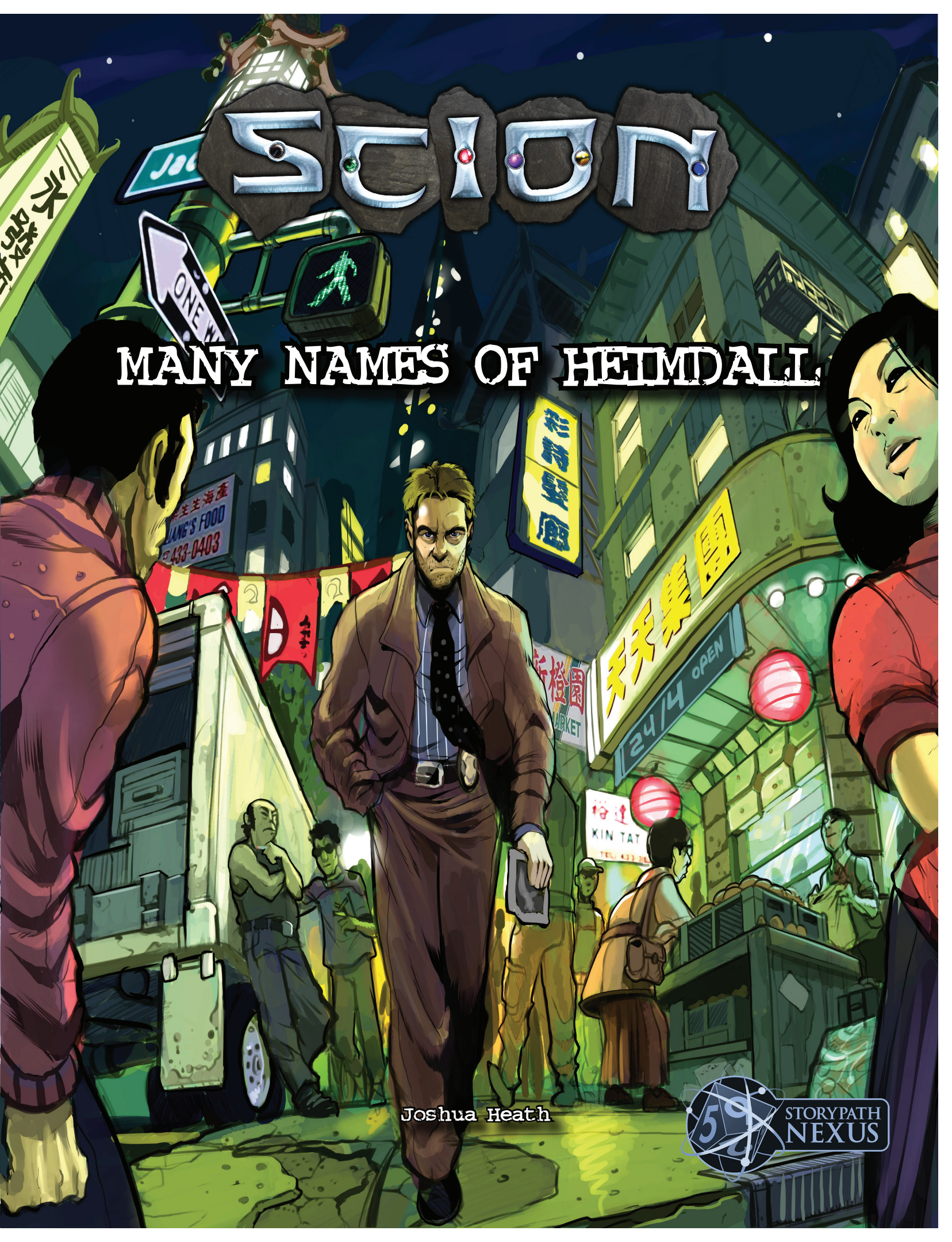




MANY NAMES OF HEIMDALL

Joshua Heath



CREDITS

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

Heimdall, I've worshipped you from the beginning and I hope that you accept this offering in honor of you.

My Kindred, may our luck increase and our worth endure.

Neal Raemonn Price, thank you for your work shepherding this edition into the World.

Preface:

When I read the entry for Heimdall in Scion: Hero 2nd Edition I was a little taken aback that Heimdall and many of the other Aesir did not have aliases listed. While the lord of Himinbjörg does not have as many surviving names as Grimmir or Red Thor, he does have many kennings and names that were unlisted. I don't see this as a failing, it's an opportunity for a cagey player or Storyguide with knowledge of Norse and Germanic religion to go deeper and make a Scion more personalized. It also gives me a chance to pull on my knowledge of Golden-Tooth for this project.

A note: Icelandic names often end with an R, which means that word is the subject of the sentence. Heimdall's horn was named Gjallarhorn. Versus: the wind swept aside graceful Heimdallr's hair. We will be dropping the nominative R ending throughout this book, but it's helpful to know if you are doing more research you may want to add this in a search to find the God you are looking for.



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Alternative Virtues for the Aesir: Responsibility and Desire

Traditional Norse and Germanic religious customs are centered around the reciprocal gifting cycle. This creates a web of responsibility and oaths that limit and restrict freedom. This cycle of gifts is tied to Fate, and it is this tie to fate that assumes the Aesir are Fatalistic. Instead, they know what gifts they have given and they know the importance of being responsible to those whom they are Oathbound. It is this history and cycle of oaths, like the entangling alliances that led to World War 1, that will ultimately be the downfall of the Aesir. They are wedded to their Responsibility, but this conflicts with their Desire.

Desire does not mean lust or sexual need in this case. Desire is a need for more, a need to grow the community, a need to learn, a need to build friendships and be loved. Desire is what drives the Aesir to make Oaths that bind them to the web of responsibility that pulls them down. They are never fully satisfied with what they have. Though this can become grasping and hoarding in some members of the pantheon, for most it becomes a push against Fate, with many of the Gods looking for ways to break Fatebonds that restrict them too harshly. And of course, this leaves them in shame because they have had to push back against their sense of responsibility to those who have given them gifts. This push and pull becomes easier over the ages, as humans die and bonds fade, but Odin himself still remembers every single person who has worshipped him, and perhaps it is this which weighs so heavily upon him.

Origins of Heimdall

As told by Charles Maddox, a Scion of Vindlér

In the early days, Heimdall was an elf. Well, he's still an elf. Elves are complicated beings in The World, and particularly in Norse influenced spaces. Heimdall is an elf, one of the Vanir, a great member of their tribe who has become the protector of the Aesir. He joined the Aesir long before the war that tore his people apart. He's not a hostage and his loyalty is renowned. Still, like the Vanir, he is a fertility god, a warrior god, and a magician. He can see to anywhere on Midgard and can hear anything within 100 miles. He knows the secret that Odin whispered into Baldur's ear, and knows many other secrets as well. He acts as the guardian of Bifrost, but he need not stay in his home in the fells near that place. Because he can see ahead in both time and space, he can travel, and travel he does. Heimdall goes far into the world and takes on many names and faces, and his Scions rise up and serve his mission.

From my experience, the view of Heimdall as dour is wrong. He is serious, but when he smiles it literally lights up a room. He loves to tell stories and to weave in secrets he's learned, which is the way he catches and inspires those who would hurt and help him. Heimdall was born of Nine Mothers, the waves that lapped at the land near the edges of the North. He was a shepherd, and a warrior, as well as a lover and storyteller. Some of these things he has set to the side and allowed other gods who share his name and history to exalt. Perhaps they are simply Scions of his who have become Gods of their own, or perhaps they are all him, in different faces, with different masks, honoring those who honor him. Gifting; as should be done.

Heimdall as many faces and names, some of which may be wholly different Gods. Such things are unclear in The World, but there are those who worship other aspects of Heimdall. Some Scions are also have these emanations as their Divine Parent in place of Heimdall, and access these purviews and callings as appropriate.

Hallinskiði, God of Herds

Many forget that Heimdall was once a member of the Vanir, and more accurately, an elf. Known then as Hallinskiði (Hall-in-skii-thee), or The Broken Horned one, Heimdall was a God of the herd. In those ancient times he is said to have been given the sacrifice of nine rams in a year.

Let me tell you a tale from Gotland.

"The moon was set, but the sun was yet to rise. Hallinskiði was sat upon the cliffs, watching the waves, his nine mothers calling for him to return. Yet, the watcher did not and would not return to their arms.

He looked upon his charges, both man and animal. His mothers were angry with him and hurled upon the shore a foe, a Thursar (what we now call Titans or evil Giants). This beast was both wolf and fish. It had legs covered in spines and fur, and a mouth full of horrible teeth, and Hallinskiði called it Ulf-Haj. While the watcher spied the beast before it came to land, he knew he would not be able to simply hurl it back into the waves. It pained him to lose the dozen sheep, but the The Broken Horned God watched and waited for the moment.

The fight was terrible, it raged for days, with each taking many grievous wounds. Worse was when the Ocean Mothers hurled up their arms and gave the beast their healing touch. Even with this help, Hallinskiði won the upper hand. He pulled the broken horn from one of his precious rams, hid it in his hand, and at the final moment stabbed Ulf-Haj in the eye. The ocean howled to be denied their son's return, and their son became even more wary of them and what they wished to do."

Followers of Hallinskiði are usually farmers and guardians. While modern methods of herding have reduced the need for shepherds to vigilantly watch their herds, they gladly use modern tracking methods to ensure that none of their flock is hurt. Biotechnologists are also frequent worshippers of The Broken Horned God, as they wish to push back against diseases that plague mankind. Like his counterpart, Heimdall, Hallinskiði generally speaks few words, but when he is drinking is known to tell a good story.

Scions of Hallinskiði are active protectors, frequently joining special forces units where they can be "Sheep Dogs" protecting people from Thursar and other Titanspawn. Scions of The Broken Horned God are prone to fits of barely contained rage and they usually try and focus this anger toward those that deserve their fury.

Callings: Lover, Warrior, Guardian

Purviews: Fertility, Epic Strength, Order

Heroic Guardian Knack

Broken but not Useless: You may use any broken object in reach as a weapon. Spend a point of Momentum and anything in reach that is broken becomes a +2 Enhancement melee weapon. This weapon may not be thrown or shot, it must be held in your hand, hands, or your mouth.

Hvítastr ása – Hama the Brightest of the Aesir

As told by Katla Valsdottir

The Anglo-Saxons told of Hama, who is said to be the Brightest of Gods. In Iceland we knew him as Heimdallr, Hvítastr ása. While some idiots will tell you that this meant ‘white’ that misunderstands the meaning of his name in context. Hama was an elf, born of nine mothers, and like other elves his skin shone from cleanliness, from the lack of direct sunshine, and it seemed to glow in the dark. He was also peaceful, and only aggressive to those who would do direct harm to his family, friends, and allies. It was this shininess, this peaceful demeanor, and this fierce loyalty to his family and other Gods that makes him special. Let me tell you a story of Hama.

“The Brightest of the Ása, born of the Wane, stood upon the highest tower of the Hill Fort. He watched because he saw a great light coming, a changing wind. He beseeched his comrades to wait, to listen, and to open their arms to the new Gods who would be coming. When the Romans came to ask his people to become mercenaries, to leave their ancestral lands and the bones of their old ones, Bright Hama counseled them that this was a good path to take. And so, they went, and he alongside them. When he stood upon the great castles his people raised, and gave their name to the land, that Angle-Land, or England, he smiled a bright golden smile and the land was bright from his joy.”

Those who follow the Brightest of the Aesir are often liminal people. The elves were known for being queer, and many are gender fluid in ways that

humans struggle to understand. Trans people are often drawn to Hvítastr ása because he offers them illumination to their true self, and he is known to supply gifts to those who need guidance on how to outwardly present their most authentic self. Other followers of Hama are storytellers, peacemakers, and community organizers. While they will throw down in a fight if they need to, they try and use non-violent forms of resistance and activism as often as possible. Sometimes though, you just need to punch a Nazi in the face.

Scions of Hama are known to be unearthly in their ability to see to the core of a problem, to understand a person’s true motivations, or to see through deception. It’s known that when one of these Scion’s refuses to work with someone they’ve just met, it’s likely because they have seen a hint at what may come from that person.

Callings: Liminal, Sage, Leader, Judge

Purviews: Beauty, Passion, Empowerment

Heroic Judge Knacks

See the Hidden: When first meeting a Storyguide character, as a Scion of Hama you may make a knack skill role to understand their underlying motivation and goals. You gain +2 Enhancement on any Empathy related actions with that person. This only works with one person at a time.

Weak Point: (3s) With increased attention you are able to identify key weak points in a body, emotional state, or logic of a person you have used See the Hidden against. This converts the +2 Enhancement to any roll that affects that character.





Gullintanni (Golden Teeth)

As told by Josh French

Heimdall is a guardian, a watcher, a spy, or that's how a lot of people see him. That's valid, but, that's not Gullintanni. Gullintanni is bright, happy, and quick to tell a story of some wonderful escapade he's witnessed or participated in. He keeps the really sensitive stuff to himself, or wraps it in a fable, but no one that has traveled The World as he has would keep such things to himself. You can normally find Gullintanni with a group of children, swapping tall tales, or making up ghost stories. I've seen him as a Scout Leader, an open mic MC, or in the old VFW hall swapping stories with veterans of every war and conflict. Gullintanni has a knack for avoiding fatebinding, something which I'm sure many of the Gods would like to learn. That's a skill he keeps to himself though and smiles his gold teeth when asked for the secret. Let me tell you a story he told me himself.

"I was born without teeth, which is probably what happens when you've got nine mothers and no father! But my mothers loved me and convinced a dwarf to craft me the teeth you seen in my head. You see, they are made from living gold, and are much like normal teeth. Of course... they are more than simple teeth. There was a time when I was stuck in the trenches, I think it was near Ypres. I had spent a few weeks with these boys, and boys is the right term. Even their Lieutenant was barely over 20... I told them a lot of stories, stories about war, about home, about beautiful women. When they were due to go

over the top, I stopped them. The bombs dropped moments later, and they were saved for another day. I met them again a few days ago, lovely old lads headed home to their ancestors. **"I am the guardian, and I let them in, with a hug and a smile."**

Those who worship Gullintanni are storytellers, and while that is what they do it may not have anything to do with their careers. These are the people that always have a memory to share, a story to tell, or a joke that's totally appropriate for the moment. They are also usually fierce protectors of people. They fight with words and fists, and they don't stop until they win, or they help those they are supporting win their fight.

Scions of Gullintanni are adept at being in the right place at the right time, with the right thing to say at just the right moment. They are inspiring, and often become public speakers, or they are the people that everyone knows but no one knows where they know them from.

Callings: Liminal, Leader, Lover, Creator

Purviews: Artistry, Epic Stamina, Fertility, Prosperity

Special Knack

Slip the Bonds of Fate: All Scions of Gullintanni may spend a point of Legend to reduce the strength of Fatebinding by 1 step for any Fatebinding they are directly involved with. They may only spend 1 point at a time. This point of Legend may not be regained in normal ways. Instead of the usual Sacrifice, the Scion must be involved in a selfless act of service to regain Legend.



Rig – Father of Man

As told by Marquis Washington

Look, Rig's story is pretty messed up. I'm not going to tell you any different. He goes around and sleeps with a bunch of people on the down-low and then out jump all kinds of social class bullshit? That's one way to read the story and it causes a lot of problems when people don't dig a little bit deeper. The story is more like something an alchemist would talk about. It's about self-discovery, growth, and ultimately gaining, learning, and becoming more and then passing that more on to your kids. Rig is a lot like Odin, and in this case the two often get conflated as Father of Mankind, but Rig's the one who got out there and said to people, "Hey, this hunter-gatherer life is fine, but why don't we up our game a little bit?" So, Rig set about pushing people while he pushed himself. He hates seeing people down-trodden and will gift and gift and gift until people are capable of handling themselves.

Back in the day, Rig was traveling around the Carolinas and came upon a group of Gods from Africa. This wasn't the first time he'd encountered them, but it was the first time he'd seen a common cause. The slave revolt they helped to instigate didn't catch fire, but they have been working alongside each other ever since. Rumor has it they have some sort of set-up for technology in Prince George's County, Maryland.

Rig has become the god of magic and technology, and he frequently becomes the patron of those pushing the limits of both. Much of The World has little magical elements tuned in, but Rig wants

to push more and more for a union of high magic and high technology. A Terra Incognita near Capitol Heights, Maryland is known as Carver Tech, and is a joint project of Rig's with several Òrìshà and Netjer.

Scions of Rig are never satisfied, they always push, they always fight for growth and learning. They despise seeing people locked in the trap of poverty and institutional discrimination. While Rig is willing to push those on the edge of becoming hateful away from it, he's much more interested in uplifting those who want but are held back for foolish reasons. Scions of Rig are campaigners, technologists, and magicians with a focus on resistance magic.

Callings: Sage, Leader, Warrior, Creator

Purviews: Fortune, Forge (Technology), Prosperity

Immortal Sage Knacks

Sing the Runes: You carve and sing a runic chant to empower a piece of technology with intense magical power. You may make a knack roll, and every success becomes an Enhancement when using that piece of tech. This empowerment lasts one scene, and the piece of technology is useless until repaired.

Philosopher's Stone: By spending a point of Legend, and touching a person, you may temporarily make them a Scion. This is an extension of Rig's ability to inspire mankind to greatness, and the effects fade after a scene. The new Scion is considered to be pre-visitation and gains three knacks from any Calling known by the scion using this knack. The person so enhanced will be Exhausted for a week after this power fades.





MARQUIS WASHINGTON

Scion of Rig

Background: Marquis is Rig's son. Not in the traditional sense, but in the sense that Rig has always been the father figure in his life. Unlike some Scions, growing up directly with the Gods has meant he is learned more about them, their lives, and the idiosyncrasies of Divine Life that many Scions have to learn while also mastering their burgeoning power and legend. Marquis' birth parents are worshippers of the Òrishà who saw that their son was destined to serve other gods and have been active participants in his life, even if they haven't been as close as most parents are with their children.

This has created an interesting life for a young black man in modern America. When he asked his father to let him spend time in The World... well, he wasn't ready for it, but he's doing his best. He's currently enrolled in Howard University, where he's pursuing a traditional Master's in Electrical Engineering. He's not sure how or why things are so out of sync to the principals Rig and his parent's Gods pursue in Carver Tech. Work together, build together, and treat one another equally... The World has other goals though.

Description: Five foot six and 140 lbs, Marquis is not particularly imposing, but he has a striking confidence that often makes others uncomfortable. Marquis keeps his hair natural, tying it back more often than not. He knows he's smart, he knows that he's destined to be a powerful force as a Scion, but he also knows that he has a lot to learn and acts like a sponge to The World. He dresses in a mix of fashions, occasionally sporting a traditional Nordic style tunic, which gets him some interesting looks when he does so.

Tips: You love to talk. You also love to listen. You want to hear about everyone's life story and you are always the last person at a party soaking it all in. Love a lot, smile, but damn, you know when shit hits the fan what to do and how to get this finished quick. You've always got some trick up your sleeve to fix anything that's wrong, so don't be afraid to use it.

Divine Parent: Rig/Heimdall



SCION

HERO

Marquis Washington

Name

A Thief is a Terrible Thing

Chronicle

Player

Rig

Parent

SKILLS

■ Academics	●●○○○	□ Medicine	○○○○○
□ Athletics	○○○○○	■ Occult	●●●○○
□ Close Combat	○○○○○	□ Persuasion	○○○○○
■ Culture	●●●○○	□ Pilot	○○○○○
■ Empathy	●●●○○	■ Science	●●●○○
□ Firearms	○○○○○	■ Subterfuge	○○○○○
■ Integrity	●●○○○	□ Survival	○○○○○
■ Leadership	●●○○○	■ Technology	●●●○○

ATTRIBUTES

	MENTAL		PHYSICAL		SOCIAL	
POWER	Intellect_____	●●●●●	Might_____	●●●○○	Presence_____	●●●●○
FINESSE	Cunning_____	●●●○○	Dexterity_____	●●○○○	Manipulation__	●●○○○
RESILIENCE	Resolve_____	●●●○○	Stamina_____	●●●○○	Composure_____	●●●○○

PATHS

Terra Incognita Raised	□
Electrical Engineering Student	□
Traditional Magician	□
	□

DEEDS

Short	□
Long	□
Band	□

BIRTHRIGHTS

Power Stone (4): An old geode with runes that act as a battery for any electronic.

Guide (3) Rig

Legendary Title: □

VIRTUE

Responsibility ○○○○○ Desire

KNACKS

Unlimited Quartermaster Hero p. 225, Wireless Interface Hero p. 225

Grand Entrance, Hero p. 230, Lighthouse of Society Hero p. 230

Omniglot Translation Hero p. 233

Masterful Efficiency Hero p. 230

CONTACTS

Gothi Mike

LEGEND

● ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □

MOMENTUM

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

HEALTH

■ Bruised	+1
■ Bruised	+1
□ Bruised	+1
■ Injured	+2
■ Maimed	+4

CALLINGS

Sage	●○○○○
Leader	●●○○○
Creator	●●○○○

BOONS/PURVIEWS

Wyrd

Prosperity - Divine Providence

Forge - Celestial Artiface Hero p 251

Taken Out

Movement Dice:

Defense Roll:

LILLIAN MCLEAN

Scion of Gullintanni

Background: Born and raised in Nova Scotia, Lillian learned Scots, English, and French before she ever formally entered school. She loved listening to stories, and she sought out stories from everyone she met. At 14 she met her first God, while attending a traditional Mi'kmaq storytelling event she had been invited to attend. The Manitou laughed when she recognized him and told her to search out her Grandfather for more guidance.

It would be 6 more years before she had her official visitation, but in that time, Lillian learned all she could of the various Gods in The World. She became obsessed with Scions on social media, and she is aware of all the major figures that make a name for themselves. When she finally ran into her Grandfather, Gullintanni, at a festival in Boston she was hardly shocked to discover that she was a Scion herself. For the last year she's been traveling with the old man, picking up stories, telling them to others, and carrying important cargo for various Gods and Scions around North America.

Description: Six feet, three inches, without heels on. Lillian towers over the majority of people she meets. Her quick smile and hearty laugh calm people down a little, but she knows and doesn't care that there are people that find her intimidating. She has thick blond hair, with flecks of golden brown that come out in the summer. Like her Grandfather, Lillian was born with teeth problems, which she's taken care of with good dental care. Unlike her Grandfather, she prefers not to be extra flashy and doesn't go with gold fillings and fake teeth. She prefers casual clothes, flannel shirts and jeans, but she stuns when she dresses up. She has a small grey horn amulet that she wears around her neck at all times.

Tips: Listen, then act. Ask questions when appropriate then tear into shit as needed. You're a leader because you know how to give people the means to lead themselves.

Divine Parent: Gullintanni/Heimdall



SCION

HERO

Lillian McLean

Name

Chronicle

Gullintani

Player

Parent

SKILLS

☐ Academics	00000	☐ Medicine	00000
☒ Athletics	●0000	☐ Occult	●●000
☐ Close Combat	●0000	☒ Persuasion	●●●00
☒ Culture	●●●00	☒ Pilot	●●000
☒ Empathy	●●●00	☐ Science	00000
☒ Firearms	●●000	☒ Subterfuge	●●000
☐ Integrity	●0000	☒ Survival	●0000
☒ Leadership	●●000	☐ Technology	00000

ATTRIBUTES

MENTAL		PHYSICAL		SOCIAL	
POWER	Intellect ●●●●●	Might ●●●00		Presence ●●●●●	
FINESSE	Cunning ●●000	Dexterity ●●000		Manipulation ●●●00	
RESILIENCE	Resolve ●●●00	Stamina ●●000		Composure ●●●00	

PATHS

Rural Nova Scotian	☐
Storyteller	☐
Courier	☐
	☐

DEEDS

Short	☐
Long	☐
Band	☐

BIRTHRIGHTS

Followers (3) Entourage	
Guides, (4) Grandfather	

VIRTUE

Responsibility 00000 Desire

KNACKS

Touch of the Muses p. 225	
Perfect Poise, p. 230	
Inspirational Aura p. 230	
Experienced Traveler p. 231	
Not Today, Friends p. 230	
Perfect Rendition p. 224	
We Go All Night p. 225	

CONTACTS

Legendary Title: ☐

LEGEND

● ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □

MOMENTUM

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

HEALTH

☒ Bruised	+1
☐ Bruised	+1
☐ Bruised	+1
☒ Injured	+2
☒ Maimed	+4

CALLINGS

Creator	●●000
Leader	●●000
Liminal	●0000

BOONS/PURVIEWS

Artistry- Enthralling Performance p. 240	
Blessed Wealth, p. 258	

Taken Out
Movement Dice: _____
Defense Roll: _____

Eyes on the Prize

Scions of any aspect of Heimdall are all usually very perceptive, and so they are frequently called in by other Scions who need help in that arena. Sometimes though, things go south very quickly for the ‘eyes’ of the group. A Scion of Hama has gone missing during an exploration of ancient ruins near Boston, Massachusetts. They were hired to investigate the ruins because of their connection to the various aspects of the Guardian they are descended from. However, their perceptions, and those of their patron cannot find any evidence of the lost Scion. The get an ancient letter in the mail, which starts them on a chase through the houses of various people in the city, from the lowest homeless shelter to the wealthiest penthouse.

Loki's Spawn

Heimdall is destined to kill Loki at Ragnarök and while Loki is still frequently welcome at the Aesir's tables, Heimdall is renowned for his dislike of Odin's blood brother and his brood. Recently, the Titan Jörmungandr has wrapped himself around Washington DC, at least figuratively, as the DC Beltway. The Titan and his Spawn are siphoning off repair funds, causing low scale accidents, and are otherwise enjoying causing the traffic to get as bad as possible. While Loki would frequently find this funny, the Aesir have made an alliance with the Òrishà in DC and are working together for once. The gods have asked Heimdall and Loki to send a group of scions out to discern exactly what the great Titan is doing, how, and return with plans to stop this activity as soon as possible.



Terra Incognita: Carver Tech

Carver Tech is an embodiment of the dreams of Black Americans, representing the hope of a better and more equitable world. Named after George Washington Carver, but brought into existence by people like Henry Sampson, Mary Kenner, Marjorie Joiner, and more with the help of the Òrìshà, Carver Tech is one of the most technologically advanced places in The World. While Black designers, inventors, and creators were often given the cold shoulder, eventually they would be offered a chance to enter and create in Carver Tech. The largest downside to Carver Tech is that its influence only barely touches on the people in The World who helped create it. While some creations from Carver are eventually brought into The World and some DC residents have slowly moved into Carver, it still borders neighborhoods in The World that are struggling with major economic disparity.

Axes Mundi: Carver Tech can be entered via several key places in DC and Prince Georges County Maryland, including Howard University. Carver Tech is a relatively small Terra Incognita, largely based around the large laboratory building in the center, with circles of houses, community centers, and communal gardens surrounding the lab. Fresh food is delivered via automated machines to every house every morning, and the majority of manual labor is automated, allowing residents to focus more on their creations.

Gods and Peoples: Carver Tech is the home to many powerful scions of the Netjer and the Òrìshà, who were integral in the creation of the Terra Incognita. Manitou scions are also common. Until recently, almost all other Pantheons were banned from living in Carver Tech. In the past 10 years, the ruling group of Scions has allowed a few Scions of the Aesir stating, “They’re doing the work. We’ve got a place for them.” This allowance is fraught with some tension but has so far been positive. Marquis Washington is one of the Scions who worked to make this approval occur.

The residents of Carver Tech are about 99.9% Black, with the rare person having absolutely no African ancestry. Most of these residents are the descendants of gifted researchers and people that were selected to support the researchers and technologists of the region.

