



by Seth Ben-Ezra

Copyright 2005 by Seth Ben-Ezra
All rights reserved. May not be reproduced, except where indicated.
Printed in USA.

“And the light shineth in darkness; and the
darkness comprehended it not.”

--John 1:5



Credits

Additional material by Mark Eddy and M.J. Young

Layout Design and Cover Art by Crystal Ben-Ezra

Clock Face graphics done by Raven Daegmorgan

Character sheet created by Ben Morgan

Thanks to Scarlet Jester for his assistance with system design

Thanks to all the playtesters:

Crystal Ben-Ezra, Gabrielle Ben-Ezra,
Seth Ben-Ezra, Caitlin Coyne, Ron Edwards,
Jens Fehn, Adiel Gardner, Joshua Gardner,
Bernd Haberstumpf, Jörg John, Katrin Kockrow,
Jürgen Mayer, Ralph Mazza, Jeremy McCabe,
Elizabeth Otulokowski, Tom Otulokowski, Jason
Petrini, Matt Weinberg

T able of Contents

Introduction	7
Basic Concepts	7
A Word On Theme and Mood	9
In the Beginning	11
The Sea of Mist	17
The Citadel	19
The Commoners	20
The Merchants	20
The Noble Houses	21
The High Lords	26
The Keepers	26
The Restored	31
The Web	35
The Lightning Jacks	37
The Misbegotten	39
The Blessed	45
The Ark	51
History	51
The Numbered	52
The Named	53
The Colonies	54
The Core and the True Keepers	65
The Wilderness	67
The Dragons and the Dragon Cultists	69
The Outsiders	75
The Unicorns and the Chosen	81
The Garden	85
Other Ideas	93
The Black Tower	93
The Sisterhood	94
The Five Hundred	95
The Isle of Refuge	96
The Dragon Spawn	96
The Digger Paladins	97
The Bag	98
The Sea of Darkness	98

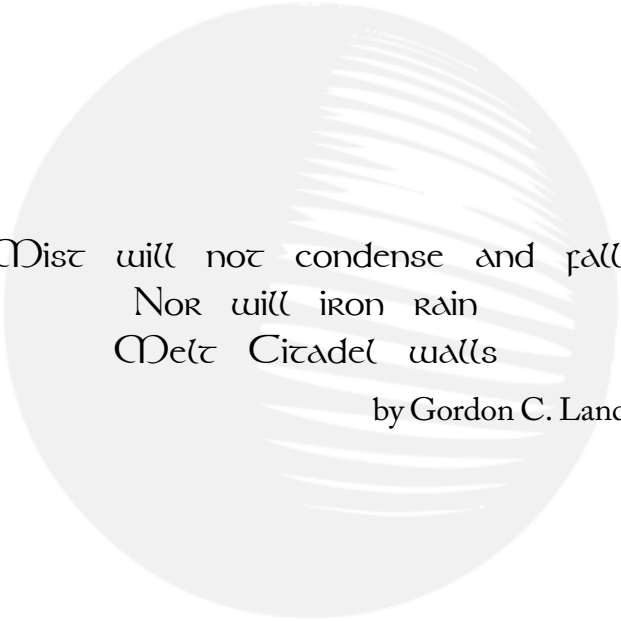
Preparing to Play	101
Motifs	101
Storymap Preparation	104
Preparing the Clock	115
Conflict Resolution	119
Narrating the Game	125
Blood of Haven: A Sample Storymap	135
Designer's Notes	145
Multiverser Conversion Notes	151
Index	168
Appendix	178
Character Sheet	184

Tales Of Alyria

Initiation	22
Devil's Hour	29
Icarus	41
Writ on Water	47
Wearing the Mask	55
Green Flame	71
Bloody Heat	76
Horn of the Unicorn	83
The Beautiful People	87
The Darkship	153

This game is dedicated to all those who gave their lives on September 11, 2001, so that others could live.

You are the true heroes.



Mist will not condense and fall
Nor will iron rain
Melt Citadel walls

by Gordon C. Landis

Introduction



Welcome to *Legends of Alyria*, a game of imagination set in the dark technofantasy world of Alyria. *Legends of Alyria* is a type of game normally called a roleplaying game (or RPG). Ironically, attempts to define roleplaying games usually fail. There are so many different ways to play and reasons that people enjoy these games that crafting a definition that includes them all is a challenge beyond the scope of this introduction. Besides, you didn't come here to read a long, dry dissertation about the history and taxonomy of roleplaying games. You want to play! So, as you read the definition and descriptions given later, remember that these are only the answers that apply to this game.

At the same time, those of you who are veteran roleplayers should take care to read this chapter. *Legends of Alyria* is played quite a bit differently from many other roleplaying games, and you will better appreciate the game if you understand its underlying assumptions.

Basic Concepts

What is *Legends of Alyria* about? It is about creating stories as a group. Together you and your fellow players will be crafting the legends of Alyria. Together you will create the heroes and the villains. Together you will see them struggle, watch them rise or fall, see them triumph or forever be destroyed. Not all of these legends will be epic in scale, but each one will be important, because it is important to you. There are no winners or losers in *Legends of Alyria*. There are only players, and a game is successful when everyone present has enjoyed the legend that was made.

You will craft this story by building a storymap with your fellow players and then taking on the role of one or more characters in that storymap. The process of building a storymap will provide you with all the characters for your legend as well as their context and relationships. This process leads to substantively different play than many other roleplaying games, where characters are all assumed to be on the same side. Not so in *Legends of Alyria*! Rather, both protagonists and antagonists are run by the players. In one legend, you may be the simple farmer, rallying the final defense

In the Beginning...

Legend speaks of another world, far from the shores of Alyria. Perhaps it was another planet. Perhaps it was Heaven itself. There the Progenitors lived in peace and harmony. But it was not fated to last. For the Outsiders rose up against the Progenitors and cast them from their home in the vault of the sky. Here, the legends conflict—some of the stories claim that the Outsiders descended upon them from the vast emptiness of space, but darker legends claim that the Progenitors delved into forbidden lore and released the dark menace. Whatever the source of these terrifying beings, the Outsiders drove out the Progenitors, forcing them to flee across the vault of Heaven to hide from their enemy.

Some of the Progenitors found this world: the world of Alyria. When they arrived, Alyria was formless and void. The air was not breathable, and the land was desolate. Yet the Progenitors were not dismayed, for they brought with them many instruments of power. The Progenitors delved deep into the earth and constructed machines of great might to shape the world to their desires. To control these machines they built a great computer named Pheric. Many of the Progenitors operated this computer, maintained it and supervised its terraforming activity.

Slowly the land was tamed. The atmosphere became breathable. The violent storms that battered the land were tamed, bringing life and rain instead of destruction. Soon forests and grassy plains spread across the land. Where once the newcomers clustered in massive concrete bunkers or arcologies, now they built villages and cities, exulting in the wonder of the world which they had built. Yes, the raw, unfiltered atmosphere remained poisonous to them, held only at bay by Pheric and its terraforming machines—yet within the sphere of Pheric's control, all was calm and peaceful.

The Progenitors built a culture of life and peace. Knowledge increased as scholars gathered into schools and built universities. Beauty was honored, and the cities were filled with trees and blooming flowers. No war was fought, as each man cared for his neighbor. The Progenitor culture reached its height with the construction of Kryshana. Once this city had been a harsh, sealed environment dome, with

Devil's Hour

1329....1330...1331.... The Keeper's breath was heavy as he entered the meditation chamber atop the tower of Kron. He paused to catch his breath, a difficult task while trying to speak the True Name of Pheric. "3A....FF....57....32....AE....2A....," he gasped. It was his first night to perform the Rite of Perpetual Vigilance. (As a novice he had nicknamed it the Rite of Thumb Twiddling, which had earned him a beating.) He clutched the oil lamp—no electricity for the Rite of Perpetual Vigilance—and the ritual hourglass. For the first time he took a closer look at the room. It was small and bare. A single window looked over the city. On the floor below it was a kneeler and a single lever. Two small shelves flanked the window. The Keeper knew what he had to do. Kneeling on the kneeler, he placed the lamp on the shelf on the left side of the window and the hourglass on the shelf on the right side. Then he made the sign of the Gear. "Pheric (blessed be), be pleased to preserve your people and your city through this hour." As he finished praying, the bell of Kron sounded.

It was like nothing the young Keeper had experienced. The entire room shook and reverberated with the sound. Twelve times Kron spoke, and each time the Keeper shuddered. Then, suddenly, Kron was silent. The Keeper was so nervous that he almost forgot the next part of the rite. Whispering a prayer to Pheric, he pulled the lever.

Kron clanked to a halt. Looking from the window, he could see the lights going out across the city. The factories ground to a halt. Soon all was silent. Trembling slightly the Keeper reached out to the hourglass and turned it over. Fine black sand began running from the top half into the bottom half. The Keeper watched it eagerly. It would only be an hour. He groped in his robe for the Gear around his neck and began to pray the Cycle.

The Misbegotten



The ripper plague that ravaged Alyria as part of the Rape had dire consequences. Many of its victims were twisted by the plague in hideous ways. Some grew extra limbs. Others devolved into mindless beasts. Still others were mutilated in ways too horrible to describe. These roamed the wilderness and barren streets as the plague fires burned and the dragons wreaked havoc across the land.

Slowly they were pushed back.

Slowly they were destroyed or hounded into waste areas.

When the dragons were forced back, many thought that the threat was gone. Then the first malformed child was born. Something in the genetic code of the survivors had been injured or broken. While so many bore healthy children, a few bore freaks. The panic began. So often the children were abandoned, exposed to the elements. Other times mobs formed to force the parents to give up their misshapen child or bear the consequences. One village burned a family alive. They surrounded their house and threw on torches until it blazed. Someone stumbled out of the house, burning, begging, pleading, and they pushed him back into the house. The smoke of this ancient burning still rises.

This is the secret shame of so many on Alyria. The fear and hatred run deep. To this day the Misbegotten are banned from the Citadel upon pain of death. The High Lords demand it. The Keepers even require it.

The streets still run red with the blood of the Misbegotten. That is why those who still retain their human faculties flock to the Web. Here they are welcome. Here they are accepted. Here they can retain a semblance of civilized living, without having to flee into the wilderness.

Oh yes, many Misbegotten live in the wilds outside the Citadel. Some live quietly, merely seeking to be left alone. But there are others. Misbegotten bandits raid villages, striking back at those who rejected them. Even worse are those that have lost

The Outsiders



Every night the Weeping Moon rises over Alyria. It is an offense against the sky, a gaping wound in the canopy of heaven. Its lurid light drenches the landscape in bloody shadows. But it is more than a mere eyesore. It is an omen of doom. It is the harbinger of the end of all things. It is the sign that the Outsiders have finally found Alyria.

The individual Outsider is not all that impressive. Barely larger than a mite, the blood-red organism is almost devoid of intelligence or ability, driven by mere instinct to feed. However, there is more to these creatures than meets the eye. For each individual mite is part of the greater whole, and each can act as a cell in a greater organism, a communal entity, with each individual cell contributing strength and intelligence to the whole. Usually the macro-organism is content to lay idle in a form that is similar to a viscous liquid. However, when the need arises, it can extrude tentacles, limbs, eyes, and more. It can even form an entire body, molded to its desires. It can be anything it needs to be.

However, it is limited by its color. Always the Outsiders are red. They can do many things, but they cannot change the color of their skin. Disguise seems to be out of the question...or is it? There are some who breathe rumors of men, drained of blood and internal organs, animated by an Outsider macro-organism. The “blood” coursing through its veins was nothing more than thousands and thousands of tiny Outsider mites. Just imagine. Your lost loved one comes stumbling out of the woods, cut and bleeding. You reach out to steady him and he looks up at you with soulless eyes as the blood begins to crawl up your arm and into your body...

This is why the Weeping Moon is blood red. Its surface is covered with the Outsider swarm. Every so often a colony achieves sufficient mass to disconnect from the moon and fall down onto Alyria as a fine blood rain. So far, Alyria has not fallen to their assault simply because it is so big. The inhabited area of the planet is a small island compared to the enormous vastness of the Sea of Mist. Still, all too often droplets from the Weeping Moon patter down in the inhabited lands. It is only a matter of time before the swarm spreads across all the land, consuming all who stand before its crimson wave.

Legends of ALYRIA



Name: _____

Player: _____

VIRTUE



DETERMINATION



INSIGHT



FORCE

1

2

3

4

5

1

2

3

4

5

○ _____
○ _____
○ _____
○ _____

○ _____
○ _____
○ _____
○ _____

Inspiracion

Corrupcion