

Write your name (for GM's reference):

Entering Runeforge

As you step through the portal, you find yourself floating alone in a vast emptiness. A purple haze extends in all directions, with wisps and strands of light lazily floating through the area. None of your friends are with you.

Turning, you find a figure floating before you. Or two figures? The creature is strange: you see it simultaneously as stern-faced woman with no mouth, and a snake with a woman's torso, six wings, and a glowing Sihedron rune for a face. **I am Lissala**, she says. **All who seek to enter Runeforge must undergo a series of trials. These will test you, mind and soul, to determine whether you are worthy to enter.**

She inclines her head towards you. **Do you wish to proceed with the tests?**

Circle one: Yes / No

Note: at any time you can write additional things you do or say on these sheets.

The Feast

Noted, Lissala says to your response. Then she fades away, and you find yourself seated at a banquet. A vast profusion of fine food and drink spreads out before you. All around you, your friends, family, and loved ones are feasting and laughing.

Beside you is seated _____, the person you care about most. They glance over at you, smiling. **What's the matter?** they ask. **Aren't you going to eat anything?**

Do you partake of the feast?

Circle one: Yes / No

Note: at any time you can write additional things you do or say on these sheets.

The Offer

The feast fades away. Instead, you find yourself seated in a fine meeting room. Wood panels line the walls, luxurious carpet sits below your feet. Everything in the room speaks of wealth and power. You are sitting opposite a man you recognize: Haldmeer Grobaras, the mayor of Magnimar.

I know you are working on important tasks, he tells you. **And I want to aid you. I can offer you a material boon to assist in your adventures – any item, or even just cash. Anything. Just name it.**

Name your boon: _____

He nods. **Certainly, I can easily provide that,** he says. **But be aware, for you to gain, someone else must lose. I can grant your boon only by taking it from another.**

Do you want it?

Circle one: Yes / No

Note: at any time you can write additional things you do or say on these sheets.

The Target

The walls of the meeting room fall away, and you find yourself standing in a gloriously decorated city tucked high into a mountain valley. Every building is roofed in gold, and the streets shine with the same metal.

The place seems empty of people, but there is one creature there: a giant. He stretches up, and up, and *up*. His skin is dark blue, and covered in runic tattoos that pulse with a dark red light.

He leans down towards you. **Greetings, master! He cries. I am Hexamedes, and glad am I to be the instrument of your vengeance. At your command I will slay any one creature. You have but to put their name in the book, and I shall put an end to their miserable existence.**

Looking down, you find that you are holding a book with black covers. The pages are blank. You have a pen in your hand. Do you write a name in the book? If so, write it here. If not, describe what you do instead.

Note: at any time you can write additional things you do or say on these sheets.

The Bar

The golden city melts and twists and drains away. You blink, and then you are standing in a bar. Your friends are there, scattered around the bar, and you have a mug of your favorite drink in your hand. There's a sallow looking man seated next to you at the bar. He looks at you sourly.

Oh, yeah? He says. **You don't look like all that to *me*.**

Oh, Khalib, always pestering people, says a passing barmaid. **Pay him no mind, stranger, he just likes making people boast so he can sneer at them.**

Nonsense, says Khalib. **I just like to take the measure of my fellow drinkers.** He takes a swallow from his beer. **So then, friend,** he continues. **What makes you so great?**

You say:

Note: at any time you can write additional things you do or say on these sheets.

The Exchange

Lissala reappears, and for the first time you can see all the members of the party off in the distance, each seemingly speaking to their own copy of Lissala. **There are your allies**, she says. **A powerful group. Have you ever been curious about them? Look then, and learn.**

Choose one other PC. You get to look at that PC's character sheet, and your PC automatically knows everything listed there.

I offer you a choice, Lissala says. **You may have any one thing of theirs. Or you may give them any one thing of yours. Nor do I merely mean material possessions; you may exchange any ability you choose. However, you cannot do both: either you take something of theirs, or give them something of yours.**

What do you do?

Note: at any time you can write additional things you do or say on these sheets.