

Forsaken

Season 2 Introduction

The apocalypse continues.

Once-possessed corpses now rot in the blasted ruins of human civilisation, a reprieve in a way but an uncertain future now faces those who have fought so hard to survive. The war against the dead is over but humanity remains Forsaken, and the world is far from safe.

Behind walls one group has remained hidden for some time, a prophecy foretold that they should wait for others to come and soon enough they will not be disappointed.

On the road guided by the champion of an Archangel another group approaches. For them it's been a long journey, death and loss have been their friends but also victory and salvation.

As the sun sets on another day many questions will need to be answered, who are these people and why has, Uriel "who sees all", brought the last of humanity together?

Forsaken Season Two is the second act in the ongoing tale of the last of humanity doing everything they can to survive during a Biblical inspired apocalypse set in modern day Britain. Whilst some things have changed the focus on personal character exploration, relationships and drama remain.

Welcome to the future of Forsaken:

We have merged Broken Dreams with Carcosa Freelance and so ask you to help us welcome Antony Andrews and Ian Andrews to the team. They were involved in the Black Boxes earlier in the year and bring a new dynamic to the team.

All characters (including new characters):

We need to know about your characters and check our information is up to date. Please complete the form found here ASAP.

<https://goo.gl/forms/VnQVLpzi5MWdbuKA2>

Practical information for Prequel and New Players:

This guide/introduction is designed to help those who played the “prequel” series of games build up a sense of the time past and to help make some memorable stories together.

If you are an existing player feel free to chat to other players and come up with plans of where your character fits in to the time line above and any activities undertaken around it.

If you are a new player and wish for your character to be introduced as part of this “Prequel timeline” please let us know and we can work with you on getting the character links in there. brokendreamslrp@gmail.com

This is the first stage of processing existing and new characters into the Forsaken universe ahead of Forsaken 7 in April. More information including an updated game guide and logistical changes for this year’s events will be available in plenty of time for the next event.

Practical information for Original time line Players:

A downtime form and introduction will be with you in the coming weeks. In the meantime please complete the form mentioned above.

A Wedding to remember, Seven Days, Christmas and Beyond...

February 2015

The dead rose, possessed, a war began...

This brief is designed to help fill in some of the gaps between the event **Seven Days** and the gathering you are about to attend. There are lots of gaps, these are things you should fill in with personal character drama, quiet periods, and feel free to put your own twist on how your character has been coping and what they participated in. We ask that things are low key, no world changing rituals or events.

March - May 2015

Lost in war...

The military rallied, fighting alone since the recall of the angelic host, united by a will to survive and unhindered by humanitarian aid. The conflict raged across the country, weapons thrust into the hands of any living person, they were ordered to fight or die...

The eyes guiding the group pointed through this mayhem and it led to trouble, turning back, hiding, fleeing and injury. At a point it would have become very clear that the group almost ended up at the place they had left **from the event Seven Days**.

Food was still easily available from raiding houses and shops, but avoiding the military became as important as avoiding the dead. The eyes pointed into and through dangerous areas forcing the group to hold up in a small area whilst planning what to do next...

June – July 2015

To ruin come the Collectors...

In the military camps ammunition and supplies dwindled, they are abandoned as they become overrun, the ranks of the dead swell even more. Population centres are no go zones for the living except for in extremely small and sneaky groups.

The group trade several more times with a group of Collectors they meet but on the final time it goes very wrong. Instead of trade they demand the group join them and that as a collective they execute a member of the group for every tenth person as a show of faith. Things go violent but the group escapes and moves on from the area deciding it's time to follow the direction the eyes point in.

You hear of the Collectors more and more as time goes on. They move through the countryside collecting up the living, apparently taking them to work in outposts or to join them in their well defended camp. Supplies become scarce as a result.

August – November 2015

Unbearable heat and sickness...

The summer heat is a killer, coming across several hidden refugee camps being run by some unrelenting UN aid workers, you offer aid. Sylvie the leader of one camp thanks you for your help over the summer, walls are constructed around, children play in some despite the heat. The eyes stop pointing away, ***is this the place you are supposed to wait?***

The fever hits in October as the heat turns to a bitter cold.

It claims the injured first but luckily none of the group are taken ill. As the death toll rises the smaller camps join together and Sylvie takes charge.

She brings the group together on the first day of December.

“None of you are sick, you should leave soon. As the weather gets worse so will this fever, I give thanks that you helped us these months but it's time that you moved on to where you are supposed to be.” Despite protests and some questions about what she meant by “supposed to be” Sylvie refuses to discuss it more.

That night the eyes bleed.

For the others nightmares prevent anything resembling sleep.

In the morning the eyes point in a new direction and sorrowfully the group say their goodbyes and move off.

December 2015

The sickness follows...

Those not attending the event show signs of the fever which befell the UN camp, bravely they segregate themselves and vow to catch up should they make it through the other side. Some agree to stay and help despite the risk but urge the others on.

And so we come to a small holding, the weather has been cold and has made moving on much harder than it should be. A light is on in the window, the smell of a wood fire is inviting, getting out of the cold sounds like a good idea.

As the group walk up the path someone mutters something about Christmas and everyone stops for a second... scheming...

December 2015

Krampus and other oddities... Those who attended the gathering will fill you in on things from their perspective.

Meanwhile at the other camp where the sick are being cared for Michael appears briefly, he says he has been to the UN camp to check on Sylvie and tells the group to keep heart. They did the right thing by leaving as the illness spread more and the UN camps have consolidated into one.

January 2016

It's cold outside but the group is one again. Things have changed for some but the path seems clear now and its time to move on.

The Collectors presence in the countryside increases, in some instances they get too cocky and the group come across white vans clearly ambushed, the occupants long gone, blood and empty shell casings remaining.

February 2016

Two quiet weeks in the snow see the group arrive at a compound on Valentine's Day, a half completed outpost, it has been stripped bare. Rusted cans and old fires are uncovered, proof that someone, long gone, once called this home.

That night whilst all are huddled together in the only building with a roof the group dream.

It's not winter anymore, spring has arrived in all its glory, even the birds sing. There is a harmony in the compound, everyone working together, the walls are repaired, and another building is completed in time for a sudden downpour.

There are smiles as the group look to each other. Tents have been secured. At night turns are taken in the community kitchen whilst others stand watch on the towers, ever vigilant for walking corpses or the white vans of the Collectors.

None come.

April 2016

The sun shines and everything is complete, just as the dream that night almost two months ago predicted.

As the sun begins to set its Sasha to raises the alarm first. The marked fallen Angel looks disturbed as everyone is roused to stand ready.

The ancient eyes of the saint now in the eyes of a living person bleed stinging black ooze.

As the darkness comes shadows start to move of their own accord. Flashes of white talons and sharp teeth appear in the darkness that no light penetrates. Horror descends upon the group.

Those who fight fall one by one, weapons simply passing through the shadows as the white talons find purchase, spilling blood. From inside the defensive ring chanting, the coven combined put everything they have into holding back the darkness. It ebbs and flows, the centre bathed in a brilliant light which seems to be coming from each of the coven members. It gives the group some time to recover but taking stock of the scene it quickly become apparent that the group are in trouble.

As those who can treat wounds the darkness presses ever closer, inch by inch the blood stained talons and teeth get ever closer. The darkness swipes and bites at the air as the coven push themselves harder but to no avail, they are getting tired, something in them is about to break.

As the coven members fall and the light starts to fade those who can take up arms again. They stand in a ring, the injured and unconscious protected. A shout of "Bring it you fucking shit wipe butt hats" brings a smile to everyone's faces despite the impending doom.

Moments later the final light of the coven fades and the darkness descends, blood sprays and people scream but it doesn't last more than a second.

From in the circle there is a deafening yell of "No" and the darkness recedes, over and over the same word is repeated "No, No, No".

Those still conscious tell how Amabel stood firm, red and dripping from blood, an armed stretched high, her cross in hand repeating the same word. "No." As dawn approached the darkness receded, a beautiful blue sky replaced the horror of the previous night.

The coven recovered and miraculously so did everyone else, although many still carry the three talon scars of the wounds inflicted by the darkness.

Nothing like this ever happens again.

1st June 2016

Physical wounds have mostly healed since April and things have been peaceful until this afternoon.

Those on sentry duty have spotted a group moving towards the compound....

This will be the start of Forsaken Season 2!