

Father Walf, God of Leadership and Boatbuilding

When the five of you managed to set up as the Little Creeper Swamp Pantheon, you *took charge*. While Little Creeper Swamp is, admittedly, a small community of worshippers, you're not only a god, you're a patriarch god – and over the years, you've come to the conclusion that one day, surely, your power base will grow, and Father Walfism will spread across the Disc. For now, though, you're obliged to work on building your power base by occasionally manifesting to command or advise your worshippers on boat-building, to have a drink with respectful tribal elders, and to drop the very occasional lightning bolt.

Officially, *Mother G'zarr* is your wife, and to give her credit, she's quite good at keeping mortals in line – and fairly good at keeping an eye on your daughter-goddess, *N'frerra*, who's supposed to be the Goddess of Youth but who has too little sense of responsibility. *Chag Yuk*, God of Hunters and Swamp Animals, looks after stuff beyond the village; you try to leave him to it as much as possible. And lastly, the best you can say for *Yomm*, the God of Being a Nuisance, is that he lives up to his title. You're not sure why you need him around, but the rules say that deities have to hang together. Damn it.

Mother G'zarr, Goddess of the Hearth and Sensible Relationships

You have a pretty good idea who's in charge of the Little Creeper Swamp Pantheon, and while it's *supposed* to be *Father Walf*, who is your consort according to the book, he's a bit of a pompous dreamer with too little grasp of the failings of mortals – which are mostly that they're so aggravatingly *untidy*.

Not that this pantheon is much better. You're the one who gets things done, by force of example, and by manifesting to tell people what to do and to get on with it. You don't have or need much in the way of special powers (though the occasional lightning bolt is a messy necessity); knowing what needs doing is enough. One thing you know is that other religions achieve nothing good when they show up; your mortals should be content with you. Or with the other four when you're busy.

Oh yes, the other four. Aside from Walf, there's your daughter-goddess, *N'frerra*, who's supposed to govern Youth but who's apparently worked out that means imitating mortal youths' sulking and laziness. *Chag Yuk*, God of Hunters and Swamp Animals, looks after *really* messy, untidy things beyond the village; you prefer not to think about him too much. And lastly, there's the downright aggravating *Yomm*, God of Being a Nuisance, who lowers the tone of the neighbourhood like nothing else, but who apparently has a purpose in metaphysics, so it's necessary to put up with him.

N'frerra, Goddess of Sulky Adolescents

A pantheon may have leaders of gods and practical stuff, but when the Little Creeper Swamp Pantheon was getting established, you spotted that there was something that people always wanted to possess, one way or another; *Youth*. What's more, people who possessed youth were prone to the sort of strong emotions that could be parlayed into useful belief. So you took that niche.

The only snag is, in a small, remote community, youth turned out to be associated less with beauty and hope than with squabbles and petty revolts. Still, that gives you stuff to support that none of the other four want to touch. Hence, you manifest in appropriate form – a slim teenage girl with untidy hair and inappropriate high heels. You have relatively few divine powers, beyond the basic “manifesting from spirit form” thing, but you can drop lightning bolts on irritating mortals, perfectly remember things that annoy you, run (quite fast, in fact) in high heels while carrying a surprising amount of stuff that might have caught your attention, and talk nineteen to the dozen in a piercing voice.

Father Walf and *Mother G'zarr* are treated as your parents by courtesy; they don't understand you and are forever trying to tell you what to do, so *of course* mortal adults keep believing in them. *Chag Yuk*, the God of Swamp Animals and Hunting, at least doesn't do that, and is kind of cute with his wings and his speech impediment and all. And *Yomm*, God of Being a Nuisance, has the same sort of trouble that you do with Walf and G'zarr, and can be entertaining when he's playing jokes on them – less when he's playing jokes on you, of course. That's not fair.

Chag Yuk, God of Swamp Animals and Hunting

You snagged the “Nature God” niche in the Little Creeper Swamp Pantheon, which seemed like a good idea because the humans do quite a bit of hunting and worry about some of the local wildlife. Of course, this means that you have to look like a bunch of the local wildlife crammed into one scaly semi-humanoid body, you have emotional problems with confined spaces, and you're a very little tactless and easily distracted, but it's a living. You don't even have to manifest for mortals very often; then *know* that the swamp is full of wildlife, so faith is no problem.

As well as claws, teeth, and scales, you have an enhanced version of a swamp dragon's breath weapon, which you find you like using quite a lot. (It's a jet of flame that functions almost more like a lengthy melee weapon than a missile attack.) You also have big wings (12' span), and you tend to take to the air when things annoy you.

You mostly take the rest of the pantheon as you find them; *Father Walf*, the father-god, and *Mother G'zarr*, his other half, may try to boss you around, *N'frerra*, their “daughter,” who acts as Goddess of Youngsters or something, is either annoyingly sulky or prone to trying to scratch you behind the ears, and *Yomm*, as the God of Being a Nuisance, sometimes plays tricks on you – but you can always wander off to the swamp if they get too tiresome.

Yomm, God of Being a Nuisance

You have a small problem, though you've avoided letting it cause you trouble for rather a long time now; you probably shouldn't be a god. *Technically*, you're a demon.

Back in the day, you had slipped through a random portal from Hell to the Disc, and you were wandering around looking for a chance to be demonic when you chanced upon a bunch of mortals just settling in a remote swamp area. So, remembering your training, you stuck around and tried to Tempt Them into Evil Ways. But then, a bunch of minor spirits turned up and set themselves up as these people's gods. They had you outnumbered four to one, so you didn't pick a fight directly; you tried to encourage "their" people to bend the rules and generally cause trouble, and never said you were a demon (because then you'd have been lightning-bolted).

The trouble was, the annoying sods promptly absorbed you into their half-baked mythology – and the next thing you knew, you were declared the God of Nuisances and stuck with a daft "Trickster" role. None of which would have been so bad if it hadn't been so, well, comfortable; instead of returning to Hell to recharge, you could stick around and draw on the faith of the mortals, who seem to quite like having someone to credit or blame for all of life's nuisances. They're supposed to propitiate you, of course, to avoid your attentions – but half the time, they come to you for ideas. And because they believe in you this way, you're compelled to play dangerous tricks; you generally feel you have to do something daily to annoy someone dangerously powerful.

So here you are, still unable to admit to your real nature. You dread to think what'd happen if anyone from Hell ever found out what you'd done, but fortunately the bureaucracy down there is incredibly inefficient (for some reason), and has probably just lost track of you.

You manifest as a hideous but oddly harmless-looking figure (you've practiced), complete with bat-like wings (with a 12' span), glowing red eyes, and the ability to set fire to things (and people) within a yard or so by staring at them; you pass this off as slightly non-standard divine appearance and godly power. *Note: Each use of your Burning Gaze costs 1 Fatigue Point.*

The real gods are kind of okay in their way, or maybe just too stupid to guess what you are. *Father Walf* is a power-crazed ass, and *Mother G'zarr* is delightfully lacking in a sense of humour, which makes them convenient targets for pranks, while *N'frerra*, Goddess of Sulky Children, is impulsive and cocky enough to make a *satisfying* target and too lazy to come back at you, but also makes a good partner when her "parents" annoy her enough. *Chag Yuk*, the pantheon's nature god, on the other hand, can have a distressingly *direct* response to being tricked – if he even notices – but sometimes happily joins in any little joke that involves setting fire to something.