

SCION

EXTRAS

Supplemental (yet Can Be Somewhat Useful On Occasion) Scions



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Sample file

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INTRODUCTION

Since the beginning of time, the Gods have meddled with humankind in both a literal and figurative fashion, siring half-breeds. These children, called Scions, then receive gifts from their immortal parent's lineage in the form of Boons and Birthrights. Many cool gifts, documented through poetic odes, Punnett squares, and cutting-edge techniques involving a pen and a piece of paper, have snared the world's best and most beloved heroes into immortal icons.

As impressive as these heroes are, half-breeds don't always jump for joy when they discover their Mommy had a one-night stand with a hotel bartender. Is it possible for a Scion to have a God father that isn't as impressive as Odin? Yes! To make matters worse, not all Scions share the same caliber of gifts. On occasion, these Scions may acquire Boons and Birthrights that may be inconsequential or downright annoying when compared to what other (and more powerful) Scions have received from their immortal parents. In many cases, some Scions believe they're nothing more than supernatural "leftovers."

Titanspawn, one of the many villainous groups within the supernatural community, are aware these other Scions exist, yet even they say "Meh." or "Who's your Daddy?" when encountering less powerful sons and daughters of obscure Gods. Now, they primarily target the lesser half-breeds while on vacation or on certain retail holidays like Christmas in July. Sadly, this wasn't always the case, for the phrase "meat shield" originates from the Titanspawn's centuries-old practice of targeting run-of-the-mill Scions and using their bodies as protection against deadlier opponents or friendly fire. Luckily for modern day Scions, the Titanspawn have tired of bullying average half-breeds so they can concentrate on their "real" enemies.

While it is well-known that not every God is as potent as Zeus (and not every Goddess as brave as Isis), even the Gods themselves tend to "forget" their long-lost cousins and great-aunts twice-removed on the other side of the family. Among the immortals, the uber-powerful feel there are some deities best left off Junior's wedding invitation, ignored at holidays, or obscured deep in a poorly updated Wikipedia page.

As ridiculous or useless as any of these lesser-known deities might seem, it's never a good idea for mortals to voice their opinion out loud. In fact, many of humankind's modern problems – dirty bathrooms, lack of sex drive, and an unhealthy obsession with cats – may be traced back to these unremarkable Gods and their reaction to being slighted. Even though humankind has attempted to resolve these problems on their own through the use of strong chemicals, drugs, and sites like icanhascheezburger.com, the truth remains: every God and Goddess needs to be told they, and their kids, are special in their own way. Perhaps the consequences of humankind's insensitivity to these lesser beings are not as dire as the threat of Ragnarök, but it should be pointed out that they can, and will, ruin an offensive human's day.

Certain Gods and Goddesses will cause an endless array of first world problems not because they were ignored, but because they became righteously indignant when bloggers couldn't figure out how to spell "Carriker" correctly in their posts. After all, it's not their fault humanity fails to see the sacred significance of everyday foodstuffs like bacon and ninety-nine cent cheeseburgers. Taking miracles for granted may be Quetzalcoatl's problem, but assuming every day phenomena like flushing toilets are the work of mere mortals is suicide. In fact, almost every modern day accoutrement and internet celebrity can be traced back to these negligible lesser-known Gods. Who came up with Facebook? Certainly, it wasn't a dropout from Harvard.

While the red-headed stepchildren of the pantheons have their own views on family politics, their children – the extra Scions who don't even qualify to be legitimate sidekicks – often note they'd like a little attention from someone other than their therapists, given how hard they've worked to overcome their handicap strained relationships with Mommy or Daddy. Many Scions go on to acquire respectable amounts of fame and fortune in modern day society, even when they're excluded from pantheon-specific discussions. As famous as they may get, often these Scions desperately seek the approval of their family members, a fact many mortals can relate to.

Hence, this book of **Extras: Supplemental (Yet Can Be Somewhat Useful On Occasion) Scions**, serves to validate unremarkable children of obscure Gods and Goddesses who struggle to fit into their respective pantheons and understand their place in the war against the Titans. Maybe then, maybe once these unexceptional and, on occasion, annoying half-breeds are recognized

by their betters, will these Scions find a way to end their Twitter addiction and do something that could be construed as "brave" for a change. For while they may excel in their chosen line of work, when it comes to their divine heritage, these Scions have yet to accomplish a single legendary deed.

How can these slightly-better-than-average Scions operate in a world where heroes are worshipped like the Gods themselves? Many fall into a legitimate profession and perform admirably, using their Boons and Birthrights to give them an edge over mortals. Others prefer to "forget" their godly lineage and, instead, follow other deities and Scions in the hopes that one day they'll be granted an awesome Boon by a more powerful God. A few have tried to cast their lot with Mom or Dad, hoping their powers will be more than sufficient to save them should a Titanspawn come knocking on their door.

Most mundane Scions work hard to keep their heritage a secret, for mortals have generally been unimpressed with their connection to the divine – especially if they have never heard a particular God's name before. Often, these Scions, even when their lineage has been discovered, are commonly regarded as strange, quirky, or merely damn lucky. However, for a mortal, God, or other Scion may feel about the **Extras: Supplemental (Yet Can Be Somewhat Useful On Occasion) Scions**, one thing is clear: these second-stringers seem to serve no other purpose than to make the *real* Scion heroes look pretty damn good.

Neglected spawn of the Gods, not-even-close nemeses of the Titans, and might-save-a-puppy-if-they-tried protectors of humanity, these Scions are all this and much, much more.





PANTHEONS

While all half-breeds understand that the term “pantheon” is an accurate word to describe the divine community where their godly parents originate from, not every Scion chooses to acknowledge their heritage. Worse, more than a few so-called “slighted” Scions go out of their way to be dicks about it, deliberately spreading crappy information about “the one God” or “evolution” to unsuspecting mortals.

The fact remains that divine tribes and immortal families have formed the basis for the World’s spiritual and material infrastructure since the dawn of time. Many Gods, whose interest in humanity’s safety is more than passing, continue to battle the escaped Titans in the Overworld. Others, like the Gods and Goddesses included here, decided that fighting wasn’t their “thing,” and felt their long-lived days were best spent mingling among mortals or finding ways to destroy them. (Some, like Cocomama, have had a *much* better time partying than the others, to the chagrin of their war-torn families.) This, too, has caused great conflict among the pantheons, for many Gods feel very strongly that every deity – even those whose powers may seem mundane – should be on the front lines, to either kill the Titans or imprison them once again.

Generally speaking, both lesser-known deities and their insignificant Scions don’t waste time arguing over editions of rules, bickering over proper nomenclatures, or bitching about what **Scion** books should (and should not be) in print or distribution. However, these Scions *do* care a great deal about whether or not human cultures gave birth to the Gods; if any half-breed was able to contribute proof of that little ditty, fame and fortune would likely follow.

To date, while over a dozen pantheons have officially been revealed, precious few extraneous Gods and their

garden variety Scions have made it into these pages representing pantheons like the Pesedjet, Dodekathemon, Aesir, Amatsukami, Loa, and Atzlánti. Other Gods, Goddesses, and Scions were too embarrassed to come forward, and prefer to remain forgotten.

Like their betters, each small-time God works to maintain the World in their own way, taking the parts of their pantheon’s philosophy they like, and tossing the rest out the proverbial window like a first edition rule set. It should come as no surprise that their Scions, then, don’t always agree with *how* their divine parents attempt to shape humanity, which is partially why these half-breeds have so many issues. After all, if Mommy would just *listen* this once, then nobody would put Baby in the corner, and everybody could go back to dancing and be happy forever and ever.

Still, many inconspicuous Gods seem to take the bonds of family more seriously than others, and ask their half-breed children adhere to the following commands: 1) stay as far away from the Titans as humanly possible 2) encourage mortals to get with their (or their pantheon’s) program 3) keep an eye on other lesser-known deities and mediocre Scions and 4) don’t get arrested. While these rules have been expressed to the mundane Scions, each feels very differently (and a touch sensitive) about what these orders mean. As a result, Scions pretty much do what they want whenever they feel like it, which causes a wide array of problems for their divine parents and their corresponding pantheons.

Fed up with their disobedient and obstinate kids, many obscure Gods can, at best, hope that these Scions won’t make total fools out of themselves at the next divine family reunion or piss the wrong deity (or Titan) off.



THE PESEDJET THE EGYPTIAN PANTHEON

The Pesedjet is comprised of several well-known Gods and Goddesses – and more than a few lesser-known deities who originate from ancient Egypt. The pantheon is said to have developed over 7,000 years ago along the Nile River in the northeastern part of the African continent. As the oldest pantheon, this family of Gods has heard it all, seen it all, and done it all.

Collectively, these Gods formed a ruling structure that functioned well for thousands of years. Egyptian civilization was founded upon the principles of *ma’at*, a form of justice inspired by social order where there’s a place for everything, and everyone must remain in their

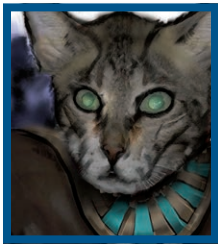
place. Although many of the Gods benefited from a fairly strict social hierarchy some, like Min, have had difficulty remaining within the boundaries of their well-defined “place” in the family. This, moreso than what the lesser-known Gods represent, is what causes arguments at the family’s now-shrinking dinner table. So far, the Pesedjet have not blamed the Titans for wreaking havoc among their rejected family members; instead, Gods who are well established in their role, like Osiris and Anubis, merely ignore those who won’t conform.

Similarly, Scions of these ill-favored parents also tend to become pariahs within the Pesedjet, favoring

concerns about their personal security rather than stress about society's many ills or where they're supposed to remain. While other Scions, like Horace Farrow, may investigate a cause like the Occupy Movement to find proof of a disruption in the mythical domain, Scions of lesser-known Gods in this family prefer to kick back with a tall, cold beer and watch football instead.

Scions who don't adhere to the principles of ma'at are regarded as a nuisance by anyone who believes the Egyptian Gods have discovered the most practical path to restore (and demand) order in modern society. Pesedjet Scions who treat their pantheon's rules with disdain are shunned and, consequentially, sought out by the Gods of chaos and trickery. Those unlucky half-breeds who get caught in a charlatan's web often find themselves targeted by Titanspawn and Scions alike.

Ironically, Scions with a *hakuna matata* attitude fare the best in this pantheon. These devil-may-care half-breeds lead fulfilling lives as slightly-better-than-average mortals in spite of the repressive, conservative precepts of their divine extended family. Fortunately, many find security in their chosen line of work and perform quite well in spite of the nay-sayers.



MIN

AKA: *Menew, Menu, Amsu*

Pantheon: Pesedjet

Description: For millennia, Min stood with an erect penis and a hairless palm pointed up towards the heavens. A phallic God of sex and lettuce, this male fertility deity has smooth, dark skin and is sometimes depicted with the head of a giant pussycat.

While Min was once venerated, both in the ever-popular "coming forth" celebrations and as the maker of rulers and servants, his celebrity status proved to be his downfall when his own mother, Isis, intervened in a nasty fight between Horus and Set. In her zeal to protect her favorite son, Horus, Isis forced the falcon-headed God to collect his seed in a jar, and then commanded him to spread it all over Set's garden – which was tended by Min. When the other Gods heard wilted lettuce was used to mock the red God and diffuse his notorious temper, Min's popularity withered and the pantheon became more uptight as a result.

Though Min's influence is still seen and heard, via popular epithets like the phrase "fuck like rabbits" or unfortunate memes like "goatse," the God was forced to cut himself off when he fell on hard times. Relieved from the pressures of being a giant member in the pantheon, Min now spends his days tending his gardens and promoting the virtues of vegetarianism. He favors professions where he can work as a gardener, salad chef, herbalist, farmer, or horticulturist.

Unfortunately, ever since Min stopped spreading his seed throughout Northern Africa, this deity doesn't have many Scions to speak of. While the God of lettuce will, on occasion, adopt animal-loving Scions from other pantheons, Min prefers to stay out of touch and take matters into his own hands. Memories of the fertility God's former prowess have proven to be quite painful and contribute to the God's feelings of inadequacy and frustration.

Associated Powers: Animal (Rabbit), Fertility, Health, Epic Stamina, Heku

Abilities: Animal Ken, Fortitude, Survival, Art (Gardening)

Rivals: Isis, Dionysus, Kalfu, Tlaloc, Loki, Horus



BABI

AKA: *Baba, Bebi, Babai, Bab, Babay*

Pantheon: Pesedjet

Description: Babi is the firstborn son of Osiris and symbolizes male aggression. The literal translation of the God's name is "alpha male," and he is often depicted as a great white baboon with silver streaks and a large erection. Soon after he was born, Babi's favored diet of blood and entrails horrified the other Gods, forcing Osiris to invent a role for his beloved child in the underworld.

After Osiris returned to his realm, the God offered his first-born dominion over deceased ancestors. This job was an easy one that didn't require a lot of forethought or oversight. Unfortunately, when Babi "invented" necrophilia out of boredom, Osiris worried for his son's sanity and asked the other Gods how to satisfy the alpha male's voracious appetites. The answer came from the Goddess Ma'at who needed a way to dispose of the souls of the unjust. And so, Babi acquired a taste for unrighteous spirits who didn't quite measure up.

Babi ventures into the land of the living as a grave robber, mortician, or funeral director when he can't find a corpse to feed on or copulate with. The longer this God remains in the mortal world, the larger his sexual cravings, and the more dangerous he becomes. While a devourer of souls is necessary according to the rules of the pantheon's social order, in truth other Gods barely tolerate Babi but won't harm him – primarily because Osiris is his father.

Scions of Babi are often blissfully unaware of their father's place among the Pesedjet and, as such, are ignorant to the political machinations between the pantheons and the war against the Titans. To communicate with his many half-breed children, Babi typically gives all his children the power to speak to baboons.

Associated Powers: Animal (Baboon), Death, Darkness, Epic Fortitude, Heku

Abilities: Command, Presence, Fortitude, Occult, Animal Ken

Rivals: All male Gods and mortals



DARRYL SMITH

Scion of Babi

Description: Darryl Smith is a Wisconsin native who was born in Milwaukee. This urban king of his jungle worked as a cashier at a Milwaukee Zoo's hot dog stand while attending the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Darryl's perfectionist nature has earned him scholarships, internships, and promotions – until one day he found himself in the position of head zookeeper.

That same night, Darryl wandered into the monkey house to catch a reprieve from the pressures of zoo keeping and found himself face-to-face with a silver baboon – his father, Babi. In a series of grunts and bizarre hand gestures, the God of masculinity told Darryl about his heritage and the war with the Titans. Babi asked Darryl to protect the baboons from extinction and, in exchange for his help, would grant his Scion with magic powers.

After he agreed to his father's request, Darryl spent the better part of a decade studying up on baboon physiology and their unique language to “learn” how to best help them. While mortals believe the zookeeper's field research is the work of a brilliant PhD, Darryl has managed to keep the true source of his progress – a Heart of the Baboon amulet his father gave him – a total secret.

This now middle-aged zookeeper is currently considered one of the premier baboon experts in the country. A passionate advocate for animal rights, Darryl is also a savvy business keeper who runs a well-operated (and profitable) zoo. Many of his friends and peers forgive the way Darryl grunts or scratches his crotch at inappropriate moments by attributing those behavioral quirks to the zookeeper's obsession with the animal kingdom.

Darryl's tireless devotion to helping baboons and other creatures has not gone unnoticed by other members of the Pesedjet pantheon. The Goddess Isis took pity on Darryl and provided him with a magical set of gloves which he can use to automatically detect an individual's health and provide him with a little extra defense. The zookeeper's uncanny ability to figure out what's wrong with his animal charges frequently garners him press, as reporters nationwide have been curious to find out more about this “monkey whisperer.”

Darryl Smith is a tall, fit gentleman with an impressive athletic build; he wears an impeccably pressed uniform, leather hiking boots, and an explorer's vest filled with first aid supplies and animal treats. A stickler for perfection, Darryl rarely leaves his zoo and can often be found chatting with tourists, teaching kids how to grunt the baboon language, or inspecting the grounds.

Roleplaying Hints: You're mildly aware there are other pantheons and a war going on, but you're not really concerned about saving humanity yet. Right now, you're more focused on ensuring your zoo is up-and-running than you are about some fight that doesn't pertain to you. You're happiest when you can teach kids how to properly grunt to your best friends, the baboons. You're also proud of your heritage and, while you know you have to keep your lineage a secret, feel it's your duty to conserve the dwindling primate population. Let the others call you obsessive or weird or pathetic. What you are is a renowned zookeeper and conservationist with a big zoo to run, tourists to attract, and a species to save. You've seen what the other zookeepers do, and you'd much rather focus on setting an example than righting their wrongs. After all, your zoo and your connection with the baboons is what you're known for. You can't afford to disappoint the tourists or your investors, can you?

Birthrights: Darryl's Heart of the Baboon amulet is a relic that'll allow him to channel his Animal purview. His pair of gloves, which he received from Isis, gives him +1 to defense and access to the Health purview. To tap into his Heku purview, Ren Harvest, Darryl will need to get a little publicity in the local newspapers for his work with baboons, which is what he's famous for.

Parent God/Goddess: Babi

Pantheon: Pesedjet

Calling: Zookeeper

Nature: Perfectionist

ATTRIBUTES

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 5

Abilities: Academics 2, Animal Ken 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Command 1, Craft 2, Empathy 2, Fortitude 3, Integrity 1, Investigation 2, Medicine 3, Melee 1, Politics 1, Science 4, Survival 2

SUPERNATURAL POWERS

Epic Attributes: Epic Dexterity 1 (Cat's Grace), Epic Stamina 2 (Inner Furnace, Self-Healing) Epic Perception 1 (Refined Palate), Epic Wits 1 (Rabbit Reflexes)

Boons: Animal Communication (baboon), Animal Command (baboon), Assess Health, Ren Harvest

Birthrights: Creature 3 (Bull the baboon), Relic 3

Willpower: 6

Virtues: Conviction 2, Harmony 2, Order 3, Piety 2

Legend: 3

Relic(s): The Heart of the Baboon Amulet (Animal) 1, Gloves (Health, Defense +1) 2