Eighth. He is known to communicate with the Guides, and seems to be friends with the normally vicious and distant Den Hades. What the leader of the Grail Seekers and the Guides speak about is the subject of much speculation, but as no one has ever actually overheard them, it tends to be rumor more than fact. Fornteac, for his part, is no longer chasing mysteries, and so rarely talks of elevated or spiritual matters with the Guides. What he wants is to bring true unity, the Unity of Spirit, to Capal, and all his efforts are focused on that goal.

Mirian: Fornteac's long-time friend and lover, Mirian is the soul of the Seekers. A gentle, compassionate woman who is acknowledged as one of the foremost Dreamers of Capal, Mirian is a tower of spiritual strength. Though the legends around her almost certainly outshine her actual accomplishments, it is known that she once laid several dozen Zoms to rest in a single passing, and that no spirit known to any Dreamer in Capal will take hostile action against her. A humble woman, Mirian spends most of her time working on the house the Grail Seekers call home, and it is not uncommon for a haughty member of the Eighth to approach her and, thinking her to be a servant, demand that she go fetch the mistress of the house.

Erlaine: A Dahlian before he was a Lightbringer or Grail Initiate, Erlaine is the most outgoing of the Grail Seekers, but also the most cruel in his teaching. Dressed in Harlequin motley, this brassy, flamboyant man will occasionally take naïve young Seekers out on long and pointless expeditions into the Outlands, leading them from trap to embarrassment to actual danger, all the while assuring them that all they have to do is follow him and they will find the Grail. Only when they give up, or explode, will Erlaine laughingly tell them that they have indeed taken the first step to finding the Grail — figuring out that you cannot follow another to it, but must find it yourself.



THE SMALL GODS CULT

Members: Many, mostly Evans and Yagans

Agenda: Worship the spirits in the Fatimas' absence

The signs found in *Blood Amid the Roots* (p. 29), are signs of a cult growing in Riverside. Many Riverside Evans, feeling cut off and spiritually empty, missing Eva and unable to connect to the spirituality of the Eighth, have started a cult venerating the local spirits as minor deities. Heavily influenced by the Squats, many of whom have a position of respect in the group, the Small Gods Cult believes that the spirits of the area can protect and guide them, just not in as direct and forceful manner as the Fatimas did. To ensure the spirits' favor and gain their ear they make small sacrifices, mostly young animals and votive items carved and Dreamed to look like something valuable. These sacrifices are left amid the roots of old trees, burnt and offered to the winds, and drowned in the waters, or left in specially prepared circles in the middle of crop fields. (The Joanites have noticed these crop circles, but do not speak of them — they are content to leave their less fortunate sisters alone unless their practices pose an obvious threat.)

The spirits have taken notice of the new attention, and most have responded favorably. The spirits of the fields have helped grow healthy crops, the spirits of the water help drive back poisons and contamination. The help is often small and subtle, unnoticed by any save the faithful. However, not even the faithful know that some of the darker spirits of the land, especially those of the old trees, are not happy. The small sacrifices they have been given have only woken a deeper hunger in those malignant ones, and they now reach out into the dreams of the Cult to urge them to offer up bigger sacrifices, sacrifices of those who oppress them and hold them down. A few members of the Cult are starting to look at the members of the Eighth and wondering how many favors their spiritually rich blood could buy for the poor farmers.

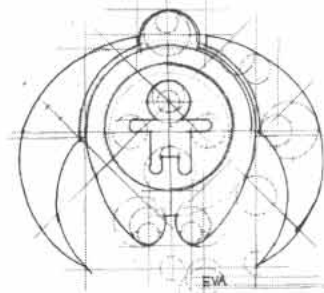
As of now the Small Gods Cult has no opposition. That may change, however, if the Evans start giving into the dark demands of the trees. The Cult does have several allies, including many Squat spiritualists across Capal (and even into Confederation lands), who see the Cult as part of a greater movement, a

religion combining Tribal and Squat practices to better serve the Small Gods and the One Goddess. These ties are all very loose and informal, as the Cult has no central leadership or organization. Their contacts are a matter of certain cult members having friendly relations with spirit worshipers in other areas.

Members of Note: Hilda Chop'on is the Matron of the Chop'on homestead in Riverside, and nearly became a Shaman in her youth. In the end, however, she didn't have the necessary connection to the River of Dream, and so became a family leader instead. Now, however, she has come to think that the Shamans were wrong, or at least didn't know the full truth. There are more ways to become one with the world and the land than just interacting directly with the River. The spirits are good and trustworthy guides, and Hilda opens herself to them without reservation. Because of this she has been deeply touched by the dreams from the trees, and is starting to darken in mind and soul — contemplating how much more the spirits could give if they were fed the blood of the Eighth.

Gammie Pal'on: An elder, though not yet a Matron, of Clan Pal'on in Riverside, Gammie has long held that human sacrifice to the spirits is a wise and righteous thing. After all, sacrifices were made to Eva when Eva was the land; in their new home sacrifices must be made to the new spirits. However, Gammie is fully against the idea of sacrificing members of the Eighth. She believes it would have no good effect, because it would not be willing. A true sacrifice must be a child of the land willingly returning to the land. For that reason Gammie wants to leave the Eighth alone. In fact, as far as she is concerned the farther the Eighth stays from her and her people the better.

Long Horn: A former Luman wiseman, Long Horn now acts as one of the main connections between the Small Gods Cult and the Squats of the far Outlands. He has traveled far in his many years, having met with wise women from Riders with the Spirits, the Onedia, and the Silent Ones in the North. He has many spirits as friends, and even some minor spirits bound to the long horn that he carries. He is wary of the spirits of the trees, as he knows that they lie. He has not, however, bothered to impart this information to anyone in the Cult.



STRANGLERS

Members: Various Serfs throughout Capal

Agenda: Destruction of the Eighth Tribe, Return of the Z'bri

Many of the Serfs, angry beyond reason at the way the Eighth treats them, have occasionally wondered if they were not better off under the Z'bri. A few, mostly those who had positions of power under the Beasts, have gone beyond wondering and have started to actively plot for a way to return Capal to its former masters. One of these splinter groups calls itself The Stranglers, killing those who oppose them by strangling them with a cord made from the ligaments of Battle Serfs who died defending Capal.

The Stranglers currently number only a dozen members, former pleasure Serfs from the Temple of the Flesh, who miss the old days of perverted pleasure and power. The dozen members have spread out across Capal, integrating themselves with other Serfs in nearly every position — among the millers, in the dung cleaners, among beggars and haulers, and every group of servants that the Eighth ignores every day. Inside these various groups the Stranglers work on three goals. The first is to spread discontent among the Serfs, trying to make them forget how truly terrible it was under the Z'bri, and to make them see the Eighth as worse monsters than the Beasts. The second is to work their ways into positions of trust, getting close to powerful people in Capal and serving them as personal slaves. As most of the Stranglers are beautiful, if a bit disturbing, this is easier for them than it would be for most. The final goal is making contact with the Z'bri who prowl into the city, trying to get them to carry messages to the Lords still stalking the wilds so that they can arrange for their return.

The Stranglers intend to build up their power until they can raise the majority of Serfs against the Eighth. They would then strangle the leaders that they had gotten close to, hopefully crippling the Eighth's ability to respond. They plan to then

throw open the gates of Capal, and open up some of the old secret ways, and let their lords back in. With the Serf armies behind them and the Eighth weakened and surprised, the Z'bri would have a real chance of regaining Capal.

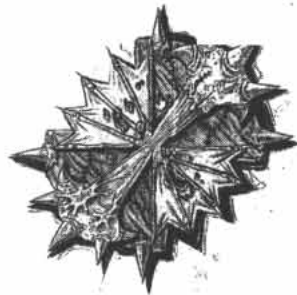
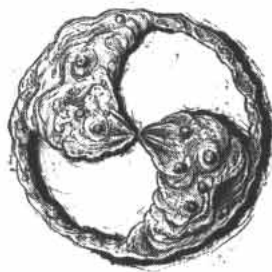
So far the Stranglers have remained almost completely secret, and few people even suspect their existence. Those that hear whispers of it dismiss it as a rumor bred by the difficulties Serfs are having with adjusting to life without the Z'bri, or to plots by other powerful factions to destabilize Capal. Very few actually believe that the Serfs could really want the Z'bri back, much less have the cunning and patience to set up a long term plan. Those that know of the group without being affiliated with it are few. Kelley (page 67) has heard the group's name, and suspects what they are doing, but even it does not really understand the Stranglers' full scope.

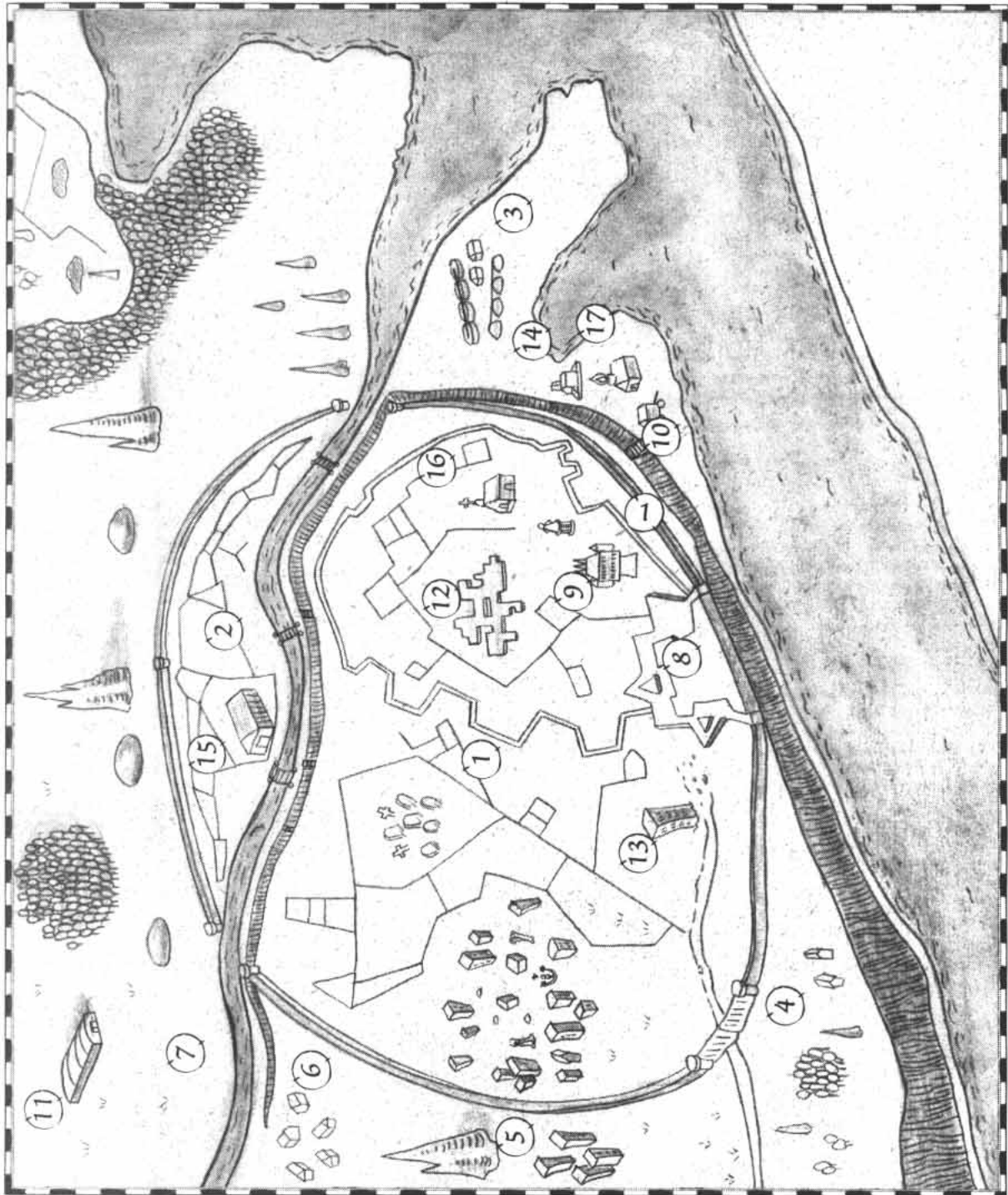
Allies: Z'bri hiding in the Spires, pliant but unaware Serfs

Antagonists: None — yet.

Members of Note: Shiona was one of the favored passion slaves of the Sangis Lords, but was cleansed by the Marians not long after the Liberation of Capal. Most of her twisted changes were removed, leaving her a spectacularly beautiful woman. The Marians, however, underestimated the evil in her heart, and never were able to cleanse the poison from her spirit. Now Shiona is the foremost leader of the Stranglers, and works with many of the Serfs who work in the Ark, keeping it clean and maintained. She has also used her considerable sexual skills to become the lover of many important people, including Mason (page 10) and Withal (page 50).

Tibol: A Koleris serf given as a present to the Sangis, Tibol was under Shiona's sway long before Liberation. Though the Marians rid him of his love for the Z'bri, they did not rid of him of his addiction to Shiona, and over the years she has managed to re-corrupt him. Now Tibol, a massive man who works as a hauler of grain between the Fields of Honor and the Ark, has become the main assassin of the Stranglers, killing any Serfs who seem to be loyal to the Eighth.

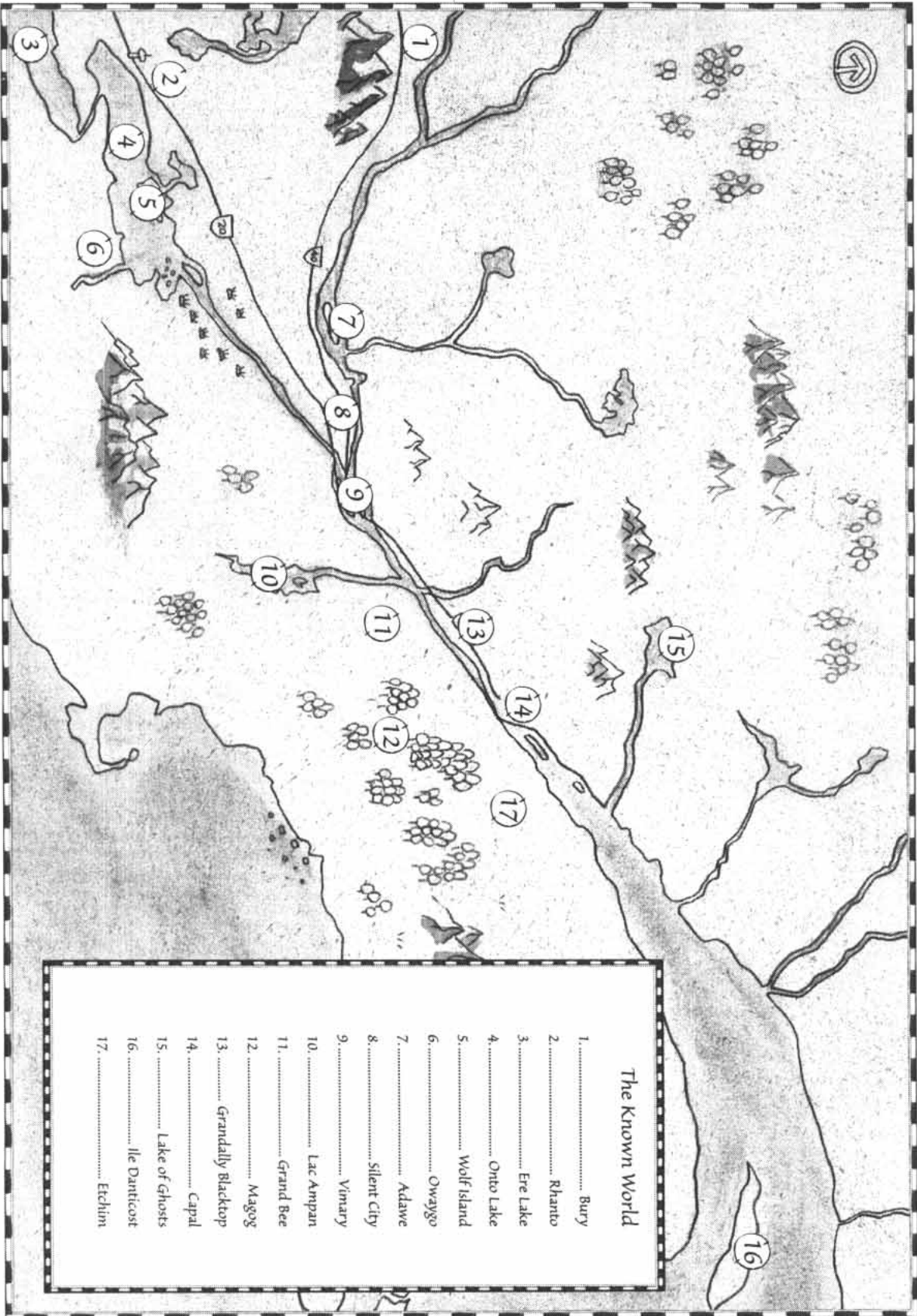


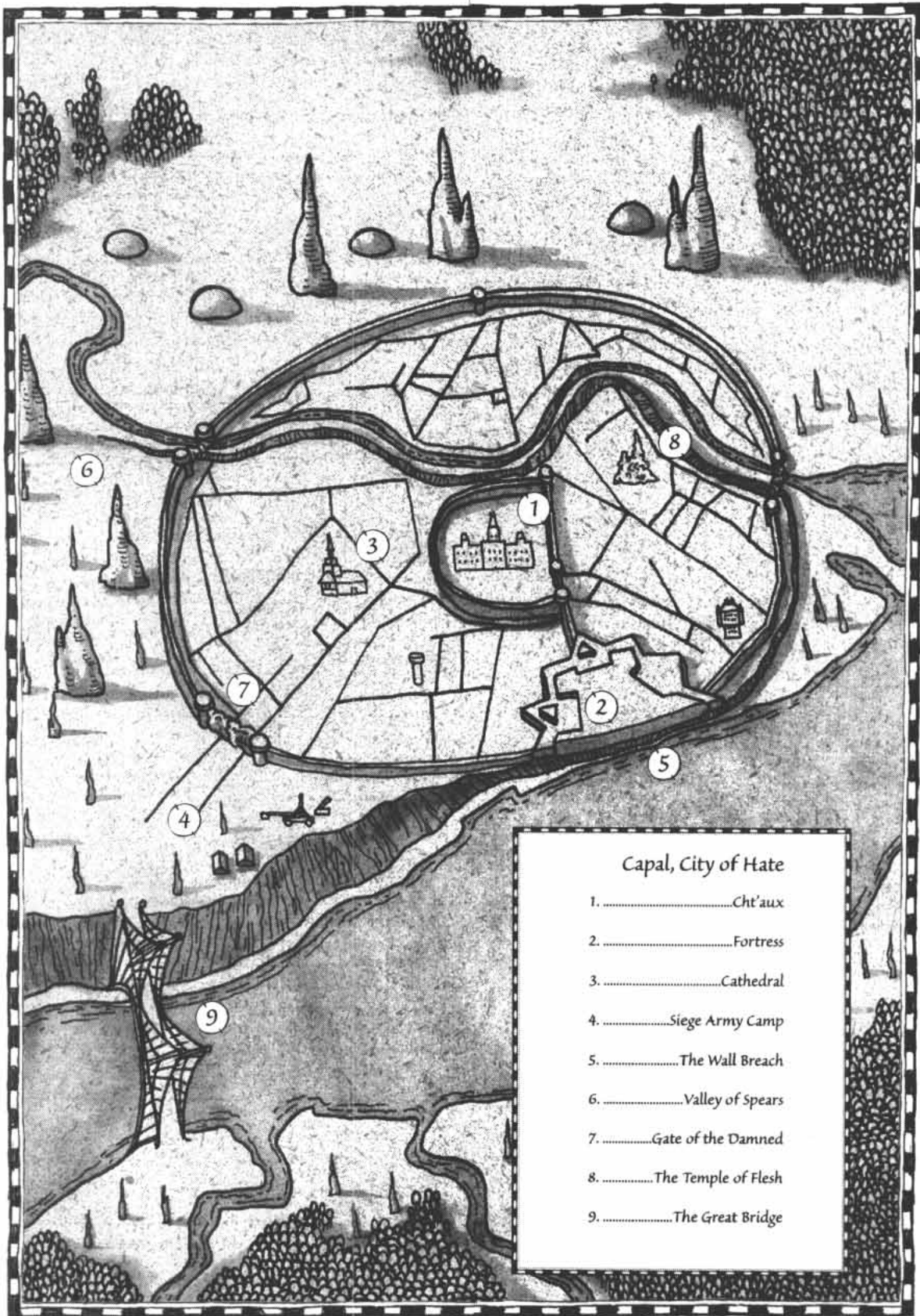


Capal

- 1..... High Town
- 2..... Low Town
- 3..... Waterfront
- 4..... Fields of Honor
- 5..... The Spires
- 6..... Riverside
- 7..... Maize Bank
- 8..... The Citadel
- 9..... The Ark
- 10..... Little Bazaar
- 11..... Coliseum
- 12..... House of Masks
- 13..... Clarion of Destiny
- 14..... Keptown
- 15..... Hands of Mercy
- 16..... The Temple of the One
- 17..... Shrine of the Liberator

WE A V E R R E S S O U R C E S





Capal, City of Hate

1.Cht'aux
2.Fortress
3.Cathedral
4.Siege Army Camp
5.The Wall Breach
6.Valley of Spears
7.Gate of the Damned
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9.The Great Bridge

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