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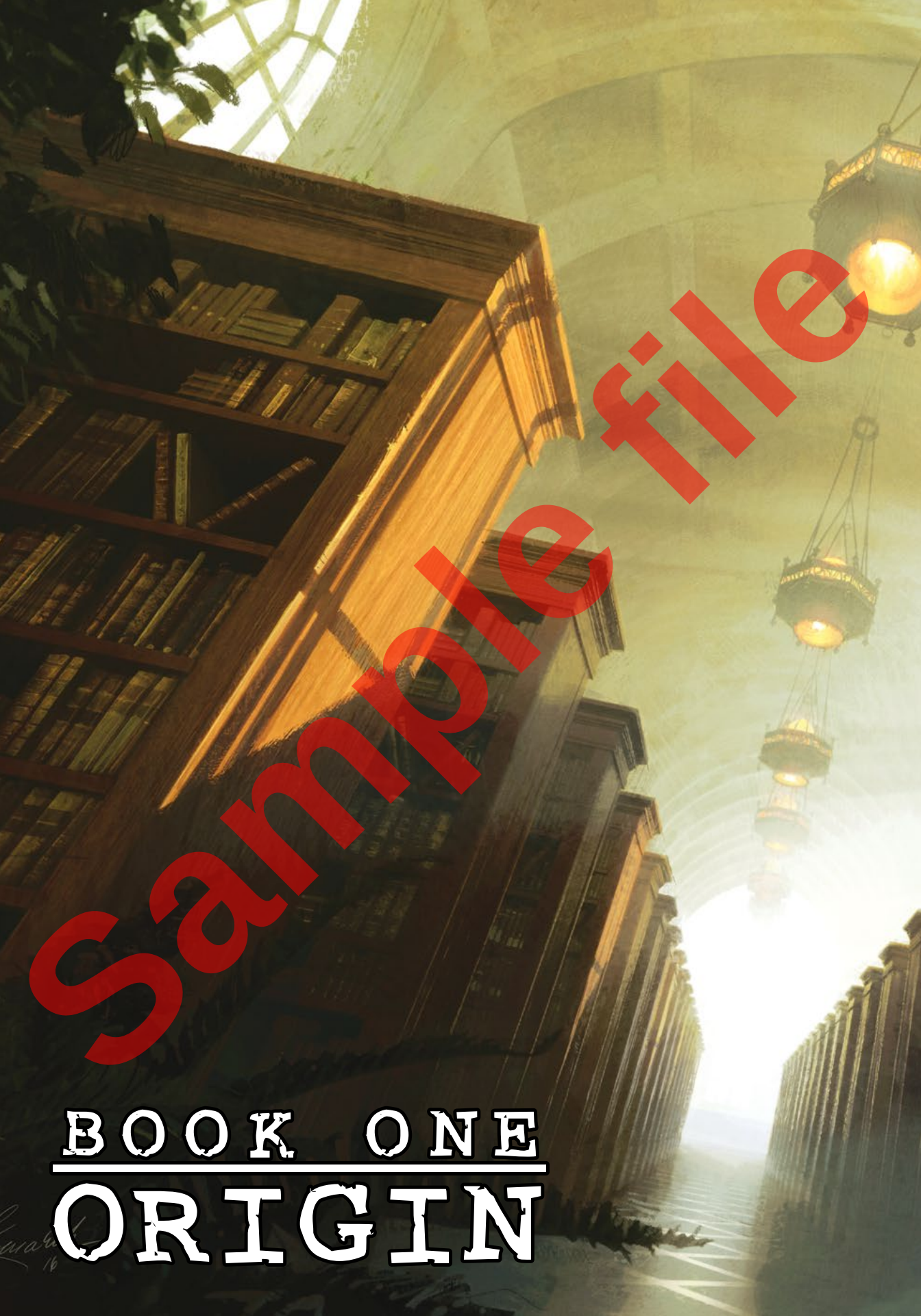
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Sample file

BOOK ONE
ORIGIN



THE HURRICANE

"Sheriff? This is Mandy from the mayor's office. Another one's been found."

"In the middle of a hurricane? Text me the address. I'll be there in ten."

"I'll let the mayor know, sir."

Click.

Five minutes later, the sheriff emerged into the pouring rain, trench coat pulled tightly over his coarse, leathery skin and Stetson on his mane of ivory hair and dark steel horns. The rain fell like wet bullets. The storm roared, a crack of thunder echoing through almost empty streets as the twisting, darkened clouds of Hurricane Clarence came into view over Elysian Bay. Most humans would have been blown back by the force of the winds, but the sheriff wasn't exactly human.

His large frame powered its way to the address. A small man stood outside, with a smile like an oil baron. He was impeccably dressed in a suit and top hat, totally dry as if the rain itself wouldn't dare.

"Raidou! My dear boy, you look like a damp rat," he exclaimed with feigned concern, taking a pull on his pipe.

The sheriff leaned against the building just under an awning that had long since given up being any kind of shelter. With a large, red-skinned hand, he fished a cigar from his pocket. "We can't all have storm gods for uncles, Leslie," he grunted out before snapping his fingers. An ethereal blue flame leaped to the cigar. "What do we have?"

Leslie's face turned dark. "Apartment 22. Probably best you see it yourself, old chap. Rolento and I have the place on lockdown, per the mayor."

The sheriff smelled blood and bourbon as he ascended the apartment stairs. He immediately saw blood and viscera, but he looked away and knelt at the feet of the body instead. It appeared to be a man with goat's legs, lightly covered with a linen sheet to protect his dignity.

"Moe," the oni muttered under his breath as he lifted the sheet and saw the cold face of his erstwhile friend.

"Sheriff! Sheriff!" a woman with elegant features yelled as she made her way across the cramped apartment, dodging the empty beer bottles and half-eaten hoagies. "Sheriff!" she yelled once more, mere inches from him. "Where have you been? Mandy called you over half an hour ago!"

He didn't look up, still scanning the crime scene. "Not sure if you noticed, Mayor Selene, but there's a hurricane blowing your town away. Took me longer than I expected."

The snakes that had been whipping the mayor's hair into a frenzy relaxed as she took a deep breath. "Any clues?"

"Just walked in the door." Heat emanated from the wound in the satyr's chest.

"Look, Rai, I need something to tell the council. They're getting antsy. Questioning if having an ogre —"

"Oni," he cut her off sharply.

"— *oni* as our chief detective is wise."

"Great. Replace me. I can't wait to sit on the beach with a Mai Tai in hand." His words dripped with sarcasm.

"They're going to force my hand, Rai."

Just then, he spotted a gleaming black shard lodged in Moe's ribs. He pulled it out and held it aloft; it sparked with sinister energy.

"What is that?" the mayor asked as her hair formed fully into snakes so she could examine it with all her eyes.

"A clue." He slipped it into his pocket and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Rashida and Diego's place; she might know what this thing is."

It was another twenty-minute walk through pouring oppressive rain before he reached the large brownstone door. It stuck out among the flimsy beach houses like it was from another place and time, mostly because it was. He knocked with his hard, red hand, door opening on the third knock. A small green-skinned man with teeth like razor blades stood behind it in a hooded sweatshirt.

"Sheriff! So good to see you; what brings you out this evening?" he said with a polite affectation that was far from natural.

"Still making you take the etiquette classes, Diego?"

"Won't marry me till I can get through a dinner with her father. Come on in. What brings you by? You know there's a storm on, right?"

Water streamed off the oni's horns. "Hadn't noticed."

They walked through the foyer to the sitting room, where an imposing but graceful winged lion with the face of a lovely young woman lay upon a pile of pillows in front of a chessboard. "Sheriff, so good to see you. What brings you out tonight?" Diego took the seat across from her.

"Evening, Rashida. Got a thing I want you to look at." He placed the shadowy spike in her outstretched paw.

"Fascinating. This metal is an obsidian aetheric compound commonly used in South American construction, but these runes are decidedly Norse..." Suddenly, she stopped looking at it and sniffed the air. "Tell me, do you have a new partner you've neglected to mention?"

"No," he responded, eyebrow raised quizzically.

"Well then, gentlemen, I believe we're about to have company."

The windows shattered, and the hurricane reached a hand into the room.



CHAPTER ONE

THE WORLD

Every journey has a beginning, and **Scion: Origin Live-Action** is about those beginnings. Part of the **Scion Live-Action** system, **Scion: Origin Live-Action** is a live-action roleplaying game (LARP for short) that concerns the creatures and persons of myth and legend and how they interact with the World, a place where all myths are real and all stories have weight. Fate is its own force in the World, and the characters in this book are feeling its first touches upon their souls. Whether mundane or supernatural, **Scion Live-Action** is the story of people in a liminal space where myth is swiftly becoming immediate.

WHO ARE YOU?

In all the **Scion Live-Action** books, players play the children of the Gods and tangle with their parents' divine enemies and rivals, and deal with beasts and monsters that threaten mortal lives. Characters are often from disparate pantheons, brought together to fight against the Titans and their influence despite existing strife and tension. Each Scion character has a suite of exceptional abilities, and some might have artifacts given to them by their godly parents.

Scion: Origin Live-Action specifically focuses on *pre-Visitation Scions* (referred to as "Scions" throughout). Having not yet received their Visitations, they stand with only one foot on the forked road to divinity or destruction, loosely bound to the machinations of Fate. They are not so entangled in its strands that they are forced onto certain paths, but they are enmeshed in the world of story and the games that Gods play far more than the average mortal. Some may more deeply wrap themselves in myth, receive Visitations, and become heroes (which are covered in **Scion: Hero Live-Action**); some may embrace other aspects of their

heritage; and still others may be content simply to stand forever between worlds.

However, they're not the only beings descended from Legend in the World. All manner of mythological creatures inhabit the World, and they sometimes reproduce with humans. The beings resulting from these unions are usually called *Denizens* to differentiate them from Scions proper when they're called anything at all. In this book we also include Denizens with pre-Visitation Scions. When it's important to make a distinction, we will, but assume any reference to "Scions" or "Origin-level characters" in **Scion: Origin Live-Action** also refers to Denizens.

THE WORLD

Scion Live-Action adventures take place in its default setting, simply called the World, which is a place that looks just like our modern world — aside from the Gods and mythological creatures, of course. Games of **Scion Live-Action** can take place anywhere on Earth, but Storyguides are equally encouraged to create a fictionalized version of the real world; the magic and mystery of the divine is everywhere.

The World of Scion has many similarities to our own, but it is not the same. In this World, the power of the old gods was not forgotten, nor swept beneath the tide of monotheistic religions. The Mediterranean is rife with the followers of the Theoi, in parts of China the old faiths are still honored, and in Scandinavia, the worshippers of the Æsir wield significant influence. In multicultural societies like the United States, pantheons of all sorts collide, each pursuing their various agendas. While monotheistic traditions still exist, their agents and those of the

THIS ISN'T WHAT I REMEMBER

Some of the material you see in here will be different from **Scion: Origin**. This is because LARPs in general and **Scion: Origin Live-Action** in particular have a different focus from their tabletop RPG cousins. In a tabletop RPG, your characters are the protagonists and the story is about you. You are more important than everyone else, and your trials and tribulations make up the whole game. Tabletop games, therefore, rely on all parties' investment in the players' journey — and on scripting a fair amount of that journey in advance.

In a LARP, these considerations are still true, yet in a different way. You are not the only protagonists. While every person's Visitation is supposed to be personal and unique, other players need something to do with their time while one is receiving their divine Visitation, and those other tasks are worthwhile stories themselves. Even if your story is about you, the story cannot be about you, because it must be about everyone. As such, key elements differ from the material you find in the **Scion** tabletop RPG.

polytheistic pantheons tend to work independently, rarely swept up in each others' concerns.

Though the cities of this World have the same names and the borders of nations are in the same places for roughly the same reasons, the major history differs in having been shaped by divine hands. However, the Gods don't participate in the everyday doings of mortals, even their own worshipers; while folks are peripherally aware that creatures of myth exist, they still have jobs to do, rent to pay, and lives to lead. The magical and the mysterious are more commonplace than in our world, but rare outside Scion Enclaves or those faithful to the pantheons. Most Scions avoid widespread attention because Fate interacts strangely with supernatural creatures when the World notices them. While no one would be stunned into disbelief seeing a troll in the news, it's unlikely the average person would ever meet one. The supernatural, while unusual and beyond the domain of your typical mortal, is understood to be part of reality's fabric.

SCIONS & DENIZENS

Origin-level characters are those who live in myth: humans who stumbled upon paths through the looking glass and into history, humble folks with a magic sword, talking animals on grand adventures, or simply those who touched by the otherworldly and wanting to get on with their lives.

Scions have the blood of Gods in their veins, waiting for a Visitation to activate their legacies. A Scion is

someone who can knowingly interact with the realms of the Gods as well as the mortal domain, and is connected by some inner force to Fate and Legend. This could be their heritage, their training, or a Relic, and they can be powered by Ichor, Titanic Rangshar, or magic. All Scions are sentient beings connected in some way to Fate.

Denizens aren't the children of gods but are otherwise part of the strange tapestry. They have little in common regarding size, shape, gender, or species. There are few ways in which a raven is like a writing desk, yet either could be a Denizen with the right spark. Broadly speaking, their life cycle starts one of four ways:

- First and most famously, a Denizen is made when something with Ichor in its veins purposely sheds or spends some of its divinity to infuse a mundane person, place, thing — or in rare cases, even an idea — with enough power to act in the mortal domain.
- Second and by far most common, infused Denizens may retain their natural urges, develop urges they did not previously have as inanimate objects, or even receive urges as part of the infusion. Once a God infuses a raven as a messenger, perhaps it learns to shed its coat of feathers, settles down with a human, and starts a family. Their children may be ravens, humans, or a mix. Or if instead they mate with other ravens, the local neighborhood or forest may soon find its birds to be unusually eloquent.



- The third and oldest method is the Titanspawn: primeval creatures from the dawn of time, though years of civilization sometimes round their edges. Many stories tell the origins of the World, and in more than a few of these, life springs forth from divine Ichor spilled upon the ground. Cyclopes, dwarves, beastfolk, and all manner of things came into being in this way. Interbreeding sees these bloodlines mingled with others to produce generational Scions. Others may remain in their original form, enjoying an immortality granted by virtue of being alive before death came to be.

- The final type of Denizens makes themselves. They are humans who seek out the unknown, maybe find an old Relic, delve too far into a mystery, learn mystic disciplines, devote themselves to a faith, or simply meet an accident of circumstance and emerge changed. Sorcerer or saint, investigator or instigator, these Denizens have a thirst for Ichor, magic, and myth, and a drive to remake themselves in an image of their own conception. They are rare indeed, and almost indistinguishable from mortals, but one cannot touch a thing and not be touched in return. They wish to weave Fate, and so are bound and woven.

WHAT DO THEY DO?

Try to survive, mostly. A significant minority of Scions were built or infused by the Gods with a purpose. They spend their time either fulfilling that mandate or studiously avoiding it, but either way, the sheer granting of purpose shapes their lives and interactions. The brass men in service to Hephaestus and the mischievous pooka eluding the dictates of the Tuatha are defined in relation to their duties, whether they fulfill them or not.

Most Scions are the children, or children's children of such beings, and mostly they learn to live within the shapes they inherited while maintaining a knowledge of the supernatural. They don't believe in the Gods as mortals do; rather, they *know* the Gods exist in the same way that mundane humans are aware of particular politicians or billionaires. These Scions' interactions with the Gods are transactional. After all, attracting the attention of mighty entities who administer fundamental aspects of reality may result in the bestowing of great boons — or lead to capricious ruin.

Understanding that many of the divine are simply ultra-powerful personages and patrons, some Scions stake their own claims in the grand game. A one-tailed kitsune may dream of nine-tailed glory,

or a snake under a wizard's enchantment may seek to become a world-devouring serpent. They try to parlay their small piece of power into greater and greater reserves in the pursuit of becoming more than they were, perhaps even Gods themselves. They bind themselves to the Legends of others, gather followers, and play the game of worlds.

Legend, lackey, or laconic homebody, common needs lead to Scions living and working side by side. They band together to get things done, pursuing mutual goals, better defenses, or the ties of community and family. They celebrate and argue, love and hate, live and die. Some become Fatebound to the sagas of others, some gain notoriety among their own circles, and others fight for the recognition and rights of their kind or just take odd jobs to get by. Of course, it helps tremendously that Fate tends to draw together those touched by the supernatural.

TERRA INCOGNITA

by Moe the Enlightened, Satyr Philosopher

I don't fucking know, then again that's in the name. Usually, those introduced to the mythical are given some sort of advice. They may have a journal entry or some wise old mentor to tell them what's what, or perhaps they report to a boss who tells them about what's going on within the narrative fiction we call the World. But this is a world about stories and legends so I suppose you, dear reader should be told something by a Diderotic Narrator with an in-world Anansi-like presence of being associated with story, yet able to perceive Canby's "invisible scrim" that keeps the reader from the read, or actor from their audience.

Hallo! That's arguably me. The very short version of Terra Incognita is that basically everything is out there somewhere except when it isn't or no one cares. Even then, it might be.

Very, very broadly speaking, all the various creations of the World happened, and all the detritus of those creations are still present. You can still find bits of the ice the cow licked the World from and the echoes of the Big Bang if you know where to look. Mud and vast waters from before the turtle brought up the embers of Ometeotl's other four suns and the bits of viscera best left unexplored from a million other bloodier creations are still hanging around somewhere.

We then have the Underworlds. These are the places where the dead dwell. They're what awaits any thinking entity when their body runs down or they've spent their time among the living. They can be anything from aching voids that swallow

the souls of the faithless, to pleasant western river kingdoms, to mighty halls of great heroism and feasting. They may be grand pleasure gardens, sunny skies full of clouds, or deep abysses where just punishments are meted out upon the wicked, basically anything that has been believed or is believed is out there to be explored and sometimes things escape or come back.

Finally, we have spaces in between. The Olympian heights from which the Gods watch humankind may have some of the dead there as attendants. The souls of musicians or artists may wander the realms of the fae, and many a dead creature or thing unborn and undying lurks in the forests in which the Ohdowas hunt but they're not places primarily for the dead, nor are they worlds from before creation. Instead, these are the worlds beside the mortal realm, watching, sometimes touching in an eternal dance of the cosmos. Here's where we find Terra Incognita and other places on the edges of maps, where creations beside your own dwell. "Here Be Dragons", as they say!

Now we'll speak of distance and depth. There's no real distance between the realms, but there is difficulty of travel. Imagine you live in a city. There's a store ten blocks away and another one twenty, but you have a train stop two blocks away that takes you right to the second store. Are you closer to the first or the second? For those possessing the token or talisman of passage through the underground (a farecard), the second store is mere moments away, whereas the first is quite the hike. For those who must travel without such talisman, both are a hike, but the first is closer. The paths one takes to reach any realm vary based on the person doing the traveling and the requirements of the realm.

Some realms, usually realms where the Gods themselves dwell, are barred against any except other beings of their level. Some can be reached only by those thinking happy thoughts, or only by the seventh son of a seventh son, or a child born under a caul. The more restrictions or more difficult the restriction, the greater the metaphysical distance away a realm is said to be, regardless of its theoretical physical distance. Some powers may alter this subjective distance or allow one to take their little bands of Dantes along with their Virgilian guides. Some beings are simply powerful enough to batter down the walls. As it's often said, your mileage may vary.

FONTS

Scions gather at *Fonts* of magical energy to refresh their powers and renew their communities. A Font is essentially a fountain, an upwelling where energies break through into the World to spill Ichor, ink, and imagination upon the stones. A Font may become special by being so notorious it passes into a Legend of its own, like a battlefield, a great monument, or the scene of a historic murder. Other places become Fonts because they've been the scene for unrecorded turning points of Fate: the birthplace of a king, the factory floor where the gun that shot a tyrant was made, the site of destined lovers' trysts. Then there are places that are Fonts for unearthly reasons: where Titans have struck the land, where the wars of Gods touched mortal clay.

Resting at a Font refreshes and refuels the part of the soul attached to one's mythic aspect. Here, the soul is inspired to write poems, reflect deeply upon life, take up a crusade, or simply rest and meditate. Almost all Fonts require maintenance of some sort. Those that sprung from places of natural beauty are sometimes simple, in that all one needs to do is clean up the litter and keep people from developing strip malls over them. More complex buildings and monuments can require anything from light janitorial work to full-time crews constantly updating their infrastructure. Usually, local Scions work to preserve Fonts while Ichor-touched heroes, villains, and monsters attempt to reap the benefits. As such, these places are usually considered neutral territory where all can rest and refresh freely and violence is verboten.

The existence of neutral territory for the discussion of important matters is critical to the beings of Scion, even more so than it is to humankind. Without the treaties and truces negotiated at Fonts, there would be no way to tell when fighting should end and hostilities cease, only conflict as unending as the entities that wage it. The trappings of hospitality, therefore, are also key to the supernatural. Some beings literally live and die on the rules of hospitality. These rules are numerous and varied, but they have some common threads.

Time: There's a clearly defined amount of time for which someone can rest and recuperate without fear of reprisal or being expelled. This may differ between Fonts; the standard is 72 hours, but some places use one night and one day, until the next sunrise, or perhaps 28 days in inhospitable climates where storms last weeks. Some who keep the oldest traditions even use a year and a day.

Guestrights: All Font guests must be granted the following base rights:

- To rest at the Font for the stated duration of time
- To be unharmed by violence during their stay
- To access water and sanitary facilities equal to their host's
- To be given food of the same kind and portion as their host

The foodright in particular has been the root of some problems when a host has, often unintentionally but occasionally maliciously, provided only the house rations to a guest whose differing dietary needs prevent their consumption. These rules are ancient and sometimes inflexible, stemming from times of conflict when food was scarce and what little could be offered might be tainted or even poisoned. However, providing hospitality is a matter of pride at many Fonts, so some measure of effort is usually taken to see that guests can be adequately provisioned while keeping to the spirit, if not the letter, of the old laws.

Hostrights: The first right granted to all hosts is the right to remain unmolested in their home territory. No violence should befall them or theirs from a guest. They may ask their guests to put up arms for safekeeping, or require them to be peacebonded.

Furthermore, the host retains the right to call upon any guest to take up arms in defense of the Font during their stay. Failure on the part of the guest to defend their place of succor is usually seen as a tacit admission that the guest is a spy or otherwise harbors ill intent.

Finally, the host has the right to request a gift of time, maintenance, or resources from each guest toward the Font's upkeep. A penniless drifter may be asked to help clean up, a rich guest may be asked to contribute toward roof repair, or a great hero may be asked to solve some problem or threat to the Font and its environs.

These three basic tenets are generally considered the bare minimum of hospitality in the United States, which boasts one of the largest and most powerful Fonts in the World on Liberty Island. However, the American standard by no means covers the extent of the Font code. For example, among the original thirteen states, the Third Amendment to the Constitution is interpreted to place additional restrictions on the guest rights of military personnel seeking refuge at a Font. Furthermore, Enclaves formed from the diaspora of other nations

or worshipers of a particular pantheon may enforce different traditions. The Theoian practice of xenia mandates that a guest be clothed, if needed, as well as fed, and the Chinatown Fonts of most major cities are considered exemplars of generous hospitality.

Fonts in other countries have traditions that may differ significantly from their USA counterparts. The nanawatai of the Pashtun people in Afghanistan compels the host to fight on behalf of their guests, rather than the other way around. In Hindu practice, the obligation to provide hospitality extends beyond the physical bounds of the Font; hosts may be expected to go out and volunteer aid to the larger community, not just those who come seeking help. Guests in Latin America have a wide variety of etiquette rules to navigate, as the cultures of these countries are far from monolithic.

Breaking the laws of hospitality is a good way to get cursed, smote, or dead.

ENCLAVES

Enclaves are the groups of Scions that settle around Fonts to tend their magical energies.

Because each Font is in a unique geographic context, the Scions of any particular Enclave are likely but not guaranteed to share a common motive for settling there. For example, naga and merfolk both gravitate toward towns with widespread wheelchair access, while sentient familiars and other knowing creatures seek landlords with liberal pet policies. Golems, whether old clay or shiny new chrome, need somewhere to sit and kvetch about uncaring masters, preferably with sturdy floors. As the area around a Font develops to meet its Scions' needs, the social makeup of its Enclave may shift in unforeseen ways.

No two Enclaves are identical. This is to be expected; after all, among humans, an Amish town is by no means the same as Little Italy or Compton. However, broadly speaking, there are some commonalities in the social structure of Enclaves that keep them functioning in a manner comprehensible to visiting Scions.

It's crucial to hold regularly scheduled Enclave-wide meetings to maintain balance and order in the community. These may be municipal assemblies to determine the distribution of resources; town hall forums where suggestions and grievances can be aired; or emergency summits to respond to a looming threat that could change the fabric of the Enclave's story. No matter the purpose or format, all Scions of the Enclave are welcome to attend every



meeting, and their contributions are obliged to be heard in full by the other members of the session. Of course, the community is only required to *listen* to speakers, not to take their advice or address their complaints, which often causes tension when a Scion does not feel properly heeded.

Each Enclave also observes a cycle of festivals that may overlap or coincide with those of other Enclaves. Usually, each festival is headed by a different individual Scion from the community so that no one person oversees all of them. Festival heads may volunteer or be assigned; there may be several people eager to host a Yule revel, while no one wants to be responsible for the heavy workload involved with the yearly town cleanup. While there tends to be strict rules on whether guests to the Font may attend routine Enclave meetings, all but the most secretive of festivals are generally open to any who wish to celebrate with the community.

In conjunction with the meeting and festival schedule, Scions of the Enclave hold roles to ensure smooth daily functioning within the community. Some roles or titles may differ between Enclaves, but these tend to be the most common general responsibilities:

- **Keeper of the Font:** As each Enclave draws lifeblood from its Font, so there must be someone who maintains that wellspring of power. This is also the person who may claim hostrights from guests to the territory.

- **Council of Elders:** While the Keeper is dedicated to their singular purpose, the Council tends to the broader community. This is generally a group of older Scions who have amassed money, time, magic, or other power enough to be granted the authority to make decisions for the Enclave as a whole.
- **Enforcers:** These community members function as a neighborhood watch or constabulary to execute the local Enclave rules and the Elders' wills.
- **Deputy:** Every Enclave needs a liaison to the mundane domain to ensure harmony with the regional government and local mortals. Outside of the Enclave, the Deputy operates with the full authority of the Council of Elders in dealings with mortals.
- **Envoy:** As a supernatural counterpart to the Deputy, the Envoy interfaces with other Enclaves and magical communities. They monitor goings-on in the World of Scion so the Council may determine where to form alliances and allocate resources or assistance.
- **Talebearer:** There is always someone, often self-appointed, who feels obliged to keep abreast of everyone's business within the Enclave. Sometimes unkindly referred to as the tattletale, this person disseminates news and helps the Council to ride the ever-changing tide of community sentiment.