

Before the Storm – Setting Sheet

When dawn fails on the longest day and the rising sun is swallowed by darkness, the Storm shall rage against the Sword and the Sword shall blaze beneath the Storm, and when the light shines again only one shall remain.

– So spoke the oracle, and the mark of prophecy burned upon her brow

The Stormsworn who oppose us fight with...

- The power of crackling lightning
- Unearthly, disquieting grace
- No heed to injury or danger
- Impossible unity and cohesion
- The insubstantiality of storm clouds
-

The people of the conquered kingdom Andar...

- Live in miserable subjugation
- Were almost entirely wiped out
- Are eerily content to be ruled
- Rebel frequently, always in vain
- Send us pleas for aid on the wailing wind
-

Iriya has survived until now because...

- It is a remote and inaccessible land
- Great crags and mesas protect it
- Ancient spirits enshroud it
- The cunning of its people defends it
- It was beneath the Stormsworn's notice
-

The Sword of the World that will save us is...

- An ancestral blade with a renowned name
- A beam of light that pierces the sky
- An ancient master spell
- An artefact that sings to its wielder
- A gift from the spirits
-

Our quest to retrieve the Sword was...

- Our company's last great journey together
- The first and only quest we have undertaken
- The reason our band of friends reunited
- Just one of our group's many trials
- Nearly the death of our fabled party
-

We encourage... [Topics and behaviours you'd like to see]

We discourage... [Topics and behaviours you'd like to avoid]

The battle chronicle

[Mark 1 box per face card drawn.

3 players: mark two boxes for the first face card.

5 players: ignore the first face card.

6 players: ignore the first two face cards]

- The Stormsworn mass at our gates in numbers that dwarf our own, and our army trembles
- The Stormsworn tear rifts in our walls and flood through into the grounds of Castle Iriya
- The Stormsworn target the Sword and we lose something precious in the fight to defend it
- The Stormsworn triumph on the open field, cutting us down and forcing us into retreat
- The Stormsworn trap us against our own walls and friends fall in the tide of blood
- The Stormsworn drive us back into the keep, butchering the civilians who sheltered there
- The Stormsworn overrun the inner keep and seize the last bastion of our defence
- The Stormsworn break our ranks and throw us into a chaotic scramble for survival
- The Stormsworn carve through our scattered troops in a devastating slaughter
- The Stormsworn take the Sword and shatter it into a thousand pieces before our eyes