



MANY NAMES OF ODIN

Scion

Joshua Heath

Compatible with Scion 2nd Edition



STORYPATH
NEXUS

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

Odin, Wodan, Godan, accept this in offering of praise.
You stand as one of my luckgivers and know that I intend
honor to you in the words contained in this book.

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



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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.

MANY NAMES OF ODIN

Welcome to the second iteration of the Many Names series. When I wrote Many Names of Heimdall I didn't expect it would be so well received, but I'm super happy it was. This second book focuses on the second God who spends a lot of time earning my praise. I think the main text of Scion does a good job of showing his more positive traits, the ones that focus on magic and such. These versions are the darker names of Odin, but that doesn't mean they are all evil or anything...

The truth is, Odin, for me, is a God of song and poetry and laughter. But, he's also a god of getting things done and shutting down those who would hurt him or those who worship him. He also doesn't care about race, so if you are buying these books and you are an asshat Wotanist or racist, you can fuck right off now. Bye!

If you are still here, great! Thanks for buying my book and supporting Scion Second Edition.

Odin's Faces

as told by Kat Houghton, Scion of Odin

Everyone knows the Old Man has many names, faces, and ways of being. I think that's because he's the ultimate codeswitcher, using the right terminology to get by with the right people. In our World though, not all aspects and faces are the same god. Well, they are, but they aren't, and if you dive too far down that metaphysical path it's madness, trust me. I've collected some stories of different aspects of Odin. Seek out his scions at your discretion, but be careful.

Bölverkr (Evil Doer)

As told by a woman who would not give her name, Scion of Bölverkr

The tale of Othin as Evildoer is well known, even by those outside of those who follow our gods. What I am left with when I hear the tale is that Odin was clear who he was. He did not lie. He did what he must do, and while that duty was dangerous, and deadly, and horrible, he did not pretend to be anything other than Bölverkr. This is how we as his Scion's must live our lives. We cannot hide the evil we do. We cannot pretend to be anything we are not. We may avoid telling you the truth. We may hide the truth under something so obvious you think we are joking or lying or simply... wrong. But we cannot lie to you.

You see, like Bölverkr we must cast ourselves

into great danger for our community. We do this for selfish and selfless reasons. To expect otherwise is to think we are stupid or vain, or all consuming in our lack of self. That's bullshit. I'm on the path to Demigodhood because I know that at the end, I will gain the ability to change the world, but I will also face my fears and challenges to save those who I love and hold dear. I fought off the Jotun who worked for Sutr, but I got paid too. Sure, I put that money back into the community center... but honestly, I put enough in my pocket to keep the debt collectors at bay too.

Like Bölverkr, I'm evil. I've killed people. I've broken bones, I've plotted actions that put people in a bad place. Hel, I once left a man to commit suicide with a gun I loaned him. Why? Well, the why matters. I kill people who are committing harm. I break the bones of men who hurt women. I set that guy up to kill himself because of what he did to a child. I don't care what happens to this scum. When Tyr's justice works, I let it work. When it doesn't... Well, that's why I'm here. That's why Bölverkr exists. That's why he exalts a few of his children. That's why we get the visitation. No happy go lucky magic Odin here. No... This is all the bad sides of ole One-Eye.

Callings: Liminal, Guardian, Trickster, Warrior

Purviews: Deception, Journeys, War, Passion

Mortal Guardian Knack

Take One for the Team: Take an Injury Condition. Your band gains +1 Enhancement for one scene on any action that protects the band or protects others.

Birthrights of Bölverkr

The Scions of Bolverkr are often isolated by the dark deeds are expected to do in Bolverkr's name, and their path is often a solitary one. Aside from any Band they may belong to, a Scion of Bolverkr must stand alone, and may not take any Creatures, Followers, or Guides as Birthrights from Bolverkr. This does not prevent them from gaining such Birthrights as Gifts of Other Gods, but Bolverkr does not look favorably on his Scions working with other deities, so any Scion of Bolverkr willing to divide their allegiances is risking his wrath. Bolverkr is more generous in endowing his children with mighty Relics to accomplish the Evil they must do in Bolverkr's name, and often with fewer restrictions than other aspects of Odin. Because they are brutally tested in ways few other Scions are, Scions of Bolverkr tend to come into their power quickly. To represent this, they may forgo two dots of Birthrights to gain an extra Knack at Character Creation, but may not forgo more than four dots of Birthrights in this fashion.

Draugadróttinn (Lord of the Dead)

As told by Louis Nosferatu, an undead Scion of Draugadróttinn

First, clearly my name is simply a joke, yes?

Good, we have that out of the way. Now, who is my father? He is called Odin by some but because of what and who I am he is called by different name. Draugadróttinn is my sire, the one who touched me upon the shoulder and whispered the magic word of life into my ear. This is how I became what I am today. Some call me Vampire, Nosferatu, Undead, whatever lie they tell you about our kind is only that, lies. We are the bearers of wisdom from beyond the grave. Some of us are einherjar, warriors who fight for the gods. Others are like me, tale tellers, keepers of the secrets of the grave.

Draugadróttinn awakens a small number of us each year. No more than six, but rarely even two or three. We are an elite set of guardians, of sages. But you are likely sick of hearing what great ones we are, eh? You do not like to hear how this beast who lives on blood is such a wise strong one, hah!? Trust me, we fight for the Old Man because he has taught us to control our nature. We are like him. We are the Lords of the Dead. The draugr, the wraith, the wight, all follow my commands.

“Once Draugadróttinn walked upon the land and blessed many men and women with his fertile touch. The plague that passed through was his work, but it was needed. It was a plague to stop the famine that was coming. The hard fimbulvinter would have been worse, and while the plague was hard and scary it was better than starving to death slowly. The men and women who survived the plague survived the winter. They cursed the gods but Draugadróttinn shrugged. This must be the way it is because this is the way of protecting more people.”

We are similar. We herd. We collect. We protect you. We listen to our father and do as he asks.

Now, look into my eyes and count to three.

Callings: Liminal, Sage, Trickster

Birthrights of Draugdróttinn

Draugdróttinn has no living servants. Any Creatures, Guides, or Followers Draugdróttinn grants to his Scions will be Undead, such as Ghosts, Einherjar, and especially Draugr, whom Draugdróttinn often offers his Scions as Followers.

Purviews: Death, Deception, Passion, War

Death Purview Boon

Control Undead

Cost: Imbue 1 Legend

Duration: One scene

Subject: Legend +1 Undead

Action: Simple

You compel undead beings to follow your commands, pulling them from the service of your enemies or undermining their independent will. By imbuing your Legend into the action, you are able to extend your control over a small handful of undead at a time. Intelligent undead may make an opposed roll versus your Manipulation + Legend.

Vampire Servant of Draugadróttinn

Archetype: Villain

Qualities: Natural Weapon (teeth), Imperfect Disguise, Miasmic Presence, Super Soldier, Vulnerability (Sunlight), Vulnerability (Running Water)

Flairs: Immobilize, Hypnotic Charm, Shroud, Compel Undead

Drive: To Control

Primary Pool: 10: Magic, Scheming

Secondary Pool: 8: Fascinating Others, Monologues, Paranoia

Desperation Pool: 5

Health: 6

Defense: 3

Initiative: 9

Fjolsvin (Very Wise/The Quiet One)

As told by Karl Cander, Scion of Fjolsvin

My mother would tell you I should speak nothing of our mysteries. But such is the way of the Quiet One. Some forget the gods can come in all sexes and genders, the entire panoply of human expression is but a whim to them. So yes, my Mother Is Fjolsvin and uses the pronouns He/Him/They, thank you very much. *sigh* I'm not Quiet and that's part of my problem and it's why I'm not the wisest Scion of our Fjolsvin and he looks at me much as he looks at Loki most days.



While wisdom of Odin is not always associated with being tight lipped, Fjolsvin goes by their name because it is Wisest to keep quiet in dangerous places. Those are the places we must go as their Scions. We must discover ancient wisdom and pull it from sources that wish not to relieve themselves of their knowledge. At times, this means warring with our own brethren who wish to keep their secrets close to their chests. Secrets are valuable, and we are building a vault of them.

We aren't all about fighting, of course. We often work in libraries, and monasteries, and places where silence rages. It's amazing what you can see, hear, understand when you are silent for more than a moment, when you accept the world provides all sensory input and you just... let it go. Of course, the Ice Queen is one of ours, isn't it obvious? Where was I? Right, we who worship Fjolsvin because we see value in allowing the world to be as it is, and we acquire what we need to know from that. We avoid directly pushing, pulling, or fatebinding unless we absolutely must. Then, we throw everything in to move on quickly and assuredly.

Callings: Hunter, Leader, Sage

Purviews: Deception, Order, Fortune

Mortal Trickster Knack

Peaceful and Harmless: Until you take an aggressive action, you are considered harmless and ignored by any antagonist lower than Villain level. A Villain must make a contested roll against your Empathy + Composure to attempt any aggressive action toward you unless you've already attacked them.

Birthrights of Fjolsvin

Fjolsvin is the aspect of Odin that is most favored by the Valkyries, who often watch his children with great interest, and are more likely to serve them as Guides or Powerful Followers.

Gangleri (Wanderer)

As told by Pops, Scion of Gangleri

One-Eye's a bastard. He's my bastard though and I'd die to protect him, but I'd rather live in his good graces if I have my druthers about me. What did you want to know? Oh, right. Gangleri, the Wanderer. He's always looking for something and he likes to Visit folks like me. Folks who have traveled the world and back again and still can't find it comfortable

to live inside a normal house. Hell, they say I'm homeless but I tell you I make a home anywhere I put my bag down and sleep. It ain't always easy, but I would rather do this than stay still in one place for too long. Don't tell me I'm too old for this shit, I'm too old for your kind of shit!

Gangleri took to the road to uncover the truth and to ferret out those who hated his son, Balder. Don't believe those who say ole Beautiful Baby Balder is up and running around again, he's dead, and he's going to stay that way until Gangleri's got his job done. Until I guess my job is done too. I travel, I talk, I listen. It's amazing the things people will say when a homeless man is around. They don't care, they think nothing of me. Well, I've sent more than a few to their graves and I've sent a few more into the hands of the police, but most of the time I just collect money from them with a few short emails and extortion arm. They don't even realize who's doing it either.

Course, I don't like doing it and I don't hold onto the money for too long. I get myself something to eat, a shower, and then I pass the money on to those who need it, who want what money can do for them. I'd rather live on the road. I'd rather keep moving. Keep walking, keep listening and hearing ole One-Eye calling my name until I wake the hell up every morning. Bastard won't ever let me sleep, I'll tell you, even when he doesn't really need anything from me.

Callings: Creator, Judge, Liminal, Trickster

Purviews: Deception, Health, Journeys, Water

Mortal Liminal Knack

Anywhere Is Home: You never experience any disadvantages from sleeping on the street or not having a stable home. While it may be obvious you are homeless to others, you always sleep soundly and eat well enough to get by. You may not be ambushed while sleeping outside.

Birthrights of Gangleri

Gangleri never grants a Birthright that cannot be made portable on a moment's notice. Gangleri often asks Hrafen to watch over his Scions, and keep an eye on them to report their findings.

KHALIL BATTUTA

Scion of Gangleri

Background: Khalil was born in the worst parts of Paris and came to know it intimately. His mother kept them moving constantly, which inspired a lifelong habit of keeping his bags packed, just in case. Khalil was always the new kid in school, and often bullied because of his dark skin and foreign name, both gifts from his father, whom his mother said was an attaché to the Ambassador from Ghana, but had disappeared before he was born. Khalil fought back when he could, but preferred to disarm his opponents with a cutting retort or a charming smile. Despite attending no fewer than sixteen different schools over the course of his childhood, Khalil nonetheless managed to maintain solid grades, because the library was his safe space, and the books within allowed him to travel to many far-off places. A kindly Algerian librarian told Khalil the story of his namesake, Ibn Battuta, who was a famous Islamic explorer who journeyed around the Islamic world and beyond a century before Marco Polo, and gave Khalil a translation of Ibn Battuta's *The Travels* which Khalil memorized. Stories and myths inspired Khalil, as did the exploits of various Scions.

Things changed when Khalil was sixteen, and his mother didn't return from her job. Khalil searched for weeks, but couldn't find her. He tried to get a job, but was soon out on the streets. Unable to find his mother, Khalil started searching for his father, only to learn the Ghanaian Embassy in Paris never had an attaché by that name. Determined to find his father, Khalil scraped up the necessary cash to obtain a passport and a visa to fly to Accra, hoping to locate some of his relatives, but he ended up lost, alone, and broke on the streets of another big city.

There he met his father.

Late one night on the outskirts of the city, Khalil met a wizened old Ghanaian man, his hair and beard as white as snow, with a slick eyepatch to cover his missing eye. The two ravens perched nearby should have been another clue to the man's identity. Khalil instantly knew he was in the presence of a powerful being, though he didn't recognize Gangleri

immediately. They talked, and Gangleri revealed to his son he needed brave Scions willing to go far for knowledge, as Khalil had done. He gave Khalil a suitcase, a billfold full of traveling papers, his walking stick, and whistled up a third raven, which he said would be Khalil's Guide. Then, he left.

Description: Khalil is in his mid-twenties now, with a short beard, and he wears his hair in locs. Khalil is never without the walking stick his father gifted him, which is a Relic that can transform into Gungir if he stamps it on the ground while whispering one of Odin's secret names. His Hrafn Guide is named Flygia, and acts as a messenger between Khalil and Odin, and Flygia advises and warns him of danger. His packet of traveling papers always has the appropriate documents to get him to his next destination, and his well-worn French passport has dozens of visa stamps in it already.

Roleplaying Hints: The traveler's life suits you well, and you fit in wherever you go, both by your natural charm and the gifts of your divine heritage. Home is wherever you put your feet up to take a snooze, whether that's a quiet back alley in Calcutta, a friend's couch in Caracas, or a swanky hotel in Singapore. Despite your carefree attitude, you know you are a man on a mission, always on the move, and never without a purpose. Answers to the mysteries you seek can be found in many places, not just in hidden libraries, lost temples, or ancient crypts, but also in the gossip of the marketplace or the ravings of the local homeless man, and you are adept at not overlooking the such things in your quest for insight.

Divine Parent: Gangleri

SCION

ORIGIN

Khalil Battuta

Name

Chronicle

Odin (Gangleri Aspect)

Player

Parent

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult Ragnarok Lore	●●●●●
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Close Combat	●○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Persuasion Fast Talk	●●●●○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Culture Traveling Customs	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot	●○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Empathy Reading People	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Integrity	●●○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Survival	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Technology	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

MENTAL		PHYSICAL		SOCIAL	
POWER	Intellect ●●●●○	Might ●○○○○		Presence ●●●○○	
FINESSE	Cunning ●●●●○	Dexterity ●●●○○		Manipulation ●●●○○	
RESISTANCE	Resolve ●●●○○	Stamina ●●●○○		Composure ●●●○○	

PATHS

- Origin - Child of the Streets ☐
- Path - World Travelling Secret Seeker ☐
- Pantheon - Wandering Eye of Odin ☐
- (Pre - Visitation Scion) ☐

Effects:

DEEDS

- Short Find the next clue to stop Ragnarok ☐
- Long Travel everywhere Ibn Battuta visited ☐
- Band ☐

VIRTUE

○○○○○

KNACKS

Anywhere is Home, Scent the Divine, Experienced Traveler

CONTACTS

CALLING

Liminal ●○○○○

MOMENTUM

□□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

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

Taken Out

NOTES

Movement Dice:

Defense Roll:



SCION

HERO

Khalil Battuta
Name

Chronicle

Odin (Gangleri Aspect)

Player

Parent

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult Ragnarok Lore	●●●●○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Close Combat	●○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Persuasion Fast Talk	●●●○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Culture Traveling Customs	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot	●○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Empathy Reading People	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	○○○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Integrity	●●○○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Survival	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Technology	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

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

PATHS

- Origin - Child of the Streets ☐
- Role - World Travelling Secret Seeker ☐
- Pantheon - Wandering Eye of Odin ☐
- ☐

BIRTHRIGHTS

Gungir (Relic 4 - Fortune & War Purviews, Unique Power Always Hits, 2 Drawbacks), Traveler's Wallet (Relic 1), Traveler's Suitcase (Relic 1), Flygia (Hrafen - Guide 1)

Legendary Title: The Learned Traveler ☐

CONTACTS

DEEDS

- Short Find the next Clue to Stop Ragnarok ☐
- Long Travel Everywhere Ibn Battuta Visited ☐
- Band ☐

VIRTUE

Responsibility ●○○○○ Desire

KNACKS

Anywhere is Home, Scent the Divine, Experienced Traveler, Omniglot Translation, In Sheep's Clothing

LEGEND

● ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □

MOMENTUM

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

HEALTH

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

CALLINGS

Liminal ●●○○○

Sage ●●○○○

Trickster ○○○○○

BOONS/PURVIEWS

Fortune, Journeys*, War, Wyrd*

Journeys: Unbarred Passage

Wyrd: Cast the Runes

Taken Out

Movement Dice: _____

Defense Roll: _____

JOHN SMITH

Scion of Bölverkr

Background: You remember bits and pieces of your life before that fight. You know your name was John. You remember growing up in a small town in the South. You remember your grandfather's farm, which the bank took while you were still in grade school. You remember there was a factory two towns over where your aunt and uncle worked, until it shut down when you were in middle school. You remember the coal mine in the next county where everyone you knew in high school worked when they dropped out or graduated, until it closed in your junior year. The place was dying, and you knew it. You and your best friend planned your escape since freshmen year, saving money from part time jobs and fixing up the truck your grandpa left you in his will. You both graduated, and the next day you left, headed for the big city.

It didn't work out as planned.

Your best friend was late coming home one night, and you got worried, so you went looking for him. He only worked at the convenience store around the corner, so you didn't have to look far to find him, being beaten in a back alley by four armed men, who kept shouting racial slurs at him as they beat him within an inch of his life.

You didn't stop to think about anything, throwing yourself into the fray rushing to his rescue. You're a big guy, but they outnumbered you four to one, and they were armed with chains, bats, and lengths of lead pipe. They broke just about every bone in your body, cracked your skull in six places, and gave you multiple concussions. It took you six weeks to wake up from your coma, and six months more in intensive rehab to relearning how to walk. The doctors pronounced you a medical miracle.

Your friend wasn't so lucky. He never woke up.

The crime was never solved. You couldn't identify the perpetrators because they wore white masks, which marked them as members of the White Knights, a known group of white supremacists that had been making a lot of noise. The evidence had vanished long ago. But you wanted revenge. So, you took it the only way you could: you joined them.

Shaving your head was easy. Learning the language of hate was hard, but you picked it up. You started online and then in person. You slowly identified and befriended the men who killed your best friend. You also learned who their leaders were, what other crimes they performed, and gathered dirt. The leaders you handed over to the police by dropping anonymous evidence against them. The men who killed your friend? You

killed them yourself, one by one. When you dumped the bodies you noticed you were being watched.

Bölverkr had been watching the whole time, impressed with how far you would go to do what had to be done. He offered you gifts of weapons to kill your enemies, and asked you to go further into the dark to finish the job. Many white nationalist groups had been claiming to be inspired by the Æsir, and this was forming an unsavory association akin to a Fatebinding in the minds of mortals. Bölverkr bids you cut those threads by any means necessary. You are only too happy to oblige.

Since then, you have infiltrated seven other groups at Bölverkr's behest, flushing out their leaders when you can pin crimes on them, assassinating them when you can't. You have also fought several Titanspawn infiltrating the groups as well, and you begin to suspect the Titans are behind the unsavory association Bölverkr wants you to unravel. It will never bring your best friend back from his place in Valhalla, you won't allow anyone else to suffer like he did. Never again.

Description: "John" is a mountain of a man, six feet tall and built like a brick wall. His blonde hair is shaved afresh every day, and his piercing blue eyes bore right into your soul. His disguises often effect tattoos summoned by magic, but he has no tattoos in truth, only scars. He dresses like those he preys on, to fit in with the herds of hateful sheep in wolf's clothing he means to cull. "John" carries two concealed relic weapons. The older relic is a long, thick Seaxe called Wightbane. When Wightbane cuts the flesh of a living creature, it also steals the breath from their lungs, which can leave them choking and gasping for breath as they are struck down, unable to scream for help. The newer one was crafted specifically for his hand by the Dvergar at Bölverkr's behest, and "John" calls it the Doom of Hate. When fired at a target whose heart is filled with hatred, the shotgun makes no sound and leaves no ballistic evidence, and the hate filled target often dies a horrifying, bloody, and painful death.

Roleplaying Hints: They took so much from you, and you are going to take even more from them and everyone like them. Your skills as an infiltrator are definitely improving, and you have hardened your heart enough to be able to do anything and everything to convince your future victims that you are one of them. When the time comes to work evil deeds in a good cause, you show neither hesitation nor remorse. You know in the end, you are doing what must be done.

SCION

ORIGIN

"John Smith"

Name

Chronicle

Bolverkr

Player

Parent

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●●●●	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult	●●●●●
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Close Combat Surprise Attacks	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Culture	00000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pilot	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Firearms Point Blank Range	●●●●●	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge Gaining Trust	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Integrity	●●●●●	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Survival	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Technology	●●●●●

ATTRIBUTES

MENTAL		PHYSICAL		SOCIAL	
POWER	Intellect ●●●●●	Might ●●●●●		Presence ●●●●●	
FINESSE	Cunning ●●●●●	Dexterity ●●●●●		Manipulation ●●●●●	
RESISTANCE	Resolve ●●●●●	Stamina ●●●●●		Composure ●●●●●	

PATHS

- Origin - Small Town Southern Boy ☒
- Role - Secret Scourge of Hate Groups ☒
- Pantheon - Bolverkr's Hidden Fist ☒
- (Pre-Visitation Scion) ☐
- ☐

Effects:

DEEDS

- Short: Gather Intelligence on the Next Target Group ☐
- Long: Kill the Grand Wizard of the KKK ☐
- Band ☐

VIRTUE

00000

KNACKS

A Fortress, A Warning, Take One For the Team

CONTACTS

CALLING

Guardian ●●●●●

□□□□□□□□□□

MOMENTUM

HEALTH

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

Taken Out

NOTES

Movement Dice: 6

Defense Roll: 4



SCION

HERO

John Smith'

Name

Chronicle

Bolverkr

Player

Parent

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Athletics	00000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Close Combat Surprise Attacks	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Culture	00000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pilot	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Firearms Point Blank Range	00000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge Gaining Trust	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Integrity	00000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Survival	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Technology	00000

ATTRIBUTES

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

PATHS

Origin - Small Town Southern Boy ☒
 Role - Secret Scourge of Hate Groups ☒
 Pantheon - Bolverkr's Hidden Blade ☒
☐

BIRTHRIGHTS

The Doom of Hate (Relic 4 - Shotgun) (1 Unique Power, Chaoa and War Purviews), Wightbane (Relic 3 - Shortsword) (1 Unique Power, Death Purview)

Legendary Title: The Silent Serpent Slayer ☐

CONTACTS

DEEDS

Short: Gather Intelligence on the Next Target Group ☐
 Long: Kill the Grand Wizard of the KKK ☐
 Band ☐

VIRTUE

Responsibility 00000 Desire

KNACKS

A Fortress, A Warning, Silence in the Woods,
 Take One for the Team, The Biggest Threat

LEGEND

● ○ ○ ○
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

MOMENTUM

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

HEALTH

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

CALLINGS

Guardian 00000
 Warrior 00000
 Hunter 00000

BOONS/PURVIEWS

Chaos, Death, Deception*, War, Wyrd*
 Deception - False History
 Wyrd - Spin the Thread

Taken Out
 Movement Dice: 6
 Defense Roll: 4

ALEJANDRO REYES

Scion of Draugadróttinn

Background: Alejandro Reyes remembers what it took to survive down south. Nothing has changed except the scenery. The skyscrapers and reflected lights of neon signs late at night are no different than the quiet farmland he remembered back in Puebla, Mexico. Lurking in the shadows, between what is apparent and what is not, is the truth of things. Survival is all about recognizing the facts within the lies.

Alejandro works for the city collecting garbage in early morning Atlanta. He sends his family money at the end of every month. He scrapes the bottom of a peanut butter jar to save. Alejandro has always been a dutiful son. He can remember the voice of his mother before he left, “mas vale mana que fuerza.” Better skill than strength. But, in the refuse of the city, you can learn a thing or two about humanity; old flags with loyalties of an abhorrent and archaic quality or an errant letter to a friend filled with insults.

It wasn't until he found a pamphlet concerning a non-profit in downtown Atlanta that he began to understand what he should do. It wasn't enough to watch the decay of the city. He felt a purpose growing within. Atlanta was suffering from a famine of morality and he would do what he could to see it guided down the stream toward the ocean. Alejandro worked day and night balancing his day job with his duties to the locals. He began picking up and delivering meals to the homeless and helping refugees apply to jobs. It was never enough. Day after day the children of the city would perish. Alejandro knew he had to do more. It was an itch he could not scratch, a hunger he could not placate.

The first time was difficult and messy, but he was able to escape into the night due to his familiarity with the city streets and alleyways. By the end of the night, Atlanta had one less corporate leech and maybe, just maybe, the void would be filled by someone who was worthy. Killing the rich became routine, and each plan took months to calculate before it could be enacted. Every time it was justified with the hope that it would create room for those who needed space. Alejandro was the necessary disaster that Atlanta needed and he would work until his impact was felt across the city.

Description: From top to bottom Alejandro's outfit are subtle shades of grey and black. None of it with any bold symbols. All plain. Everything about him seems to draw your eye away. His hair is short brown with slight waves. His build is lithe and slender, but with calloused hands. His hands are always covered by leather gloves. He walks with the confidence of someone who views the world with more than passing glances. The almost grey touch to his eyes and the creases on his forehead make him seem deep.

Roleplaying Hints: You keep quiet but you are capable of strong words when required. You keep your own counsel, unless it's Draugadróttinn whom you'll listen to in a pincer. Other Scions make you nervous, but you're willing to work with them as long as they don't mess up your mission.

Divine Parent: Odin

SCION

ORIGIN

Alejandro Reyes

Name

Chronicle

Draugadróttinn

Player

Parent

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●0000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult Undead	●●●●0
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Close Combat Garrote Wire	●●●●●	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	●●●●0
<input type="checkbox"/> Culture	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	●0000	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Firearms	●●000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge To the Privileged	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Integrity	00000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Survival	●0000
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Technology	●●000

ATTRIBUTES

MENTAL		PHYSICAL		SOCIAL	
POWER	Intellect ●●●●0	Might ●●●●0		Presence ●●●●●	
FINESSE	Cunning ●●●●0	Dexterity ●●●●0		Manipulation ●●●●0	
RESISTANCE	Resolve ●●000	Stamina ●●000		Composure ●●000	

PATHS

- Childhood in the Country ☐
- Atlanta's Necessary Good ☐
- Leech of the Rich ☐
- ☐
- ☐

Effects:

DEEDS

- Short ☐
- Long ☐
- Band ☐

VIRTUE

00000

KNACKS

- Wasn't Me pg 111
- In Sheep's Clothing pg 111
- Smoke and Mirrors pg 111

CONTACTS

CALLING

Trickster ●0000

□□□□□□□□□□

MOMENTUM

HEALTH

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

Taken Out

Movement Dice: 5

Defense Roll: 2

NOTES



SCION

HERO

Alejandro Reyes

Name

Chronicle

Draugadróttinn

Player

Parent

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●0000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult Undead	●●●●0
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Close Combat Garrote Wire	●●●●●	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	●●●●0
<input type="checkbox"/> Culture	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot	00000
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	●0000	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	00000
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Firearms	●●000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge To the Privileged	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Integrity	00000	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Survival	●0000
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership	00000	<input type="checkbox"/> Technology	●●000

ATTRIBUTES

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

PATHS

Childhood in the Country	<input type="checkbox"/>
Atlanta's Necessary Good	<input type="checkbox"/>
Leech of the Rich	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<input type="checkbox"/>

BIRTHRIGHTS

Ghost of Duat 3 pg 207	
Tezcatlipoca's Mirror 3 pg 216	
Followers (1) Heavy pg 203	
Legendary Title:	<input type="checkbox"/>

CONTACTS

DEEDS

Short	<input type="checkbox"/>
Long	<input type="checkbox"/>
Band	<input type="checkbox"/>

VIRTUE

Audacity	00000	Fatalism	
----------	-------	----------	--

KNACKS

Wasn't Me pg 234	
In Sheep's Clothing pg 234	
Smoke and Mirrors pg 234	
Unobtrusive Visitor pg 231	
Blockade of Reason pg 232	

LEGEND

● 0 0 0
□ □ □ □

MOMENTUM

□□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Bruised	+1
<input type="checkbox"/> Bruised	+1
<input type="checkbox"/> Bruised	+1
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Injured	+2
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Maimed	+4

CALLINGS

Trickster	●●000
Sage	●0000
Liminal	●●000

BOONS/PURVIEWS

Control Undead	
Unquiet Death pg 245	

Taken Out	
Movement Dice: 5	
Defense Roll: 2	

SANDRA HAMILTON

Scion of Fjolsvin

When Sandra Hamilton was born it was clear something might be wrong. Her parents and doctors noticed she didn't respond to the coos and whispers of her mother. Despite this lack of hearing, she was healthy and she was happy. Her parents' marriage did not hold over the coming years. Her father was ever agitated by work and her mother became more interested in the arts. Their failing marriage wasn't a fast process it just eroded until they were too far apart. The divorce was amicable for everyone, except Sandra.

Sandra Hamilton grew up in Lafayette, Mississippi with her Grandma Claret after her parents split. Grandma always told stories about her parents while rocking in her wicker chair. She said they used to dance like fireflies over the waters of the Mississippi till dawn. For Sandra, it mystified the art of dance. It became her dream and her passion. When she got older, she was accepted at a dance school in New Orleans. Grandma Claret was so proud. For Sandra, this was the start of an uphill battle that would generate years of blood, sweat, and tears.

Sandra's 20s were no cakewalk. She worked night shifts at a local hotel, then woke early to practice before heading into school. In the silence of the hotel, when no one was around, she practiced by moving her hips and arms in a way that felt like sails in the wind. She imagined the low hanging chandelier of the hotel was a spotlight. An audience giving her the grace of its attention. It was in these still moments when silence permeated the parlor of the hotel that she could sometimes fear the breath of the hotel. The escape of air from the AC or a brief wind from an open window moved through her; notes carried about the wind. Behind the music though, in the halls of the hotel, were cries of help. Agony permeates the hotel, and it was a hot summer night that Sandra discovered the truth of the hotel. The hotel was a place where the underworld of New Orleans festered and bubbled out into the streets. Late-night rendezvous of a carnal and irreverent nature occurred. People were brought in through the laundry room and she was encouraged to speak no word. Sandra kept her smile; painted on with purple lipstick and dark eyeshadow. To the hotel

manager and it's guests, she was the perfect hostess and she did not speak of the growing noise in her ears as the world slowly opened before her.

It took almost a decade, but eventually, Sandra was promoted to manager of the hotel. The people trusted her and silence was the greatest currency in their world. She still danced and sought a life under the hot radiance of the theater lights, but now her time was occupied by the security of this dark world where she dwelt. Be it the mob or street gangs; all knew they could meet in the privacy of her hotel. It became the place where deals occurred that would rock the very foundation of the city. If all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players, then she had front row seats.

Description: Sandra is just beyond 30 with a heavy set build. Her body is well toned and graced with scars from years of physical exertion. Her hair comes down around her like a veil that partially obscures her blue eyes. She always seems to have a smile on her face almost plastered on with little sincerity. She wears dresses that come down to her ankles and sometimes glides just above the carpet of the hotel. Her hands always seem to be in a way that suggests she is always thinking of music and dance. On her neck is a copper locket in the shape of an oval. Her parent's pictures are inside, but other than a slight pause when she puts it on, she rarely touches them.

Roleplaying Hints: You can't hear in a traditional sense, but you've gained the ability to fully understand what people say when they speak. You hear the darkness inside them. You read lips too, but it's the deeper hearing that really helps you make decisions in your world. Other Scions come, and they are some of the few you are willing to spill secrets to, but only when absolutely necessary.

Divine Parent: Odin

SCION

ORIGIN

Sandra Hamilton

Name

Chronicle

Fjolsvin

Player

Parent

SKILLS

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Academics	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●●○○	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Occult	●○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Close Combat	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	●○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Culture Hospitality	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot	○○○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Empathy Reading Lips	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Integrity Keep Secrets	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Technology	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

MENTAL		PHYSICAL		SOCIAL	
POWER	Intellect ●●○○○	Might ●○○○○		Presence ●●○○○	
FINESSE	Cunning ●●●○○	Dexterity ●●●○○		Manipulation ●●○○○	
RESISTANCE	Resolve ●●●●●	Stamina ●●●○○		Composure ●●●●●	

PATHS

- ☐ She who Listens
☐ Daughter of the Quiet One
☐ Solitary Dancer
☐
☐

Effects:

DEEDS

- ☐ Short
☐ Long
☐ Band

VIRTUE

○○○○○

KNACKS

Master of The World pg. 110
 Palace of Memory pg. 110
 Office Hours pg. 111

CONTACTS

CALLING

Sage ●○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

MOMENTUM

HEALTH

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

Taken Out

NOTES

Movement Dice: 7

Defense Roll: 4



SCION

HERO

Sandra Hamilton

Name

Chronicle

Fjolsvin

Player

Parent

SKILLS

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

ATTRIBUTES

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

PATHS

She who Listens	□
Daughter of the Quiet One	□
Solitary Dancer	□
	□

BIRTHRIGHTS

Followers, (3) Consultant	
Followers, (2) Entourage	

Legendary Title: ☐

CONTACTS

DEEDS

Short	□
Long	□
Band	□

VIRTUE

Audacity ○○○○○ Fatalism

KNACKS

Master of the World pg. 233	
Palace of Memory pg 233	
Office Hours pg 233	
Mortal Trickster	
Good Listener pg. 230	

LEGEND

● ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □

MOMENTUM

□□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

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

CALLINGS

Sage	●●●○○
Hunter	●○○○○
Leader	●○○○○

BOONS/PURVIEWS

False History pg. 246	
Divination pg 252	

Taken Out	
Movement Dice: 7	
Defense Roll: 4	

TERRA INCOGNITA

Wellspring, Ontario

If you go down the wrong road leaving Toronto you'll end up in Wellspring. You're not sure how you got there. You don't really know why you did, but you pull into this beautiful small town with a vibrant downtown and a lot of great people. They are typical multicultural Ontarians, vibrant and welcoming. You stop at the gas station and ask for directions back to where you were going and the locals laugh. It's getting dark and you'll need to spend the night. You get a hotel room, and 30 minutes later the Mayor arrives to welcome you to town and invite you to dinner.

Wellspring is a strange place, but a lucky place. It's home to a version of Mimir's Well, and the Mayor is a Scion of Odin. The locals are all incredibly knowledgeable on thousands of subjects and you would struggle to find experts on the things they know anywhere else in The World. That's just the normal town's folk. The Scions who live in Wellspring are Wise, and their wisdom should be hearkened.

While close to Algonquin Provincial Park, and the Terra Incognita of the Manitou, Wellspring does not have a large population of their scions. There is an understandable frustration between the two pantheons that is expressed in this region. While in other places this would likely turn into a hot war, here the Aesir are wise enough to stay in their lane. They aren't quite wise enough to seek a true peace however, and that could be because of Fjolsvin's determination that silence is wisdom.

Axes Mundi: Wellspring can only be found by accident unless you are Scion of Gangleri or Fjolsvin or are invited directly by one of those scions. The town is somewhere North of Toronto and South of Algonquin Provincial Park.

Gods and Peoples: The Aesir make up the bulk of the Demigods and Heroes who make Wellspring their home. In theory all of the Pantheons are welcome, and some of the Scions of Wisdom from other Pantheons can be found here on a semi-regular basis. The sharing of knowledge is seen as a competition in Wellspring, though secrets are held close until the right bargain is made.

