

LORDSWORN

By Marren MacAdam



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LORDSWORN

Thanks and Credits

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Table of Contents

Introduction	8
What is LORDSWORN?	9
Play Materials	10
Setting the Tone	11
Crafting the Backdrop - The Gods	12
Thoaris, the Golden: God of the Sun, Order, Joy, and the Arts	14
Ovianna, the Veiled: Goddess of the Moon, Magic, Emotions, and Secrets	16
Mavos, the Mighty: Goddess of Might, Warfare, Wisdom, and Fire	18
Lotyx, the Eternal: God(dess) of Nature, the Soul, Death, and Peace	20
Mittaris, the Matriarch: Goddess of Storms, the Sea, Fertility, and Wrath	22
Vaher, the Father: God of the Forge, Mountains, Trade, and Healing	24
Iz, the Fair: God(dess) of Beauty, Trickery, Revolution, and Wine	26
Nestyx, the Quiet: Goddess of Writing, Clockwork, Darkness, and Winter	28
Creating your Company	30
Your Fallen Captain	31
Lordsworns Archetypes - Hearts Suite	36
Ace of Hearts - Innocent Greenhorn	37
Two of Hearts - Grizzled Veteran	38
Three of Hearts - Warm Hearted Chef	39
Four of Hearts - Freshly Promoted Lieutenant	40
Five of Hearts - Mourning Cleric	41
Six of Hearts - Bandit Turned Lordsworn	42
Seven of Hearts - Noble Knight	43
Eight of Hearts - Scholarly Mage	44
Nine of Hearts - Wandering Spellblade	45
Ten of Hearts - Scarred Medic	46
Jack of Hearts - Bold Skald	47
Queen of Hearts - Hopeful Herald	48
King of Hearts - Criminal Conscript	49
Lordsworns Archetypes - Spade Suite	50
Ace of Spades - Occultish Oracle	51
Two of Spades - Ancient Ascetic	52
Three of Spades - Crestfallen Hero	53
Four of Spades - Prophet of the Outer Gods	54
Five of Spades - Screaming Vindicator	55
Six of Spades - Fading Avatar	56

Seven of Spades - Eagle Eyed Sharpshooter	57
Eight of Spades - Flowing Water Dancer	58
Nine of Spades - Gallant Cavalry	59
Ten of Spades - Simple Soldier	60
Jack of Spades - Eccentric Engineer	61
Queen of Spades - Fervent Follower	62
King of Spades - The Creed Guard	63
The Journey Home Phase	65
How to Play: The Journey Home	66
1. Preparing the Event	67
Week Events Tables	68
Week Events Tables	69
Week Events Tables	70
2. Spotlight	71
3. Opening Narration	71
4. Resolution	72
5. Closing Narration	74
Example of Play	75
The Epilogue	77
The Saved	78
The Healing	79
The Burning	80
The Godless	81
The Heroic	82
The Forgotten	83
The Healing	84
The Burning	85
The Godless	86
The Heroic	87
Name Tables - Hearts	88
Name Tables - Spades	89

Introduction

You rode to war at the call of your God, swore yourself to Their divinity as the drums of war beat from every corner of the Pantheon. Standing beside your divinity, Their purpose so clear and noble, you felt immortal. Beside your fellow Lordsworns, you felt your victory a certainty, battle but a trivial formality.

Now They lay dead before you, Their Godblood flowing into the dirt. Already the world lurches in distress, twisting at the loss of a God, one of many to die this day. Your Captain, too, lies broken, entrusting the survivors of your Company to you. Of the thousands who rode out, you are all that remains of your Company.

Your God is dead. You only have each other now.



What is LORDSWORN?

Welcome to LORDSWORN, a GMless game for 1-4 players where you'll take on the role of multiple Lordsworns, survivors of the Cataclysm, an apocalyptic war between the Gods. You will play out the desperate struggle of these survivors as they make their way to the only place they can hope to weather the storm of the impending doom: Home. You will be Noble Knights and Innocent Greenhorns, Crestfallen Heroes and Fading Avatars. But most importantly, you will only have each other and nothing else.

Game phases

Play takes place over four distinct phases: Crafting the Backdrop, Creating your Company, the Journey Home, and the Epilogue.

1. **Crafting the Backdrop:** In Crafting the Backdrop, players will, as a group, create important aspects of their backstory: the (now dead) God they swore themselves to and the Home they yearn to see again. They do this by rolling 3d4 twice and assigning values to elements from the God and Home tables. This is a space for collaboration, as you are working together to world-build and create a collective backdrop for your Company.
2. **Creating your Company:** In Creating your Company, players will first envision the (also now dead) Captain the Lordsworns rode into battle with, and then create their characters from the 26 Lordsworn archetypes, whether through deliberate choice or the provided random process. Once each player has their 3 Lordsworns and the playing cards corresponding to each, they will roll 3d4 and assign values to attributes from the Lordsworns tables. Finally, the Company will select a difficulty level, which will determine its starting Morale.
3. **The Journey Home:** The Company then begins the Journey Home. The 4 Week Journey Home will see your Company experience 8 Events. Each Event is created by rolling 3d4 and selecting prompts from the tables for that particular Event. After selecting the Lordsworns who will share the Spotlight for an event, players will narrate how their Lordsworns interact with the scene, and then resolve the scene using a hidden 3d4 dice resolution mechanic (explained later on pages 66-76).
4. **The Epilogue:** LORDSWORN ends in two distinct ways: either the Company makes it Home or is broken (when its Morale reaches 0 or when it has less than three remaining Lordsworns). If the Company makes it Home, you will unwind the game by choosing an ending from four options, narrating how the world moves on and describing the role each Lordsworn has in this new world. Otherwise, the Company breaks, with Lordsworns possibly surviving, but most likely being broken, alone, and forgotten. However, you will still describe how the world changes going forward, choosing from a separate set of four endings. For each of these eight endings you will roll 3d4, assigning values to elements from its tables.

Play Materials

Before play, you'll need to gather a few things...

- This booklet/PDF. Congrats, you've got that covered!
- A set of 3d4 dice per player. If you are missing some, you can use d6 dice and reroll 5s and 6s.
- Coins, tokens, or small objects to represent the other players (used during the Dice Resolution phase). (Optional)
- Two full suits (**Spades** and **Hearts**) from a standard playing card deck, shuffled into a new deck.
- Character sheets for each player, copy of the World sheet, and something to take notes with.
- A place to play, hopefully with some snacks and drinks!

Setting the Tone

LORDSWORN deals with some heavy subjects, as struggling members of a lost war try to keep themselves alive in a world slowly falling apart. It is a plodding musing on the small figures lost in the annals of history, on those who must pick themselves and those close to them up again and again after witnessing horrors and death. As such, it is designed to be played with a certain amount of seriousness and grimness. This does not mean, in any way, that any player should ever feel truly upset or unable to ask for a scene to play out differently. This game is meant to create a space for tragic stories of hardship and desperation, but only within the confines of boundaries you are willing to inhabit.

Considering all that, it is important for players to set the tone of the table and game before playing. This should include discussing the intended playstyle (seriousness, a bit of grimdark, a small but constant hope, etc.) as well as Safety Tools. You will likely establish tone fully after character creation, once everyone is immersed in the world and their characters, but starting the conversation early is best. As with any TTRPG, listen to your own feelings and be sure to check in with one another as you play. If anyone feels discomfort or does not like the direction the game is going, be sure to follow through with your Safety Tools and take a break too.

Safety Tools: Every TTRPG should be played with Safety Tools in place, and LORDSWORN is no different. There are a wealth of resources on this topic, but here are some that work well here: using the X Card as well as defining Lines and Veils (Lines are boundaries never to be crossed, Veils are subjects that are handled "off-screen" from play). Lines and Veils are important, as many of the game's concepts could be triggering: death, failure, deicide, poverty, starvation, famine, plague, killing, violence, harm done to innocents, horrors of war, and other aspects linked to the aftermath of war and an impending apocalypse.

At the end of the day, this is a game and a story you tell with your friends. Be attentive to your emotions and the emotions of one another. If tears well up and you need a hug or a breather, express it. Laughter, heartbreak, tension, stress, hope – all of these and more can happen in any game. Be kind to yourself and establish early that if anyone is feeling those you can, as a group, work through them, comforting one another or putting the game down for the day if need be. A true Lordsworn knows the value of keeping their friends safe and protecting them from the harshness of the world. Never forget that.

Crafting the Backdrop - The Gods

Before creating your Company of Lordsworns, you first establish key elements of their world's backdrop. This phase will have you create two main elements: the (now dead) God the Lordsworns swore themselves to, and the distant hope of Home they desperately journey to.

Your God represents the ideals your Company strives towards, influencing most aspects of the Lordsworns' existence, from daily habits to how they view and approach the world. Additionally, your choice of God will provide information on the Cataclysm and its aftermath, determine the Godmarks left upon your body, and will help you define your Home.

To determine which God your Company swore itself to, first roll a d4 to select a Pantheon: the Arate Pantheon on a 1 or 2, the Maegth Pantheon on a 3 or 4. Then roll another d4 and consult that Pantheon's table.

As your God is a vital part of your characters' identities, feel free to change rolls to better suit the God your Company is envisioning and take the time to add any additional information to craft a believable and meaningful deity.

Arate Pantheon

1. **Thoaris, the Golden:** God of the Sun, Order, Joy, and the Arts.
2. **Ovianna, the Veiled:** Goddess of the Moon, Magic, Emotions, and Secrets.
3. **Mavos, the Mighty:** Goddess of Strength, Warfare, Wisdom, and Fire.
4. **Lotyx, the Eternal:** God(dess) of Nature, the Soul, Death, and Harmony.

Maegth Pantheon

1. **Mittaris, the Matriarch:** Goddess of Storms, the Sea, Fertility, and Wrath.
2. **Vaher, the Father:** God of the Forge, Mountains, Trade, and Healing.
3. **Iz, the Fair:** God(dess) of Freedom, Trickery, Revolution, and Wine.
4. **Nestyx, the Quiet:** Goddess of Writing, Clockwork, Darkness, and Winter.

The Company then rolls 3d4 twice, assigning one set of values to that particular God's Aspects and the second set to the Aspects of the associated Home. Both of these tables are found in the next few pages.



Thoaris, the Golden: God of the Sun, Order, Joy, and the Arts



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. When darkness creeps across the lands and shadowy thoughts fill the Pantheon, the Sun must rise to dispel its grip and reassert the rightful ruler in the sky. Thoaris knows His rightful place.
2. War is a chaos where the good and righteous die just the same as the wicked and greedy. Thoaris rode against this wave of mayhem, to reestablish order through force, and remind others of His rulership.
3. Thoaris knows there is no joy to be found in war except by the damned and the lost. It is best to end this misery quickly. He thought, than to prolong the suffering of His followers and the world.
4. Battling against the evils of the cruel, striking down those unjust, these are the fuel of the poets and artists. Thoaris and His followers have always been in these moments of great heroism and their songs.

How did your God's death affect the world?

1. The sun barely crests the horizon, limpg across the sky like a wounded animal, staining it in the pinks and oranges of its blood.
2. Where once Order reigned, the seeds of chaos sprout and grow. Fools become kings, the sick nurture the wounds of healers, and the rightful place of all is overturned.
3. Laughter catches in your throat and even the most flavourful food tastes like ashes. The very world itself seems to leak the colours that once made it bright and joyful.
4. Tortured are the artists and writers, whose paintbrushes break and writing quills snap. Gone silent is their inspiration, instead filled with only dread, as the Great Sagas slowly wither and pass from memory.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. A golden halo of flames enshrines and dances around your head, the rays of light shine brightly like the rising sun once did.
2. The written laws of your Home cover your flesh like tattoos, glowing brightly when you act justly and according to their precepts, and searing you when you act against them.
3. Your tongue has turned to gold, your voice like a lyre. Your skin glows warmly, and those in your presence find laughter and joy easy again.
4. Multiple radiant bronze arms sprout from your back, fully dexterous. Each is skilled in some art or craft, but never with weapons.

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Ardentia
2. Helmvale
3. Dalenkin
4. Poetwell

What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Father's Face, a massive white cliff face that appears simple and pristine until the morning sunlight hits its surface, which dances and twinkles in a spectacle of colours like a thousand sparkling gems.
2. The Two, a large crack that divides a mountain range, providing both a singular point of entry into your Home and a strong defensive position to repel would-be invaders.
3. The Laughing Hills, a series of low, rolling hills that produce an almost childlike giggle and mirth when the wind blows through them, a byproduct of the local tallgrasses.
4. The Artist's Plains, gentle grasslands spreading out as far as the eye can see, open to the warm sun above. It is said to be the inspiration and birthplace of many epic poems and tragic plays.

What was your Home known for?

1. The Sun Gate, an archway marking the border of your Home where a pathway to the heart of your Home is illuminated on the day and time Thoaris first marked the boundaries of the city's grounds.
2. The First Laws, the fabled birthplace of your Home's constitution, a place where laws and rights are debated, fought over, and decided. It is said that the first laws ever written act as the entrance's cornerstone.
3. The Mile, a long stretch of road right in the middle of your Home, where performers, poets, musicians, toymakers, and anyone who brings joy to life are housed. The clergy's stipend ensures that every artist can give their life to their art and give their art to the world.
4. The Festivals, a month-long celebration and showcase for the creatives of the world, with foreign and domestic talents competing in a hundred different competitions, all for the city's enlightenment and enjoyment.

Ovianna, the Veiled: Goddess of the Moon, Magic, Emotions, and Secrets



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. The Moon gave Ovianna visions of Her own death and the Catacyclism to come. When She rode out, She knew Her fate – but as the Full Moon must give way to the darkness of the New Moon, so must She.
2. The trumpets of war strained the very threads of magic, fraying its edges and pulling the whole tapestry taunt to break. She rode to war to end it quickly, not knowing Her choices had sealed the tapestry's fate.
3. Drawn like a mother to the sounds of pain and discomfort, Ovianna rode to war as the only option She could see to sooth the cacophony of emotions and passions rising like angry waves.
4. She was the Goddess of Secrets and She rode out in the shadows of a New Moon, striking down any who questioned Her passage. Behind Her, something haunted Her wake, hungry for Her death.

What effect has your God's death had on the world?

1. High above in the sky the Moon has shattered, fractured into small fragments that float listlessly around a small, whirling mass of deep blackness that floats out any stars it moves past.
2. Where magic once flowed easily, it now is stagnant, and those who do manage to cast spells contract an illness called Mageblight. Its effects are still unknown fully.
3. Psyches shift like waves, emotions raging like an angry sea as hysteria reigns. Lovers quarrel, siblings draw blades, and parents weep.
4. Many secrets were meant to be uncovered, clever ploys to encourage and reward curiosity. Others were not, for our safety. Now those secrets come creeping from forgotten corners and bloody graves.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. An iridescent crescent moon wraps around your temples like a laurel, glowing pale and beautiful. It shifts as the true Moon used to shift.
2. An array of various runes and magical sigils dance across your flesh, causing strange and sudden outbursts of magic beyond your control.
3. Beneath your flesh glow silvery symbols at the centre of the four emotional humours: the Heart like a pink dove, your Stomach a flame, your Forehead a cloud, and the tops of your Feet with roots.
4. Jet black feathers sprout from your hairline, cheeks, and the tips of your ears. Ravens leave you small gifts as you travel.

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Luneburgh
2. Xenora
3. Softsprings
4. Celatum

What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Bay of Natam, a vast and peaceful lake at the centre of your Home, with tides that are known to fluctuate between the highest high and lowest low, always reflecting the Moon (or what's left of it) in the sky.
2. Homecoming, a local joke and name for a giant crater left by a meteorite that struck this location millennia ago, still a major source of Lunarite, a fabled magical conduit only found at this particular site.
3. The Creeks, a collection of hundreds of small creeks and rivers running through your Home, each singing their own song. It is said that sitting near one calms even the most anxious of minds.
4. The Whispering Woods, a strange forest that seems to cause even the most seasoned of guide to become lost in their woods. It is rumoured an ancient secret is hidden here that even Ovianna does not know.

What was your Home known for?

1. Astartes Lunarium, a magnificent astrological centre of study and enlightenment that glitters like stardust and silver, its domed roofs pierced by dozens of telescopes.
2. The Academium Magicatum, the premier institute of practitioners and scholars of all things magical, source of many of modern day breakthroughs in the arcane, including the study of Lunarite and its application.
3. The Hotsprings, a naturally occurring series of hot springs, maintained and curated by the clergy of Ovianna that are said to heal both body and soul of their troubles.
4. The Vault, a small, mundane looking structure that houses one of Ovianna's Dark Secrets within. Ever guarded by Her most faithful, not even the inner circle of Her own clergy know what is housed within.

Mavos, the Mighty: Goddess of Might, Warfare, Wisdom, and Fire



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. Mavos was always first amongst Her peers to rise to any challenge. She would bury a kingdom at the smallest slight, let alone one as grave as this war of Her fellows, meeting it as She always has – with might.
2. One does question the Goddess of Warfare's place on the battlefield. Still, the chance to show Her true brilliance within this domain of battle against Her fellow Gods did bring a smile to Her face.
3. Discretion may be the better part of valour, but decisiveness is the true mark of wisdom. Mavos knew well when to muster Her strength and when to advance to victory or glorious death.
4. To call Mavos's heart an ember awaiting the slightest provocation to burst into flames would be a praise She welcomed. With Her passions stoked, a fury awoke within Her. And none hath a fury like Mavos.

What effect has your God's death had on the world?

1. The strong find their limbs weakening, and once powerful rulers lose their grips on power, as wicked and cruel forces make their moves against them. Might, as it always has been, makes right.
2. War has always been cruel, but could have a certain dignity with rules and boundaries. No more. Battlefields devolve into slaughters, raiding scars the lands, and the only songs heard are well fed carrion birds.
3. Where once sagacity governed, now blind folly reigns. Humanity, bumbling through a darkness without Her guiding hand, staggers towards their own self-destruction.
4. Fire, often called the Gift, was Mavos's most direct interjection into the fate of humanity, given freely from Her chest. Now it scorches the land and bites any who tries to light it. It mourns its mother.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. Your muscles strengthen and harden as strength finds you like never before, to some the might of wrestlers, others the grace of dancers.
2. The armour you once wore has fused itself to your flesh, becoming part of you. You are grafted with the strength of steel and its burden.
3. Tufts of feathers of the great horned owl, symbol of Mavos, sprout from your head. Prophetic visions visit you, cryptic and painful.
4. Flames dance across your fingers, and the ends of your hair are like smouldering embers. Your very flesh radiates warmth like a furnace.

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Cada
2. Trufast
3. Kring
4. Oserburgh

What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Meeting Grounds, a stadium-like opening in the great forests that surround your Home. Here the mightiest of beasts, from moose to bears to direwolves, gather instinctively to settle disputes.
2. The Godsway, an otherwise mundane looking plains if not for the footstep-like craters that marr it, the supposed first Meeting of the Gods that Mavos Herself called, averting a divine war centuries ago.
3. Reflection Point, a large peak in the middle of your Home, seemingly shaped by Mavos's hands, that gives the highest point in your Home, allowing one to see as far as the horizon line will allow.
4. Mt. Helphi, a (mostly) dormant volcano that dominates the landscape, a warm glow illuminating the clouds near its peak, as soft rumbles can be heard and felt occasionally, celebrated by locals as Mavos's murmurs.

What was your Home known for?

1. The Gymnasiums, dozens of structures dedicated solely to the perfection, elevation, and veneration of the various martial arts and sports honoured by Mavos. Annual competitions bring onlookers to ogle at human might.
2. The Collegium Militarium, a great centre of learning honed exclusively towards the practice and academic study of warfare. Here students of battle have their minds and tactics honed to a knife's edge.
3. The Blind Prophets of Mavos, atop a thousand steps ascent, there lie nine houses of blind prophets blessed with wisdom from Mavos, guiding those in need of counsel from the lowly farmer to the highest of sovereigns.
4. The First Kiln, producing pottery ceramics of the highest quality, caressed by Mavos's fire tenderly, the residual heat funnelled through channels to keep every building in your Home warm during the cold nights of winter.

Lotyx, the Eternal: God(dess) of Nature, the Soul, Death, and Peace



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. Violence may be the mainstay of nature, but war, war is a foreign invader upon the delicate balance of the ecosystem of life. Lotyx knows to destroy the weeds swiftly lest the garden die.
2. The soul, gifted to each living thing by Lotyx, agency and the moment of decision that informs the flesh. Before the hand grips the steel, the soul has made it so. Before the war was started, Lotyx willed it so.
3. The Shepherd, the Herald, the Guide, Lotyx has been given many names from grieving lovers and the souls They reap. This war would see many souls threshed. Let the harvest begin.
4. To desire peace is to know war, to be its pupil, its critic, and its peer. Lotyx knew this well, and though it grieved Them, it did not surprise them. Peace and war have always been unfortunate bedfellows.

What effect has your God's death had on the world?

1. The trees become sickly and gnarled, grasses wither, harvests falter, as wildlife become frenzied. The natural order revolts against humanity.
2. Many have always feared spirits and the world after death. Now all do. Haunted are the lands, filled with harrowing screams of those lost in an endless quagmire of greyness, no gentle embrace to find them now.
3. The dead creak and groan, restless in their tombs, as those who once rested within burial mounds claw outwards. The dead rise now.
4. Calmness is difficult for all as a constant, nagging anxiety buzzes about like a fly. A kind of restlessness causes many to wander, homes become abandoned, peoples are uprooted, and contentment is elusive.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. From your head sprout horns of elk or rams, blooming flowers and creeping vines grow happily amongst them. Moss and mushrooms grow on your armour and clothing.
2. Your actions are ethereally telegraphed before you in a ghostly form, as your soul detaches momentarily from your body, floating a few inches ahead of you, acting as a premonition of your will.
3. One half of your entire body has become skeletal bones, enwreathed in a cold, spectral-like green flame that dances and flickers.
4. Those in your presence feel a certain peacefulness overtake them, their muscles and minds uncoiling. But is now a time for rest?

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Odongow
2. Wester
3. Ohmwood
4. Aelfir

What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Wetlands of Xotip, a flourishing wetlands surrounding your Home, lush with unique flora and fauna known only in this area. It also acts as a kind of natural defence – invaders find themselves sick and lost in the marshes.
2. The Soul Mirror, a horizon long salt flat, barren save for a thin sheet of crystal-clear water. Stare into its reflective surface for long enough, it is rumoured, and you will see your own soul staring back.
3. The Grave Chalice, a solemn lake whose water will occasionally evaporate during the summer, revealing beneath the long forgotten aftermath of an ancient battle, bones and armaments strewn about, left untouched and preserved from the waters.
4. The First Divide, a large fissure that divides two nearby land masses. It is slowly filling in from countless mudslides and avalanches, seen as both a metaphor and a prayer by those nearby.

What was your Home known for?

1. The Many Garden, a wondrous park overflowing with life and plants, beautifully and meticulously maintained by volunteer followers of Lotyx.
2. The Soulwell, said to be a gateway into the afterlife that, for a small cost of a coin thrown in, could let one speak for a moment with a deceased loved one.
3. The Necropolis, the size of a small city itself, is an eerily beautiful graveyard, filled with the glorious dead and the unmarked grave alike, open to all as a meditation and reflection on life and death itself.
4. The Stone of Reconciliation, a primordial stone-turned altar that was said to have been the spot where dozens of feuding clans put aside their differences and blood feuds to unite into a peaceful community.

Mittaris, the Matriarch: Goddess of Storms, the Sea, Fertility, and Wrath



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. She is the tension in the air before the lightning cracks, She is it's thunderous response. War came to Mittaris and She responded.
2. One does not stare into the hurricane and ask Her why it comes. The storm acts as it needs to, violent and brutal... Yet mournful for those who have ears to hear its wails.
3. It is the place of parents to fight wars, so their children need not know them. So too is it a parent's place to correct and lead wayward children back to their proper path.
4. Who would dare to disrupt what Mittaris has made so, to challenge Her authority and Her rule. They shall remember Her name and be branded by Her wrath.

What effect has your God's death had on the world?

1. Storms ravage the land, lightning scarring the lands, and forest fires rage unchecked. Rare is the sun without the jealous clamour of clouds.
2. Every ship that has set sail upon the sea is never heard from again. The sea churns in its grief and rage for its divine mother and takes from any who sail across its flesh an angry child's reparations.
3. The union of two bodies is lost, as lovers turn to arguments and fracture instead. The cry of the child goes unanswered by the parent.
4. Quarrels take the place of once civil conversation. Councils shatter and blades are drawn. Patience is lost.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. Upon your flesh are the scars of where Her electric fury had kissed you, branching roots and limb like structures from the lightning that coursed through your body.
2. The smell of salt air clings to you, and all water you drink tastes of the distant sea. Interwoven with your hair are strands of seaweed and corals sprout from your head like horns.
3. Around your temples a crown of wheat and flowers sits, permanently. None see the invisible thorns that dig into your skull, a painful reminder of growth's necessary pain.
4. One of the four sacred beasts of Wrath graces your skin: feathers of the hawk, claws of the wolf, fur of the bear, or horns of the bull. Giving into the beast causes them to grow upon you more.

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Stormcraig
2. Highbay
3. Oatenhyll
4. Bestiana

What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Sainted Plains, a large swath of plains, filled with tall grasses and the burnt husks of trees, blessed by Mittaris's touch. Those who walk through with strength are unharmed.
2. The Coral Pikes, filling the great bay of your Home are beautiful, multi-coloured coral reefs that flourish bountifully with life, nourished by the broken ships of enemies.
3. The Lover's Nests, a deep valley filled with a plethora of aphrodisiacs, fertility assisting herbs, and plants for those not wanting offsprings of their own tended by Mittaris' clergy.
4. The Beastlands, dense forests filled with creatures that serve as food and fodder to the four Beasts of Mittaris: Hawks high in the sky, Bulls trampling the underbrush, Wolves that stalk, and burrows of Bears.

What was your Home known for?

1. The Stormbreaker, an ancient castle that has withstood thousands of storms, home to the human rulers of the city who challenged Mittaris and Her storms. Mittaris smiles upon such bravado.
2. Haven, a large, heavily fortified safe harbour, with white walls crusted in barnacles, bristling with canons, that block the way to any who mean ill to your Home.
3. The Garden Tower, a towering structure that provides an abundance of food for all the citizens of your Home. No child or person goes hungry under the protection of the Mother.
4. The Dueling Grounds, dozens of small arenas for disputes of the passions to be settled in fair, highly regulated competition. Blood and honour soak the sands.

Vaher, the Father: God of the Forge, Mountains, Trade, and Healing



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. Great souls and greater heroes are forged on the anvil of relentless conflict. Only the molten metal can truly take the endless waves of a hammer and become strong. Vaher would see these heroes forged.
2. When a mountain moves, the world takes notice. The rocks cascade as a warning. The rumbles are a grace period given. But once a mountain has made its choice, nothing will stop its onslaught.
3. Business may boom during the onset of war, but all it takes is caravans going missing for that to end. For culture and goods to flow, Vaher knows, sometimes a strong hand must guide a sharpened blade.
4. When a surgeon sees a sick body, they know what to salvage and what must be cut or destroyed. Vaher, greatest among all healers, can see a tumour filled world – and He knows when to cut.

What effect has your God's death had on the world?

1. Iron rusts and coals refuse to ignite, as the sacred forges go quiet. Bronze oxidizes prematurely, steel becomes brittle. The blacksmith priests know why the metal is anemic, yet not how to heal it.
2. The mountains, once quiet and stationary, move and groan. From their peaks arguments are grumbled with boulders. From their depths, blood boils. Their Father has died. Fear the mournful children.
3. Trade, once established on interconnectivity, decays. Caravans dry up, commerce trades now in steel, not gold, as isolation suffocates all.
4. Plagues sweep the land in a thick miasma of suffering. Wounds rarely form scars, flesh seeming to forget how to knit itself together.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. Blessed by His forge, your flesh becomes metal, your hair chains, and your voice a hammer. Soul of steel, body of iron.
2. Parts of your flesh have become stone, yet move freely and easily as before. Wounds still cut this new stone flesh, but molten is your blood.
3. The tips of your fingers have turned golden. Every day, the gold grows more, your flesh replaced by its shine. No one knows when it will stop and what happens when it does... or doesn't.
4. You are blessed, for you still can heal. Unnaturally so. Bones mend upon being set, scars knit themselves moments after a wound. You are not immortal though, just a painful reminder of healing's loss.

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Karak
2. Greimridge
3. Celesways
4. Caducian

What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Deep Mines, the first source of iron throughout the world, honed by ancestors taught personally by Vaher himself to smelt tools of peace and war.
2. The Sons, a mountain chain stretching across the horizon, are said to be the sons of Vaher and his first coupling with Mittaris before humans walked upright.
3. The Causeways, gentle sloping paths surrounded by open fields and denying any points of ambush or banditry, a welcomed blessing upon travellers and merchants alike.
4. The Healer's Walk, obscured from the roads and known only to Vaher and His faithful, is a misty valley, containing hundreds of ever-growing herbs and flowers to cure a thousand ailments.

What was your Home known for?

1. The First Forges, great smelters and fired up forges with coals that burn forever, smiths and craftspeople of all kinds work well into the night, each hammer striking a prayer to Vaher.
2. The Cliff Face Villas, built directly into the mountains that enclose your Home lie an entire community of houses of varying incomes that glitter like fireflies in the setting sun.
3. The Tavernkeep Guilds, a united entity that provides safe passage, food, and a roof over your head to any travellers or vagrants along trade routes, funded entirely by Vaher's clergy.
4. Vaher's Embrace, the largest centre of healing within the lands, open to any and all, whether they are worshippers of Vaher or not. Miracles and breakthroughs in cures abound within these halls.

Iz, the Fair: God(dess) of Beauty, Trickery, Revolution, and Wine



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. There is a certain beauty in the battlefield, Iz has always felt. The soldiers in their garb, the intensity of victory, the splendour of the clash of steel. Let Them join in on the dance then.
2. The shifting of power is the domain of Iz, They are keenly aware of power grabs and subterfuge. The sagest way to avoid the knife at your back is to always march ahead brazenly.
3. This order has been stagnant for far too long. Too long have the Four ruled as one voice. None would be wrong in pointing the blame for all of this on Iz. And They would smile in return.
4. Wine turns cowards to soldiers and fools to orators. Some call this a blight, but is there not a bravery to the actions of the lout and a certain honesty to the drunken fools rants? Iz believes so.

What effect has your God's death had on the world?

1. Those who once felt beautiful are shamed, confidence draining from them like the colour of their lips. Where once human magnificence and splendour were encouraged, now are marked as sin and degraded.
2. Honour among thieves is no more. As politicians and thugs drop the mask of civility and violence takes the streets, the world has become a true game of skullduggery, where only the scum rises.
3. Tyranny locks its grim iron jaws around the people, constricting their movements, freedoms, and thoughts. Long dead are those who raised an arm against it, and the grip only tightens now.
4. Wine spoils and turns sour. Passion sputters out like a dying flame. Libations once drunk by a thankful God(dess) go untouched.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. You are marked with youthful beauty, as if chiselled statues of Iz's own temples, one last ray of beauty in the world now deprived of it.
2. Your appearance and identity shift like smoke in the wind. The deepest of rage can sit convincingly beneath that brightest of smiles, your face a mask to change as needed.
3. Beneath your flesh markings like manacles and collars ignite like embers in the face of injustice as you chafe against any authority.
4. Your legs and hands are stained burgundy, like you have been freshly crushing grapes, your cheeks flushed, and your laughter booming.

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Izen
2. Mistfall
3. Arbroath
4. Poscaina

What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Sighs of Iz, a wild park that cuts in and around your Home, the wind is known to cause gentle, contented sighs to be heard by those in love, and, in return, those lovers sigh together a prayer to Them.
2. The Shaded Groves, an outcropping of densely packed trees, providing shade and comfort. Many a traveller and wanderer has been lured in, hearing soft music, before finding themselves lost, laughter echoing among the boughs.
3. Freedom's Cairn, a pile of stones that mark the cries and pleas of the oppressed for freedom. Custom has it that whenever a stone rolls down, any who see it are duty bound to restore its rightful place.
4. The Vineyards, a massive swath of land perfectly protected from any storm or harsh drought, producing grapes and wines of a thousand varieties. Those who imbibe on these wines are gifted visions and joys, should they wish.

What was your Home known for?

1. The Halls of Satin, sanctified and perfumed rooms filled with beauty in flesh, art, and pleasure, where love and sensuality abound around every corner.
2. The Quiet Spaces, at the centre of your Home lies a maze-like structure, where bushes drink deeply any sounds made, natural spaces to discuss clandestine plans are everywhere, and plots are born and die.
3. The Coffeehouses, a place of great debates over theory and revolutions, known to have been the birthplace of countless uprisings and visionaries, both within the city and in other countries.
4. The Dancehalls, the smell of wine and the sounds of levity echo throughout, where bodies flow to divine winds, inhibitions lie idle, and truths are set free.

Nestyx, the Quiet: Goddess of Writing, Clockwork, Darkness, and Winter



What was your God's motive for going to war?

1. Nestyx knew war was coming, the lines of ink of Her Tractatus of War drying long before the lines of battle were drawn.
2. Like clockwork, the world turns, ticking onwards in a timely fashion. When a clock chimes, do we truly question why? Why, then, would the Quiet Goddess not act as intended?
3. They have always been loud, unlike Her. The brightness of Their squabbles, the hatred in Their days. Let the world sleep once more, drowsy in peace, as She soothed it into darkness with a steel lullaby.
4. Cold is winter's bite – colder still is the blade of Nestyx. After the bluster of spring, the foolishness of summer and the bravado of autumn, let Winter have Her turn. Let the world know ice and snow.

What effect has your God's death had on the world?

1. Libraries burn. Each and every one of them, big and small, personal or public. Pages see words melt off them like wax and the ability to write slips from the minds of all.
2. Time was measured once, understood, and stable. No longer, as minutes bleed into hours, days become like seconds, and months feel like years. Temporal inconsistencies become the norm.
3. Although the sun still rises, its light barely pierces the overhang of clouds. Pitch black is the night, as shadows blanket the lands and all but eat away at the brief light brought by torch or hearth.
4. The ground is encrusted in frost, days are shortened, and crops wither and die in the field as the winds howl. The Long Winter begins.

What Godmark, the result of such proximity to your God, now blesses your body?

1. Your mind is gifted with visions of knowledge you do not understand, yet you are frantically compelled to write down. Only your quill and words find purchase on paper now.
2. Parts of your body are replaced with various clockwork machinations. Where once your heart was, an audible ticking noise can be heard, like the steady rhythm of a clock.
3. The Everdark, the inky black darkness that grips the lands, does not hinder your sight. You move unnaturally silent, like an owl in flight.
4. Your flesh turns icy blue, frost kissing your eyelids, and rime caresses your presence like a lover. The whites of your eyes turn a pale blue.

Your Home

What was your Home called?

1. Oghamburgh
2. Girbern
3. Nyxim
4. Snjorheim

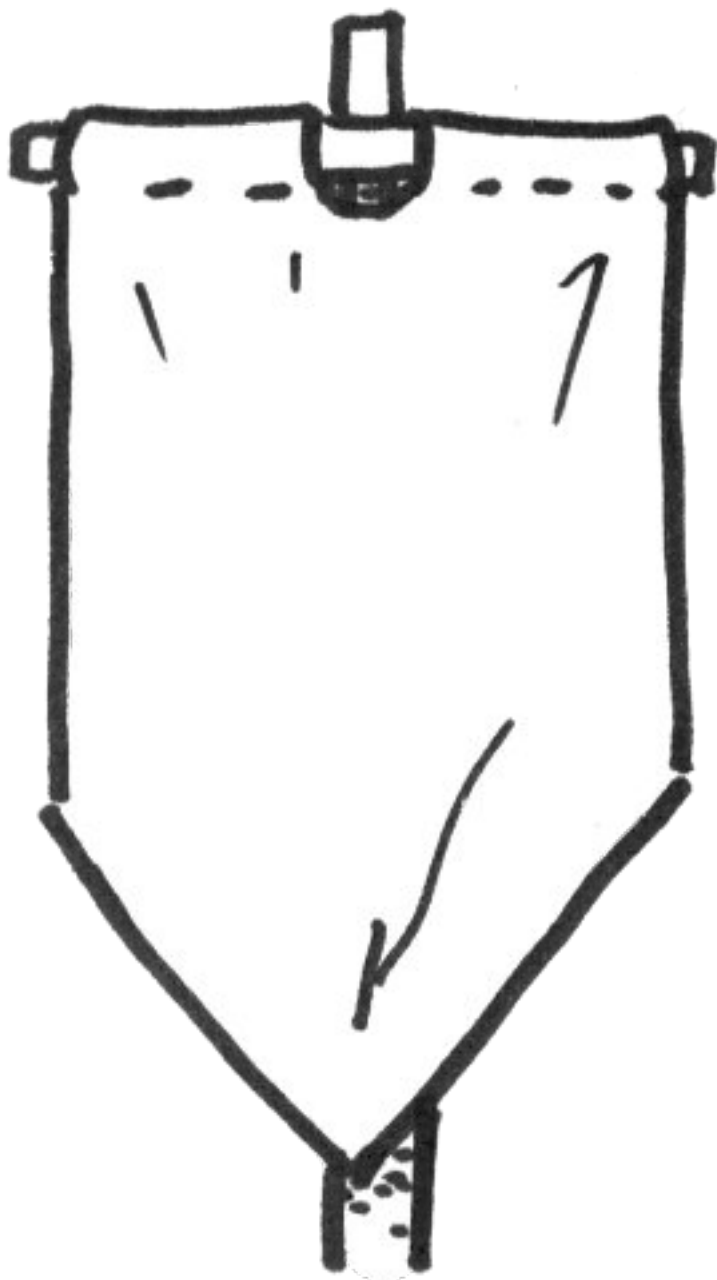
What is unique about your Home's geography?

1. The Reeds March, a large swath of flooded swamps that are carefully cultivated to allow the flourishing of fibrous plants used to create paper.
2. The Standing Stones, a strange, natural outcrop of stones that allow the sunlight to filter in perfectly through the Solstices, the birthplace of Time.
3. The Wound, a strange anomaly in the sky, a writhing darkness that drinks up the surrounding starlight. Only visible from your Home.
4. The Everfrost Fjords, a windswept geographic mass, with sharp cliffs and deep ravines, formed from the receding of the Everfrost, a massive glacier still seen far to the north.

What was your Home known for?

1. The Grand Presses, the first mass producing printing presses, disseminated knowledge freely across your Home. Almost every citizen has published some written work through it.
2. The First Clock, towering above the skylines, ringing its dutiful bells to mark the passing of time, the clocktower watches over your Home like a stern, cold mother.
3. The Gloaming, a domed, multi-roomed place of rest and meditation that darkens your vision and quiets the mind. In the silence that ensues, many have found the answers they seek.
4. The Deep Forests, a massive cavern system layered below your Home. Within these depths, strange flora and fauna thrive in the dark and grow bountifully, without the need for the warmth and light above.

Creating your Company



Your Fallen Captain

While not as divine as your God, your Captain was the human leader that you followed closely. Some Lordsworn have a very intimate relationship with this Captain, while others may have only seen them give grand speeches and bumped into them occasionally around camp. Nevertheless, your Captain, even in death, defined you as a Company – while your God was the divine ideals you followed, your Captain represents the mortal values you hold to and that united you all.

To determine which Captain your Lordsworn served under, the Company first rolls 1d4 to determine your Captain's nature. There are two tables of Captain options, you can either choose which set interests you more or roll a d4. On a 1 or 2, use Table 1. On a 3 or 4, use Table 2. To determine the nature and character of your Captain, roll another d4, then roll use the appropriate tables on the next two pages, rolling 3d4 and, assigning one value from each die to the three aspects of your Captain.

Table 1

1. **Noble:** A noble leader who truly believed in their God's ideals and dreams. Their followers are similarly driven by optimism and lofty principles.
2. **Opportunistic:** An opportunistic leader who saw the change to ascend the ranks in an uncertain new world order. Their followers are similarly driven by ambition and greed.
3. **Kind:** A kind leader who led from the front and personally knew those who served them. Their followers are similarly caring and loyal.
4. **Cunning:** A cunning leader whose plots and tactics made them legends on and off the field. Their followers are similarly crafty and wise.

Table 2

1. **Fearsome:** A fearsome leader driven by bloodlust and a tyrant on the battlefield. Their followers are similarly ferocious and battle-driven.
2. **Boastful:** A boastful leader who revelled in glory and always sought the thickest of the fighting. Their followers are similarly brave and cocky.
3. **Stern:** A rigorous leader who kept a tight camp and disciplined formations. Their followers are similarly orderly and serene in combat.
4. **Magnificent:** A beautiful leader whose charisma and eloquence inspired their soldiers. Their followers are similarly graceful and spectacular.

Your Fallen Captain Table 1

Noble

Symbol	
1	A Regal Hawk
2	A Loyal Salmon
3	A Striking Stag
4	A Staunch Oak

Colours	
1	Blue and Gold
2	Green and Copper
3	Red and Green
4	Brown and Gold

Motto	
1	Steadfast. Loyal. Stalwart.
2	We stand ready!
3	Honour binds us.
4	Wardens of the Just and Pure.

Opportunistic

Symbol	
1	A Powerful Eagle
2	A Boastful Bell
3	A Hungering Wolf
4	A Raging Boar

Colours	
1	Red and Gold
2	Black and White
3	Brown and Green
4	Red and Purple

Motto	
1	Take what is ours!
2	We will persevere.
3	Glory is the reward of valour!
4	Never forget, never forgive.

Kind

Symbol	
1	A Caring Sun
2	A Merciful Dove
3	A Stalwart Tower
4	A Fierce Bear

Colours	
1	Green and Yellow
2	White and Gold
3	White and Copper
4	Yellow and Purple

Motto	
1	Let Justice be our guide.
2	United against any storm!
3	I shine, not burn!
4	While I breathe, I bring hope.

Cunning

Symbol	
1	A Crafty Crow
2	A Cautious Crab
3	A Graceful Moon
4	A Patient Viper

Colours	
1	Blue and Silver
2	Black and Yellow
3	Gray and White
4	Blue and Purple

Motto	
1	By wisdom, not rashness.
2	Always vigilant.
3	Patience leads to victory.
4	Truth sets us above!

Your Fallen Captain Table 2

Fearsome

Symbol	
1	A Raging Lion
2	A Broken Lance
3	A Menacing Boar
4	A Howling Wolf

Colours	
1	Maroon and Gold
2	Black and Copper
3	Purple and Silver
4	Yellow and Red

Motto	
1	Break before us!
2	Shatter. Rend. Destroy.
3	Fear our name!
4	Strength and Might.

Boastful

Symbol	
1	A Crowned Rooster
2	A Bellowing Bull
3	A Proud Griffin
4	A Clamouring Tankard

Colours	
1	Gold and Purple
2	Blue and Red
3	Orange and Green
4	Red and Gold

Motto	
1	First In, Last Out!
2	To Battle we Ride.
3	Our names are legend!
4	My steel is my legacy!

Stern

Symbol	
1	A Clenched Gauntlet
2	A Watchful Hound
3	A Strong Workhorse
4	A Prickly Hedgehog

Colours	
1	Gray and Silver
2	Blue and Teal
3	White and Black
4	Navy and Black

Motto	
1	Meet our shields!
2	None slip by!
3	Through hardship we ascend.
4	Touch not the pointed blade.

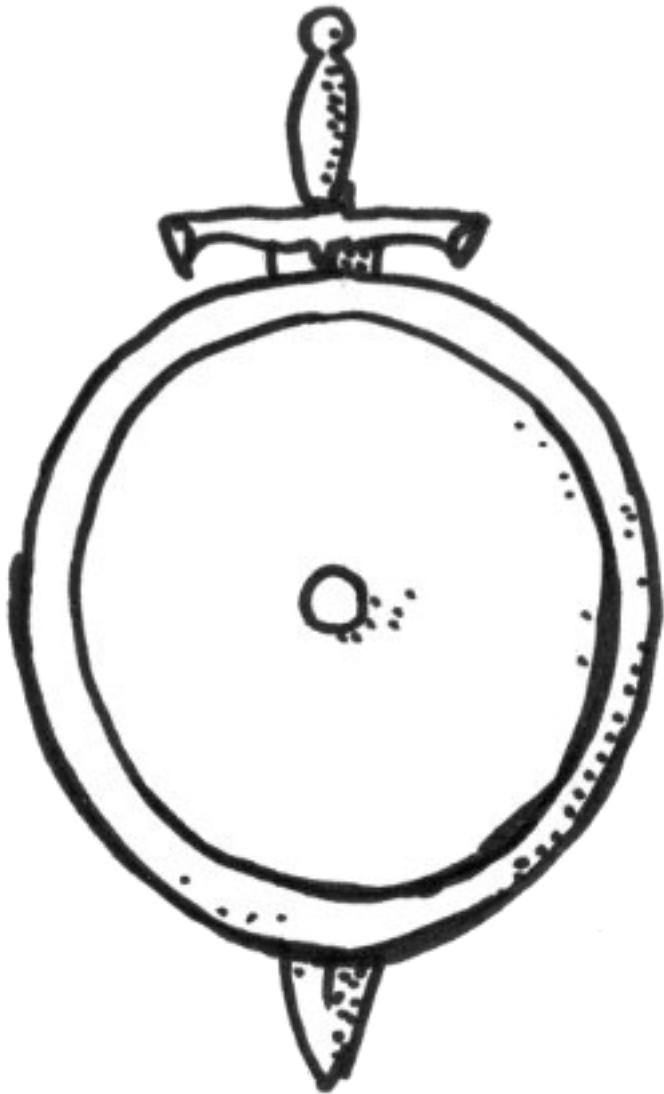
Magnificent

Symbol	
1	An Elegant Peacock
2	A Delicate Rose
3	A Glorious Unicorn
4	A Refined Swan

Colours	
1	Purple and Silver
2	Red and Gold
3	Bronze and Purple
4	Teal and Orange

Motto	
1	Beauty sets us above.
2	Refined by Purpose.
3	The Rose too has thorns.
4	All my deeds to the Gods!

Lordsworn Archetypes



Lordsworns

Now is the time to create those who survived the great battles of the Cataclysm: the battered Lordsworns you will be playing as. In most games, each player will have 3 Lordsworns, but we suggest using 5 Lordsworns in a solo game (to have different interactions during Events).

There are 26 Lordsworn archetypes, and each of your Company's Lordsworns should use a different one. To randomly select the archetypes, shuffle the deck made of the 13 Hearts and 13 Spades and give each player a card until everyone has their Lordsworns. Alternatively, you can decide to choose your archetypes. Each player rolls 3d4, the highest being the first to choose one, going clockwise from there.

Regardless of the method your Company chooses, each player should be given the playing cards corresponding to their Lordsworns. This will make up their Lordsworn deck and will help determine which Lordsworns are in the Spotlight during the Events across your Journey Home.

For each Lordsworn, a player will roll 3d4, assigning one value to each of their archetype's Aspects. Players also choose a name (they can use the Names Table if they wish) and pick pronouns. This part may take some time, but do not feel rushed, and remember that you do not have to craft fully fleshed out characters – their personalities will come out fully once thrust into the Spotlight.

Lordsworns Archetypes - Hearts Suite



Ace of Hearts - Innocent Greenhorn



Your head was filled from an early age with the clamorous sounds of sparring in the training fields and the glorious stories of valour from sagas of old, but never with the grim reality of war. Learning the art of war was hard on your body, but you accepted its bruises and teachings, gritting your teeth through it and pushing yourself in the impromptu training that followed your enlistment. The heroes of your tales never complained about their training, and neither would you, you told yourself. Gathered among the thousands of soldiers, you felt invulnerable, confident that the glories you heard of would soon be yours to taste. Reality, you learned all too quickly, was little like those fairy tales. The blood, the agony, the screams of the dying, and, what broke you the most, the silhouette of your God's limp body across the battlefield. Your delusions of war as a noble affair died there. You nearly did too. You now question everything you thought you knew and wonder why you had to have your innocence sullied by this disgusting affair.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake		Equipment	
1	Ill fitted armour and messy hair matched with doe-eyes.	1	Locket from your lover, hiding a small rolled up prayer scroll that still glows warm with divine energy.	1	Spear and shield.
2	Fresh wounds, bandaged up but yet to scar and armour that still retains a shine yet to tarnish.	2	A simple penny whistle that plays like a dancing wind, reminding you of a simpler time.	2	Sword and buckler.
3	Scenes of rabbits etched into a leather quiver and a large floppy straw hat.	3	A sturdy and well-made hunting knife, a gift your parents could barely afford.	3	Hunting bow and knife.
4	A kettle helmet you never take off and a scavenged, piecemeal assortment of protective gear.	4	Crest removed from the tabard of a childhood friend struck down on the battlefield.	4	Woodcutters ax and dagger.

Two of Hearts - Grizzled Veteran



Your identity is so closely entwined with the song and dance of mercenary life that you are practically just going through the motions. You've fought in countless campaigns, many a success, but more than a few failures too. Through it all, however, you survived. You are a survivor, you know how to live to fight another day, in victory or defeat, having saved others close to you just as often. Still, no amount of war experience could have prepared you for the Cataclysm. Your God, so resplendent and beautiful, now an unmoving mountain of a corpse before you, Their armies shattered like a glass against the ground. You've withstood calvary in a spearwall before, seen the sky turn black as night with arrows, and stood stalwart against the crackling of magics of war. Against this new hell, you're questioning whether you can withstand the torrents and horrors that await you now, the haunting memory of this failed campaign, and whether still being alive counts as a blessing or a curse.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	Latticework of aged scars and unique armour from the distant Northern kingdom you hail from.	1 A pendant from a fallen comrade to whom you promised you would continue fighting for.	1 Claymore and dirk.
2	An ivory bone smoking pipe you almost always have in your mouth and sun-leathered skin.	2 A book of poems you've written over the years and have shared with no one, the true legacy you hope to leave behind.	2 Warpick and shield.
3	Patchwork cloak of every banner you've served under and a fully functional bronze prosthetic limb.	3 A small, simple gold wedding ring. You know they're waiting for you and will be right pissed if you don't return alive.	3 Arming sword and shield.
4	Warm, hearty laugh with kind eyes and your prized armour, odd and ancient, maintained to shine like it did during its prime.	4 Militia badge from your first campaign, a reminder of those comrades who might still live.	4 Longbow and knife.

Three of Hearts - Warm Hearted Chef



You have always been at home with a pot of stew boiling over the fire and your hands covered in various flours or other foodstuffs. You know each and every face in this Company, because you've fed each and every one of them. You've seen their eyes light up when you could find their favourite mushrooms and heard their groans when all you could muster up was gruel or hard tack for the night. Knowing that an army marches on their stomach and wanting to do your part, you joined the hosts of soldiers that rode under your God's war march. But even your warm heart and good cooking could not burn away the image of a God's death. You weren't on the frontlines, but you felt it still and could even see their impaled corpse from the camp. You know your role hasn't changed – you will feed the survivors, keep them alive, and care for them as you always have. But you question whether your cooking can even begin to feed their broken bodies back to health, to nourish their shattered spirits and morale.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	Well-loved, well-stained apron and a well-fed, rotund body type.	1 A sturdy iron tea kettle, kissed by the flames of many campfires.	1 Glaive.
2	Hair braided behind a bandana and cooking burn marks on both hands.	2 Your trusty cast-iron cooking pot, given to you by your mentor.	2 Large two-handed iron cleaver.
3	Booming, bellyfull laugh and intimidatingly large muscles.	3 A rare spice only native to your home region, the secret ingredient in all your dishes.	3 Dozens of kitchen knives.
4	Foreign accent with harsh criticism for this land's cuisine and a spotless, elaborately made cloak.	4 A secret recipe, a fusion of two distinct cuisines, that only you and your lover back Home know how to prepare.	4 Cast-iron pan and pot lid shield.

Four of Hearts - Freshly Promoted Lieutenant



You were a lieutenant, closer to your Captain than any of your fellow Lordsworns. They all saw the face of confidence and leadership. You saw their real face, the anxieties hidden beneath a mask of bravado, the concern etched in those smiling eyes. Those same beautiful eyes you saw drained of life, your Captain struck down like wheat in the field as the Cataclysm roared around you. That was your first shattering. The second came as you held your dying Captain's limp body, tears streaming, and you heard the death gasp of your own God. On that day, two certainties were ripped from your soul. Everything you had trusted, those you believed would guide you, was gone in a moment. Battlefield promotion, though you feel you don't deserve it, made you this Company's leader. You rallied the survivors and fled. You question whether you did enough, if you could have saved more, and if you should have stayed. But more than anything, you question how you could fail the one you secretly loved, your Captain.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	Crisp, well-kept military jacket with prominent epaulettes and tightly braided hair.	1 The Captain's broken blade, the symbol of Captaincy of the Company, given to you as they died, their eyes filled with trust.	1 Bastard sword and horn.
2	The Captain's cuirass, slightly too large for your frame and a voice like drawn steel.	2 Poorly whittled wooden figure, with the words "for my sibling" carved into it.	2 Polearm and pistol.
3	Gem-embedded eye-patch and clothes from a distant land you campaigned in.	3 Hidden pocket in your satchel filled with love letters written for your Captain while at Officer Academy that you never shared.	3 Flamberge.
4	Cloak of your Captain, heavy with grief and responsibility, and eyes filled with loss and disarray.	4 A badge from your Home's local militia which you touch proudly.	4 Greataxe.

Five of Hearts - Mourning Cleric



You felt your God's power early in life – a caress, an embrace, a purpose given to you and you alone. It felt warm and comforting. You followed it faithfully, becoming more than just a follower – you became Their cleric, gifted deeper insights, invited into inner sanctums, and, most important to you, drawn even closer to your God. When your God took up arms, you were there beside Them. While others may have had doubts or a moment of pause before enlisting, you did not. Your faith was already strong as steel; taking up steel to defend it felt natural. When your God's body went limp, when that light from their eyes twinkled away, something deep within you withered too. You mourn, not solely for the God taken so brutally from you, but for the person you were. Tears have stained your cheeks, and loss has wounded your heart. You are questioning what good was your faith if it could not keep your God alive and what your place is in a world without Them.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	Helmet in the style of your God and tattoos covering every part of your body.	1 Fingerbone of your dead God, taken from their corpse, a relic and sign of hope.	1 Censer flail and prayerbook.
2	Black silk veil of mourning and a frail voice.	2 Well-worn prayerbook from a Mentor, with a few additions of your own.	2 Quarterstaff and prayer beads.
3	Simple clerical robes, now bloodied, and various piercings filled with your God's iconography.	3 A mourning necklace crafted of each of the now-dead Gods' symbols, interlinked together.	3 Consecrated shortsword and holy symbol.
4	Large, metal prayer chains and sacred armour of your monastery, now tarnished.	4 Vial of perfume from a lover who awaits you at your temple.	4 Mace and shield engraved with your God's symbol.

Six of Hearts - Bandit Turned Lordsworn



You were once a brigand, a thief along the many trade lanes that connect the world. When the clarion call of war was sounded and you saw a living God march, something deep within you craved Them, and you dropped your previous lifestyle to join Them. Turning over a new leaf was not easy for you, and the anxiety of being found out dogged you the whole march. Yet, none questioned you, and you made true friends among your Company's motley crew. For once in your life, you felt truly at home. Just as you felt your life might become normal again, that living God died, slain on a battlefield, along with many of your new friends. Your fight or flight instincts almost caused you to run, to revert back to the old and comfortable. But, for now at least, you've joined the survivors of your Company. You question whether you can find a way to retain this family or if you'll simply slink back into your former self.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	Mud-stained cloak and a rugged, scruffy appearance you've never bothered to clean up.	1 Wanted poster with an almost perfect rendition of yourself, but with the nose wrong.	1 Longbow and long knife.
2	Large red scarf, stark contrast to your otherwise practical clothes, and hidden pockets for daggers.	2 A single golden coin you clutch tightly, the first you earned honestly.	2 Messer and hand crossbow.
3	A well-worn and loved musical instrument and a homely rural accent.	3 A small metal harmonica, a staple of tavern music in your hometown.	3 Shortsword and javelin.
4	Hodgepodge of armour scavenged from various battles and some missing fingers.	4 Handkerchief of a forbidden lover you swore to return to.	4 Heavy crossbow and dagger.

Seven of Hearts - Noble Knight



You are the paragon of chivalry, having picked up a sword mere moments after you could walk, living and breathing the knightly virtues before you could even run. You have, and will always be, a Knight, protector of the weak, defender of the Gods, a beacon of nobility in a world of savagery. When the call rang out to ride to war, none were surprised that you answered it readily and eagerly. Seeing your God in all Their glory, your very principles made flesh, the flapping of countless banners, the camaraderie of your fellow soldiers and knights... it felt like your life's culmination. In that moment, you were alive. In the next, your God lay slain, your ears filled with your comrades' death moans, and your ideals were scattered like ash in the wind. Still, many look to you for guidance, for hope, for valour. You question whether you can answer their pleas anymore, be their stable rock and strongarm to protect them after all of this, and when you will finally be able to look to others for a shoulder to lean on.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	Well-kept, ornate armour and a beautiful face you've taken care to always protect.	1 Book of etiquette and chivalry, a gift from your parents.	1 Halberd.
2	Stylized breastplate that proudly displays your family crest and an air of superiority.	2 An ornate dagger, beautiful and intricate, a family heirloom passed down to the firstborn.	2 Zweihander.
3	Blacksteel full plate armour, a necessary burden, and a stern face with an eyepatch.	3 Gift from your betrothed, who you are sure awaits you at their manor, praying.	3 Longsword and shield.
4	Onion-shaped armour that deflects blades and gibes easily and a jovial, thoughtful voice.	4 A protective charm your childhood friend gave you when you were squires. You do not know their fate, but you feel they still live.	4 Warhammer.

Eight of Hearts- Scholarly Mage



Yours was always the book and the rigorous study of magics. You were a scholar before a mage in many ways, marked among your peers and branded by your academic and intellectual bent. While others may wield magic, commune with it, and apply its many uses, you understand it. When the pantheon of the Gods mobilized for war, your God rising among them like a comet among stars, many were shocked to see you join the ranks. Yet, as you told your colleagues, what better way to learn the breaking points of knowledge and magic than in the thick of it? That curiosity led you to witness a God's death, the warhost's banners snuffed out like stars on a cloudy night sky, and the world lurching in its grieving. More than ever, you missed your books and your study. Your comrades, not colleagues, are your strength and safety now. You question what good is all your study and discipline in a world filled with chaos, slaughter, and carnage.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake		Equipment	
1	An oversized pointed hat with a wide brim and a travelling pack filled with dozens of odd arcane implements.	1	Hastily written revolutionary theorem on the nature of magic that could change the entire field of study.	1	Crystalline staff and dagger.
2	The scholarly garb of your magical institute you wear even into battle and twinkling silver-laced eyes.	2	A mysterious copper ring with esoteric symbols, which you're determined to unlock the meaning of.	2	Bladed war staff and thick leather-bound grimoire.
3	Arcane sigil carved into their palms and robes embroidered with a dozen constellations.	3	Encrypted love letters, dozens of them, exchanged with your paramour while late in the library researching.	3	Silver sickle and component pouch.
4	Reading glasses with fine chains and an academic stained vocabulary.	4	A magical tattoo marking you as a fully fledged mage, a reminder of your sacred duty to take on an apprentice and pass on your knowledge.	4	Hand-shaped meteorite sigil and ceremonial kriss.

Nine of Hearts - Wandering Spellblade



You were always a restless soul, your feet fidgeting if you stood still too long. While others were roots, you were a floating seedling, wandering. An affinity for magic and the sword helped you on these journeys, plying your trade to whoever could pay, learning from others in both arcane and martial traditions, and truly interweaving the two arts. It was upon these rambles that you saw it – the glorious column of marching Lordsworn behind a God you worshipped, made divine flesh before you. Swept up in this next adventure, you enlisted your spells and blade to Their cause. Your adventures have made you familiar with death, but none have struck you so flatfooted as the death of your God. The melancholy, the dread, the existential fear it awakened in you to see such beauty struck down like a common weed. You question what good is your sword arm, your touch of magic, in a world that could just as easily kill a God as a mortal and wonder if you'll be able to find a place to finally call Home.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake		Equipment	
1	Gilded mask with floral features and long, flowing hair kept in a unique style.	1	A collection of scrolls containing spells and magic workings from a distant land that would enlighten even the grandest of mages.	1	Rapier and silver casting staff.
2	Pragmatic and well-kept travelling clothes and dozens of charms and talismans kept within easy reach.	2	An old spell focus, a gift from your supportive family when you first set out to wander.	2	Halberd acting as a spell catalyst.
3	Coins of many lands woven into your armour and strange, extravagant jewellery.	3	A lyre that survived every battle, beautiful sounds that sing like magic to ease troubled hearts.	3	Enchanted dual katars.
4	An almost comically large hat that obscures your face and a heavy spellbook, reinforced to weather the elements.	4	A favour from a sweetheart awaiting you Home, a religious symbol for "Safe Travels".	4	Bluesteel Longsword and charm focus.

Ten of Hearts - Scarred Medic



You are a tender hearted soul, with that care and love for humanity both a blessing and a curse. You learned the healing ways first, completing your training only for the trumpets of war to ring out across your Home. War scared you, as any who feels emotions deeply knows, but you understood that nowhere else would you be able to ease the suffering of so many. You steered your heart as best you could, reminding yourself a healer's role is just as much to save the body as to amputate the infected limb, and marched alongside your God and Their Lordsworns. When your God was struck down, bleeding out their precious life into the dirt, you tried to rationalize how you could save Them, stitch up their Godly flesh, and restore them. Your heart, through all this, shattered into pieces. You fled, with cries of pain in your ears, haunting you still. You question how many you could have saved if you weren't a coward then, what good are your healing hands if they shake and spasm with trauma, and whether this world can be mended at all... or if it need to be amputated to stop the spread of infection.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	Large twin ravens tattooed on your face, a sign of your graduation as healer, and hollow eyes with a kind smile.	1 Pressed flower preserved in a wax necklace, a gift from a patient turned lover.	1 War scythe.
2	A once pristinely kept apron, now bloodied, and a bag of surgical and medical tools.	2 A series of letters written by a parent thanking you for saving their child.	2 Falchion and shield.
3	Plague doctor's mask that marks you as a specialist healer from an exotic school and an academic air.	3 Field guide to herbs and their medical uses, compiled over years of training with your mentor.	3 Blunderbuss.
4	Dozens of pouches and pockets filled with various healing herbs and mushrooms and a gnarled walking stick.	4 Uniform of a hospital you served at in your Home, where the sick and wounded await your skilled and kind hand.	4 Estoc.

Jack of Hearts - Bold Skald



You are a warrior poet, a bardic blade singing the grand deeds of old epics and sagas memorized and immortalized in your mind. You have learned from famous masters and sung for kings in their great halls, yet you still yearn to count yourself among the greats. For that, you would need a tale of your own. When the Gods marched to war, you would have been a fool to miss this call of the Muses. The tales of valour that would be found, the glories of battle between the divine, and, most importantly, your firsthand encounter of it all. Your stories, however, never prepared you for the reality of the events they told of – war was brutal, awful, and rarely as glamorous as they were made to appear. Seeing your God struck down, pierced by a thousand spears and arrows, you truly understood what war was. And that those sagas, however warm, were full of lies. Now you question what your place as storyteller and witness of the Cataclysm is, whether to tell the truth of that day or claim your name as a great with skalds of old – and become a liar like them.

Aesthetic Features		Keepsake	Equipment
1	An outlandishly foppish, yet fashionable hat and multi-coloured billowing sleeves.	1 An ancient saga tablet rests in your possession, found on your travels. It must be preserved.	1 Battle ax and bagpipes.
2	A myriad of scars that tell their own stories and a tattoo containing the words of the First Song.	2 Lines of poetry bubble in your mind of the battle you've left behind, a written rough draft in your hands.	2 Rapier and a lute.
3	A beautiful plaid kilt, a symbol of the clan known for their bards and deep blue Woad face paint.	3 A brooch you wear proudly marks you as a member of the Rememberers, an organisation dedicated to remembering this world's tales, both great and small.	3 Sword, buckler and a wooden flute.
4	Brightly coloured tunic and breeches and a musical cadence to your voice, prone to rhymes.	4 A ring on your finger reminds you of them, their soft voice and keen wit, the lover you left at Home to pursue this folly of a war.	4 Large crossbow and a lyre.

SAMPLE

