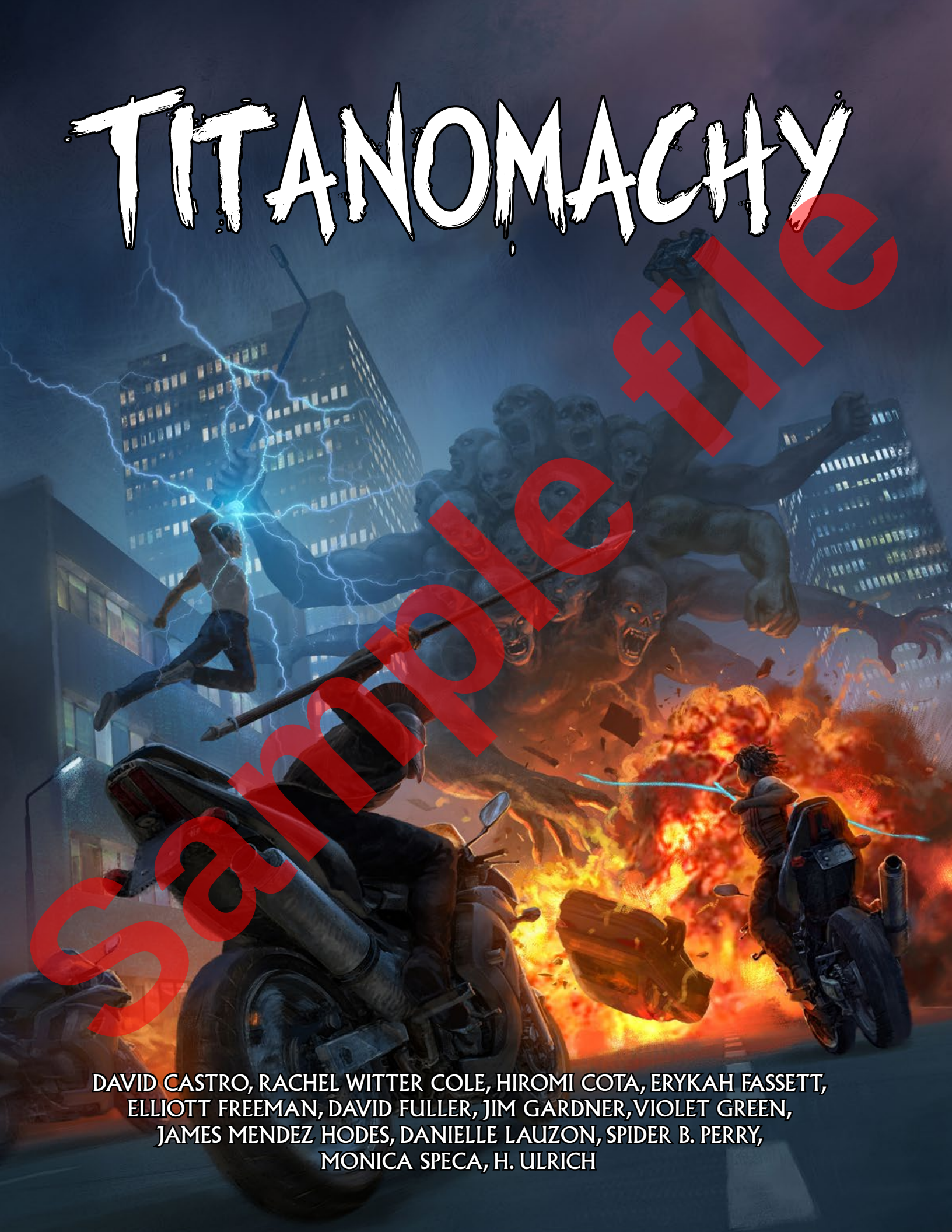


TITANOMACHY

A movie poster for 'Titanomachy' featuring a giant multi-headed monster in a city at night. A man jumps with lightning powers, while others fight on motorcycles amidst explosions. A large red 'sample file' watermark is overlaid diagonally.

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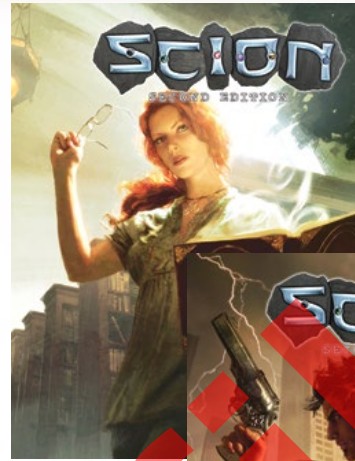
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HOMECOMING

Between the crush of the crowd, the flashing lights on the stage, and the music pumping from speakers, getting her bearings was impossible. The revelry of the ecstatic faithful increased with every thundering note. Wherever she turned, she pressed into another mass of blurred-together faces — the same dim look of innocent hope wrapped up in the moment. Glancing down at the flyer gripped in her hand and then back up, Jennifer Walker shielded her vision toward the front stage and wondered what it was she had stumbled into.

Two weeks prior

The blazing sun set as the Greyhound's engine churned, coughing out thick clouds of black exhaust that obscured the view from the back of the bus. It took everything to keep herself from shaking in her seat, even knowing that what happened back in San Diego was soon to be hundreds of miles behind her by morning. When she boarded the bus, the driver was half-inclined to toss her off, believing the rail-thin young woman to be a homeless street kid attempting to hitch a ride with an unpaid fare.

To the bus driver's credit, his assessment of her was mostly correct; Jennifer spent the past two years after aging out of the foster care system drifting from shelter to shelter, or couch surfing with acquaintances or distant relatives that usually wanted her gone before the week was out. It was difficult to hold down a job without a permanent address, so she got by as best she could with odd jobs she found on the internet. That was its own sort of trouble.

Maybe she had asked for all this trouble. The job was just to clean up and tidy the condo of some big wig, self-described producer: fold his laundry, sign for any packages that came while he was out, put the dishes in the dishwasher, and maybe take the dog out for a walk. All standard tasks she had done before without incident. Besides, he came recommended by one of her regular contacts, a kindly, retired screenwriter who had worked with the fellow just shortly before taking a much-deserved vacation.

The money would at least pay for another couple of nights in the co-living space she had found in La Jolla, and that definitely beat trying to jockey for a bed in a shelter that could go to a family in need. Having grown up without any semblance of actual family, Jennifer wasn't going to be the one to see one split up on account of her circumstances. It just wasn't right. If it were anyone other than a family, though? They'd probably have a broken nose and a missing wallet.

Surviving on her had own desensitized Jennifer to a lot of things that would disturb more well-adjusted individuals; it wasn't uncommon to look away from domestic violence among indigent populations and pretend you saw nothing. It was easier (and safer) to ignore it than to get involved. After a while, she had learned to disassociate from scenes of brutality — almost as if she hadn't seen them at all. But this? This took the cake. She couldn't have known what she was going to walk into.

It's all fuzzy, though, and when Jennifer came to, she found herself on Black's Beach, covered in sand and drenched in sweat, sea water, blood that — as far as she



could tell — wasn't hers. A banging headache pounded deep in her skull, pulsing behind her eyes and making it difficult to focus on even the simple task of putting herself back together. Thankfully, her time on the streets made getting back home without drawing attention easy, even in her compromised state. Pulling on the cleanest shirt she could find and stealing a black hoodie from one of the other occupants, she was packing up her duffle when a newflash came on the television that was influencing the dreams of the passed-out druggies on the dilapidated couch.

A candid shot of the big wig was full screen, under which the breaking news ticker displayed:

LOCAL SAN DIEGO PRODUCER FOUND DISMEMBERED IN OWN HOME

All color drained from her face; by the time the newscaster finished describing possible suspects, she cleared the door and booked it to the nearest bus station. The where didn't matter; she later recalled asking the cashier at the ticket window, "How far will \$60.32 get me?"

Phoenix it was.

Starting over was always a pain in the ass, but she had done it so many times before that it was more like a minor inconvenience. After a week or so, she managed to integrate herself into a small collective of other runaway youths who pooled everything together as a means to get by. Meals were meager, and on more than one occasion she went whole days without eating, but at least the sense of community gave her a feeling of security after fleeing San Diego.

Between losing weight and her freshly dyed, dark red hair, her appearance had changed enough to keep her under the radar — if the search for the apparent murderess had gone national. Truth be told, she hadn't even bothered checking the news. None of the locals asked about her past, and she wasn't about to tell them that she might have accidentally murdered someone, even if her memory of that night was murky.

Still, a feeling of constant dread settled itself in the pit of her stomach. If she *had* done it, it was self-defense. Probably.

"Hey, Jenny!"

The words pulled her from her thoughts as a chipper young woman bounced up to her, cropped blond hair streaked in a veritable rainbow. How Caleeia managed

to remain so effervescently wholesome despite her homelessness had by and large remained a mystery. Thrusting a crumpled-up flyer toward Jennifer's chest, she beamed.

"You gotta check this out! Jamie said this guy legit has set up a village of tiny houses to help the homeless. You've been talking about wanting a fresh start, and this can't possibly hurt at all!"

Unfolding the wrinkled page, her dark eyes scanned over the text:

**PASTOR ZECHARIAH "ZECK" DENTON
& THE CHURCH OF ILLUMINATION
CORDIALLY INVITE ALL WAYWARD
YOUTH TO THE NEW CENTER OF
ENLIGHTENMENT FOR REFRESHMENTS
AND COMMUNION**

"New beginnings: Stepping out of the darkness and into the light — a new approach to life." Her gaze then flitted up to Caleeia, regarding the younger woman with amusement as she handed back the flyer with a shrug. "Not like there's anything much better to do. There'll be free food, right?"

The sunny blonde beamed brightly, fingering a pendant in the shape of a bird around her neck.

"Let's go together, then!"

...

Saturday, August 3rd

"You weren't created to live selfishly — you were created to serve the highest of beings and to be granted His blessings in return," the voice boomed over the loudspeaker, warm and welcoming. The giant screens projected the image of the speaker for those who couldn't manage prime seats: an impeccably groomed man, somewhere in his late 30s or early 40s. He was dressed in a manner that was both couture by design but also incredibly approachable — if there was a way to be both unbelievably wealthy and humble about it, he nailed it.

The crowd roared in ecstatic response, some sobbed hysterically, hands reaching outstretched toward the man on the stage as he knelt down, smiling a smile so bright it was near blinding. When the lighting was just right, he looked as though a halo of brilliant light surrounded him. Jennifer had to admit the guy had charisma, and clearly what he was saying resonated with so many.

"You're going to go through tough times; that's life. But I say this: Nothing happens to you, it happens for you, and it happens for a reason that you cannot yet fathom. We are in the midst of a war for the very soul of the world. There are those out there who wish to cloud the world in darkness with lies, guiding you away from the singular truth — only the light will free you from your sins and guide you toward the one righteous and true path."

Caleeia managed to vanish into the crowd, and Jennifer cursed under her breath — they weren't supposed to get separated. Pushing her way forward, it wasn't until she made it to the front of the stage with her body slamming against a steel barricade that she realized her friend was nowhere to be found; her stomach churned.

The whole arena went pitch black as two spotlights illuminated the man on the stage and the black hoodie-clad waif desperately trying to keep a low profile. All the other bodies and sounds faded out as he spoke.

"All you need is to allow yourself to rise up from the darkness that binds you to where you are. You'll never rise any higher than the way you see yourself. Yes, even you, Jennifer Walker."

The hair on the back of her neck prickled, and as she turned to look to the stage, she was face to face with Pastor Zeck. That gleaming smile that seemed warm and welcoming from so far away was more predatory up close.

"H-how —" Jennifer stuttered before she was cut off.

"How do I know your name?" A rich chuckle followed his words. How could something so bright sound so dark? Zeck held a hand out to Jennifer, gesturing for her to take it as he pulled her up effortlessly onto the stage with him. "A little bird told me, of course."

The words were met with a quizzical expression — brows quirked and chapped lips pursed so tightly they might as well have vanished. It was a look that said she was frankly unconvinced, and her crossed arms and defensive posture only furthered that aura of incredulity.

"Your friend, the blonde girl. Caleeia, I believe it was."

Folding her arms across her chest, Jennifer's scowl deepened, which led Pastor Zeck to smile more as he raised both hands up to show he was harmless.

"She's the reason you're here, isn't it? Caleeia is, how do you say, an associate of mine. One that I very much value and appreciate for bringing you to me." He flashed another smile.

Jennifer took three steps back and away from the man who seemed to glow brightly, even with the spotlight still on the two of them. "Look, Pastor Zach —"

"Pastor Zeck."

"Whatever," Jennifer spat, pushing her bangs out of her eyes. "Look, whatever the hell this is," she gestured widely to the dark space that had been, until a scant few minutes ago, filled to the brim with energetic youth seeking salvation, or something darker. "I don't want any part of it, okay? There isn't anything you could offer me that I need."

Rich laughter once more echoed, and it was so consuming it forced Jennifer to cup her ears against the

reverberation of it all. She felt as if the walls were closing in on her. The bright, glowing heat of the spotlight and sudden lightheadedness made her feel ill at ease.

"Tell me, Jennifer, have you never wished to have someone look after you? To take care of you?" Even as he stepped out of the spotlight, he still radiated light. "It must have been hard for you, growing up without a family. Your mother passing before you could walk, your father... Well, he never *was* one to do much after sundown but cower, but I digress..."

The pit in her stomach, one she could never seem to escape, blossomed wholly into a longing she hadn't realized she had. As Zeck continued to approach her his radiance only shined brighter, and she averted her eyes to stop them from burning.

"Aren't you tired of all the running, Jenny? Of all the uncertainty of your life? Isn't it time to finally put down roots with a family that *wants* you and *cares* for you? All you need to do is believe in the one righteous path, to strike at the false Gods who would wish to see the world fall into darkness. You've fought and won before, why not do it with a holy purpose?"

Zeck came to a stop just short of her and rested a hand upon her shoulder in an almost fatherly way. His other hand tilted her chin up to look at him. Jennifer knew something wasn't entirely right here, that this whole surreal scenario was something that couldn't possibly happen. Here she was, in the presence of something beyond human and beyond her meager comprehension. She was so *tired* of running and wondering where her next meal would come from.

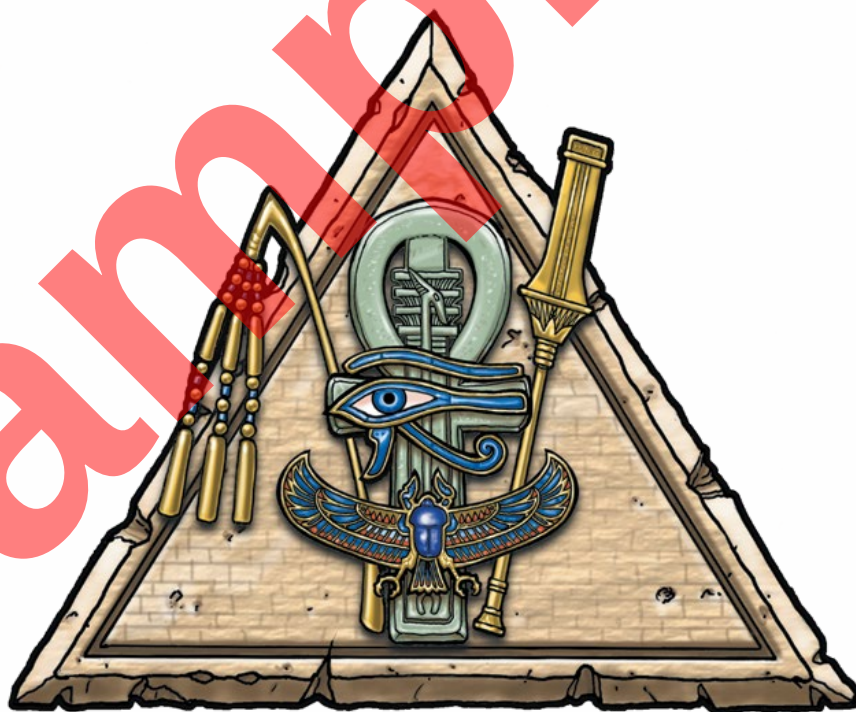
"I just... I just want to belong. To be wanted, instead of seen as a burden," she managed to eke out as her defenses fell with the tears she *didn't* realize had welled in her eyes.

"It doesn't matter *who* wants you or *doesn't* want you, all that matters *is* that *I* want you. I *choose* you, bloodied hands and all. What more could you ask for?"

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Then, Aten smiled at his Chosen.

Yes, she would do nicely.





INTRODUCTION

CONTENT WARNING!

As an antagonist book full of challenges for the children of the Gods, *Titanomachy* is full of frightening things like abusive parents, trans-exclusionary radical feminists, climate change, and centipedes that eat your brain. Storyguides using this book are encouraged to read **Chapter Three: Antagonists** in its entirety, and then discuss content that may appear in their chronicles with the players before they start to run.

Always play safely!

Welcome, Heroes. The second war against the Gods fast approaches. Are you prepared?

This book is filled with antagonists for Storyguides wanting to add a little extra thrill and danger to their **Scion** campaigns. Spread before you is an in-depth selection of deadly monsters, wicked plots, complex antiheroes, and unstoppable Titans to oppose your players' characters. These elements bring an action-horror tone to any **Scion** game, whether it's an ongoing chronicle or one that's just getting started.

Titanomachy adds the backdrop of the coming "Second Titanomachy" — a new phase in the eternal cold war against the Gods. In its pages you'll find everything you need to enhance your **Scion** games, from the Titans themselves to their fearsome servants and all new adventure hooks. **Scion: Origin** and **Scion: Hero** are required to use this book.

BEFORE WE BEGIN

The concept of the "Second Titanomachy" exists as a conceit of **Scion's** internal fiction. Though the word comes from Greek, the idea is fabricated to add a background conflict to the setting of the World. We selected a rogue's gallery of mythological personages that make dangerous and fearsome

foes — ideal antagonists who want to control or destroy the World, ripe with story hooks for Storyguides to weave into the tapestry of their games. No, there's no real-world mythological example of Fenris and Apep making a pact to devour the sun together, but that's a terrifying prospect — one that only the Heroes of your game can stop.

The pantheon classifications are for book organization. For example: Rangda is a Balinese figure, filed under Deva. Many Titans oppose the hegemony of the Gods, so can hardly be included as part of their pantheon. For other pantheons, the line between Titan and God cannot be distinguished. The classifications used herein are so Storyguides can easily locate and use these mythological figures in their **Scion** games.

A SUPPLEMENT FOR ALL OF SCION

Since *Titanomachy* provides an element of background conflict for all **Scion** games, the contents herein were created to fit with all **Scion** supplements — present and future. Its text alludes to a variety of other supplements in the line, but these are not required to use this book. If Storyguides own these books, they'll find the conjoining sections rife with material to supplement their games, and if they do not, these sections can safely be ignored.



CHAPTER ONE THE TITANS

Well, that's history for you, folks.
Unfair, untrue and for the most part written by folk who weren't even there.

– Joanne Harris, *The Gospel of Loki*

THE TAXONOMY OF A TITAN

In a world where pantheons use the term to mark their enemies, what defines a capital-T Titan? From the perspective of the people living in the World, that's a difficult and sticky question to answer. The Devá especially are fond of calling anyone who opposes them a "Titan" (a term interchangeable with their own word, asura). Defining what this book considers a Titan, however, is a much easier task.

A Titan must have a Titan Calling: Adversary, Destroyer, Monster, Primeval, or Tyrant (see Titan Callings, below). Though they have a suite of Purviews akin to the Gods, a Titan cannot help but be obsessed or consumed by one of them. For example, Aten is the All-Encompassing Sun, while Echidna wholly embodies Fertility. Most importantly, as far as this book is concerned, a Titan must be a willing participant in the Titanomachy. The Titanomachy itself is a loose coalition of mythological personages unified in their desire to undo the current cosmological order of the World. For some, this means the utter destruction of everything, and for others, this means subjugating the World and its people to their rule. Regardless of how the Titan approaches the subject, each capital-T Titan desires fundamentally changing the way the universe works.

THE MATTER OF MANTLES

There are a few Titans in this chapter who make appearances in other Scion books. This may seem confusing at first — how can a mythological figure be both a patron for heroes and an antagonist on the side of World domination? The answer to this question is: Mantles. All Godly figures in Scion attained such power by building up their Legend and creating the Mantle of their Godhood. Mantles can be co-opted, hijacked, stolen, and borrowed. They can be abandoned or left unfinished — leaving behind a story fragment to be picked up by an enterprising candidate. Cernnunos joins the Tuatha Dé Domnann, and the Nemetondevos. Ymir exists as both a Primordial and a Titan. Ao Guang exists as a God, a Titan, and — optionally — a Dragon. Remember: All myths are true.

TITAN CALLINGS

Each of the Titans presented herein have at least one of the five Titan Callings.

ADVERSARY

Where the Trickster accomplishes goals through deceit and becomes a cultural example through their failures, the

Adversary *antagonizes*. Sometimes, an Adversary's antagonism is a means to an end — nothing pleases an Adversary more than watching her enemies rail against the pressure of her opposition. She is the fire by which they are forged, the grain upon which they are refined. Sometimes this opposition comes in the form of deceit and betrayal and occasionally through physical violence, though most Adversaries prefer to use their words and their connections to teach valuable lessons. Whatever the Adversary does, she does for a reason. A good reason if you ask her, and the ends always justify the means.

Skills: Culture, Persuasion, Subterfuge

Example Keywords: subversive, devil's advocate, cunning, liar, adversity, opposition, betrayal, rivalry

Fatebinding Roles: Jinx, Nemesis, Traitor

Example Titans: Isfet, The White Eyebrow

Failure Deeds: Be talked out of a great test or betrayal, allow the unworthy to rise unchallenged, avoid confrontation in favor of compromise, kill someone without telling them why you struck them down

Adoption Deeds: Ruin someone's life for the better, aggravate a friend into a change of heart

DESTROYER

Though defined by their desire and capacity to break things, Destroyers are far from mindless brutes. For some Destroyers, this is the first step in the process towards rebirth; the flames must first burn and leave behind ash so that new life might rise. For others, it is to challenge the status quo, to see structures and order overturned. That being said, some Destroyers are just that: agents of utter destruction or entropy. Titans (and some Gods) with this Calling might be forces of nature, or the lingering void at the edges of creation. Nothing can stop a Destroyer from sundering what was once whole.

Skills: Athletics, Close Combat, Science

Example Keywords: destruction, entropy, threatening, sharp, crush, demolish, unmake

Fatebinding Roles: Canary, Nemesis, Rival

Example Titans: Citlali, Surtr

Failure Deeds: Fail to destroy something priceless, refuse a chance to unmake something, assist another in creating a new structure or institution, allow yourself or someone to stagnate

Adoption Deeds: Break something invaluable, perform an epic show of force, demolish something belonging to an enemy until there is no trace left

MONSTER

Myths and legends drip with terrible creatures who swallow the sun, who chew at the roots of the World Tree, or who eat the flesh of humans. These creatures are Monsters; inhuman and grotesque of body, possessed of terrible might. Monsters are beasts of fear and hunger. They prey upon the weak and gnaw at the fabric of reality. Some Monsters can learn to rearrange their forms, wearing pleasing disguises or bursting into a towering, horrific shape. Wherever a Monster lurks, tales of their fearsome presence spread like wildfire.

Skills: Athletics, Medicine, Survival

Example Keywords: shapeshifter, fearsome, bloody, hunger, deceiver, murderer

Fatebinding Roles: Nemesis, Rival, Traitor

Example Titans: Echidna, Rangda

Failure Deeds: Refuse to take advantage of an enemy's fear, fail to reveal your true nature when doing so would cause panic and terror, spare a terrified foe

Adoption Deeds: Terrify an enemy into a change of heart, devour the flesh of your defeated foe, reveal your true face to someone you know fears you

PRIMEVAL

Things of untamed primal power, Primeval Calling Titans are literal fixtures of the World. A Primeval is the depths of the ocean, the unforgiving disc of the sun, or the rage of a volcano. They are the land itself, implacable and austere. These are the most likely to have no shred of humanity, for they are too vast to ever understand something as small as the human mind. Whatever the Primeval represents, they embody it entirely.

Skills: Academics, Occult, Survival

Example Keywords: primordial, vast, infinite, elemental, conceptual, depths, universal

Fatebinding Roles: Balm, Nemesis, Worshipper

Example Titans: Cernunnos, Fūjin

Failure Deeds: Allow a great source of natural energy to be harnessed by artifice or mortal forces, allow mundane or human concerns to guide your use of elemental forces, fail to stop the destruction of a font of natural power or place of primal majesty

Adoption Deeds: Allow something to return to its natural state, advance the cycle of something's growth or decay, contribute to the damaging effects of a natural disaster

TYRANT

While Leaders represent those in power who care for and guide their people, Tyrants crave power for themselves. A Tyrant desires unquestioning servants, sycophants, and yes-men. They cannot abide criticism and spare little thought for those they've stepped on so long as they rise to the top. A Tyrant's word is absolute, inviolable. Their edicts must be obeyed, on pain of punishment. Titans with the Tyrant Calling think only of themselves and their own selfish gain. While a Tyrant may make fair-weather friends, their selfishness quickly drives them from others' good graces.

Skills: Empathy, Leadership, Persuasion

Example Keywords: stern, unforgiving, absolute, selfish

Fatebinding Roles: Apprentice, Rival, Worshipper

Example Titans: Aten, Cronus

Failure Deeds: Treat your lessers with compassion, compromise your goals for someone else, allow one of your edicts to be broken

Adoption Deeds: Coerce an enemy of equal power into your service, intimidate a large group into obeying you, seize vast political power unjustly

TITANS OF THE ÆSIR

Reviled and rejected, the Titans of the Æsir created the land, the sea, the sky which the Æsir later stole from them. Oftentimes, the boundary between Titan and God rests on a question of favor, intermarriage, or which version of an Edda someone consults; the ties between Titan and God are old, convoluted, and sometimes look an awful lot more like a network of scars. Some take their drive from a desire to once more ascend to prominence, some simply attempt to move on, and some live only to destroy what was stolen from them; they'd rather burn themselves to ash than leave the Æsir one plank of wood on which to stand.

JÖRD

Aliases: Earth Mother, Births-Lightning

The most beautiful of the Æsir Titans, Jörð's birth came from tragedy: Her father's brutal murder at the hands of three Asgardians gave rise to her sturdy body. She crafted herself from Ymir's belly, making his rib bones into her thighs, smoothing his skin over her own muscles and bones. Nearly complete, she traveled the land looking for a material from which to craft her hair. She discovered the site of Ymir's scattered teeth; in a moment of inspiration, she used them to create the small and sturdy dwarves. The dwarves gasped with wonder when they beheld Jörð and the two hearts beating in her chest. She promised them a seat at her table for eternity, and in turn, they crafted her hair of copper as a gift of fealty. She braided a lock of this fine hair into a circlet, which the dwarves keep in their deepest hall as a symbol of their allegiance to the Earth Mother. Odin claims the dwarves live in the earth because they spawned from maggots which fed on Ymir's corpse; only Jörð and the dwarves know the truth.

The foolish might assume that because Jörð is an Earth Mother, she's warm and loving. Dispassionate and focused on the good of the many to the exclusion of the few, Jörð has watched far too many species driven to extinction by the predations of Gods and men to care much for the fate of individuals — even her Scions. Unlike her father, she cannot summon

life from nothing but instead transmutes living or once-living things into her own creatures. Her first child rose to assume Ymir's Mantle, but the last child to whom she gave birth broke her heart.

Jörð tried to love Odin for a while, briefly making the attempt to forgive him for his actions against her father. However, just as he was terrible and unjust to Ymir, he dealt terribly with her and left her to labor through the birth of their son in solitude and fear. Copper-haired Thor claims he's the son of fair-haired Sif and dark-haired Odin. His true mother brushes her red hair and misses her son, but her heart has become bitter from the betrayal of both father and son.

Callings: Guardian, Lover, Primeval

Purviews: Beauty, Earth, Epic Stamina, Fertility, Passion (Love)

RELATIONSHIPS AND AGENDA

The most focused and effective of all the Æsir, Jörð has little use for the scattered brains of Ymir or the reckless destruction of Nidhoggr. She's started looking outside her pantheon for companionship in recent years, utterly bored by the pointless and repetitive behavior of the rest of the Æsir. She can't see past her own smothering and repetitive behavior to realize that — sadly — she's just as bad as the rest of them (just a little better organized).

OTHER PANTHEONS

Jörð views the Æsir's God counterparts with the undisguised disdain of a jilted lover and abandoned mother. The view that Rangda, the Witch-Queen of Bali, takes toward the modern world — and how actively she fights corrupting influences through modern means — intrigues Jörð, who often considers taking a trip to try to win the Witch-Queen to her side. The effectiveness of the Witch-Queen in creating change in the modern world gives Jörð a great deal of hope.

CURRENT PRIORITIES

Jörð sends her Scions on missions to preserve the endangered creatures of the world at any cost, even their own





lives. The needs of the planet must outweigh a few puny mortal lives, especially when the planet itself is Jörð's body.

Never again will Jörð birth a child in any Incarnation, but she walks the world in search of children upon whom she can bestow the love that Thor rejected — her especial love lavished on those red-headed Scions she chooses and creates, gifting them with more potent relics and more intelligent Guides. However, she expects more from those children, sending them into dangerous battles and entrusting them with deadly intrigues. Perhaps she would lay down and rest if her last-born son would return home, but since Asgard fetes Thor as the beloved son of Odin and Frigg, it's unlikely that will ever come to pass.

NIDHOGGR

Aliases: Corpse-Chewer, The Pretender, Delights-In-Chaos

The base of Yggdrasil either contains Nidhoggr or brings him his food, depending on who you ask. Either way, the Titanic serpent curls around the base of the World Tree, gnawing at the support of everything-that-is. When he snaps his way through a tap root, earthquakes shake the ground above. The corpses of the disgraced tumble down to his lair, and the giant serpent cracks the bones of adulterers, liars, and cheats for their delicious marrow, scattering the calciferous fragments around the roots.

Of all the Æsir Titans, Nidhoggr pays the least attention to the Gods themselves, His adversary is Níðhöggr, the dragon who claims that he's the original of the pair, and Nidhoggr a cheap copy. Just look at those umlauts and accents in his name, written properly as the Sagas demand! However, this

may simply be a trick of his ancient nemesis - an unnamed eagle. Or perhaps the Titan really does struggle with another aspect of himself. Of course, Nidhoggr and his Scions maintain that's just because the old dragon can't move with the times, and that's why their people lag so far behind, drained of their relevance and power. Nidhoggr wants only to gnaw Yggdrasil down, bite through the last tap root and watch it all fall. Destroying the World will also destroy his counterpart. To Nidhoggr, this is just a lovely fringe benefit.

Nidhoggr's Scions — some adopted, some born, some chosen — are among the most feared of any Titan's children. Much like their divine parent, Nidhoggr's Scions love to destroy; they undertake elaborate operations to bring institutions, buildings, and even governments tumbling to the ground. Whenever they get even the slightest opportunity, they target the offspring of Níðhöggr, attempting to eradicate the children of their divine father's nemesis. Mind, their father never seems to notice anything that they do, but they fight for his scant attention nevertheless. Those few who choose not to scrap for Dad's attention find themselves taken in by other Titans or even Gods as foster children, often to the eventual dismay of those parents. The urge to destroy runs in the blood of these Scions, and fighting that urge becomes progressively more difficult the more powerful the Scion becomes.

Callings: Destroyer, Monster, Primeval

Purviews: Beasts (Reptiles), Chaos, Darkness, Death, Fortune, War

RELATIONSHIPS AND AGENDA

To the extent that Nidhoggr cares about anything other than destruction, he begrudgingly cares about the rest of the Æsir Titans. He really only cares about them inasmuch as they allow him to fulfill his desires to light the World on fire. Surtr may intend his sword for flames that renew, but that doesn't mean Nidhoggr has to allow those flames to go out, or the renewal to occur. He has no use for the rest of the Æsir — save to occasionally pull his ass out of the fires he creates.

OTHER PANTHEONS

Nidhoggr absolutely hates the Gods, though he pities his fellow dragons, most of whom suffered at the hands of Odin and his children. The Tuatha Dé Domnann make strange bedfellows as distant cousins regarded with a mixture of trepidation and hope. Perhaps the two will join forces and overthrow those who discarded them like so many gnawed bones after a longhouse feast.

CURRENT PRIORITIES

Nidhoggr delights in destruction. Anything that causes confusion and chaos captivates the old serpent, especially if those same events annoy his draconic doppelganger.

Nidhoggr takes only brief sojourns away from the World Tree in order to Incarnate and create the next generation of Scions; he barely pays any attention to his children after their initial Visitation, sending snakes and dreams to urge his Scions on to even greater acts of destruction. Make no mistake, they do not destroy to construct anything in its place. His children lead revolutions without any intention of rebuilding from the ashes; they constructed guillotines and watched the Reign of Terror with unfettered glee, never intending to help build a democracy after the heads got cleared away.

Scions of Nidhoggr just want to watch the world burn.

SURTR

Aliases: Freyr's Bane, Who by Fire

Unlike some Æsir Titans — not saying Nidhoggr, but *definitely* Nidhoggr — Surtr destroys for the delight of creating what comes after. He scrapes his fiery sword across the earth, lighting forest fires that encourage new growth, replacing old trees full of rot and worms. Surtr's blade cuts down dried grass and overblown leaders both, clearing the way for the next generation. Even Ragnarok — the fabled end of the World in which Surtr's prophesied fight with Freyr will ultimately destroy them both — leads to the rise of a new, sweet, and green Earth. Destruction brutally clears the way, and Surtr's sword scythes across the ground to that end and to that end alone. Of the Æsir Titans, he is alone in his drive for regrowth and rebirth.

Surtr's sword, crafted by a Jötunn for him to carry from the south on the day of Ragnarok, contains the souls of every God, dwarf, elf and Titan that the Æsir slew in their battle for prominence. Every Jötunn Thor crushed with a hammer blow, every elf poisoned by Loki, every giant cheated and then beheaded by the Gods in their cleverness: The Jötunn Gerðr

gathered them into her mouth. Then she bound together branches of ash and oak, twined them together with ivy vines, and breathed the souls out in a single, purified burst of flame. The sword's core transformed from wood into hammered iron, and the flame caught on tendrils of ivy, scorching away the leaves and burning to this day. Surtr had more sympathy for the burned leaves than for the lives destroyed by his work. He does, however, regard his sword as the holiest of all items, filled as it is with the souls of the slain.

Callings: Destroyer, Primeval, Tyrant

Purviews: Fertility, Fire, War

RELATIONSHIPS AND AGENDA

Surtr cleaves to his duty above all things, and he doesn't really understand the rest of the Æsir. Spurned love drives the rest of the Æsir Titans more than anything else. Their broken hearts lead them through follies. Surtr loves what he does and that motivates him more than anything else.

OTHER PANTHEONS

Like most of the Æsir, Surtr is willing to form tenuous alliances with the Tuatha Dé Domnann. The rest he could take or leave, preferring to act alone. Surtr does not trust anyone else to uphold his particular ideals of destruction and rebirth.

CURRENT PRIORITIES

Surtr spends all his time fomenting dissent and revolution, along with causing natural disasters. He delights in burning away old-growth forests and watching centuries-old dynasties fall. He destroys for the purpose of new creation.

Surtr rarely creates Scions anymore. A few born Titans may still exist, descended from the Scions he created centuries ago, but after a perfunctory Visitation, he has little to do with those children, and their destructive great-grandfather generally leaves them alone. Most of them end up fostered to other Titans in the Æsir, but some may get snagged by the hungry Tuatha Dé Domnann, always eager for new fosters. Those Scions Visited by Surtr and then left alone thereafter invariably become problems for the people and cities around them; without guidance to temper their destructive urges into something which creates, Scions of Surtr might as well be Nidhoggr's vicious children.

Surtr reaches out around the World, encouraging the metaphorical flames of revolution as well as the literal flames consuming homes during wildfire season. Surtr's Scions — those few who find one another — tell tales of his fiery home in Múspell. They believe that if they can find that realm, they will convince their father that they belong at his side. When Ragnarok comes, the children of Múspell will lead the final charge against the children of Asgard.

YMIR

Aliases: The First Father, Venom-Born, Who in Solitude

Before the time of humanity, Ymir made himself from nothing. By some stories, he was born from the venom that filled the first river. Bored of living alone in Ginnungagap,

that grassless void, Ymir birthed the Jötunn from his own body, a grotesque parthenogenesis where he drew the first Jötunn man from one armpit and the first Jötunn woman from the other. The first cow, Auðumbla, fed him and his children, and remains sacred to jötunar to this day. Cows are often used as messengers Ymir's Scions. When Odin, Vili, and Ve came to the home of Ymir, he showed them ultimate hospitality, offering them the first and creamiest portions of Auðumbla's milk and sharing with them the secret wisdom of making cheese so that they might have food through the winter. In typical Asgardian fashion, Odin, Vili and Ve repaid Ymir for his kind hospitality by killing him: They smashed his skull open and tossed his brains into the air where the gobbets of cerebrum hung as clouds, braided his hair together and grew the braids as trees, sliced his veins to make the oceans from his blood, and laid his body down to dance upon and create Midgaard. His hipbones formed mountains, his thighbones rolled into long, low hills. His beating heart did not slow, however, and when the brothers left, Jörð birthed herself from his belly, midwifing herself into being as the Earth. She kissed her father's heart and came to know from this the full story of his hospitality betrayed. With her tears falling upon Ymir's heart, she took his Mantle onto herself. She split open her breast with her sharp fingernails and placed her father's heart in her chest, carrying both hearts beating in synchrony.

While Jörð was busy giving birth to herself and discovering their treachery, the Asgardians created men. Once she had finished mourning her father's betrayal, Births-Lightning lay in a field with one of those men, for she wished to have a child. When her firstborn Scion grew to maturity and majesty, the Earth-Mother told her the tale. Her daughter begged Jörð to grant her the honor of carrying on her grandfather's legacy. With that legacy came the solemn obligation to seek revenge against the Asgardians for their breaches of hospitality. Jörð wept in gratitude, then opened her breast once more and placed Ymir's heart into her daughter's breast. Her daughter became her son, and Ymir stood astride the World once more. He alone of all the Æsir possesses the ability to create beings from earth and soil, from his sweat and tears. Even Jörð can only transmute such life as already exists — though she can resurrect those the Asgardians have unjustly slain.

Callings: Leader, Liminal, Primeval

Purviews: Beasts (Cows), Death, Earth, Frost, Fertility, Fortune, Order, War

RELATIONSHIPS AND AGENDA

Demonized by their own children, the Æsir Titans live divine lives filled with bitterness and anger, driven by the sort of fury which rises from love twisted into something unrecognizable. When the love of a parent gets spurned so deeply — indeed to the point of brutal murder — that love, with nowhere to go, turns into a fiery anger which burns as brightly as Surtr's sword and poisons the hearts of the Titans as thoroughly as the bitter rivers from which Ymir birthed himself. As he views the rest of the Æsir Titans as his

children along with his Scions, he attempts to micromanage everyone's plans, usually to their detriment.

OTHER PANTHEONS

The new Ymir inherited all the Mantles of the previous, so despite his desire to avenge his grandfather-self, he has also inherited his grandfather's literal scatterbrainedness (it's a rough life when your mind is literally in the clouds). He can rarely keep his thoughts together long enough to form opinions on any of the other pantheons: When his thoughts get lined up enough for him to maintain a train of thought, revenge dominates them.

CURRENT PRIORITIES

Ymir plots and plans to take Asgard for himself, but since his brain wisps across the sky, pieces scattered in the stratosphere, he rarely manages to put together a coherent plan for exactly how to accomplish that. At the very least, he prefers Scions that arise from his line to spend their time distracting, dissuading, and dismantling any organizations which might benefit the Asgardians. He especially dislikes the virulent strains of nationalism which have plastered Odin's name all over them — and when you get a Titan to say, "You're giving us a bad name," that's *really* something.

Ymir rarely Incarnates, preferring instead to shepherd generation upon generation of Scions through Guides and dreams. His Scions seek his counsel by ascending high mountains until they stand among the clouds, whispering their needs into the brain of their father as those scattered bits of intellect drift inside the dome of the sky crafted cruelly by Odin. Ymir prefers all things under his purview to follow his precise directives, but he doesn't make it easy on his Scions: The fact that he sometimes sends messages via the pattern of marbling in a cut of beef or the bubbles in a bottle of cream can make it difficult to please him, as it's easy to misinterpret those arcane missives.

BIRTHRIGHTS

Scions of the Æsir may have access to any of these Birthrights.

CREATURES

Cows: Sacred to Ymir, the oldest Titan often uses these animals to send messages to his followers, and some of his Scions become dairy farmers in order to more readily obtain messages from him and Jörð. It's not easy when the messages just as easily come from the splash of blood across the slaughterhouse floor as from the cud-chewing mouth of the animal itself.

Hrafn: What, you thought Odin started that trend? Please. All the Æsir Titans use the dark-winged birds as messengers, and many of their Scions have these birds as companions, all the better to infiltrate Asgardian bands. Who's going to question whether someone's a true Son of Odin if he shows up with a pair of ravens on his shoulders, after all?

FOLLOWERS

Dvergar: Not just Jörð's favored messengers, the dwarves live in the depths of the earth and in fortified compounds in the wilderness or heavily armored townhouses in metropolitan areas. The Scion who convinces dwarves to favor her will always have the very best arms and armor.

Revolutionaries & Reactionaries: Nidhoggr's children especially love to gather the impassioned to their side for the purposes of destroying just about anything. It doesn't matter to them so much *what* the Molotov cocktail's being thrown at so long as someone's throwing them at all.

GUIDES

Dvergar: The dwarves keep their compact with Jörð, treating her Scions as their siblings. Sometimes, rather than her own Visitation for Scions she chooses from among mortal humans, she sends a dwarf bearing her symbol instead.

Ratatoskr: When not annoying Nidhoggr, the squirrel of the World Tree often delivers messages for the other Titans, carrying news with a side of malicious gossip. A titanspawn who spreads lies as easily as truths but moves speedily, so when no other messenger will do, the squirrel must be called upon.

RELICS

Brains in a Bottle: A bit of a cloud captured in a specially prepared flask; this relic permits seven words of direct communication with the Titan Ymir. The Scion may speak those seven words and receive a single response in return of seven words or less. The Titan may choose not to answer, but as these flasks are quite difficult to prepare and may only be used once, he usually rewards the user with a response. Using this item in combat requires an Action.

Jörð's Bracelets: Possessing one of these copper bracelets, woven out of the Titan's dwarf-created hair, permits the wearer to draw strength from the earth whenever in direct contact with natural soil or rock. The exceptionally favored Scion who comes to possess a pair may use them to merge with the earth entirely, sinking into her mother's breast for protection and succor.

Nidhoggr's Tooth: A large tooth intricately carved into a highly decorated dagger, this weapon's point can pierce any armor, and its porous surface makes a perfect vehicle for delivering poison into the wounds it creates.

Ymir's Skull Fragment: No larger than a thumbnail, this small piece of highly polished skull bone, when held up to the eye, allows the owner of this relic to view any location as if viewed from the sky. It does not permit the owner to see through any obstructions such as trees or roofs.

