

Thea

Speaker for the East



Momentum

12 +  



> Skill: hindrance
<= Skill: progress
Keep Dice



Cancel one  /  for
each  <= stress roll
Spend Dice

Action Dice Pool



1

2

3

4

5

6



1

2

3

4

5

6



0

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

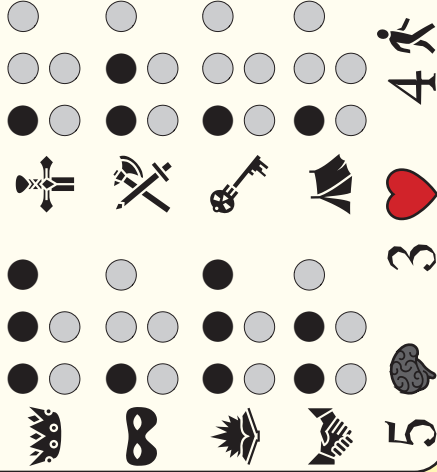
11

12

Thea

Speaker for the East

Winter: Encouraging Words



Thea shifted uncomfortably in her seat while listening to the delegate from Lily Manor. It had been a long few days, and the travel down from Boar's Peak had taken a toll on her back. Listening to Radia accuse Borgan Vale of meddling in their affairs wasn't helping.

'Brightdune hears your concerns, Radia, but in these times we need The Order's help. Elisa's most of all. We must proceed delicately, as you are no doubt aware. The Autarch tests our bonds. Is our bond strong? Can I count on you? Will you trust me to lead and accept the great responsibility you have placed at my feet? If you do, I will not fail you.'

Menas

Hawkleader of the Ghost Legion

Momentum

12 +  



> Skill: hindrance
<= Skill: progress
Keep Dice



Cancel one /  for
each  <= stress roll
Spend Dice

Action Dice Pool



1

2

3

4

5

6



1

2

3

4

5

6



0

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11












































12

Menas

Hawkleader of the Ghost Legion

Winter: Military Tactician



									
									
									
									
3		5		5					

The winter storm whipped through the pass, blasting tiny crystals of ice into Menas's face. He rode hard into the easterly wind, gripping the reins tightly. 'Come on girl, nothing we haven't been through before. Thea is counting on us.'

The news from Eastkeep was unsettling, even for a veteran like Menas. The wars in the West were ending, and Imperial forces were quickly building up again along the front. Brightdune's forces were young, and worse yet, inexperienced. How much time would there be to get them ready? Nowhere near enough.

Keel

Archer of the Amber Hand



Momentum

12 +  



> Skill: hindrance
<= Skill: progress
Keep Dice



Cancel one  /  for
each  <= stress roll
Spend Dice

Action Dice Pool



1

2

3

4

5

6



1

2

3

4

5

6



0

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11








































12

Keel

Archer of the Amber Hand

Winter: Sabotage



								
								
								
								
3		3		3	5			

Keel knelt on the edge of the rooftop, carefully fitting a bolt into his arm crossbow. The Empire's guards crossed the street below him, unaware of his presence in the cloak of night. Keel aimed the bolt at the roof across from him, squeezed his hand, and shot. The bolt clicked open into a grappling hook as soon as it left the crossbow. It flew across the gap, wire trailing behind it, before it caught on the roof.

Keel tugged on the reeling mechanism and jumped. The wire pulled him up so he could grab onto the ledge and haul himself over, rolling silently out of the jump. The guards continued talking below, not glancing up. Keel smiled. Whitehold's secrets would show themselves yet.

Fuscus

Master of Coin

Momentum

12 +  



> Skill: hindrance
<= Skill: progress
Keep Dice



Cancel one / for
each  <= stress roll
Spend Dice

Action Dice Pool



1

2

3

4

5

6



1

2

3

4

5

6



0

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11




















































12

Fuscus

Master of Coin

Winter: Hollow Promises



					4				
									
									
									
				2					
									
									
				4					

‘You calling it a night already, Hogel old friend? We’re just getting started!’ Fuscus had a gleam in his eye and a wide grin as he lifted a glass of Brassport wine to his inebriated companion. The crowd in the Obfuscated Bribe was as raucous as ever, and Fuscus sighed. Normally he would be swept up in the revelry, but he had turned over a new leaf. Hedonism had always served him well, but in these dark times Thea had asked him to be... selfless?

Which explained spending his evening playing up to the ego of a legendary blowhard like Hogel. Still, Hogel had influence with the Sunriders, and Thea felt it important to shore up that alliance. Fuscus sighed again and stood on his chair. ‘Everyone! Let me tell you of the time Hogel wrestled an ox!’

Yasmmina

Keeper of Natural Lore



Momentum

12 +  



> Skill: hindrance
<= Skill: progress
Keep Dice



Cancel one  /  for
each  <= stress roll
Spend Dice

Action Dice Pool



1

2

3

4

5

6



1

2

3

4

5

6



0

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

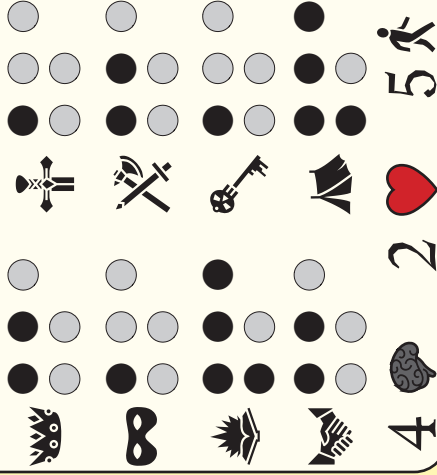
11

12

Yasmina

Keeper of Natural Lore

Winter: Magical Healing



Yasmina drew a chalk circle on the table, eyes focused. She finished the last line and grinned. ‘Done! Sir Turtlesworth, you will be quite a powerful fellow.’ Yasmina picked up her turtle and placed him in the center of the circle. She was top of the class, one of the most powerful students in Arankh, but she enjoyed experiments rather than dry theory, which drew the ire of her instructors.

She raised her hands over the circle and let sparks crackle between her fingers. The chalk flashed, and Sir Turtlesworth glowed bright orange. Then he disappeared. ‘Uh.’ Yasmina quickly checked around, even under the table. Gone. ‘That’s... not... great.’

Oniri

The Last Necromancer

Momentum

12 +  



> Skill: hindrance
<= Skill: progress
Keep Dice



Cancel one /  for
each  <= stress roll
Spend Dice

Action Dice Pool



1

2

3

4

5

6



1

2

3

4

5

6



0

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11




















































12

Oniri

The Last Necromancer

Winter: Deathtouched



											
											
											
											
2		6		6							

Oniri hovered over the binding circle in the center of the tomb, their yellow eyes following the necromancer's every move as he tried to harness Oniri's power. Oniri had seen dozens of such attempts over the centuries. A few had succeeded. But the necromancer wouldn't, not with this clumsy method.

A surge of magic made the air vibrate around Oniri, pulsing through their body. Not from the necromancer, it was much too strong. Oniri glanced over their shoulder. Northwest. The Empire?

Lucia

Traitor of Southkeep



Momentum

12 +  



> Skill: hindrance
<= Skill: progress
Keep Dice



Cancel one /  for
each  <= stress roll
Spend Dice

Action Dice Pool



1

2

3

4

5

6



1

2

3

4

5

6



0

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11













































12


Lucia

Traitor of Southkeep


Winter: Assassin




										
										
										
										



3



5



5

Water splashed beneath Lucia's feet as she ran, rain thudding on her cowl and droplets dripping into her vision. Her dagger was still wet with blood and poison. Lucia had killed as many Masters of Secrets as she could before she fled. After what the Autarch had done it was the least she could do in return. The veil had been lifted from Lucia's eyes.

Two Masters of Secrets pursued her still, and they were closing in. Lucia's breath labored under the damp mask. She could see the city gates, her only way of surviving - escape. But she'd come back. And she wouldn't come back alone.