

AurorusVox Presents



RPG MAFIA

A 13 PERSON MINITHEME

For centuries, there was no better place for an adventurer than the Kingdom of Malura. Their liege, Salarenzo, was a kind and just king, and even amongst those who fell on the wrong side of his laws were people who admired him for his level headedness and kindness to those in need. His lands were cursed with monsters that roamed freely, but the heroes of the Kingdom helped to keep them in check. After all, you could make good money as an adventurer, and even the townsfolk enjoyed a moderate income from the sale of weaponry and spell books. Inns were a flourishing business, and the town guards were rarely troubled by the demonic creatures wandering too close.

The people had once prayed to the gods to banish the monsters, but their prayers had never been answered. At least the heroes were making a difference. And so, over the years, the people began to forget about the gods, and pay more heed to the accomplishments of mankind, until, some one hundred years ago, the gods rebelled.

The priests tell us that it was man's hubris that incited the gods. According to the ancient scriptures, the gods drew their power from the continual worship of their people, and those who still preached the gods' will could sense that they were beginning to weaken. If they did not act soon, their time would be coming to its end.

Something had to be done. But the King, enamoured as he was with the strength of his people, ignored the pleas of the priests.

The stories tell of how Lioar and Gogith, the two most powerful beings in the world, joined forces. Of how their rivalry and hatred for one another was quelled under the shared threat they faced in the Era of the Heroes. Of how, all across the Kingdom, from the northernmost tips of the Irium Woods to the sandy shores of Rook's Coast, the ground and sky split in two, as a Great Rift opened.

The monsters that had lived and died in Salarenzo's kingdom were nothing compared to the horrors that crept out from the Rift. All across the Kingdom, whole swathes of adventurers fought, but very

few survived. None were able to face the sheer magnitude of the gods' combined wrath, as demons more powerful than any had faced before spilt out into the world. None, that is, except for the Order.

The Order. A collection of retired heroes, legends in their own day. These men and women, scholars and barbarians alike, of holy or dark paths, had nothing left to lose. They ran into the fray. And they fought it back. They pushed the threat into retreat, until they reached their origin, the Pale Void, seat of the gods. Fighting still, flashes of steel and fire, the Great Rift was closed.

The heroes had forced the creatures into the Pale Void, and sealed themselves in there with them. No one knew what happened inside. No one dared imagine. No one dared even speak of it.

The threat was over, but it seemed that the gods had achieved their goal. Thousands of heroes lay slain or dying. Those that remained were shaken to their core, hanging up their staves and shields. Through fear of further retribution, the people of Salarenzo turned back to their gods, their tongues resting silent on the topic of the heroes that had given their lives. The priests were pleased, as they felt their gods' power swell once more, as they drew on the fears and prayers of the humans that worshipped them.

Though they never enjoyed the same fame, heroes and adventurers began to make a return, around the turn of the century forty years ago. People rarely sent them out on quests anymore, for fear of incurring the wrath of their god, but they sometimes let them sleep in their barns, remembering, if only faintly, the great feats once accomplished under their banner. Sometimes, a merchant would require a particular item from another town; sometimes, ships needed a little extra muscle at sea; sometimes, a little boy got lost in a cave and needed rescuing. Heroes mostly spent their time culling the local monster population, though fighting back against the monsters without official backing from the King meant that adventuring was not as financially rewarding as before. Many heroes no longer wore the fine armour of days gone by, but tattered cloaks they kept the cold away whilst they slept on cold stone floors.

Then, three years ago, the ancient King Salarenzo passed away.

His son, Aurorus, took up the throne. Aurorus was respected as a devout worshipper and excellent tactician. No one had suspected that at his very core lay a paranoia so great that it could destroy the world.

He still remembered the horrors of the Great Rift. His fiancée, Lineara, had been slaughtered by a creature that had crept through, an abomination against whom the Heroes provided little protection. When he had been a young boy, he had wanted to be an adventurer; in fact, his father had employed Gharris Soryuju, one of the senior members of the Order, to act as his personal trainer. But where had Gharris been when he had needed him the most? Heroes could do nothing. Heroes were worthless. Heroes were responsible for the death of his beloved. He finally understood why the gods had left him alive.

He issued a decree.

Heroism was made illegal. Anyone caught in possession of an unauthorised weapon or spell book would be immediately arrested, and, dependent on the severity of their adventuring, would suffer anything from fines, to jail time, to death. The Royal Guard were uncomfortable carrying out these orders, but any soldier who made this known was immediately stripped of his rank and thrown into a cell. Eventually, the guards started to believe Aurorus' hype, and were worked into a frenzy. The heroes would be the downfall of the Kingdom once more. They would cause more bloodshed than

they could ever prevent. It was their fault that the Rifts had opened in the first place! Finally, the guards no longer used the word "hero." They instead said "traitor."

As we join our adventurers, almost all heroes have been wiped out; they either retired willingly once more, or else were dealt with through the Courts. But, beyond the borders of the outer reaches of the kingdom, lay a town where the Royal Decree had no hope of being successful. Llaranastra was a walled city that for centuries had stood as a fortress successfully barring entry to the kingdoms to the North. To cross the border with an army in tow would have been tantamount to declaring war; as such, it remained isolated from the probing fingers of the Royal Guard.

Llaranastra was the last home of the heroes.

Heroes flocked there from all over the kingdom, searching for the safety afforded by its history and its defences. Aurorus was not ignorant; he knew that the heroes were gathering here. His mind reeled as he considered what plots were being hatched behind those walls. Not only was he worried about a second retribution of the gods, he now feared a backlash from the collected heroes; with the might of the Northern Kingdoms behind them, he could see his rule rapidly slipping away. He knew he couldn't assault the city; it was too defensible, and he had already thinned the ranks of his own army. He'd require a more subtle approach.

Walking down to the lowest levels of the jails where the inmates were held before their execution, he dangled a key before him. He looked at the heroes, no more than shells of their former selves, and selected three of them. He gave them their instructions. They were to make it to Llaranastra unhindered; and when they got there, they would slowly kill each and every hero within its walls. It was that, or die here on the cold stone floor tonight. He would make sure they did not receive their final blessings, did not have a chance to confess their sins. He looked them each dead in the eyes, and asked this simple question;

"Are you in?"

RPG MAFIA CLASS LIST

1. Alua Vanquisher
2. Assassin
3. Barbarian Immortal
4. Barbarian Mystic
5. Bard
6. High Priest
7. Monk
8. Necromancer
9. Nielwarren
10. Red Wizard
11. Shadewalker
12. Templar Paladin
13. Vagabond



You are an Alua Vanquisher, a skilful and elite soldier with a lust for violence who strikes fear into the heart of any that stand before you.

Intimidate (infliction; night activated; unlimited-shot)

Level One: Your very presence strikes fear into your target's heart, making any action that they take fail tonight. They will be told that they were intimidated, but not by whom.

Level Two: Your very presence strikes fear into your target's heart, making any action that they take fail tonight. They will not be told that they were intimidated.

Level Three: Your very presence strikes fear into your target's heart, making any action that they take fail tonight. They will become an incoherent wreck, and take on the **Paranoia** infliction.

Special Note: The **Paranoia infliction means that for one day phase, the player can only vote for players who have voted for them.*

Vanquisher's Vengeance (passive)

Level One: Having been lynched and sensing your death is at hand, you lash out, killing the person who hammers you.

Level Two: Having been lynched and sensing your death is at hand, you lash out, killing one player from those on your wagon.

Level Three: Having been lynched and sensing your death is at hand, you lash out, killing any player of your choosing.

Special Note: You **cannot choose to not kill.*

Bloodlust (passive)

Level One: Every time you hammer, you can track one player the following night.

Level Two: Every time you hammer, you can discover one player's class during the following night.

Level Three: Every time you hammer, you become immune to night kills for the following night.

Special Bonus: Vanquisher's Shield:

You can self-protect for one night over the course of the game.

PROTECT AND SEVER: THE ALUA VANQUISHER

The Alua Vanquishers tower above other men, great hulking soldiers in dark steel armour, ready to cleave bodies in two at the bidding of their master. Indeed, the Alua is an organisation of mercenaries for hire, who protect the interests of whoever pays them the most gold. Their training ground, the Alua Keep, is the stuff of legends. Based in the northern mountain range of the Sixteen Claws, trainees are taught how to fight as one man armies, ready to assault enemy forces or protect a single target.

At one time, this service was commonly used by the noble elites who had not yet grasped the skill of swordplay, and needed a little more help getting from place to place unmolested. But, at one point in their blood-soaked history, the Vanquishers were used as pawns in the game of interfamilial rivalries, and things grew out of hand – two Vanquishers facing off against one another was not something the Alua condoned. The battle wreaked havoc as the very streets became a warzone, stalls and storefronts smashed as the broad sweeping blades clashed with dark steel shields. Eventually one Vanquisher pinned the other; but he refused to kill his brother, ignoring direct commands from the nobleman who had hired him.

“We do not kill our own kind.”

Enraged at this disobedience, the nobleman sprung upon his Vanquisher, pulling a knife from within his robes. The flimsy weapon could do very little, and the Alua instinctively responded to the threat. The nobleman died instantly, and the Vanquisher was arrested for murder.

After this, the Alua fell out of favour. No one wanted to hire a giant that wouldn't obey them. Not even the struggling merchants were comfortable bringing an Alua on their journeys across bandit-infested roads in fear that the mercenaries would turn on *them*!

Though they continued training, their numbers dwindled. They stopped recruiting – not that there were many soldiers eager to sign up – and slowly faded out of memory.

When the Great Rift opened, however, the Alua made a comeback. They sent swathes of their soldiers out alongside the regular armies of the King, stood beside mages and monks, and battered every monster that came within their sight. The swirling blades and charging shields were a sight to behold; each Vanquisher could destroy groups of ten, fifteen, even twenty monsters at a time with a well timed swing of their huge weapons. It was a truly deadly dance.

When the most twisted demons stepped out from the Pale Void, the Vanquishers were the only warrior to remain unshaken; they stood firm and ran towards their foes, full of courage and lust for violence. After all, many of the Alua worshipped Gogith, the Living Shadow, who taught that instincts – however animalistic or primal – must be embraced above all else. Those that sought Gogith's guidance in battle were run through with a desire for destruction and bloodshed, seeking murderous thrills to prove that they themselves still breathe.

Of course, as the greater demons poured out, the Alua fell.

But the Alua had not been rash. Though they had sent many of their experienced warriors into the fray, a significant number had been kept behind. Salarenzo acknowledged the great skill and sacrifice of the Alua, and proposed a deal to those who still lived; rather than surviving on scraps taken from the monsters plaguing the towns to the North – as they had been doing for decades – the King offered the Alua a royal contract; they would fight as elite generals in the Royal Guard, they would support the king's barons in defence of their own townships, and most importantly, the top Alua generals would serve as the King's personal guardians. In return, they would be kept well funded, and could begin to expand their order once more.

And so it came to pass that when Aurorus passed his decree, he had the Alua at his disposal. But he was concerned; he knew that a Vanquisher had disobeyed his master once before, with dire consequences. He had to pick carefully; would the Vanquisher do his bidding, or would he be betrayed?



You are an Assassin, a swift and decisive killer who can slash a throat and disappear again, before your victim has even realised that they're dead.

Stealth (buff; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Melding with the shadows, your votes do not show on the vote count for the duration of the next day (one-shot)

Level Two: Melding with the shadows, your votes do not show on the vote count for the duration of the next day (two-shot)

Level Three: Melding with the shadows, your votes never show on the vote count (passive).

Neurotoxin (infliction; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Creep up behind a target player and inject a toxin into their nervous system, delaying any action they take during the current night phase until the following night (one-shot)

Level Two: Creep up behind a target player and inject a toxin into their nervous system, delaying any action they take during the current night phase until the following night (two-shot)

Level Three: Creep up behind a target player and inject a toxin into their nervous system, delaying any action they take during the current night phase until the following night (unlimited)

Assassinate (active; day activated; one-shot)

Level One: Sometimes you just need to kill for a bit of gold; publicly force a lynch through on a player currently at L-1.

Level Two: Sometimes you just need to kill for a bit of gold; publicly force a lynch through on a player currently at L-2.

Level Three: Sometimes you just need to kill for a bit of gold; publicly force a lynch through on a player currently at L-3.

**Special Note: This skill cannot be used in a situation where a mislynch would result in an immediate scum victory.*

Special Bonus: Silent Strikes

If you are stealthed, you can choose to perform **Neurotoxin** during the day, and **Assassinate** can be performed secretly by PM'ing the mod.

A FLASH OF BLADE IN THE NIGHT: THE ASSASSIN

There is no glamorous brotherhood of assassins in Malura; but there is a hierarchy. Those that need money will often offer their services, but most will get caught before killing their target. Few people put their faith in novice or rookie assassins, but those that get rewarded with a surprisingly competent killer save themselves a lot of money. For this reason, inexperienced assassins tend to work for poorer people with petty rivalries, whose targets are not well guarded – the sort of job that doesn't even count as an assassination. It is little more than hiring a thug to rough up the competition – though, of course, a little more fatal.

But for those who have the spare cash, or those who require something very special, every town has its vigilante. These masterful Assassins do not linger in one place for long, constantly moving from hiding place to hiding place, but always remaining within the same city limits. After all, knowing the environment is half of the battle; which guards like to sleep during their watch, which torches tend to extinguish in a strong wind, which shadows stretch the furthest from street to street. Contacting an assassin can be tricky; most spend their days taking on regular jobs, working as labourers or shopkeepers, drinking in the inn or paying a visit to the brothel. For all intents and purposes they are normal citizens of the township. But each assassin has his own contact method; it might be a red sash tied to the waist of the interested party, or a blue hat hooked over a chair in the inn; the buyer might be asked to stroll three times around a fountain anti-clockwise, or request a particular denomination of coin when purchasing a particular item from a particular shop. Some of the methods are, of course, completely false – no more than the product of wild rumours run amok. And the call will rarely be answered immediately; it should not be surprising that guards looking to pin a murder or ten on an assassin might attempt to contact the rogue themselves. The very best of assassins scout out their client before they scout out their victim.

Assassins' methods of killing can be as varied as the assassins themselves. Some prefer poison, some prefer hidden blades, and some prefer to make a spectacle of the whole thing. Many consider themselves refined killers, better than the thuggish brutes who clobber with clubs and fists, but they are not immune to the pull of gold and certainly can get caught by what they would consider the slow and stupid guards. One on one, the assassin must rely on speed and subterfuge to outsmart or outpace his opponent; generally slender and sprightly, the assassin can't withstand too many direct attacks.

When the Great Rift opened, it did not affect the assassins all that much. There were a small number of opportunistic merchants and the like who wanted to kill off their competition whilst everyone was distracted, but few assassins felt the need to go to the front. And since no one really sung of assassins' exploits, it wasn't as if the gods themselves had an issue with the killers.

So too, when Aurorus declared his decree on heroes, the assassins were unaffected, not least of all because no one knew their real identities. Thugs and criminals carrying swords or cudgels were often arrested after being searched for unauthorised weaponry, but the clever assassins themselves concealed their arms.

Indeed, when the time came to send warriors to Llaranastra, some people even said that they saw the King pacing around a fountain with a red sash tied to his waist...



You are a Barbarian Immortal, a rugged warrior, whose harsh experiences growing up in your homeland of the Plains have made you resilient to many forms of damage.

Survivor (passive)

Level One: Your determination to persevere means that you take one extra vote to lynch for the duration of the game.

Level Two: Your determination to persevere means that you take two extra votes to lynch for the duration of the game.

Level Three: Your determination to persevere means that you take three extra votes to lynch for the duration of the game.

**Special Note: This skill can never raise your lynch threshold above "n-1", where n is the current number of players.*

Battlescars (passive)

Level One: Your familiarity with dangerous combat means that you can survive one kill attempt.

Level Two: Your familiarity with dangerous combat means that you can survive two kill attempts.

Level Three: Your familiarity with dangerous combat means that you can survive all kill attempts.

Last Stand (passive)

Level One: You are so hard to kill that if you do ever get killed or lynched, you can still post for one further game-day. You can no longer vote and do not count towards your alignment's number for the purposes of win conditions.

Level Two: You are so hard to kill that if you do ever get killed or lynched, you can still post for one further game-day. You can no longer vote, but you do count towards your alignment's number for the purposes of win conditions.

Level Three: You are so hard to kill that if you do ever get killed or lynched, you can still post for one further game-day. You can also still vote, and you do count towards your alignment's number for the purposes of win conditions.

**Special Note: Further kills will not work on you during Last Stand. You cannot take any other actions during this time, and will die when the day ends. This cannot be prevented.*

Special Bonus: War Games

If the you reach L-1 without getting hammered, you will survive for one additional day if you make a **Last Stand** during the following day phase.

HONOUR IN BATTLE: THE BARBARIAN IMMORTAL

The barbarian tribes of Southern Malura, brutish warriors who carved out an existence on the barren Plains and sandy shores of Rook's Coast, had arrived by boat some four hundred years ago. They once called an outlying island, known to Malurians as Whalestone, their home, before a tsunami threatened to wipe them out of existence. A few hundred barbarians made it into boats, crossing the Malurian Ocean and landing at Rook's Coast; they proceeded to rampage through the coastal fishing villages, setting up their own civilization amongst the dunes and harassing any that dared come too close.

However, the monarchy and scattered barbarian tribes co-existed peacefully enough since the reign of Salarenzo's great-grandfather, Urbantus, who took the throne some two hundred and fifty years ago. Urbantus was a diplomat with a silver tongue, and had managed to organise a truce with the barbarian's Great Warlord, Jihnu. It hadn't been easy; the two rulers had engaged in combat, much to the displeasure of the king's advisors. But, surprising all in attendance, Urbantus bested the barbarian, a mortal blow for a culture built on warfare. In truth, it was the King's superior weapons and armour, thick white-gold plate forged in the royal smithy, that had given him the inevitable edge.

"Give. Now."

The King knew that to refuse would be to ruin any chance of alliance. And yet he also knew he had something that the barbarian wanted. He couldn't just hand it over without getting anything in return. And so he offered a deal; "I will *show you* how to make your own; but in return, you must respect our position at the head of this Kingdom and allow our citizens and merchants free passage through your lands."

Though he was wild, violent and short-tempered, the Warlord knew that he had been defeated, and had little choice than to submit to the King, entering into a truce that has held ever since.

When the Great Rift opened, the barbarians sent their Immortals to fight alongside the rest of the kingdom's forces. Battle-tested and ready, the barbarian warriors were the most revered soldiers across all the lands of Malura. To hold the title of Immortal, a barbarian warrior must have fought in over one hundred battles, skirmishes or duels, having never lost once; testament to their power and longevity, the barbarians had nearly a thousand such warriors.

But faced with the demons of the Pale Void, they failed to live up to their name; falling in great numbers, the civilized world and the barbarians bled as one.

Jinhu himself, now nearly five hundred years old, stood amongst the ranks of The Order, fighting back the horrors with the very weapons that Urbantus had taught him to forge all those years ago. But in the aftermath of the battle, the barbarian tribes were left scattered and without a clear leader. Their golden age as the most renowned warrior force had come to a faltering end; with no one to unite them, fighting erupted on a small scale across all the Plains, each rookie warrior vying for that most glorious position at the head of all tribes. Soon, however, very few warriors were left standing, and once the blood had dried, the barbarians as a whole were left as little more than a series of disconnected farming villages. Some tribes fell back into their old ways, harassing the Kingdom's citizens that came too close, but many simply lived out their lives in relative peace and quiet.

But, true to their nature, the barbarians were the first to pick up their weapons and go out on the hunt once more. Their god was Huroa, the Bringer of Warfare, after all. The barbarian mystics, reading the seasons and the weather, did not believe that the Great Rift opened as a vengeful act of god; they thought it was a challenge sent by Huroa to test them, a challenge that they had failed. It seemed natural that they would begin to satiate his desire for destruction once more by seeking out further violence. Still disunited, they never managed to regain their former glory, but without a doubt the Plains were amongst the safest places in the whole Kingdom. Once the barbarians returned their weapons to their hands, very few monsters survived to stalk the lands.

And so it was with a great sense of dread that the Royal Guards handed over the decree. Unsurprisingly, the barbarians fought back; they had respected the rule of the Kingdom because for a long time they had no reason not to. But now, this was an abomination against their god! Yet the Royal Guard swept through each village, overwhelming the barbarians through sheer number; Aurorus had expected resistance, and dispatched a great number of his men accordingly. Some of the barbarians fell into chains, but many fell into their graves. The barbarians were not really the sort of people to be taken to the jails in any other way.



You are a Barbarian Mystic, a trickster and occult magician, whose magic does not respect the laws of logic and confounds the mind.

Mortal Coil (buff; night activated; one-shot)

Level One: Choose a single player to hex; if they are killed or lynched, you will die in their place; if you are killed or lynched, they will die instead. Lasts for the current day and night phase.

Level Two: Choose a single player to hex; if they are killed or lynched, you will die in their place; if you are killed or lynched, they will die instead. Lasts for the current and next day and night phases.

Level Three: Choose a single player to hex; if they are killed or lynched, you will die in their place; if you are killed or lynched, they will die instead. Lasts for the duration of the game.

Mystic Eye (active; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: You read the messages of nature to discover who visited a target player tonight (one-shot)

Level Two: You read the messages of nature to discover who visited a target player tonight (two-shot)

Level Three: You read the messages of nature to discover who visited a target player tonight (unlimited)

Smoke and Mirror (buff; any time; vari-shot)

Level One: A fundamental illusionist trick, you reflect any action used on you during the current day or night phase back onto its user (one-shot).

Level Two: A fundamental illusionist trick, you reflect any action used on you during the current day or night phase back onto its user (two-shot).

Level Three: A fundamental illusionist trick, you reflect any actions used on you during the current day or night phase back onto its user (unlimited; once per day/night cycle).

Special Note: A reflected skill does not affect the Mystic. Skills that last more than one round are not reflected if **Smoke and Mirror is used after their initial use.*

Special Bonus: Pale Message

You can leave a message to be publicly posted by the mod upon your death.

SMOKE AND MIRRORS: THE BARBARIAN MYSTIC

The barbarian tribes of Southern Malura, brutish warriors who carved out an existence on the barren Plains and sandy shores of Rook's Coast, had arrived by boat some four hundred years ago. They once called an outlying island, known to Malurians as Whalestone, their home, before a tsunami threatened to wipe them out of existence. A few hundred barbarians made it into boats, crossing the Malurian Ocean and landing at Rook's Coast; they proceeded to rampage through the coastal fishing villages, setting up their own civilization amongst the dunes and harassing any that dared come too close.

Though the Barbarians were a warfaring peoples, they still had a set of spiritual, religious beliefs. The witchdoctors known as Mystics were an integral part of Barbarian life, and indeed, Jinhu had employed a Mystic as his second in command since taking over the barbaric throne. The Mystics advised that they had been forced to flee Whalestone because they were not yet ready to face the god whose coming the tsunami foretold.

That Barbarian god was Huroa, the Bringer of Warfare. Some say his coming was brought about in a moment of ecstasy during the sexual encounter between the sky and the land; others say he lives in the whistles of the winds; still others talk of a great wave crossing the ocean, within which Huroa plots his next war. The stories vary in content but one thing remains consistent; the place of the Mystic as mouthpiece of the god.

When the Great Rift tore the sky in two, the Mystics knew that it would not end well. And yet, they would not advise the Warlord to remain in place, nor would they attempt to redirect the Immortals. To do so would be to spit on the face of their culture, and to turn away from the god who had made them strong. The Mystics collected their battlestaves and war wands, and set out alongside the Immortal army to face their death.

Jinhu himself, now nearly five hundred years old, stood amongst the ranks of The Order, fighting back the horrors with the very weapons that Urbantus had taught him to forge all those years ago. But in the aftermath of the battle, the barbarian tribes were left scattered and without a clear leader. Their golden age as the most renowned warrior force had come to a faltering end. Once the blood had dried, the barbarians as a whole were left as little more than a series of disconnected farming villages. Some tribes fell back into their old ways, harassing the Kingdom's citizens that came too close, but many simply lived out their lives in relative peace and quiet.

The Mystics, reading the seasons and the weather, learned that Huroa had sent the Great Rift to test the barbarians' resolve and capabilities in the face of insurmountable enemy forces. They knew nothing of the reasons offered concerning Lioar or Gogith, and if they had, they would have laughed. Huroa was not concerned with the petty matters of man – as long as his people were fighting, what did he care who drew the most attention? He became strong as they became strong, and to curtail their fighting spirit was to slice his right hand clean off. The Barbarians re-armed themselves; they would continue to fight.

The Mystics could see a great red cloud on the horizon; blood would be spilt, and alliances would be drawn. The future of the Barbarian people hung in the balance; it looked as though very few of them would survive. It would be down to a couple of great warriors – swordsmen and spellcasters equally – to push through to the other end of the coming troubles. They had fled once before, and the Barbarians were not a people to be called cowards again. The Mystics steeled themselves. It would do no good to interfere here; let the danger strip the people of their weaknesses, let those who were not strong enough fall to the blades of whatever was waiting around the corner. Only the best would persevere, and only the best would survive. Many Mystics knew that they were not prepared for combat; but that it only took one or two strong warriors to defeat an army of inferiors.

When the Royal Guard attacked, the Barbarians fought back.



You are a spirited Bard who travels the world singing of your exploits, bringing epic tales of heroism and tragedy to audiences all over the globe.

Silvertongue (active; day activated; vari-shot)

Level One: You can persuade people of something that is true, having one true statement modconfirmed in-thread (one-shot).

Level Two: You can persuade people of something, even if it isn't true, having one lie modconfirmed as true in-thread (one-shot).

Level Three: You are an expert at lying and deception, and can choose which player – if any – you wish to appear to have visited at night, as well as being able to mask any factional kills you make as another role's kill flavour (unlimited).

Discord (active; night activated; one-shot)

Level One: Orchestrate a confusing tune, swapping two players' targets tonight.

Level Two: Orchestrate a confusing tune, swapping three players' targets tonight.

Level Three: Orchestrate a confusing tune, swapping four players' targets tonight.

Silence (infliction; day; one-shot)

Level One: You stun a player with negative sound-waves, preventing them from using any one word of four or more letters for the rest of the game.

Level Two: You stun a player with negative sound-waves, preventing them from using any two words of four or more letters for the rest of the game.

Level Three: You stun a player with negative sound-waves, preventing them from using any three words of four or more letters for the rest of the game.

**Special Note: A player who breaks this post restriction will lose their vote for the current day phase.*

Special Bonus: Reverberations

If **Silence** is used the day after **Discord**, all players whose actions were successfully swapped will also be afflicted with the post restriction of **Silence**.

A TALE WHISPERED ON THE WIND: THE BARD

Bards were once very common throughout Malura. They were also a very varied people; some were heroes who had seen battle first-hand, and who had decided to recount their epic feats to those unable to face the battlefield, whilst others were spreaders of rumour and hearsay picked up in one town and embellished in another. Still more fabricated their tales, weaving together the most fantastic and exciting threads of drama in order to entertain their listeners and earn some gold.

Unsurprisingly, Bards tended to move around a lot; the same stories, even when drawn from an impressive repertoire, can begin to dull over time. Moving onto new cities offered the Bard a constant freshness and ever increasing opportunities to experience the world. A Bard telling of his or her own exploits naturally benefited from ever changing environments and the lack of commitment that this offered, whilst a story creator could gain inspiration from his time away from the city.

As might be expected from such a carefree life, Bards rarely allowed themselves attachment to one particular person or place. Most had as many lovers as they do fines at inns, tending as they did to slip out before paying their tabs in most cities they stayed at – although there always used to be a kind of honorary pact between the innkeepers and the entertainers, since the custom a good Bard could bring to an inn was often more valuable than the money for the room itself, usually justifying their sneaky and hasty exit.

Bards were not only masters of the spoken word, many were also gifted musicians, capable of memorising melodies after hearing them but once on a whole range of instruments. Their music had a subtle effect on those who heard it, seemingly speaking to the heart and toying with the emotions of the listener. A number of Bards were renowned for holding the handcuffs at bay with a well timed tune and a well crafted lie.

When the Great Rift opened, many Bards flocked to it; most had seen smaller rifts before, and some had even partaken in or witnessed their closing. Such battles always provided fantastic narrative material, and no Bard wanted to lose the edge over his competition by missing out.

None had quite expected the massacre that they witnessed in those early days of the skirmish. The monstrous creatures that burst out of the Pale Void mauled through the assembled warriors, dealing out death and maiming those that were not fortunate enough to perish immediately. The beasts had no notion of the Bards as non-combatants, and those that had never fought before were overrun and swiftly killed. Those that had been adventurers in their youth or those who still carried a sword in one hand and a lute across their back managed to live a short while longer, but the unexpected strength of the first waves of beasts was simply too much.

Some of the Bards managed to escape, hide, or meet up with other fragmented groups of heroes, and some, who had had a longer journey, turned up after the slaughter of the first few days. It is by the determination of these few men and women that a coherent record of the battle remains; those heroes that survived often knew only their own particular series of fights, whilst the Bards could supply an overview of the whole war. They also helped to keep morale high, recounting the days victories, whilst their tales of the losses gave the warriors confidence that their deaths – should they come – would not be in vain, and their battle would not be forgotten.

But after the Great Rift closed, no one wanted to hear the Bards' tales of heroic deeds – it was that sort of behaviour that had angered the gods in the first place. The Bards nearly slipped out of existence, and with them, the great stories of the past. Only one or two Bards continued to ply their trade, writing their stories down when no one would listen. Most others just played their instruments, though their music lacked the heart that had made it so special before.

When Aurorus took the throne, it was the Bards who received the harshest punishment. The court's Royal Minstrel had first inspired Aurorus' love for heroes, and he now felt that it was the Bards who bore the greatest responsibility for the gods' hatred of men; after all, if anyone represented a culture of hero admiration, it was the Bard. They were stripped of their instruments, and those who protested had their tongues cut out.



You are a High Priest, a pure-hearted soul who believes only in achieving the will of your god Lioar; you spend your energies on helping those in need and protecting your allies.

Heal (active; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Lay healing hands upon a target player, protecting them from death tonight (one-shot).

Level Two: Lay healing hands upon a target player, protecting them from death tonight (two-shot; once per night phase).

Level Three: Lay healing hands upon a target player, protecting them from death tonight (unlimited; once per night phase)

Blessing (buff; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Bless a single player, making them appear aligned with the town for the current night phase (one-shot).

Level Two: Bless a single player, making them appear aligned with the town for the current night phase (two-shot).

Level Three: Bless a single player, making them appear aligned with the town for the current night phase (unlimited).

**The targeted player will appear aligned with the town regardless of the sanity of the investigation.*

Faith (buff; day activated; one-shot)

Level One: Investing all your faith in a single player as your saviour, you publicly prevent that player from being lynched in the current day phase.

Level Two: Investing all your faith in a single player as your saviour, you secretly prevent that player from being lynched in the current day phase. Lynching that player will allow the day to continue.

Level Three: Investing all your faith in a single player as your saviour, you secretly prevent that player from being lynched in the current day phase. Lynching that player will end the day.

Special Bonus: Blind Faith:

You will always appear aligned with the town, regardless of your true alignment, and regardless of the sanity of the investigation.

A SAMARITAN'S PUNISHMENT: THE HIGH PRIEST

The Brotherhood of the Light were the most dominant religious order in the Kingdom, united as they were under the banner of Lioar, their guiding god. The Monarchy itself worshipped Lioar as its primary deity, because Lioar was supposed to represent justice and protection, truth and honour. Although each of the three surviving gods had a church within Yallum, the city of the Royal Court, Lioar's was the most impressive, a structure built entirely out of white marble and glass. A great shining beacon stood atop its roof, allowing pilgrims to find their way to it with ease, even at their darkest hour.

The Brotherhood allowed no member to perform another violent act, and so were irrevocably estranged from the Templars who shared their god. Once, far in the past, it is supposed that the Templars and the Brotherhood had belonged to the same Holy Family, marching as one into battle. For though the Brotherhood were pacifists, their faith invested them with the power to heal almost any wound, and prevent even the most fatal of blows. Indeed, their protective abilities extend to the many churches built in Lioar's honour, which have stood firm under the assault of weather and siege for thousands of years.

The Brotherhood is the paragon of a meritocracy. Those who worship Lioar, but offer little else, remain no more than acolytes. It is up to each member to take it upon themselves and find their own way of contributing, whether that be through helping those in need, volunteering at various healing centres, building churches, spreading the word of Lioar, or a whole host of other good deeds. As an acolyte distinguishes himself, he is gradually allowed to lead sermons and ceremonies within the church, eventually rising to the level of Priest, High Priest, and Archpriest. The leaders of the Brotherhood are the White Council, whose members frequently move between their seats there and their position as an Archpriest.

When the Great Rift opened, the Brotherhood of Light did not take up weapons, for that would have been acting against their whole belief system. Nor did they move against Lioar; the White Council determined that his participation in the war was either a test for his supporters, or a move intended to protect him from the attacks of his fellow gods. That said, they did lay their healing hands upon the wounded that fell during the battles. But the creatures of the Rift proved too strong, breaking past the fighters and tearing into the priests who stood at the rear. Lioar did not come to save them, and much of the Brotherhood fell with no means of defending themselves.

When The Order pushed the creatures back into the Pale Rift, the remaining members of the White Council went with them. It is said that their assistance was crucial; though The Order were strong, they were mortal, after all. One Council member, Archpriest Morgan, remained behind to organise the relief effort, but with most of the Brotherhood dead, it was not particularly effective.

Convinced that Lioar's true anger had been directed at the Templars, the Brotherhood of Light persisted with its activities after the Rift had been closed. It was with a heavy heart that Aurorus ordered his Royal Guards to arrest the passive priests; many had led sermons from within the very church where he first learnt about the gods. But he couldn't allow petty feelings of remorse divert him from his path; to do so would be to put the entire Kingdom in jeopardy.

It wasn't a risk he was willing to take.



You are a Monk who has spent many years in isolation in the Irium Forests, training your body and mind to fulfil and endure the most demanding tasks and challenges that you can throw at them.

Dual Fists (buff; day activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Your training allows you to strike with two fists at once, giving you a double-vote during a day phase of your choosing (one-shot).

Level Two: Your training allows you to strike with two fists at once, giving you a double-vote during a day phase of your choosing (two-shot).

Level Three: Your training allows you to strike with two fists at once, giving you a double-vote for the duration of the game (passive).

Special Note: The two votes do **not have to be placed on the same person.*

Irium Nectar (active; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Weaving in and out of sobriety, you can choose whether to watch, protect, track or block your target (one-shot)

Level Two: Weaving in and out of sobriety, you can choose whether to watch, protect, track or block your target (two-shot)

Level Three: Weaving in and out of sobriety, you can choose whether to watch, protect, track or block your target (three-shot)

Meditation (active; any time; vari-shot)

Level One: Enter a state of meditation, restoring the natural balance of things and removing any infliction effect from a single targeted player (one-shot).

Level Two: Enter a state of meditation, restoring the natural balance of things and removing any infliction effect from a single targeted player (two-shot; once per day/night cycle).

Level Three: Enter a state of meditation, restoring the natural balance of things and removing any infliction effect from a single targeted player each day/night cycle (unlimited).

**Special Note: The following are considered "Infliction" effects; Intimidate, Neurotoxin, Silence, Necrosis, Life Drain, Sear, Shadowsnare, Devout Pact.*

Special Bonus: Serenity

You cannot be affected by Infliction effects.

RIDERS OF THE COSMIC SKIES: THE MONK

Monks are a rare breed in the Kingdom. Turning away from all civilisation and order, the Monk is the prototypical hermit. But more than this, Monks are amongst the only people in the whole Kingdom who do not worship a god.

The Monks' atheism allows them to concentrate solely on the natural world. They believe that the world was created through a chain reaction of cosmic energies, and that it only exists as a counter-balance to the chaos of the skies. Whilst the skies arbitrarily create and destroy matter at an unbelievable pace, the world gradually and purposefully expands. Unlike the believers of the gods, the Monks think that when we die, our soul does not transcend existence and reach a higher plane alongside the gods; rather, our body forms one with nature, which is slowly tipping the scales in favour of our world as it amasses more energy from the deceased. When the world possesses greater energies than the chaotic cosmos that birthed it, the skies will be wrenched from their positions, plummeting earthwards, crushing the planet and causing another series of chain reactions that will birth a new world. The Monks are the only ones who will be able to ride the waves of the skies to this new world, allowing them to pass the story of the birth of the world down the generations, until the next time, and so on, ad infinitum. The legends of the Monks claim that this is how they came to exist on this planet, and how they alone understand the secrets of the world.

Preparation for the end of this world and the start of the new one is understandably a daunting task. The Monks must steel their bodies and their minds, and spend much of their lives meditating and training themselves to endure harsh punishment. Their meditative state enables them to see the tipping of the equilibrium, and is often brought about by consuming the sweetened liquid of various plants found in the Irium forests. As such, the Monks' habitat tends to be localised in this area. Their theories about the world rarely spread further than their own confines.

It should come as no surprise that the Great Rift was ambiguously received by the Monks. Initially, they celebrated the tearing of the sky as the ending of the world, as the scales finally being overturned. But when the world remained stable, their understanding was shaken. Untold amounts of bodies had been offered up during the war – why then had the world not collapsed inwards? One of the eldest Monks, Esiah the Timeless, suggested that this was a test, a challenge. If they could get inside the Void, they would be transported upwards to the Cosmos itself, where they could observe the destruction of the planet from afar.

As it stood, the Monks worked with the Order to fight back the slew of Rift demons. Many died along the way, but a significant number pushed through into the Rift itself. No one knows where they went when it shut – though they certainly did not get to witness the end of the world.

It is unclear how the legends of the Monks lived on after it seemed that all of them had perished or been sealed within the Void. It is rumoured that deep within Irium forest, the trees steal secrets; perhaps a traveller, losing his way, learnt of the legends in this way, and, convinced by their allure, set about preparing for the end. Maybe a few Monks, so isolated from the world, had no idea that the Rift Void had opened, and lived on, oblivious, for over a decade. Or perhaps Esiah had left some Monks behind, in case she had been wrong. However their legends survived, they remained a hidden and guarded secret for many years. Aurorus did not even know that they existed, until a drunken Monk stumbled into two Royal Guards combing through Irium Forest. At first, the Monk was arrested for his inappropriate behaviour, but soon, the new King figured out that he too was a hero.

This signalled the start of the hunt for all remaining Monks. Being atheists, they were the lowest of the low, as far as Aurorus was concerned; none that were caught were spared, and all were sentenced to death.



You are a Necromancer, an unholy mage who can call upon the souls and spirits of the recently deceased to strike terror into the hearts of the living.

Commune (active; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Peering into the ether, you rend a soul back from the brink, allowing you to talk to a dead player during the next day and night phase (one-shot; creates a QT).

Level Two: Peering into the ether, you rend a soul back from the brink, allowing you to talk to a dead player during the next day and night phase (two-shot; creates up to two separate QTs).

Level Three: Peering into the ether, you rend a soul back from the brink, allowing you to talk to a dead player during the next day and night phase (three shots; creates up to three separate QTs).

**Special Note: The skill can be used multiple times in one night, but each dead player will receive a separate QT.*

Revival (active; any time; vari-shot)

Level One: Giving a deceased soul a living manifestation, you command them to reuse their last used ability on, or confer a random passive bonus to, yourself (one-shot).

Level Two: Giving a deceased soul a living manifestation, you command them to reuse their last used ability on, or confer a random passive bonus to, yourself (two-shot).

Level Three: Giving a deceased soul a living manifestation, you command them to reuse their last used ability on, or confer a random passive bonus to, yourself (unlimited).

Necrosis (infliction; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Select a target player, corrupting their flesh; if they are protected during the night, they will die instead (one-shot)

Level Two: Select a target player, corrupting their flesh; if they are protected during the night, they will die instead (two-shot)

Level Three: Select a target player, corrupting their flesh; if they are protected during the night, they will die instead (unlimited).

Special Bonus: Spirit's Guidance

Any **Revivals** used on a player that you have previously **Communed** are free.

GATEKEEPER OF THE DEAD: THE NECROMANCER

In the darkest corners of the kingdom, the Necromancer creeps. Turning their hands to dark, illegal, demonic magic, these accursed souls reside on the very border between life and death. They spend their days alone with the ghosts of the recently deceased, spirits who whisper their rotten secrets to any ear that takes an interest in them, sometimes divulging more than they should. Necromancers use the knowledge they gain to augment the power they reap from the souls of the dead; knowing the circumstances of a death, they proceed to torment those who were involved, whether it is focussing on loved ones or enemies of the deceased, drawing strength from the fear and horror that these pseudo-hauntings inspire.

Their power is not infinite, however. The Necromancer cannot summon a human soul to flesh forever, and the pursuit of the secret of immortality has cost many a Necromancer dearly. Often living alone wherever shadows dwell, Necromancers must frequently test their powers on themselves; bringing a dead frog back from the abyss is far easier than the same feat would be on a humanoid. A great many Necromancers die at their own corrupt hand, and of those that survive, most suffer an unshakeable bond to the afterlife and the corpses that litter the floor around them, preventing them from ever leaving the demonic circle in which they cast their experiments. A Necromancer who can push through this and emerge the other side unscathed is one of the most feared magi in the entire kingdom, for once they have conquered the pull of death, little else can hope to stop them.

An ultimate aim of many Necromancers' pursuit of dark magic is to build an army of the undead, resurrecting the same soldiers again, and again, and again, until they overwhelm their enemies through sheer unkillable force. Necromancers are not picky; they will just as soon turn a slain Barbarian against its people as they would funnel the power of a Priest to keep them safe. A Necromancer surrounded by the death of the powerful is formidable indeed; but the brevity of their control, weakened as they split their focus amongst multiple targets, seriously undermines the potential for the Necromancer to construct a truly dangerous force.

One of the only times that such a despicable feat was possible was during the battle of the Great Rift. The screaming of the dead, piercing the ears of the Necromancers at such sheer volume and number, forced them into action. Emerging from their nooks and crannies, the Necromancers converged at the Rift, channelling their power and sparking life amongst the thousands of bodies that lay strewn across the ground. It was a terrifying sight; the jerky movements of the recently deceased as they bore down on the creatures, falling to bloodied blows, but standing back up, struck fear into the heart of the gods themselves. Never had the gods seen mere mortals tamper with the balance of death on such a scale! But the Necromancers could not endure the fight for long; though they surpassed all of their own expectations, the burden of reanimating corpse after corpse finally took its toll, and those that did not retreat from exhaustion fell under the strain, bodies twitching limply as their life force seeped away.

By the time he made his Royal Decree, it was difficult for Aurorus to track down the Necromancers. They had slithered back to their hiding places; their short time amongst the living had convinced them that things were better the way they were before. Residing once again amongst the cracks of society, Aurorus had no idea how many Necromancers practiced the dark art, nor did he really know where to find them; he only knew that they were a dangerous threat, not only to the gods, but also to his own kingship. What if they united again, and came at him with full force? He didn't stop to consider how unlikely that would be.

When a Necromancer was eventually discovered, it was more by luck than anything. A team of Royal Guards would be sweeping an area, and stumble upon their filthy huts, or uncover the marks of a demonic circle on the ground. Some of the Necromancers, tied to the afterlife as they were, could not run very far. Those that were free attempted to run, but not used to the need to escape pursuit, were quickly caught and arrested.



You are a Nielwarren, a pale vampiric warrior who revels in violence and courts death at every turn, generating great powers from the demise of the living.

Bone Tongue (active; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: You study the bones of the dead, gaining insight into how they were killed (one-shot).

Level Two: You study the bones of the dead, gaining insight into how they were killed (two-shot).

Level Three: You study the bones of the dead, gaining insight into how they were killed (unlimited).

Death Absorption (active; night activated; one-shot)

Level One: Slipping amongst the carts carrying the latest dead bodies, you can spend one skill point to gain one of the abilities of a target dead player.

Level Two: Slipping amongst the carts carrying the latest dead bodies, you can spend two skill points to gain two abilities from up to two dead players.

Level Three: Slipping amongst the carts carrying the latest dead bodies, you can spend three skill points to gain the abilities of up to three dead players.

**Special Note: Skill shots that have already been used up cannot be absorbed.*

Life Drain (infliction; night activated; unlimited)

Level One: You suck the life out of a target player, funnelling any passive boosts they have to you instead for one day and night cycle.

Level Two: You suck the life out of two target players, funnelling any passive boosts they have to you instead for one day and night cycle.

Level Three: You suck the life out of three target players, funnelling any passive boosts they have to you instead for one day and night cycle.

Special Bonus: Tethered Spirit:

If you are Communed by a Necromancer, you keep your QT open permanently and are allowed to make one post per dead player during each day phase. You may not vote or take any other actions.

A NOBLEMAN'S UNDEATH: THE NIELWARRENS

Many years ago, there was an uprising against the throne. The Nielwarrens, an overly prosperous and incredibly wealthy noble family, wardens of the North of Malura and overseers of Linport, Malura's busiest shipping town, attempted to lead an army against the king. It was a brutal civil war, with the rebels sending a triple-pronged attack through the mountains and to either side. Thousands of lives were lost. But whereas the Nielwarrens' army was motivated by the weight of the purse, the king's guard fought with a sense of duty and honour; and though the Nielwarrens made it all the way to the steps of Yallum, they could not penetrate the walled city. They had lost a good many of their men to the treacherous swamps to the North of Yallum, and could not assault the steep steps which led to the inner city and the throne of the king. The rebellious army was pushed back, until they reached the Midmal mountains; some fled into the Shade, whilst others – wise as they were to the dangers of the darkness – opted to surrender. But the Nielwarrens were too proud; the remaining family members dove deep into the Midmal mountains.

No one knows how they got lost; the Mines went only a short way into the mountainside at that time. Some claim that the walls must have moved, and trapped the family in the labyrinthine catacombs hidden behind the rocks. The tunnels have now, of course, been charted – stretching for miles, they were decorated with bones of creatures both known and unknown. It is not clear if these decorations existed before the Nielwarrens stumbled in, or whether it was the Nielwarrens themselves who placed them there.

But what is clear is that they were not the first creatures to move through the underground darkness.

The Nielwarrens were attacked by a creature – or group of creatures – who have never been seen on the surface, and have only been glimpsed underground. There are those who claim that the creatures died with the first bite of the Nielwarrens, that human flesh was poisonous to the creatures and the sightings beneath the ground have been tricks of the light or fantasies of the imagination. But the creatures undoubtedly have existed, for how else would the Nielwarrens have become the monsters that eventually left the mountains over one hundred years later?

Skin pale, teeth sharpened, hair long and wild, eyes red and glowing – but most importantly, senses and movements which were superhuman. The Nielwarrens never again produced offspring, but their line lives on today; something under the ground turned them into undying creatures of death and decay.

The Nielwarrens were not monsters, however. They still dressed, talked, and acted like humans. But they shied away from the surface, and preferred to live beneath the ground. Though they may not have become the Kings and Queens of Malura, they were certainly the Lords of the Midmal Mountains. The mines only stretched as far as the Nielwarrens would allow, and anything taken away for use would be taxed – ores and minerals were taken away in return for fine food and clothes. Occasionally, the Nielwarrens would throw outrageous orgies, deep underground, with invitations extended to only the select few.

But they also held a darker secret. Miners often went missing once or twice a month; sometimes they returned, shaken and confused, and sometimes they were never seen again. It was whispered that the Nielwarrens were draining their life force to remain young and beautiful. This has never been proven conclusively one way or the other.

When Aurorus felt his throne slipping away, his advisors warned him of the Nielwarrens. It was possible that they would rise up against him if he showed any weaknesses. He considered his options, and decided that something bold had to be done.



You are a Red Wizard, and though you may look unarmed, you are never without a weapon; able to call upon the raw element of fire to aid you, you are truly a force to be reckoned with.

Ember Shield (passive)

Level One: Surrounding yourself with flames, anyone who dares visit you will get burnt, revealing how many times you have been visited tonight.

Level Two: Surrounding yourself with flames, anyone who dares visit you will get burnt, revealing the names of the abilities have targeted you tonight.

Level Three: Surrounding yourself with flames, anyone who dares visit you during the game will get burnt, revealing the names of the players that visited you tonight.

Firebomb (buff; night activated; one-shot)

Level One: Placing an explosive fireball in front of a target player, anyone who tries to harm that player during the current night phase will suffer your wrath and die in their place.

Level Two: Placing an explosive fireball in front of a target player, anyone who tries to harm that player during this or the next night phase will suffer your wrath and die in their place.

Level Three: Placing an explosive fireball in front of a target player, anyone who tries to harm that player at any point during the game will suffer your wrath and die in their place.

Sear (infliction; night activated; unlimited)

Level One: Set a target player alight with a magical flame, enabling you to follow the blazing trail and see who they visited that night.

Level Two: Set a target player alight with a magical flame, enabling you to follow the blazing trail and see who they visited that night, and see who their target visited the next night.

Level Three: Set a target player alight with a magical flame, enabling you to follow the blazing trail and see who they visited that night, and see who their target visited the next night; and also see who *their* target visited the night after that.

**Special Note: Only one Sear can be active at any given time.*

Special Bonus: Ignite

Using **Sear** on a player who has a **Firebomb** placed in front of them will cause the fireball to explode, killing that player.

A BURNING TRUTH: THE RED WIZARD

Hidden in a magical tower, standing amidst the waves of the Tunturu Seas, surrounded by deadly sharp rocks, the Seared Scrolls were guarded by powerful beings that transcended the limits of human potential; the Red Wizards of Enku.

The Seared Scrolls mysteriously arrived one day in a monastery dedicated to the worship of Enku, god of the Maurauding Chaos; legend tells that it was designed to punish or test the faith of his disciples, for none could glance upon its runes without succumbing to the burning fire that erupted inside of them. The only one who seized control of the immense power of the scrolls was a humble priest called Hao'jin. He was immediately declared The Chosen One, and heralded as the envoy of Enku sent to walk amongst man. But the only spark inside of him was that of the flame; Enku was silent. Hounded for a message that he could not relay, Hao'jin fled the monastery where he had grown up, seeking a safe haven where he could relax and pray without a hundred eager brothers breathing down his neck.

The message came, eventually.

Hao'jin snuck back into the monastery six years after leaving it. He smirked at the statues and paintings that had immortalised his story – it was supposed that Enku had turned Hao'jin's body to ash and reincarnated him as his right man in the Rift. They couldn't imagine that their saviour would have abandoned them.

No one since Hao'jin had attempted to read the Seared Scrolls. They were kept locked away behind thick metal bars, the complex security system enough to deter even the most persistent thief.

But they did nothing against Hao'jin, whose red-hot palms melted the bars easily, allowing him to push his way through and reclaim the scrolls. The first stage of Enku's plan was complete.

The second part was just as simple; before he left the monastery, Hao'jin summoned up a fiery inferno, incinerating the priesthood in one fell swoop. The ashes blew far on the wind, scattering all over the Kingdom. Those upon whom the ash settled shuddered, as though they had been touched by Enku himself; they slowly began to suffer strange compulsions, drawn towards a central point, and these urges increased in intensity, until they became unbearable. Ten years after Hao'jin obliterated his former home, he received his first student.

As the years passed, more and more people sought him out, converging on the tower he had spent over half a decade building. The rocks separated the committed and the strong from the curious and the weak; the seas doused any flames that grew too wild. Hao'jin taught his students well; without the clergy's pressure, he thrived, gradually exposing them to the Seared Scrolls and sharing his secrets. In time, the Red Wizards were all masters of the flame.

Enku's involvement in the Battle of the Great Rift was no reflection of his relationship with the Red Wizards; he was simply a chaotic and mischevious god, who fought just because he could. When the Red Wizards set the other gods' lesser minions ablaze, he congratulated them manically, before chasing them away with flames of his own. The real problem for the Red Wizards, however, were the Rift creatures known as Depth Stalkers. Monsters of the Rift's deep seas, they swarmed the tower, attacking it in great number and almost bringing it to the ground. The threat to the Sacred Scrolls was too serious to pass off as a chaotic god's wild behaviour; Hao'jin, so long unaccustomed to following another's commands, put his pride aside, and walked into the Great Rift along with The Order. The rest of the Red Wizards were tasked with defending and rebuilding the tower, and above all else, keeping the scrolls safe.

Aurorus was fully aware of the Tower; though the Red Wizards rarely stepped outside of its confines, and were very much academics on the surface, he could not risk that they were doing more than learning and praying to Enku. What if they were actively preparing a challenge to the throne – or worse yet, to the gods themselves? He did not trust Enku would deal with them until it was too late, and then the whole kingdom would again be in danger!

The Red Wizards had been slowly wilting away without Hao'jin's guidance – the newer students were much less stable and confident in their abilities. When the Royal Guard launched their unexpected assaults on the Tower, the fragmented response of the remaining Red Wizards was not enough to repel them.



You are a Shadwalker, a native of the Shade, capable of using darkness to fuel your power and strike fear into the hearts of those that oppose you.

Conceal (buff; night activated; unlimited-shot)

Level One: Pick a target player to conceal in shadow and choose whether that player's actions cannot be tracked, watched or blocked tonight.

Level Two: Pick a target player to conceal in shadow and choose two from whether that player's actions cannot be tracked, watched or blocked tonight.

Level Three: Pick a target player to conceal in shadow; that player's actions cannot be tracked, watched or blocked tonight.

Shadow Snare (infliction; night activated; one-shot)

Level One: Choose a player overnight to wrap in shadows. Anyone voting for that player can no longer change their vote for the rest of the next day. The targeted player will be publicly known.

Level Two: Choose a player overnight to wrap in shadows. Anyone voting for that player can no longer change their vote for the rest of the next day. The targeted player will be privately told that they have been targeted.

Level Three: Choose a player overnight to wrap in shadows. Anyone voting for that player can no longer change their vote for the rest of the next day. The targeted player will not be told that they have been targeted.

**Special Note: The Shadewalker can target him/herself.*

Eclipse (active; day activated; one-shot)

Level One: Obscure the sun and publicly end the current day phase. No lynchings will occur.

Level Two: Obscure the sun and secretly end the current day phase. No lynchings will occur.

Level Three: Obscure the sun and secretly end the current day phase. The person with the most votes at the time the action is submitted will be lynched.

**Special Note: This skill cannot be used in a situation where a mislynch would result in an immediate scum victory.*

Special Bonus: Heart of Darkness

Any skills you use the night after **Eclipse** will be treated as though they were one level higher.

A SHADOW IN DARKNESS: THE SHADEWALKER

Surrounded by the colossal Midmal Mountains, The Shade is so named since the sun very rarely reaches it; only brief glimmers of light filter through to illuminate the way forwards. The Shade divides the Kingdom in two, the Capital and major sea ports to the South and the frontier and woodland communities to the North; the danger of crossing The Shade has exacerbated already cool relations between the two. The only alternatives to the direct route through the Midmal Mountains are the long, expensive and exhausting tracks leading around them. Most of the Southern Malurians never step foot in the Northern Lands, and the reverse is equally true.

To move outside of the faded glow of the sun is a death sentence in The Shade. In the near-constant darkness, a multitude of inhuman creatures lurk, ready to drain those that encroach upon them of their vitality. The thick shadows snuff any torches or flames that might ward off the darkness; the only hope is to stay within the slender beams of light. Devices have been designed to predict where the sun will land; a contraption of metal and glass that the sun shines through, the shifting rays projecting onto an estimated map, allowing the user plan their journey, for example. Yet these devices can be very inaccurate; no one has a full map of the lay of the land beneath the darkness, and it is rumoured that it too changes in response to the light. Weather is another problem, though many crossers will consult a sage or witch doctor before crossing to determine when the best time to attempt it is. But even with all of these precautions, crossing The Shade is inadvisable, and there are few who will make it to the other side.

For those who deem the crossing important enough – generally merchants for whom the route between the Midmal Mountains is the most direct trade road – an alternative exists: the Shadewalkers, mysterious magi that call the darkness of The Shade their home. Often the Shadewalkers will prowl the outer reaches of their domain, helping those that want to cross The Shade in return for food, money and pleasures of the flesh. The most successful families of Shadewalkers have arranged repeated deals with merchants which keeps them in good supply of all three of these things. They know the Shade, and are capable of guiding those that do not through its few sunlit passages. Even if the sun was suddenly obscured, the beasts of The Shade were little match for the black magic of the Shadewalkers, who drew their power from the very darkness itself.

There are conflicting stories about the Shadewalkers' origin; many of those on the outside believe that they are demons, birthed from deep within the shadows, sent by the dark god Gogith to spy on humankind. Others speculate that the Shadewalkers are ghosts of those who have died in The Shade, returning to ensure that no one else suffers their fate. The Shadewalkers themselves do not speak to outsiders of their history; they alone know that it is through prayer to Gogith that their powers arise, and that it is life in The Shade that compounds such powers. For to pray is not enough; one must be committed to a life of darkness to sustain the stress that Gogith's magic offers. Indeed, those born inside The Shade are blessed in Gogith's name, and each successive generation grows in strength, as their bloodline is hardened by the shadows.

Parents would frequently threaten their children with tales of the Shadewalkers, and more often than not, they too believed the stories that they told. But whilst it was true that the Shadewalkers embraced the black magic granted to them by their god, and whilst it was true that they were more at home in the darkness than the daytime, they were not, at their core, an evil people.

Well, not as far as they were concerned, at least. To the Shadewalkers, evil was a sacrifice of the true self; masking desire and basic compulsions under a veneer of civility and moral standards is a corruption of that which we feel most deeply in our souls. The Shade offers them the place to act as they wish, without the sneers of the rest of the Kingdom. Some have been known to hunt out the Shadewalkers in an attempt to join their community, though it is not clear how successful these attempts have ever been.

When the Great Rift opened, many creatures appeared in The Shade. At first they were held back by the Shadewalkers with relative ease, confronting them on their own turf. Yet the dark magic called upon by the Shadewalkers, once their greatest weapon, was eventually their downfall. They had been betrayed by their god Gogith; the very shadows began to fight back, taking on monstrous forms that feasted on their every spell. The Shadewalkers slowly choked under this insurmountable weight of darkness. Those that survived later swore that they saw the god himself dancing about gleefully as the bodies fell.

There was no way that Aurorus could arrest the Shadewalkers; not only could he not send his troops into The Shade and expect a result, but they were integral to the economy of the Kingdom. And so, he devised a plan; he sent word to the Shadewalkers that he would be destroying the Midmal Mountains, flooding the area with light and destroying their way of life – unless their strongest mage would stand before him and agree to do his duty for the King.

As he signed the letter, the King's fingers shook. It was a huge risk he was taking.
Would they respond?



You are a Templar, a mighty holy warrior who will stop at nothing to vanquish those that oppose your religious order and your god Lioar, even if the ultimate cost is your own life.

Devout Pact (infliction; day activated; one-shot)

Level One: Choose another player and make a holy vow to see them vanquished; you both take one less vote to lynch for one day.

Level Two: Choose another player and make a holy vow to see them vanquished; you both take one less vote to lynch for two days.

Level Three: Choose another player and make a holy vow to see them vanquished; you both take one less vote to lynch for the duration of the game.

**Special Note: This skill cannot lower a player's lynch threshold below L-1*

Crusader (active; day activated; one-shot)

Level One: Bring a divine sword down on your foe, publicly killing them during the day.

Level Two: Bring a divine sword down on your foe, secretly killing them during the day.

Level Three: Bring a divine sword down on your foe, secretly killing them during the day and gaining a **Holy Aura** buff, protecting you against inflictions for the current day and night cycle.

**Special Note: This skill cannot be used in a situation where a mislynch would result in an immediate scum victory.*

Divine Word (active; night activated; vari-shot)

Level One: Receive guidance from your god, informing you of a target players' alignment (one-shot).

Level Two: Receive guidance from your god, informing you of a target players' alignment (two-shot; once per day/night phase).

Level Three: Receive guidance from your god, informing you of a target players' alignment (three-shot; once per day/night phase).

Special Bonus: Blasphemy

If you ever kill another player or lynch the target of your **Devout Pact**, you go insane, altering the sanity of your **Divine Word**.

A HOLY VOW ABOVE ALL ELSE: THE TEMPLAR

The Templars are a group of holy warriors who are well known throughout the Kingdom, and were perhaps the only force that could have rivalled the barbarian tribes at their height of power. Fanatics of their faith, the Templars travelled from city to city spreading the holy word, vanquishing the monstrous abominations that stood in their way, dedicating every bloodied blow to Lioar, the god of Light, and the protector of the holy path.

But the life of a Templar is much more than being a white knight in shining armour. They have to give themselves utterly to the cause; there is no space for connection with anyone in their life but Lioar. It is very lonely, and the isolation has driven many Templars insane. Unable to walk the holy path any longer, they become Blasphemers, heretics and betrayers of the way of the Templar. A large part of the Templar activity is hunting down the Blasphemers, and punishing them for their sins against Lioar. Though they once fought side-by-side, the Templars retain no emotional connection with their former allies that might stay their righteous blades.

Because of the intense strain the Templar lifestyle puts on its acolytes, the higher up the hierarchy one looks, the more unstable the Templars become. The line between speaking in tongues and speaking in gibberish is a thin one, and some orders that have been carried out in the name of Lioar could qualify as having either at their origin. Fifty years ago, every Templar in the Kingdom converged at the behest of the Grand Paladin Lomazar, and all were tasked with building a church that could be seen from the highest mountain ranges of the Embolus Tundra. Needless to say, such a task was nigh on impossible; the view from the mountains was constantly obscured by heavy white snowclouds. Nevertheless, the Templars accepted their task unquestioningly, and proceeded to deforest the entire area. What was once a lush woodland soon became a wasteland housing a half-built church; Lomazar died before its completion, and the new Grand Paladin corrected his predecessors words – each person should make of their heart so large a church that Lioar could see their faith even if he were stood atop the distant Embolus mountains; the message was to be taken metaphorically, and construction on the church ceased.

When the Great Rift opened up, the Templars were understandably confused. Hadn't they been doing the work of their god for him? Spreading his word, even where it fell on deaf ears, was surely what he had wanted? But no, Lioar was concerned that the Templars were getting more attention for their feats and exploits than he himself, that their fleeting presence was corrupting his influence in the very world he helped to create. That was not right. They had to be punished.

The Templars would not rise up against Lioar in the battle of the Great Rift; instead they withdrew and humbly hung up their arms. They turned to prayer, rejecting adventuring forever. From here on out, the Templars would be a cloistered order, reading and transcribing the feats that Lioar himself had performed when he once walked the earth.

But Lioar massacred them all.

He appeared to them, clothed in a light so bright that their blood vessels burst. He spoke to them in a voice so penetrating that their bones shattered into pieces. He submerged them in an aura of such wrathful vengeance that their flesh was incinerated, bursting into white flames and dripping to the floor.

The Templars were no more.

But perhaps the madness of Lomazar was cosmically inspired after all. A humble Priest of Lioar, making his way through the wastelands on a pilgrimage, happened across the half-finished church on the one year anniversary of the Templar's massacre. He recalled the story of the holy warriors, and as he turned to leave, noticed a chest, buried beneath years of leaves and grime. Inside the chest were Lomazar's own sacred armaments. He reached a hand out to touch the cool white metal, and suddenly his body crumpled. He felt the spirit of the old Grand Paladin possess him; and in that

brief instant, the Templars were reborn. The ex-priest crusaded across the lands, gathering disciples and followers to inaugurate into the order as he went.

When the King declared the Templars an illegal order, some of the holy warriors turned their weapons over without argument; though their order was sacred to them, obedience was one of the virtues that they preached. Those that protested or tried to reason with the king were promptly arrested. Others, however, fought back, many dying to allow their brethren the chance to flee to the walled city of Llaranastra, where they thought they would be safe.



You are a rugged yet nimble Vagabond, who has had a traditional urchin upbringing; surviving the rough and tumble of the streets and back-alleys of Gunara, doing whatever it took to survive, you have been instilled with a skewed sense of justice.

Sidestep (passive)

Level One: Having your reactions tested day-in, day-out, you easily avoid the first action used against you.

Level Two: Having your reactions tested day-in, day-out, you easily avoid the first two actions used against you.

Level Three: Having your reactions tested day-in, day-out, you easily avoid all actions used against you.

**Special Note: This cannot prevent the scum's factional night kill.*

Mimic (active; night; vari-shot)

Level One: Watching another player carefully, you copy any action that they take and use it on another player (one-shot).

Level Two: Watching another player carefully, you copy any action that they take and use it on another player (two; can be used up to twice in one night, or once over multiple nights).

Level Three: Watching another player carefully, you copy any action that they take and use it on another player (unlimited; once per night phase).

**Special Note: This skill cannot copy the scum's factional night kill.*

Pickpocket (active; night activated; unlimited)

Level One: Steal something useful from a target player's pocket, informing you of the player's role.

Level Two: Steal something useful from a target player's pocket, informing you of the player's role, and reducing a random skill of theirs by one level until the next night phase.

Level Three: Steal something useful from a target player's pocket, informing you of the player's role, reducing a random skill of theirs by one level for the rest of the game.

Special Bonus: Second Wind

If you successfully sidestep an action, your next skill use will be resolved first and therefore cannot be interfered with in any way.

NO HONOUR AMONGST THIEVES: THE VAGABOND

Every kingdom has its petty thief underclass; those that cling to the edges of society and break, steal and con their way through life. Malura was no different; some of its cities – especially the port towns – did have problems with pickpocketing and looting. Mostly, though, the thieves stole no more than they needed to live, since very few had the contacts to sell stolen goods and turn a real profit.

Thieves in Malura were not treated harshly. Salarenzo had understood that these were simply people who had no other way to survive; true, they could have joined the Royal Guard if they could steal a sword to practice with, or indeed leave their dank homes behind them in search of adventure. But the relatively quieter life of a nimble pickpocket appealed to the majority of the impoverished more than the violent possibility of death out in the field. Salarenzo wasn't going to conscript them against their will, and he didn't care for the legions of dungeons that some of the other kingdoms maintained in order to keep society clean of its roguish elements. Shopkeepers and merchants, of course, were less happy about this, but they were often compensated for lost produce. In a way, letting the thieves roam free was a kind of charity from the king, but not such an open gesture that the people of the kingdom complained about it.

But amongst the underclasses, things were not so easy-going.

Stronger, older, tougher thieves would often steal from the youngest; thuggish brutes who had come together to raid a farm for the night's dinner would stab each other in the back to stay fed for an extra day; it was a very tough life, even without the law chasing you.

But some younger vagabonds were gifted. They had agility, stamina, intelligence – they ran circles around the thuggish elements and, sometimes, decided to take on something *more*.

Some of these self-proclaimed master thieves set off across the kingdom to loot the big wide world of its possessions – battling monsters on the way like a veteran hero. Though they were not as strong or tough as a warrior, and though they possessed no magical abilities, the rogues were fast and tireless, capable of using their rudimentary weapons to slice and dice their way out of danger. Some others ran away to sea and a life of piracy on the Malurian Ocean, assailing ships and merchants bringing foreign goods to shore. Some used their wealth to buy brothels or gambling houses, some bribed their way into more fortune, and some actually paid themselves out of poverty and into a stable life. But the truly masterful vagabonds, those who had not betrayed their roguish way of life, remained in the grimy streets, where they plotted their next, bigger, better heist.

Indeed, some vagabonds broke into noble houses, stealing family artefacts and heirlooms, not for the profit – though they did make a handsome amount – but for the challenge. The more well guarded the loot, the more rewarding swiping it out from under the noses of the guards would be.

Well, one pair of sibling thieves had their eyes on the greatest heist of all.

They would steal the King's crown.

Though it was never publicly acknowledged, the pair managed to get to the gates of Yallum with Aurorus' crown. It was only due to the recently introduced on the spot checks, intended to uncover heroes in hiding, that they were caught by the guards. They were promptly arrested and brought to the castle, the guards throwing the siblings roughly to the floor at the feet of the King.

"Very impressive work."

The King turned the crown over in his hands, and put a finger on his lower lip. It was obvious that he was thinking deeply about a concerning matter. His eyes narrowed, and he motioned for the pair to be allowed to stand. "I could use someone like you."

The King's royal Advisor spluttered and whispered into the King's ear, but Aurorus snarled and held up his hand. "Enough! I have seen talent in this young pair and I am not going to turn it away lightly. I have a proposal..."