



SLAY THE

DRAGON

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EVERYBODY HAS A DRAGON

FOR MOST PEOPLE, THEIR DRAGON STAYS YOUNG, A LITTLE INVISIBLE WYRMLING FLITTING ABOUT THEIR HEAD OR SLEEPING ON THEIR SHOULDER. FOR SOME PARTICULARLY KIND-HEARTED PEOPLE, THEIR DRAGON NEVER EVEN HATCHES, A TINY EGG THEY CARRY AROUND UNKNOWINGLY IN THEIR POCKET THEIR WHOLE LIFE.

BUT OTHER PEOPLE **FEED** THEIR DRAGON. IT GROWS AND GROWS UNTIL IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO **BREAK FREE** OF ITS CHAINS.

The year: 1999

The place: Manchester, England

The problem: Dragon attacks

Maybe I should back up a bit.

For as long as humans have lived together, they have been threatened by that which lurks in the darkness, horrible beasts that prey upon us, monsters of impossible greed and insatiable hunger. When cows lay butchered in the field or the town's prettiest lass disappeared, dragons were to blame, and the townsfolk would round up a squad to go slay the creature. When ships vanished in uncharted seas or explorers never returned from expeditions beyond the mountains, dragons were to blame, and the mapmakers would scrawl messages of warnings across their charts. When the king's coffers were mysteriously empty or merchants found their finest wares missing, dragons were to blame, and seasoned knights would ride off to retrieve the treasure.

Little did we know that these monsters were born from within.

Dragons have threatened us since the dawn of civilization, but they have also lived alongside us for just as long. You see, dragons are not some natural creature that emerged from the untamed wilds, but rather a partner we are all born with, a phenomenon that waxes and wanes in concert with our overwhelming negative desires, but remains invisible to us. As a noble jealously covets his neighbor's wealth, or a king feasts endlessly on the richest foods while his people starve, or a heiress lusts over her sister's devoted husband, their dragons grow in power, poisoning their minds and corrupting their hearts, until the dragon is eventually strong enough to break the Chains that bind it to a human soul. When this happens, the dragon emerges into our world as an untamed beast, still invisible but now tangible, finally able to act upon the dark desires that nourished it so. Unchained, it stakes out a lair, and grows, and grows, and grows...

That's where we step in. Dragons are invisible to normal humans, but once a person has had their Chain broken, they gain the power to see dragons. A sick twist of fate, perhaps, as they're then able to fully see the evil they've unleashed into the world. Some people feel no remorse, their hearts already



so hardened against the suffering of others, but others feel shame, guilt, regret. They want to set things right. Those are the people that Ascalon seeks out.

For many, Ascalon is a sanctuary, a home for those with Broken Chains and their descendants. Because once a person's Chains are broken, all subsequent children in their bloodline are born without dragons and without Chains, and retain their ancestor's ability to see dragons. Ascalon acts as a refuge for those individuals, a hidden city where they and their families can safely live out their lives, a community warded against the soul-rending horrors that threaten humanity.

But these are not the only residents of Ascalon, as the mystical city is also home to those who would fight back against this very threat. What began as a loose coalition of warriors when the Romans first came to Britannia in 40 A.D. slowly evolved into a secretive brotherhood of dedicated dragon slayers, fighting a shadow war for the very soul of the British Isles. However, it wasn't until the days of King Arthur that Ascalon, both the city and the organization, were officially founded and named, and a coordinated approach to protecting the people of Britain was developed. Named after the dragon-slaying lance of Saint George, Ascalon would reach its peak in the Dark Ages and continue throughout the Middle Ages in various forms, dispatching hundreds of knights and scholars across Britain to fight back against an exploding dragon population.

But as the Middle Ages came to a close, the world was swiftly changing. As Britain entered the modern age, the number of dragons seemed to abruptly and mysteriously decrease. The once-proud city of Ascalon soon found itself a remnant of its former self. Those born to bloodlines of Broken Chains gradually saw their gifts fade as they reintegrated with normal residents of Britain, the noble knights and learned scholars finding their talents no longer necessary in a swiftly modernizing world. This decline persisted for almost five hundred years, the Council of Ascalon presiding over empty halls

and lonely neighborhoods through the Industrial Revolution and both World Wars. Except for a brief flurry of activity during the Napoleonic Wars, Ascalon was now little more than a slumbering titan, dreaming of a long forgotten age of shining knights, mighty wizards, and fearsome dragons.

This mysterious lull of dragons in England continued for decades, until the late 1970s. Without warning, the creatures suddenly and violently reemerged into our world, lashing out with a renewed viciousness against an unprotected human population that could neither see nor fight them. Deep in the slumbering heart of Ascalon, a beacon was lit, and the ponderous behemoth slowly came back to life to fight its ancient foe, shaking away centuries of metaphorical dust. Ascalon's numbers had dwindled down to a mere handful and the city was mostly abandoned. If humanity was to survive this new age of dragons, Ascalon would have to be rebuilt.

It's now been 20 years since the Great Restoration started, and the world sits on the cusp of a brand-new century. The Council of Ascalon is still in disarray, trying to reestablish a coalition that has been idle for generations. Dragon casualties are at an all-time high, with some estimating that more than thirty percent of all deaths in England are the direct result of dragon attacks. Refugees born of ancient bloodlines flood the city of Ascalon, seeking sanctuary from monsters they can suddenly see but cannot possibly understand. The first of the new generation of dragon slayers have met the foe in battle, and many have not returned. And now, a second generation of untested hunters, knights, mages, and scholars have come of age. It is time for them to venture forth. No matter the risks involved, no matter the dangers they might face, they have one mission that must be accomplished at all costs:

SLAY THE DRAGON

THE BIRTH OF THE REDCROSS KNIGHTS

Even at its heights, Ascalon was little more than a loose confederation of individuals working towards a common goal, but since the Great Restoration, bureaucracy has come to the city. One of the Council of Ascalon's first acts, in an attempt to modernize, was to rebrand the organization as the Redcross Knights, an homage to Saint George himself.

The next step was to divide England up into regions of control, giving each local branch more autonomy to swiftly deal with threats in their area. Each region would be overseen by a team of senior Knights, individuals of proud bloodlines who had served the organization for generations.

Also, with a newly decentralized force, members of Redcross would need a way to recognize each other while out in the field, but not draw undue attention from British civilians. After several widely-ridiculed attempts that looked more like children's costumes than anything, the Council finally approved a simple uniform for the Redcross Knights: a bright red jacket, adorned with traditional symbols of rank, worn over street clothes. Hopes were that a stylish uniform would be immediately recognizable to the people of Ascalon and work as a recruiting tool to help drive membership into Redcross, though whether this has proved to be effective or not is impossible to measure.

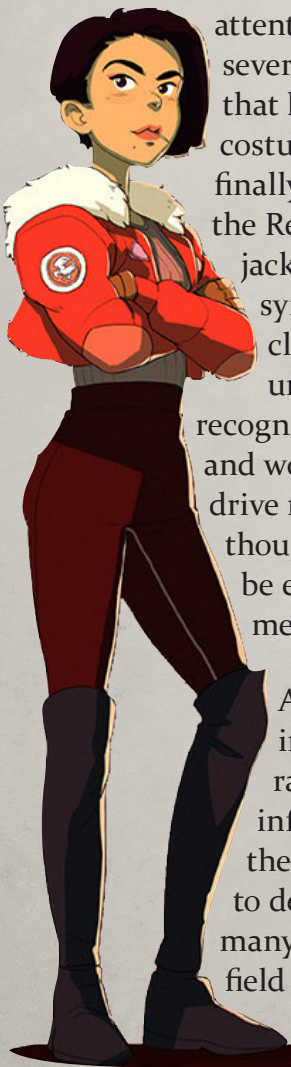
As more and more people arrive in Ascalon, the Redcross Knight's ranks swell by the day. But the influx of untrained members and the limited resources available to develop their skills means that many who join are sent out into the field with little to no training at all

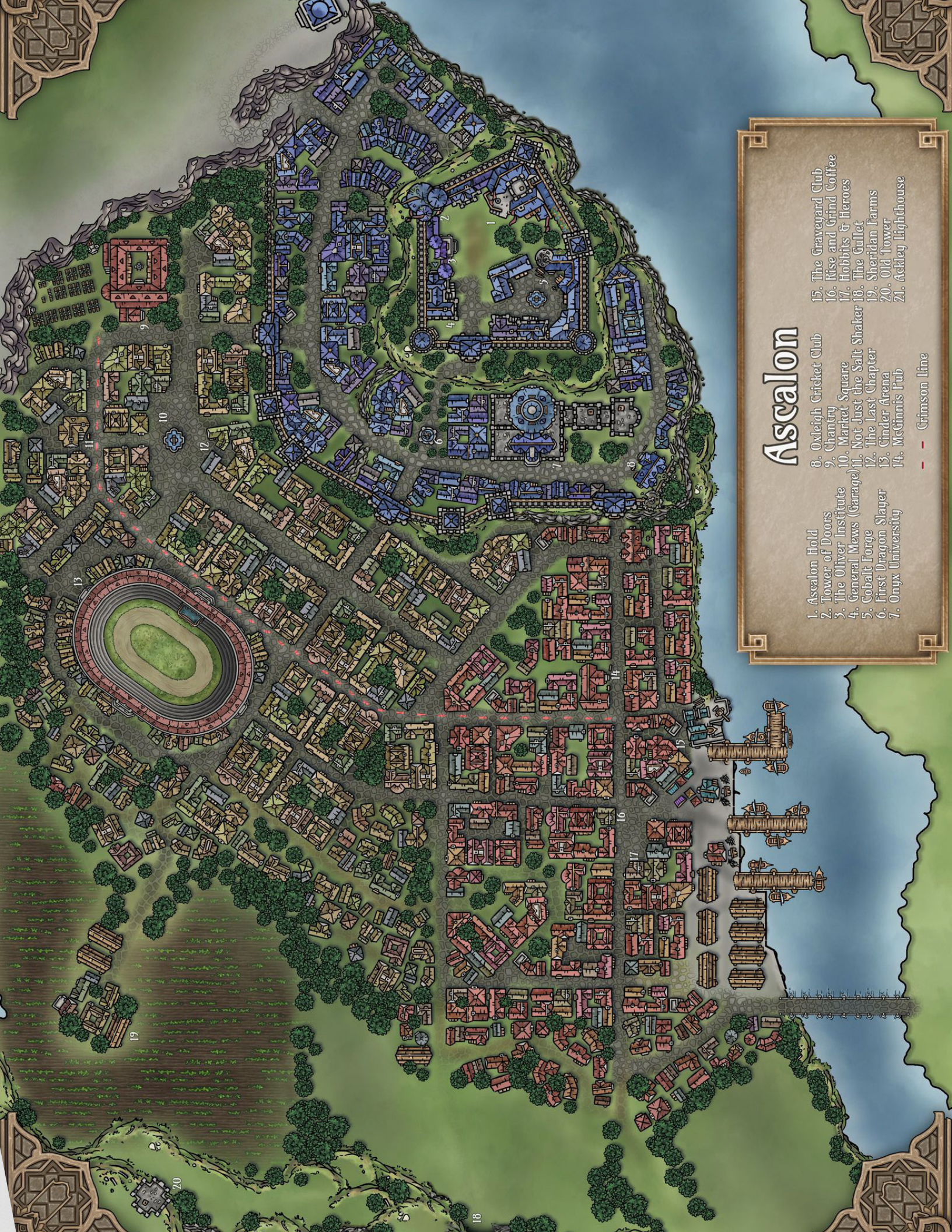
beyond the basics. While this is obviously not ideal, some in the Council still hold onto outdated ideas about "survival of the fittest". Other Overseers strive to prepare their students as best they can in the limited time granted to them, bending protocols and ignoring tradition to give those they command the best chance of survival.

NEW ASCALON

As the Recross Knights evolved, so too did the city that once shared its name with the organization. No longer just a home base for dragon hunting warriors and mages, Ascalon has now become a haven for those displaced from their homes in Veiled England. Regular citizens who'd unknowingly carried the curse of Broken Chains for generations suddenly found themselves in a world filled with monsters and beasts. But along with their newly-awakened ability to see dragons, the parting of the Veil also opened the doors to the hidden sanctuary city of Ascalon.

The knights of yore were content with living in the castle's cramped and sparse keep, but with the influx of new citizens over the past 20 years, Ascalon has spilled well beyond the castle walls and into the surrounding countryside. Now the city exists in two parts: Old Ascalon (or Castle Ascalon) is everything within the fortress's ancient walls, and serves as the headquarters to the Council and all of the Recross Knight's operations, while New Ascalon sprawls out into Wild England, an eclectic blend of partially-modernized medieval buildings and brand-new 20th century construction projects. What was home to fifty or so people 20 years prior has today grown into a thriving town of well over 18,000, a beacon of civilization pushing back against the unknown lands of Wild England.





Ascalon

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Ascalon Hold | 8. Oxleigh Cricket Club | 15. The Graveyard Club |
| 2. Tower of Doors | 9. Chantry | 16. Rise and Grind Coffee |
| 3. The Oliver Institute | 10. Market Square | 17. Hobbits & Heroes |
| 4. General Mews (Garage) | 11. Not Just the Salt Shaker | 18. The Gullet |
| 5. Cobalt Forge | 12. The Last Chapter | 19. Sheridan Farms |
| 6. First Dragon Slayer | 13. Cinder Arena | 20. Old Tower |
| 7. Onyx University | 14. McGinnis Pub | 21. Ackley Lighthouse |

- Crimson Line

A BRIEF EXPLORATION OF NEW ASCALON

OLD ASCALON

Continuously manned since 40 A.D., the fortress now known as Old Ascalon proudly stands watch over the rest of the city. Originally established by the first Roman soldiers that reached the shores of Britain, the fort has been rebuilt, reinforced, and redesigned many times over the centuries. Now it serves as the headquarters of the Redcross Knights, and is home to the Council of Ascalon, who oversee the city from the Ashen Hall. The Tower of Doors also sits within Old Ascalon's ancient

walls, a towering pillar of rough stone covered in hundreds of elaborately-carved heavy wooden doors which grant access to fixed points across Veiled England, allowing easy and convenient travel through the Veil. For those who reach Wild England through the Tower, their first glimpse of Ascalon is the First Dragonslayer, a colossal and mighty statue carved from cracked onyx that continuously cries tears of glowing blue water.

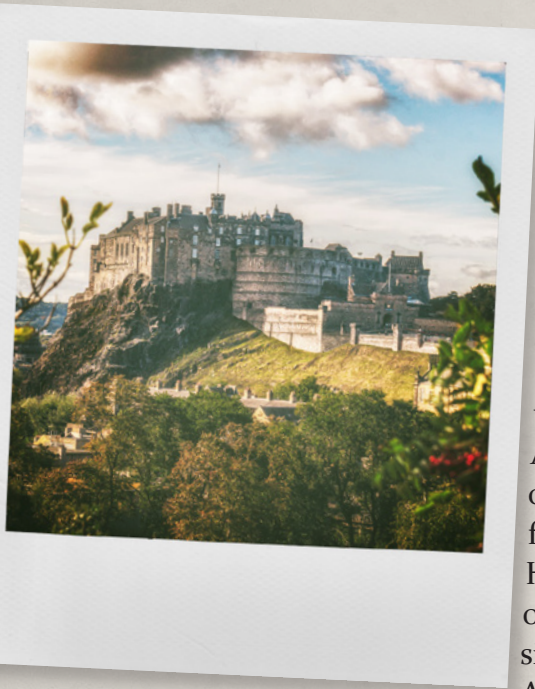
While most of Old Ascalon is dedicated to venerable institutions critical to the continued existence of the city, it has also seen enterprising individuals arrive who seek to modernize some of Castle Ascalon's more outdated buildings. This includes establishments such as the Genuine Mews, an old stable that has been turned into a mechanic shop that specializes in high-end cars (though they've never quite been able to get the

old horse smell out), the Cobalt Forge, a former blacksmith's shop that now turns out modern arms and armor, and the Oliver Institute, once a stuffy and claustrophobic library, but now a beautiful modern archive with accessible and well-researched documents covering the entire history of Ascalon.

TENT TOWN

In the early days of the Great Restoration, without warning or fanfare, the gates of the Tower of Doors swung open as hundreds of scared refugees flooded through. After centuries of neglect, Castle Ascalon was barely fit for long-term occupation, but with nowhere else to go, the fortress was soon filled to bursting as yet more and more people arrived. As the Council struggled to deal with the sudden influx of new citizens, a shantytown swiftly began to grow outside the castle walls, tents and simple shacks where Ascalon's newest residents lived in squalor. This area was called Tent Town, and as the first semi-permanent settlement outside the walls of Castle Ascalon, current residents of Tent Town are quick to remind you that it was technically these outcasts that founded New Ascalon.

After the Winter Storm of 1984 tore through the slum and devastated its population, there was suddenly a lot of abandoned real estate. Enterprising investors began collecting these empty plots, and the first big construction boom of New Ascalon began. Twenty years later, Tent Town is one of the most desirable neighborhoods in New Ascalon. The district is home to some of the city's most expensive real estate, New Ascalon's only



secondary school, and even has their own cricket grounds, the Oxleigh Cricket Club. All of this is watched over by the Neighbourhood Watch, a semi-official constabulary that helps keep their own brand of peace in Tent Town.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CRACKED ONYX

The University of Cracked Onyx is New Ascalon's premiere institute of higher learning. Or, at least, that's the official company line. In actuality, the University serves as a close ally to the Redcross Knights, teaching subjects that would hold little relevance to New Ascalon's regular citizens, such as advanced theoretical applications of magic, in-depth explorations of martial arts around the world, and high-level botany and potion-making classes. As such, most of the University's students are made up of young pages or members of the Knights who are hoping to advance to leadership positions within the organization.

Normal residents of New Ascalon looking for higher education often make the trip back into Veiled England to attend classes, although lately there has been building momentum to make baseline college-level maths, history, science, and English classes available to all in the community. This campaign recently gained a powerful supporter in Randolph Turley, the university's Professor of Arcane Science, and many feel that change is imminent.



MILLER'S MARKET

If Castle Ascalon is the heart of New Ascalon, then Miller's Market is the city's soul.

Lively and bustling, this mixed-use neighborhood is home to many of New Ascalon's premiere shops and restaurants, a large residential area, and even houses Cinder Arena, the city's football stadium. Since very few residents of New Ascalon own cars, a rickety tramway called the Crimson Line provides services to most notable areas within Miller's Market. Built in the 1980s and barely updated since, the loud and well-used tramcars are much beloved among residents and serve as an unofficial mascot for the neighborhood.



Also residing in Miller's Market is the Chantry, a brand-new building of polished oak, gleaming steel, and shining glass that serves both as the city's main hospital and headquarters for the Soulward sect of the Redcross Knights. Ascalon had long relied on local healers and neighborhood doctors, but after an earthquake struck in the late 1980s, the Council realized they needed a central operation that could handle many patients at once. The construction was championed by Doctor Mary Quintrell, who now sits on the Council as the representative of Soulward.

CINDER ARENA

Atop a small hill north of Miller's Market, Cinder Arena rises above New Ascalon. Built on the foundations of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, the football stadium still bears many reminders of its past life.

Timeworn stone columns support cutting-edge sound systems, seating is mixed between uncomfortable stone benches and modern folding chairs, and the players emerge onto the pitch through the same ancient vomitoria that the Romans would have used centuries ago.

Cinder Arena is home to five football clubs (Ascalon United, Crimson Banner, Oxleigh Square, the Poxthorpe Rats, and Stour West), and also hosts the Lost Boys Football Club when they make their "raids" on New Ascalon. While none of Ascalon's clubs would ever be mistaken for Manchester United, as most of the players are amateurs who squeeze in practice after school or work, the citizens of New Ascalon have passionately rallied behind their neighbourhood teams. Since the city only has one stadium, the arena hosts triple-headers every Saturday during the football season. It's only thanks to the phenomenal grounds crew, led by Head Groundskeeper Wilhemina Wagner, that the venerable pitch is able to survive such abuse.

THE NARROWS

Dark, damp, and shady, the Narrows is the drain around which all of New Ascalon's scum has settled. The Narrows was originally

built out as densely-packed middle-class apartments within convenient walking distance of both Miller's Market and Stour Canal, but the area proved massively unpopular. Young families would rather live within Miller's Market itself, and Stour Canal's dockworkers felt that the 20 minute commute was too far when every minute spent walking to work was a minute not spent sleeping in. As real estate prices tumbled in the Narrows, the few residents who had moved in found the neighbourhood to be swiftly deteriorating, and fled to other parts of Ascalon.

While the Narrows slowly rotted away, abandoned and forgotten by most people, New Ascalon's underworld took notice. Laying claim to the destitute neighborhood, it only took a few years for the Narrows to transform into a haven for criminal activity.

At ground level, the apartment buildings have been transformed into shady showrooms selling everything from illicit drugs to dangerous weapons, and even illegally-harvested dragon parts, while the upper floors of the flats are filled with squatters, hooligans, and gang hideouts. At the center of the Narrows is the Rat's Nest, an amazingly efficient smuggler's paradise overseen by a mysterious figure known only as Cyrus the Virus.

While the Narrows has been almost completely abandoned by the law-abiding citizens of New Ascalon, a few pockets of old residents hold out, islands of semi-normalcy surrounded by a sea of lawlessness. Surprisingly, they're mostly left alone by their criminal neighbours, perhaps in part thanks to the fact that Mags, the Council



representative for Wingbind, counts herself among these residents. The Narrow's gangs seem aware that, should she decide to, it would be trivial for Mags to bring the full cleansing might of the Redcross Knights down on the them, so for now the two groups remain uneasy neighbours.

One other major point of interest in the Narrows is the Mirrored Alley, a strange place where the Veil seems to be particularly thin. Increasingly in the past few years, rather than appearing through the Tower of Doors, confused and scared newcomers to New Ascalon have instead stumbled out of this grimy alleyway. Mags has seen to it that members of the Redcross Knights are always present and ready to whisk these new arrivals away to safer parts of town.

STOUR CANAL

Stour Canal is a working class neighbourhood built up on the banks of the River Stour. New Ascalon is only able to survive thanks to the dozens of sprawling farmsteads that line the river to the west, and when their barges come downriver, laden with produce and meat, it's up to the dockworkers of Stour Canal to unload the cargo. The city has also recently built a number of large fishing vessels, which depart from the docks into the unexplored waters of Pegwell Bay and beyond, with only Ackley Lighthouse to guide them home.

Stour Canal has a mixed reputation among other citizens of New Ascalon. During the day, the neighbourhood is hardworking and industrious, the sounds of hard labor and smells of sweat, salt, and roasting coffee beans filling the air. Once

night falls, however, Stour Canal gets a little rough and rowdy. Workers looking to unwind converge on the area's many small pubs (everyone has their opinions about which is best, but McGinnis Pub is undoubtedly the most well-known), while teens from other parts of Ascalon journey to the neighbourhood to gather at Stour Canal's many counterculture hangouts. Shops like Hobbits and Heroes and The Last Chapter offer semi-subversive contraband for budding rebels, while The Graveyard is the largest music venue in all of New Ascalon, hosting local punk, rock, and ska bands every night.

THE DRAGON'S GULLET

Far beyond the walls of New Ascalon sits the Dragon's Gullet, a sprawling and twisting complex of tunnels and caves. A secret project begun by the Council of Ascalon in the 1950s, the Gullet was intended to serve as a bunker and shelter, should the fallout of the Cold War somehow affect Wild England. The Council set to work excavating the tunnels and caverns that would form the Dragon's Gullet, expanding the quarries originally used to build up Castle Ascalon. This project continued for a decade, before new leadership on the Council abandoned the idea. The complex sat, empty and forgotten, for almost 20 years, until the Tower of Doors opened at the beginning of the Great Restoration. While most of those who arrived at Ascalon were all too happy to accept the leadership of the Council, there were those

who chafed under the city's rules. Searching for somewhere away from the Redcross Knights and the Council's eyes, they eventually stumbled upon the Gullet. Now deeply entrenched, the Bilious Ward grows beneath the surface of Wild England, waiting for the right time to strike.







THE NATURE OF DRAGONS

Despite existing alongside humanity for centuries, little is actually known of the nature of dragons. Even to this day, the why and the how of dragons is still widely debated. Their symbiosis with humans makes it clear that they are designed to live alongside us, but whether they are some sort of psychic echo of our own Id, a parasitic alien from another dimension, or a form of super-evolved, hyper-advanced bacterium is a topic of passionate debate among everyone in Ascalon, from scholars at the University of Cracked Onyx to dockworkers unwinding over a pint at McGinnis Pub.

There seem to be very few rules dictating a dragon's physiology, and they can vary dramatically in shape, size, and anatomy. While many possess abilities that are associated with the dragons of legend (flight, fire breathing, resistance to magic), others have been documented using strange and impossible powers (teleportation, precognition, mind control, and shapeshifting, to name a few). This has made the categorization and classification of draconic threats extremely difficult, and the Redcross Knights' current system is mostly based on guesswork and observed destructive potential.

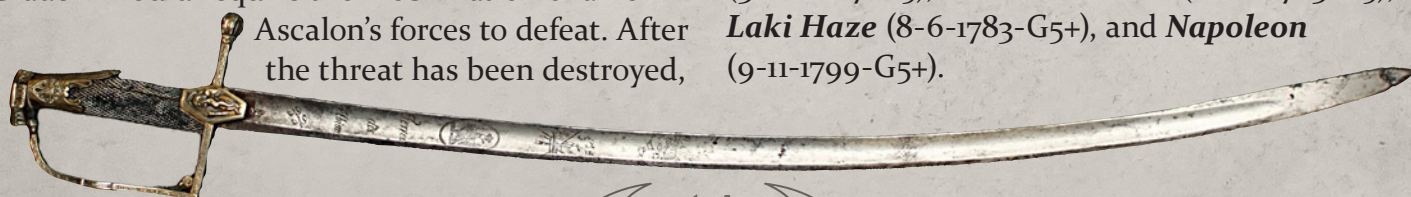
When a dragon is first detected, it is assigned a Grade, from I to V. A Grade I dragon could theoretically be easily handled by a team of fresh-faced recruits and Redcross pages, while a Grade V would require the mobilization of all of Ascalon's forces to defeat. After the threat has been destroyed,

the dragon's Grade is revised based on testimonies from the Knights that slayed it, before being recorded in the archives of Ascalon. Today, most threats the Redcross Knights face are categorized as Grade II or III, and according to Ascalon's archives, there have been no recorded encounters with a Grade V dragon since 1815.

While dragons remain invisible and undetectable by people with Unbroken Chains, their effects can still be felt on the world around them.

A fire-breathing beast starting a blaze in a crowded office building, an electrically-charged dragon disrupting sensitive instruments on a fully-loaded passenger plane, or a burrowing dragon causing the collapse of underground tunnels and gas pipelines: all of these could easily be written off as natural disasters or freak accidents by the average British citizen. But the record-keepers of Ascalon know better, dutifully documenting each tragedy and death caused by these marauding monsters.

For the most part, dragons are not named. Usually, they're referred to by their date of first appearance and final recorded Grade (e.g. 10-10-1943-G4), or by a nickname if the dragon was particularly notable, typically relating to its powers, location, or actions (for example, "Arcade Red", "Quay Street Ghost", or "The Roundabout Ripper"). However, five times in the great records of Ascalon, a dragon was so powerful that it necessitated an official name. To this day, these five dragons are legendary and feared, engines of destruction that spelled death and doom for thousands of people. These five dragons are **Southwark** (10-7-1212-G5), **Bristol** (30-1-1607-G5), **Goodwin Sands** (26-11-1703-G5), **Laki Haze** (8-6-1783-G5+), and **Napoleon** (9-11-1799-G5+).



THE FOUR SECTS OF THE REDCROSS KNIGHTS

Members of the Redcross Knights belong to one of four sects. These are often further broken down into ancient orders, each of which has specific responsibilities and mastery over certain domains.

The four main sects are:

FIREWATCH

SCALEGUARD

SOULWARD

WINGBIND



FIREWATCH

Serving as Ascalon's first line of defense, Firewatch is the eyes and ears of the city. Tasked with watching both the wilderness of Wild England and the towns of Veiled England for any signs of dragon activity, Firewatch is home to scouts and sleuths alike. Many agents of Firewatch live out their lives far from the walls of Ascalon, either surviving off the land deep in the wilderness, or undercover and living out false lives within the bustling cities of Veiled England. But no matter where they find themselves, members of Firewatch are always on alert, knowing that catching a threat early can be the difference between life and death.

RANGER

The Ranger closes their eyes and places their hand on a tree trunk, learning the secrets of the forest. They stop to chat with a local squirrel, making a new friend. They speak ancient stories, earning the favor of strangers. With a Ranger, the team gains a skilled hunter and survivalist who thrives on the fringes of civilization.



Learning Paths:

- ◇ STORY AND SONG
- ◇ SURVIVALIST
- ◇ PATHFINDER
- ◇ HUNTER
- ◇ FRIEND

SPY

The Spy smiles and offers a greeting, walking through the front door with confidence. They slip in and out of shadows, striking foes when they least expect it. They craft remarkable bespoke tools that give them an edge in their pursuits. Spies can be masters of social manipulation, roguish assassins, or glamorous secret agents.

Learning Paths:

- ◇ CHARISMA
- ◇ TERMINATION
- ◇ CONCEALMENT
- ◇ SURVEILLANCE
- ◇ STENOGRAPHY
- ◇ INFILTRATION
- ◇ IMPERSONATION



SCALEGUARD

Scaleguard is the hammer and shield of the Redcross Knights. The strongest warriors and mightiest mages find their home in Scaleguard, eager to test their might and prove their mettle on the battlefield. Members of Scaleguard eagerly boast that their house traces its lineage back to the very first days of Ascalon, the days when a sharp sword and a powerful spell were enough to slay even the mightiest dragon. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the other sects often view members of Scaleguard as blunt, straightforward, and slightly dim-witted, but this is perhaps somewhat unfair, as Scaleguard has seen many great generals and brilliant wizards come from its ranks.

FIGHTER

Fighters charge into battle with a fearsome cry, raising their sword to cleave through enemies. They deftly move between foes, countering their attack and enduring them when necessary. They rally their comrades, forming an unshakable bond. Fighters encompass all kinds of martial experts: stoic knights, cunning veterans, raging berserkers, patient pugilists, and more.

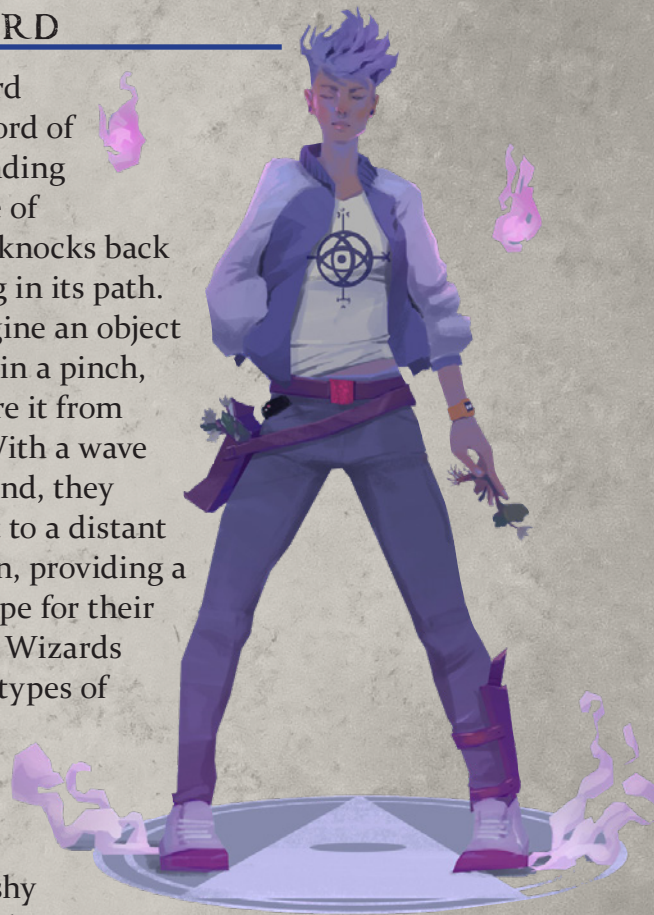
Learning Paths:

- ◇ DUELING
- ◇ TACTICS
- ◇ CAMARADERIE
- ◇ LEADERSHIP
- ◇ BODY



WIZARD

The Wizard utters a word of power, sending out a wave of force that knocks back everything in its path. They imagine an object they need in a pinch, and conjure it from thin air. With a wave of their hand, they open a rift to a distant destination, providing a quick escape for their comrades. Wizards can be all types of magic users, from a studious sage, a flashy arcane duelist, or a destructive and wild sorcerer.



Learning Paths:

- ◇ EVOCATION
- ◇ CONJURATION
- ◇ PLANESHIFTING
- ◇ MAGECRAFT
- ◇ PROJECTION
- ◇ TRICKERY

SOULWARD

In charge of administering healing, spiritual guidance, and funeral rights, members of Soulward can paradoxically seem blazingly passionate at one moment, and morose and reserved the next. By far the newest sect, Soulward was born out of a desire to preserve the hearts and minds of the Redcross Knights, and was founded just thirteen years ago, alongside the creation of the Chantry, all under the watchful eyes of Dr. Mary Quintrell. Soulward has quickly become an invaluable ally to the other sects of Redcross, able to provide medical care for injuries both magical and mundane while out in the field.

DOCTOR

The Doctor gently touches the arm of an ally, mending their body and spirit. They lean down to examine a corpse, discovering what caused their cruel fate. They sense the departed and speak to lost souls, offering them guidance.

Doctors are versatile, and can serve as the team's healer or focus on manipulating the forces of death.

Learning Paths:

- ◇ HEALING
- ◇ ALTERATION
- ◇ NECROMANCY
- ◇ HARM
- ◇ PERCEPTION
- ◇ EXAMINATION



INVOKER

The Invoker closes their eyes and utters a mantra, raising their sword in the sky as it ignites in a glorious flame. They peer into the souls of



others to divine their intentions and true nature. They ward their allies from harm, and smite those unworthy. The Invoker serves as a team's moral compass, and are often devout paladins, oath-keeping warriors, or quixotic knights.

Learning Paths:

- ◇ INVOCATION
- ◇ INQUIRIES
- ◇ VERDICTS
- ◇ WRATH
- ◇ WARDS

WINGBIND

Though it might come as a surprise to some people, Wingbind was one of the two founding houses of Ascalon alongside Scaleguard. While Scaleguard is concerned with mastering god-given martial and magical skill, Wingbind instead seeks to master the draconic arts and turn them against humanity's ancient foe. Whether harnessing subtle mind-affecting magics or the unbridled fury of nature, Wingbind is an eclectic mix of sages and shapeshifters, beguilers and bards, forecasters and fortune-tellers, drawn from all walks of life. So varied are their skillsets that for many years, Wingbind actually had three representatives on the Council. However, with the advent of Soulward and subsequent shuffling of the Council, Wingbind is back down to one seat.

MAGICIAN

The Magician flicks their wrist, delighting an audience with a parade of illusory animals. They mesmerize an adversary, freezing them in place. They peer beyond the eyes of another, entering their dreams and shaping their reality. Magicians are valuable team members, serving as dazzling performers, beguiling socialites, and devious manipulators.

Learning Paths:

- ◇ MISDIRECTION
- ◇ MANNEQUINS
- ◇ CLAIRVOYANCE
- ◇ CONJURATION
- ◇ MIND CONTROL
- ◇ MAYHEM



NATURALIST

Naturalists cause fields of flowers to bloom with a whisper, streak through the forest in the form of a wolf, and summon furious storms with a gesture. Naturalists embody nature in all forms, from raw elemental fury to intimate creatures.

Learning Paths:

- ◇ SHAPESHIFTER
- ◇ SUMMONER
- ◇ ELEMENTALIST
- ◇ STORMCALLER
- ◇ SPIRITCALLER
- ◇ ECOLOGIST



WRITE YOUR OWN STORY

So, that's the basic rundown. A lot to take in, I know, but all of it important as you prepare for your own entry into the Redcross Knights. Here's your jacket, and a few last parting words of wisdom: Trust your team to have your back. Always carry an extra knife. And aloe vera is great for treating burns.

Now all that's left is to pledge yourself to a sect and fill out your registration, and your name will forever be recorded in the great archives of Ascalon. Whether as a legendary slayer of dragons or just another cautionary tale to tell young recruits, well...that's up to you now, isn't it?



CO8

no fear



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