

# TEMPEST

*A Risus One-Page Setting by [Brent P. Newhall](#)*

## HISTORY

For untold millennia, man hid in his caves, whipped by Father Storm and buried by Mother Snow. Some who hid appealed to the raw power tearing through their world, and made dangerous bargains. Thus spirits were wed to humanity.

There are still a few old women who remember the time before aeromancers charted the sky and waters. Now, those brave enough to dance between the storms venture out, establishing trade with other pockets of humanity. What strange beasts, food, tools, and dwellings has man made for himself during his millennia trapped in the womb of Tempest?

## CONCEPT

Many small, violent storms afflict the world of Tempest. Deluges carve new swamps, valleys, and hills within months. This is a Play-Doh® world.

Until recently, anyone who ventured beyond a small clan would be wiped out by a storm. But some made deals with spirits, which now inhabit their bodies.

The world is full of disconnected human tribes living in a pocket world of unique vegetation and animals. Life grows as quickly as possible on Tempest, so many plants flower and fruit within weeks of germinating.

## SPIRITKIN

A human can make a bargain with a sentient spirit, which will inhabit the human. This spirit gives the human tremendous powers and resides in the human's consciousness, turning the human into a Spiritkin. Spirits may have all sorts of reasons to do this, and most have an agenda.

Spirits are independent personalities with no physical body. Some recall strange, hazy memories, never with enough detail to establish personality or place. There are also rumors of humans taken over by their spirit, but perhaps they just went mad.

## SOCIETY

All humans (discovered so far) live in tribes of less than 100 people. Before the Charts, most tribes lived in caves near an ocean, hunting fish or wild game and foraging for fruits and vegetables. A few tribes built solid structures.

A dozen tribes developed Spiritkin who communicated amongst themselves and made the Charts. These tribes formed a simple alliance based on intermarriage and mutual protection, which has shown little strain thanks to their massive gains from exploration and trade. This won't last forever.

## CLICHES

**ALL PATHS REVEAL THEMSELVES TO ME**

**BREATHING IS FOR THE WEAK**

**FATHER STORM'S FURY IS AS NOTHING TO ME**

**FIRE SKIN**

**FLAMING FAMILIAR**

**FLESH OF STONE**

**I CAN TELEPORT FINE WHEN NOBODY ANNOYS ME**

**LIGHTNING IS MY BROTHER**

**MY FEET SUMMON THUNDER**

**MY TOUCH BRINGS PAIN**

**THE ROCK IN THE STORM**