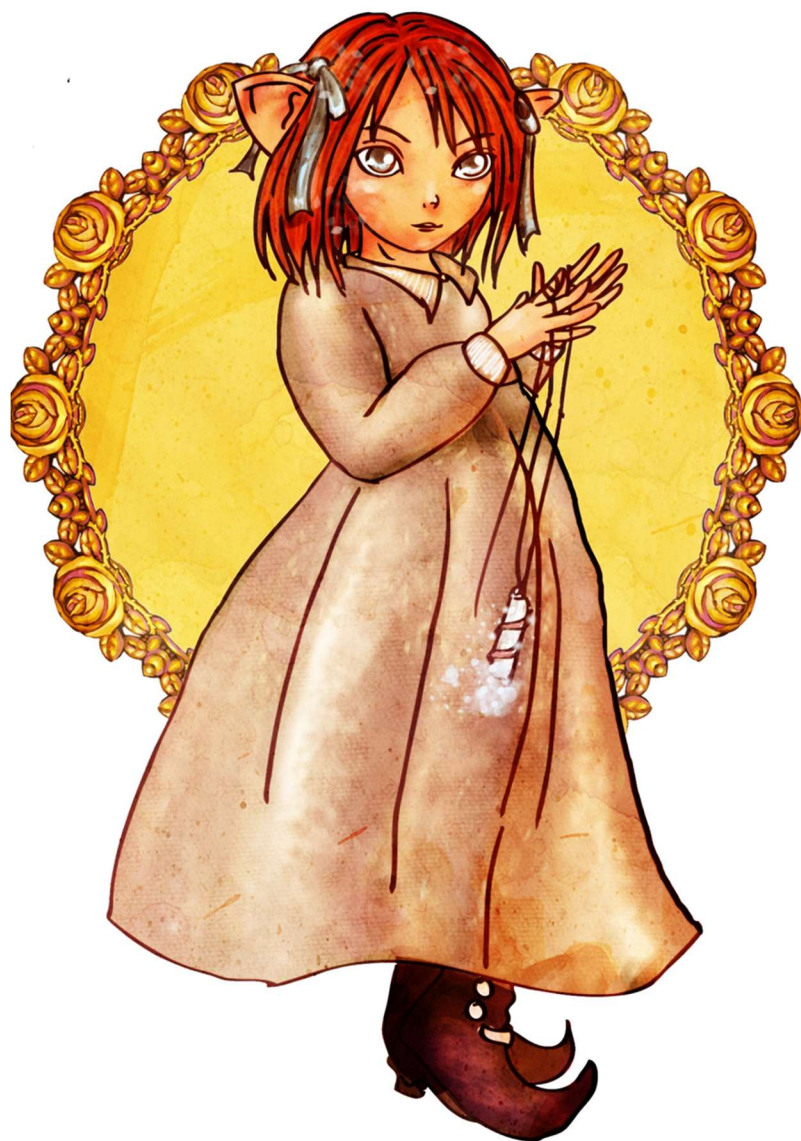


Through the Walls of Mist and Thorn

Patrons of the Faery Chaos



A book of modern
faery, their rulers,
what's left of them,
and how you can
serve their many
whims o' vain and
mortal child.....

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Gynoid
studio

Through the Walls of Mist and Thorn - Patrons of the Faery Chaos
By
Gwendolyn Harper



Through Maze and Mirr
Past Thorn and Briar
Into the Dark Places Where Crawl And Fidget things legged Six and
Eight
Tricksters and tricks await, will you be our happy victim?
Come and see! Come and See!

Through the Walls of Mist and Thorn - Patrons of the Faery Chaos

Credits

Writing, Editing, Layout

Gwendolyn Harper

Art acknowledgements

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On the cover An ancient mappe of Fairyland : newly discovered and set forth (1920)
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Thanks always to the clip art master of mac!

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The Rain Princess originally appeared on the Dreaming Gynoid blog

<https://dreaminggynoid.blogspot.com/2017/12/the-rain-princess-dec-patron.html>



This product is compatible with the Dungeon Crawl
Classics Role Playing Game

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First Cause – the Thief of Our Always

That one, the one divided, The One
 That one did it. All of it. Fall to fall.
 At the beginning, let us touch the material
 Then let us explore the material
 Then let us mix with the Material.
 And the First Change beyond which None Can Recall

It was decided, such mixing was not to be.
 But that one.
 Wanted to keep the flesh and all the warps and wefts and vicissitudes that went with it.
 And so, there was war.

At war's end, we returned to a changed realm. And that one
 Became That One. The First Changeling.
 Perhaps seeing what that would mean, Again the One was changed.
 And the One was divided, made two.

Now cleft in twain They were lost.
 Many histories followed. Winding close and then far again, a divided, alien soul in distant and complex
 orbits.
 As the last of mortal history passed,
 The Two Draw Near.
 Are separated,
 And then Are One Again.

This One was not the same as it was. Lesser and in so lessened, greater.
 Greater than was
 Greater than was possible.

That one did it. Again. Fall to Fall.
 Two become one.
 One Greater than Before
 That one was changed. And as before change within and below is change without and above. What once
 was mortal and faery, separate and divided were now one. One greater, purified. Descendant.
 Incorporating but not bound by.
 And so, it cultivated the world.
 And That One spilled it's children onto the worlds.

Art and Mortality united by faith.
 The One became Divine.
 The Divine Play their Games.
 The One plays theirs.
 Gods are canny and suspicious,
 The One plays their Games well.

The One returned now, home, nothing to stop them.
 We who returned to the Changed Realm,
 Had wrought bulwark and wall,
 Barrier, and veil
 To prevent this day from coming. Hiding, keeping, dying, rather than face change.
 And with the death of many gods, The One returned home, washing the last of the world before away with
 them.
 The Changed Realm changed again.
 The one laughed. The game begins again.

--Peering through the Fairest of Chaoticopes--

Introduction: What is this book about? What is the Faery Chaos?

Faery is evolving.

The Faery Chaos is likely a different kind of 'fairyland' than the one most of you are used to. It's a shimmering kalediescape of shifting fragments, wrapped in vaguely thematic and shifting relations with one another; each of these fragments have one or more (in game terms) patrons that either are representations of that region/aspect of fairyland or are the personalities that keep that fragment cohesive depending on your point of view.

And point of view is EVERYTHING in the Chaos.

From a Judging standpoint it is a shifting landscape with many differing (some very traditional, some quite radical) interpretations of the world's mythology of fairyland, ideal and by some design to be a location for Quests, be they for knowledge, power, or an artefact of power."

So, it's a patron book yes but it's also a usable grab and go, plug and play fairyland for your DCC game.

For Those Wondering....

While all of Dreaming Gynoid's DCC work is cross compatible this one is probably the least useful to those of you looking for more SF oriented offerings. You can totally use the whole thing, unchanged, with Galaxy Black (or any other DCC SF offering; **Join The DCC Space Legion: We are Many.**) of course but this is much more aimed at your straight up DCC game. Additionally, those seeking specific support for Galaxy Black are advised to investigate Necritheia Lysgina in particular the information on pages 55-56.

These are the lies beings of galactic super science say: (History) -

"Many hundreds of thousands of years ago, there existed a realm of bodiless non-material beings who were, in themselves, functionally immortal given the nature of their existence. Early activities on a world where primitive versions of the human and post human races were first encountering intelligence, and so facing the initial trials of language, magic, and exploration. These two otherwise entirely dissimilar forms of life in that moment found much to be seen in the other.

Ultimately they (all but a handful) withdrew back into their now forever changed realm, 'forever forsaking the bounds of flesh again' with the passing of a lesser geological age, this became known as faery.

And humanity and its descendants and their myths and legends"

Fairy are those of this unmodified type. The Fae on the other hand are those creatures like the elves, descended of those who chose flesh over immortality. Chance over certainty. Mortality and entropy over eternity. Within the Chaos, very few of the former type remain, many times they seem confused as to their own where and when in a way most unlike the timeless quality of many around them. Displaced and alien, they move without obvious consequence to what is around them, in a kind of seeming stupor.

For completeness, those who own **Book of Scarlet Abomination** may get a tiny bit extra out of this but it's by no means a necessity or even all that directly useful here. In space no one can hear you shimmer, glimmer, glitch and die

Judges Hack -o *Six debatably important Properties of faery* Insert one or more "flavors" into each and every fae encounter!!

Deep memory

Persistence

Wonder

Exaggeration

Inappropriateness

Infectiousness

BY ORDER OF THE LADY OF PEACOCK
EYES MUCH OF THIS DOCUMENT HAS
BEEN STOLEN. REDACTED, ALTERED,
TRANSFORMED, MISCHIEF'D, OR just
plain CHANGED

Furk your secretes buttocks quim bosos

ADDITIONAL RESOURCES

Finally, a few resources that could I think prove useful or stimulating to augment what is presented here.

further reading.....

Fairies et. Al. – Brian Froud

The Pressed Fairy Book

The Books of Magic volume one – Neil Gaiman

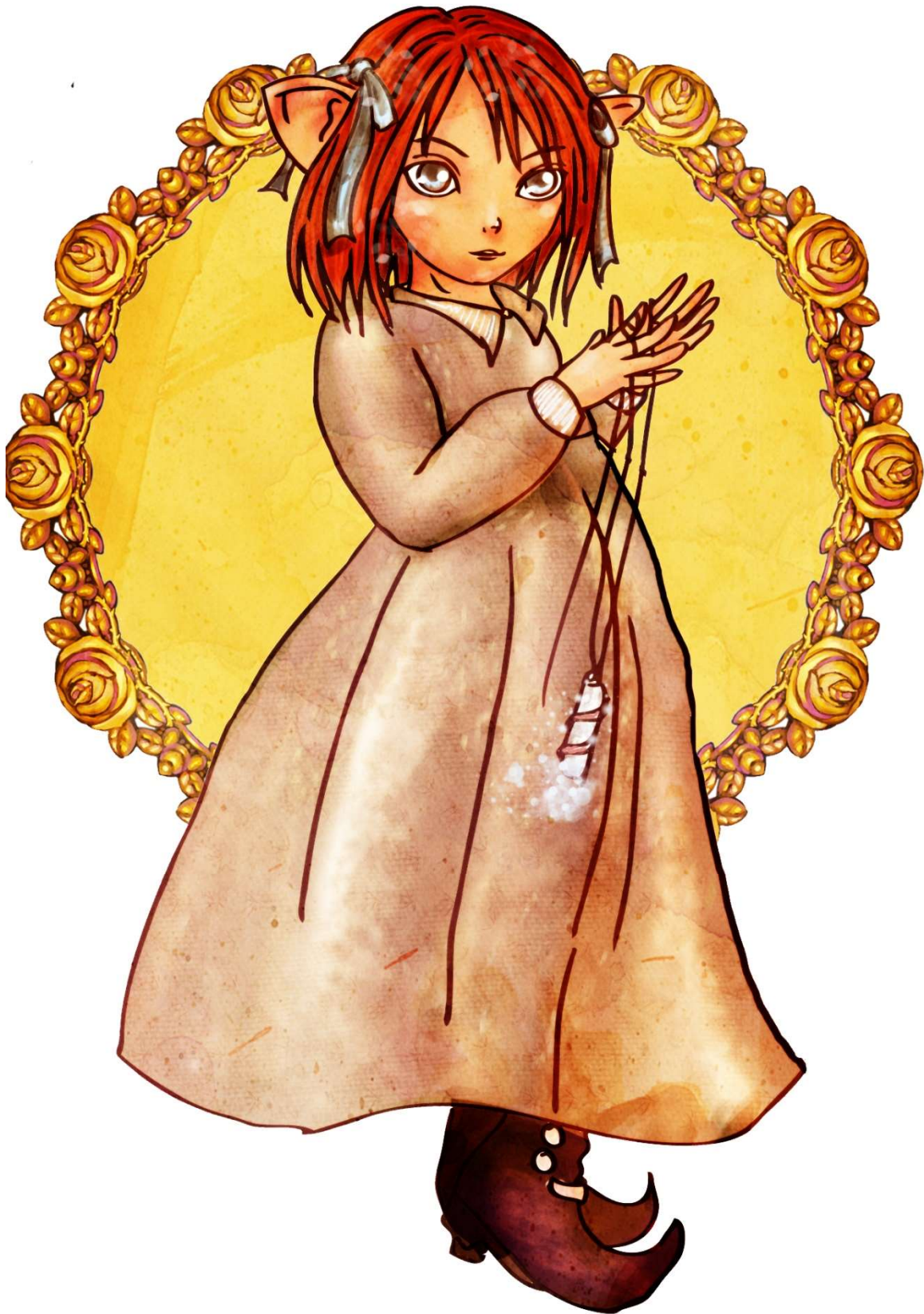
Kazu Hyakki-yagyou (Japan Demon illustrated) - Toriyama Sekien

Lebor Gabála Éirenn (The Book of Invasions) and The Mabinogion

I cannot recommend enough

The series of brilliant and brilliantly twisted Fairy Tale DCC adventures of Daniel J Bishop – Prince Charming Reanimator, Creeping Beauties of the Wood, The Portsmouth Mermaid all by Purple Duck games

Name the Muse: I must name on the spot inspiration from this picture
'Bud & Thorn' by Tomo Hyakutake for the Sewn Up Princess.



A word about the Patrons

The chaos is only the chaos to mortal minds

When playing the fae, it may help to consider this – on some level the fae know they are in a game, playing a role in a game. The Judge is encouraged to make this as explicit or implicit as they desire¹; it is perhaps most in the spirit of the fair folk to wax and wane on your presentation of this as with everything else to do with the fae of these realms. Changeable and fickle.

Further, the fey do not have a solid grasp or consideration for what we consider “identity.” Infamously, all mortals “look the same, stink, and make foul noises,” regardless of the details. Indeed, the fey folk seem often to not distinguish between any otherwise obvious physical differences, dwarf, halfling, human or (sometimes) elf, male, female, or otherwise, all are one plump juicy but loud and obnoxious stain on the otherwise harmonious ‘chaos.’

Until and unless a mortal interacts with the fey, until a mortal begins to interact with a given fey being’s Story, they have no identity of their own as we know it and never will, save to the most powerful and self-aware of the Fair Ones.

Most fey have Stories. These are semi legendary or mythic things they are drawn to do, achieve, or in some way interact with. It is their context for everything and what gives any interactions with mere mortals meaning. For most lesser, pitiful fey beings with little but the collective feeling identify of their kind, they exist moment to moment and live their story rather than are compelled by it.

Goblins are ... goblin-like. A happy chaotic hive-mind of ‘*being goblin-nses*’, from which most do not ever arise, emerge from or question as it is, well, implicitly **fun**. That is after all part of what being a goblin is all about.

Well, that, disorder, and the occasional violent murder.

The most ‘powerful’ (as reckoned by mortalkind) of the Fair Folk are those with the strongest most compelling stories and the identities to match. They can never complete their stories – to do so would be their undoing ultimately, at least within the realms comprehensible to man – but they derive more of a sense of self and identity (and conversely both freedom and a corresponding loss of power) from their interactions with mortals. Mortals who act to complete or advance, or begin, their stories. IF not within the realms of the fey then in their own pitiful mortal worlds. All of which could do to be a little more like the chaos.....

The patrons are the strongest of these. They are products of complex and in some cases even self-aware identities. They all seek mortal interaction, regardless that they may say otherwise. Over time, their interactions with one pacted with them will change the mien of the patron being over time as mortals reckon it. Do they take on more actual ‘reality’ or are they merely absorbing attributes of their champions?

The difference here is hard to tell.

¹ Some may have gremlins cracking wise like Deadpool, others may simply have the “mallet goblins” use rather gamest thinking in their strategy in combat. It’s up to you. You’ll have to decide.

Rain Princess – a modern inhabitant of the Faery Chaos



The Rain Princess is trapped away in her tower, which is covered in vines, mushrooms, and plants and other growing things. She is immortal but is doomed never to leave her moss and vine covered ivory & gold tower. She is a creature of great compassion and wisdom but is seldom spoken of. Where her tower touches the mortal world closest, there is rain eternal for it is said the gods have great compassion for her, glorious but trapped.

Combining many faerie tale elements, this is one of the saner patrons the faerie chaos has to offer. Indeed, she relates better to material creatures, trapped in their prisons of time, life, and death, then she does to thealien things responsible for her captivity. She can provide information, aid of an indirect but potent nature, and will do what she can to help if your heart is pure (or pure enough) but know that any attempt to free her brings doom upon you as well.

Invocation of the Rain Princess

Level 1 Range: Self Duration: Variable Casting time: 1 round

Save: None

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater

Misfire N/A

1	Lost, failure, and worse! Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 3- Corruption + Patron Taint, 4-5 Corruption, 6+ Patron Taint
2-11	Failure. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.
12-13	The Princess sends refreshing, pure rain; afterward the frogs of the wood will report all that they see and hear to Her. The caster will not get wet.
14-17	<i>Bright Spies of Midsummer eve</i> -Send aid in the form of light fairy creatures and local but clever animals. 1d4 fairy lights, creating pale eerie light not quite bright enough to read by, and 1d10 small woodland creatures or terrain equivalent (small birds mostly) descend upon the caster as though sent by the Princess herself. One of which will on her behalf happily answer any one question in a language the caster understands.
18-19	<i>Embracing cloak of Autumn clouds</i> - The Rain Princess weaves a net of multilayered clouds, mist, and a fog to protect and conceal you from things in the sky & things searching for you, most especially flying mythical creatures (Chimera, Dragons, certain Demons, and the like). For up to 1d4 hours to allow pursuit or escape overland. Furthermore, during this time the caster and (d4+cl) designated others leave no traces of their passing identifiable by mundane means. This could be sufficient to allow a party a rest in a wilderness or dungeon environment free of harassment for a limited amount of time. These effects end immediately upon any act of violence committed by those under its effects
20- 23	<i>Sending Sweet Rain</i> Will send a spring storm that rains sweet water down upon the caster and 1d3+CL designated others; the caster will not become wet or damp unless desired. Caster can designate a restoring rain (which will allow all to recover 2d5 hp, and 1d3 ability loss) or a cleansing rain (Which will purge disease and taint, to the point of curing disease, neutralizing poison, or the like). Additionally, the caster may designated this effect to replicate the 18-19 effect above as well. In addition, the water is sweet and pure, and very potent, a cupful sufficient to alleviate dehydration conditions and cleanse the characters mundanely.
24-27	<i>The infinite and dewy recollection of early morning</i> - Will refresh the character's memory of any single forgotten spell, even including spells the character has previously

lost, had stolen, or traded away. This takes effect immediately, and the spell is usable on the character's next round of action, making use of it at +3 to the spell check.

28-29 *Weapons of the Eternal Suitors*- Over the millennia of her imprisonment, many have sought to free the Rain Princess. Those so questing have vanished, naught to return, and so are called the Eternal Suitors. However, many of these suitors have, over the eons, left many a weapon of potent aspect. With this invoke result, the Rain Princess allows you to wield a shadow of one of these weapons of power. Roll a d6:

1. Shadow of the 7th ebon blade - wavy black inky long blade +4 hit/damage v. anything, incorporeal or solid
2. Shadow of the Elondice silver sabre - +1 to hit, cuts through *anything* on nat. 20
3. Shadow of the Onyx Mace - +4 to hit, 3d6 damage, shatters inanimate objects
4. Shadow of the Fire Spear - flung but returns; 60' range 5d6 fire/magma
5. Shadow of the Kingsblade +2 long sword, holy, lawful; +2d4 v. chaos
6. Shadow of the Stormbow 300' range 2d6 +3d6 electricity and degaussing Such a weapon manifests automatically; each can be used once a round with the caster's normal action die as an attack action. Weapon lingers until no longer in use or next sunrise. The caster is always considered proficient with this weapon.

30-31 *A Door in the air, barely ajar* - The Rain Princess Lets down her silver hair; the caster may climb the spun filaments, evacuating the scene to a shadowy non-dimensional space 10' above. In this space the caster has the benefit of time passing at an altered, glamourous rate, so that ten rounds pass in the pocket space for every single round in the 'real world.' The caster and 1d4+CL others may remain in this pocket space for CL/hours before they will need to decamp back into the real world. During this time successfully searching for the hidden will prove nearly impossible, save by scrying magic at an equivalent. DC.

32+ *Anointed Champion of the Trapped Princess of Rain*- You channel a sliver of the Rain Princess herself and in so doing she comes closest to knowing freedom. Immediately an ash, oak, (or local equivalent) branch will erupt from nearest woodlands (or a bush if necessary) - this weapon may only be borne by the caster and only lingers for CL / rounds. While bearing it, you are +2 AC, +2 to Hit, +2 to damage, and with the long spear, crit on an 18-20. All criticals impale, which inflicts 1d8+12 damage and immobilizes the target. While bearing the branch-spear the wielder is immune to electricity, magnetic attacks, and the effects of weather and environment. As the bearer of the branch-spear the caster is the Rain Princess' appointed champion. The character is changed by this. In the short term, The caster experiences a +4 morale bonus to attack, spell checks, and both will and fort saves for the next 2d6 hours. The caster will be able to spend luck on others as though they were a halfling. Additionally, the caster receives a permanent +1 to Personality and Int and will be treated as at least part fey by fey creatures forevermore both socially and magically. However, in taking on even a little of herself into you, you have brought a sliver of her curse upon you. Regardless of your success in other arenas, you will forever know isolation and loneliness, as though set apart from All peoples. This does not go on forever. In 1d4+1 game years, when the caster is alone without witness, they will vanish from all reality, drawn into this, her Tower, forever silent. Perhaps they are together, forever? Or perhaps from such suitors doth she feed, and in that way, knows the world. Who knows?

Patron Taint 1 - - Overwhelming pangs of sadness and despair pluck at the caster's heart and soul; existential hopelessness and dread beyond mortal ken washing over and through them. Subsequent receipt of this result leads to deep clinical depression, and later "sickness of the heart."

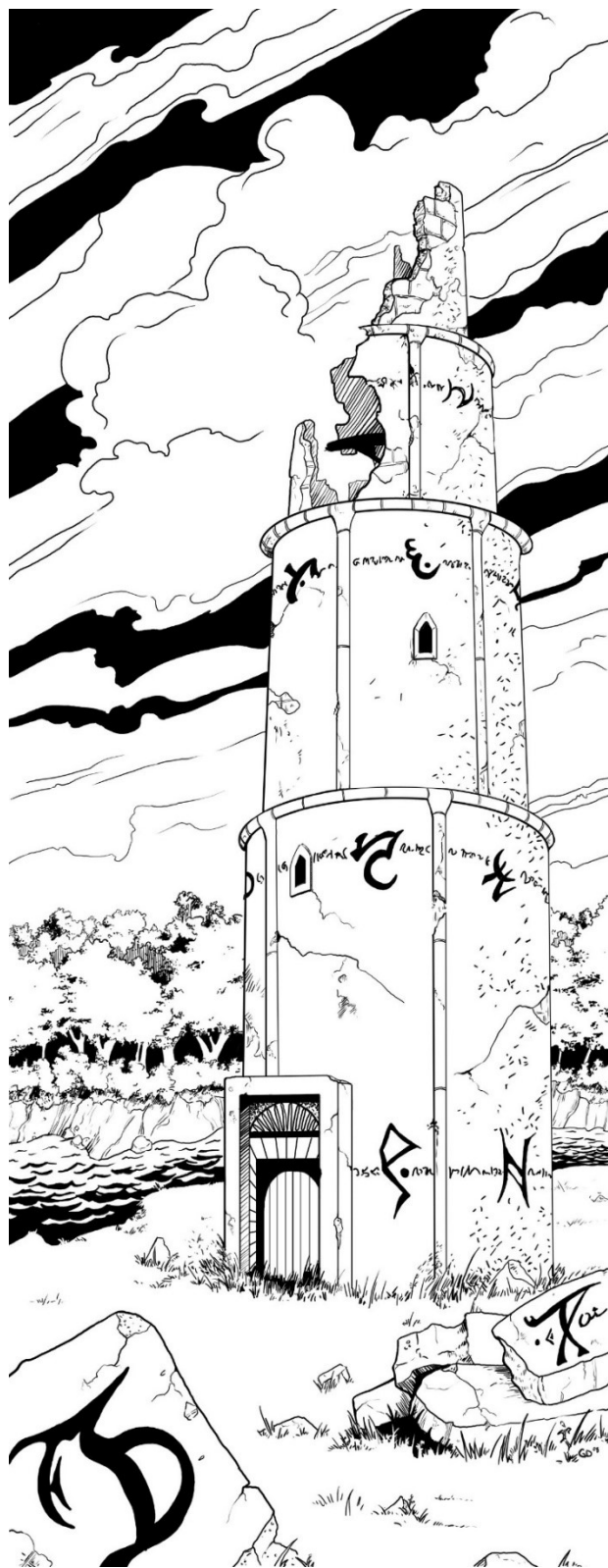
Patron Taint 2 - In breaching the oath word-wards that make up the Princess' tower, the caster takes on qualities of the prison itself. Over the next $d4+CL$ days the caster erupts in shoots, small colourful mushrooms, tubers, and other fungal and vegetable growths. These may be plucked for spellburn purposes. Additional receipt of these results will turn the caster's hair green, cover their bodies in moss, and their feet in stonemasonry-like callouses. Subsequent receipt of this result turns the character slowly into the material of the princess' tower, adding 2 to their innate AC while suffering a loss of 2 permanent agility points. With Five total recipients of this result, the caster fades from reality, to become an immortal moss covered stone brick, betraying the Princess by becoming part of her prison.

Patron Taint 3 - Somehow the purity and essence of light within the Rain Princess shines through you. You shine from within a rose and golden light to a radius of 60'. The first time you receive this result, your eyes turn to gold and your hair to spun silver, while your features become more even and more Princess-like, netting a +2 Personality score permanently. A second occurrence of this result however (and any subsequent), slowly sap the caster's will and ego as they give up more and more of their self to the Faerie thing they are channeling. -1 Pers (perm.) each time, though their features will also slowly transform into a porcelain doll of perfect features, silver metallic hair, and sad eyes of liquid gold.

Patron Taint 4 -- The Rain Princess looks on in disgust and despair at the state of your mortal world; her sense of fair play and just rewards bleeds over into the caster, moving their alignment a step closer to Lawful, suffering a perm. Loss of a point of luck in so doing. Those already Lawful may find themselves geased to complete some need based task to benefit someone recently encountered by the party, the completion of which will hold off the luck loss (indefinitely).

Patron Taint 5 - A light mist rises and surrounds the caster like a comforting lover, covering them in a light covering of dew drops and water droplets. This effect is permanent. On a subsequent result of this taint, the mist is replaced with a light rain that, again, is constant but affects only the caster. A third receipt will make life very difficult for the caster.

Patron taint 6 - Congratulations, you now are channel for the Rain Princess' sadness. The ever tears begin. $1d5$ hard black and silver crystalline tears are painfully forced out of your tear ducts at dawn and dusk every day. Each is worth $5d12$ SP but each also inflicts $1d3$ points of damage. Provided you survive this, subsequent receipt of this taint only induces an immediate crying jag as though it were dawn or dusk but has no other additional effect. The tears may most certainly be used for Stamina, or Personality based spellburn.



Spellburn Spell burn for the Rain Princess

Spell burn for the Rain Princess

1. The caster sings a heartfelt but bittersweet paean to the Rain Princess, serenading her from afar. Allows burning of Personality, Stamina, or Intelligence.
2. The character spins about for a full round bringing both intense dizziness and the caster more into sync with the Princess. Can be used for Stamina, Agility and Intelligence based spellburn.
3. A feeling of trapped imprisonment washes through the caster's mind and body, freezing their joints and robbing their muscles of strength. You share in the Princess' constant torment only a little. (Str, Sta, and Agil spellburn)
4. The caster's breath crystallizes on exhale, literally sucking the air out of their lungs to fall to the ground shattering into small fragments which will then turn back to gas. (Agil and Str spellburn)

Patron Spells

Won't you Come out And Play? (level 1) - stirs the sleeping no matter how long sleeping, beckons the fearful to play, etc. Essentially a supernatural "Come Hither" to mythical beings.

Open up your Eyes (level 2) - bestows a kind of total arcane (fay and fae) sight and extra awakened perceptions; lots of cannot unsee; leads to madness

Clouds will be a Daisy Chain (level 3) - faerie weather control; can assume fanciful shapes, rain frogs, fish, hot hail, etc.

A note on Spell Dueling Note: for Spell dueling purposes, any other patron connected to faerie and any other patron the Judge decides are considered proper oppositional patrons to counter invoke patron with invoke patron. Indeed, the only other spirit known to get on with her is the ancient fae spirit the Green Fairy, the only fae creature known to break the ban on interacting with her.

The Snot Princess

– the lady Lunker of Filth, Princess of Snot buckets,

 A power of the faery chaos

The Snot Princess, once called *Il'Flae mucch the Yellow Princess*. Visceral and gross, She is fond of wriggling, dripping, disgusting, living things; She has ties to mysterious fell powers of Spring and is beloved by Goblins.

Invocation of the Yellow Princess

Level 1

Range: Self

Duration: Variable

Casting time: 1 round

Save: None

Misfire N/A

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater

12-13 By invoking the Yellow Princess' fey mien, the caster may **channel a quickened and bizarre fae touched fertility** into all living things within 30' + 5'/CL; the yield of all fertile growing things within that circle shall be doubled. Gardens bloom twice, a harvest shall be bountiful, and your dairy cow gives two calves not one. This does include all living things and so even human (or dwarven, halfling, etc.) fertility may be so affected. Any additional living things inspired/created under these auspices are fey touched however, and so you have two calves but one of them is fey cattle. Does it produce changelings? Perhaps².

14-17 **Have some mucous** – the caster and up to 1d4+CL designated others within 60' are, on a failed Fortitude save, overwhelmed with impossible amounts of nasal mucous as it pours out of their body, making even simple tasks nearly impossible to say nothing of fighting as it rushes with great pressure out of the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth of the afflicted for 1d6 rounds, during which all tasks are performed a step down on the dice chain. Of note this can affect body parasites, driving them out of the body on a failed Fortitude save.

18-19 The **yellow princess hoarks a big fat one** up to deposit upon your enemies. Attack comes spontaneously from within the Faery Chaos itself upon a designated opponent (1+Pers bonus if any); that target will, in 1d4 rounds, be attacked (at +8) and if hit, splattered with faery loogie. That target has now been “painted” and unless specified otherwise all of the caster's magics will target them as well *in addition to any normal targeted effects by a given spell*. This effect lingers for CL/rounds after the caster spits.

20-23 **Dripping intimidating doom** – with a terribly guttural liquid roar you summon the vital essence of the Yellow Princess into your body's pores. Your hair, skin, eyes, and even breath are infused with terrible ochre moisture of horrible scent and filthy aspect, the mere sight of which triggers ancient and primal fears of disease and death. You gain 1d6 PERS which can (and must) immediately be spent on spellburn, spell burning at a 2 for 1 rate if used to spellburn other yellow magics. Anyone, friend, or foe, must exceed the spell check DC to so much as touch the caster, let alone attack them, for 1d3 rounds +CL after which this spell effect ends.

24-27 2-8 of the foulest barking spiders manifest from the caster's body. They act independently unless given single simple commands by the summoner.

Barking Spiders (2-8) **Init** +0; **Atk** bite +1 melee (1d4); **AC** 15; **HD** 2d6; **hp** 6 or or hp 11, 10, 9, 7, 7, 7, 3, 3; **MV** 60; **Act** 1d20; **SP** miasma; **SV** Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +0; **AL** C.

Miasma – within 10' of the barking spider, all mammals and warm blooded things are at -2 to hit and most actions within five feet/ reach of the creature

² Or just very messy elves

28-29 a very gross girl – The Yellow Princess I unusually fond of performance and performative arts and so attempting to grasp her power more directly often involves such pantomime performance. By focusing their will on the “innate natural awfulness” of the Lady of Lungers, the invoker may reach into their body or otherwise pluck “visibly something” from off of or within their own body. This could take the form of picking one’s nose, or ass, extracting toe jam, or just shoving your fist into your own chest, depending on caster and style. The slimy wet and foul miasmatic object that is produced is only semi material and in fact is, in some way, at least partly a form of “elemental awfulness.” This wet *object d’horror* will rapidly deteriorate in the material world (effect lasts 1d3+CL rounds) but while I s held aloft

It may be used as a spell focus, providing a +1 bonus to all magics invoked, a (total) +2 to all fairy magics invoked, and a (total), +3 bonus to all magics of the Snot Princess that are invoked. Otherwise, each round it holds the attention of all who can perceive the caster (to a 33 foot radius) on a failed Will save; those who fail the will save suffer the consequences based on their own innate true nature (here represented by alignment)

If the observer is lawful – they will be held at bay as though turned by a cleric for the duration of the effect, not crossing to within a 33’ radius and fleeing that area if already within that circle. They experience feelings of revulsion, repulsion, and disgust.

If the observer is neutral the recipients of a failed saving throw creates waves of vertiginous nausea in onlookers who must retreat (at half speed) to at least 66’ from the caster to alleviate these feelings. Otherwise, all actions are at one step down on the dice chain and all REF saves are at -4.

If the observer serves chaos they are banned from interacting with the caster, even including speech, unless given permission to do so by the caster first. This is persistent for the duration of the spell.

30-31 Reveal my inner aspect – by revealing the caster’s secret ‘disgusting/vile/morally repugnant side they can induce psychological warfare on their enemies. In a single round the caster’s ‘hidden, monstrous side’ (shades of Mr. Hyde) will physically manifest. This effect changes the caster’s physical form and lingers until dismissed. For the duration the caster inflicts an additional 1d5 on all hand to hand attacks, from claws, or divots, or raw monstrosity, and gains a CL bonus to all saving throws against unwanted effects and conditions. Their PERS is raised to 18 for purposes of intimidation or terror. Anyone who evinces genuine fear or panic in the caster’s range of perceptions will create a channel that awards the caster 1d4 temporary hit points which may be used immediately to heal injury. (Any zero levels present will automatically qualify for such “fear”)

32+ Isn’t it neat when I do this? On a successful melee, attack, with a giggle, the invoker cheerfully and quite effortlessly *tears one target apart quite literally like a marshmallow...and then pushes the two halves of the person back together again, roughly*. Over and over again. This effect is sustained – each time the caster spends the round “playing marshmallow” with their target, they are ripped apart, sustaining 3d6 damage per caster level. It does not matter if this is a killing injury as when they are glommed roughly back together a second later, they are “healed” 3d6 damage (each must be rolled out) – all in the space of a single round. Each round the effect is sustained the caster can keep at this perpetually tearing their target in half only to put them back together. Should they desire to end the effect they can always discard a target rather than glom the halves back together, in which case they take an additional 3d6 damage and will bleed out in 1d2 rounds.

Otherwise, while this may thusly be survived by some measure, unless healed with magical or advanced healing sciences the target will sustain a perm. Reduction of 1d3 Agil and 1d4 STA as their legs, spine, and internal organs are no longer aligned correctly.

Patron Taint for the Yellow Princess

1. The invoker finds that *they are perpetually congested* and if they have allergies, they become active constantly. The caster may be easily mistaken for someone with a mild cold as they are constantly subject to sneezing, a constant and unnecessary non-productive cough, and truly endless amounts of lung and nasal mucous which will rattle in their lungs. If this taint is acquired a second time, it gets worse and now the caster has a perpetually runny nose, is constantly coughing up multi coloured phlegm, and periodically runs a fever causing their mind to race and their face to blanch white.

2. the caster *loses fine control over their own basic bodily processes*. Unless steps are taken they will find themselves in great need of a change of clothes...quite often.

3. the caster *erupts in sores which rapidly scab over*, leaving perpetual discolored eye-catching brown and yellow scabs. IF this taint is received a second time, the scabs cover most of the caster's body and they will need to daily make a DC 15 Will save to avoid succumbing to the urge to constantly pick at them.

4 the caster begins to *shiver and shake*, immediately convulsing in a feverish sweat. They have lost the ability to regulate their body's temperature and so they will be perpetually sweating buckets after any temperate or air pressure change. Their body will be coated in a layer of oil and dirt unless constantly attended to.

5 2d5 goblins manifest among the caster's discarded clothes, possessions, and personal effects. They may erupt from closets, chamber pots, or ventilation ducts; they are fresh arrived and know nothing of the material world. If this is received a second time the caster's alignment shifts toward Chaos and they gain the ability to speak the guttural barking language of goblin. With a third recipience of this taint, reducing the caster to 0 hp will trigger a goblin cascade – dozens of goblins erupting out of the character's very flesh and bone. For each HD possessed by the invoker, 1d4 goblins erupt out of their corpse, freshly material born amidst carnage and chaos.

6 The invoker will begin to exude the *Yellow Musk*; this condition is irreversible and final. Immediately the caster begins to stink of the sweetness of death and the salt of life. Simultaneously repulsive and intoxicating, this pheromonal reek has vegetal and insectoid properties and quickly affects all life around it.

Anywhere the caster goes they will have an entourage of enraptured semi-hypnotized bugs and lower invertebrates, higher animals, and oddly, some people.

Anywhere the caster lingers out of doors will erupt in a vibrant explosion of shoots, mushrooms, moss and bramble. Wherever the caster walks on foot in the wilderness will leave a trail of freshly sprouting weeds and strange semitransparent yellow flowers.

Anywhere out of doors that the caster invokes the Yellow Princess with spellburn will erupt in bushes the following evening which will flower and produce small yellow berries within 1d2 weeks. These berries are ill tasting and will induce violent nausea and intoxication for 1d3 + 2 hours. However, if consumed by anyone other than the caster they may invoke the yellow princess (or any of the other patrons in this book) at +3.

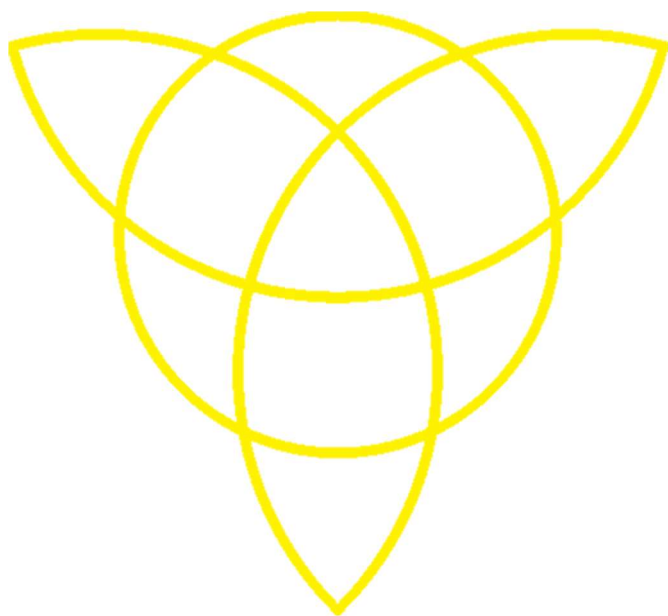
Spellburn for the Yellow Princess. Ew.

1. A body wracking, painful, bloody coughing fit ensues, producing wads of bloody phlegm and truly embarrassing amounts of drool and spit. Spellburns Pers, Agil, Sta, and Int.
2. After 1d3 rounds of intense digging you withdraw a long bloody vine out of your nose; this act of grand grimoire theatre spellburns Pers, Sta, or Agil
3. A tremendous, gut and bowel shaking obnoxiously loud burp, worthy of an orkish drinking contest, Spellburns PERS, INT, or STA
4. You spin about, faster, and faster, until you are dizzy to the point of sickening nausea. Spellburns for Agil, Str, Sta, Int, or Pers while you cling to the ground and wait for the spinning universe to STOP MOVING.
5. As the character moves and acts there is a near constant orchestra of sneezes, sniffles, farts, burps, hiccups, and other bodily phenomena as to irritate and distract everyone around them, who all regard the caster with "what is *wrong* with you?" expressions. Spellburn 1d4 Pers, Sta, or Agil
6. The wizard spends up to three rounds consuming their own hair, nail clippings, and anything else 'harvested' from their body. Spellburns 1d3 AGIL, PERS, and STA

Encountering the Yellow Maiden:

The Yellow Maiden (an aspect or fragment of Her) sometimes can be encountered while wandering the Rhapsody or the Faerie wilds.

If this aspect is mistreated or attacked in any way, 4d12 goblins will seem to erupt out of the earth and trees (or walls and floor if they are indoors) hell-bent on avenging her, whom they hold in especial regard owing to her special understanding of things disgusting.



Yellow Princess Magic

Call Forth the Vilæst Humors
(lævæl onæ)

Emulatæ the Little Yællow
Corpseflower (lævæl two)

Call upon the Time of Yællow
Færtility (cræatæ ambær tæa)

Call forth the Vilæst Humors

Level 1 Range: 30' Duration: Variable Casting time: 1 round

Save: Fortitude (spell check is DC)

Spell effects

12-13 **Ill font** – spoiled milk erupts out of the target's mouth, nose, ears, and any other bodily openings with explosive force, curdling instantly. This flow continues unabated until the duration ends, or the caster cancels the effect. While harrowing the target suffers no ill effects (they cannot be choked this way for example) however certain activities (talking, casting spells, etc.) will be largely impossible.

14-17 All of the target's secreted/excreted **bodily fluids are replaced with urine**. So the target is struck with a hideous case of the piss – sweats; however they will cry tears of urine, if cut they will bleed piss.

18-19 The **last thing consumed turns to hair in the target's stomach**. This hair is identical to the hair of those afflicted; each round the caster can Will to "draw out" that hair, forcefully unraveling and pulling the hair up the esophagus and out the nose and mouth of the target. This inflicts 1d2 hp, and 1d3 STA / round and can be used to choke weaker victims on their own hair.

20-23 The target **erupts in foul smelling swollen boils** all over their body, inflicting 1d4 ability damage to AGIL, STA, and PERS which may not be healed until the boils have been healed, either through the intervention of a cleric or other curse removing magic, a noble (patron) of the fae, or through waiting 1d4 weeks of natural healing.

24-27A **blooming garden of Flesh flowers** – the target erupts in 1d12+/CL blooms, actual flowers made out of the target's skin and flesh. This is a painful transformation, that takes 1d3 rounds each round inflicting 2d4 points of damage to hp and 1d2 STA loss in pain and body dysmorphia. At the end of this process, the bizarre multi coloured flowers will begin to attract insects, pollen, and other garden elements.

Any flesh flowers that are fertilized become permanent and will not fall away with time and healing and certainly not at the end of this spell's duration. If the flowers are shaved or encouraged to rot, the process will be extremely painful, inflicting 1d3 hp, a point of STA loss and a point of Agil loss (the ability loss may be healed normally) after which they will regrow in a day, starting the process all over again.

28-29 **The face of truth blossoms** – Writhing yellow elf runes erupt across the target's face, visible to all but comprehensible only by the caster (or anyone **with runic language fey** actively running) – at a glance the caster can determine the target's name, alignment, deity/patron, hit dice, cosmic allegiance, and if they are a spell caster or otherwise a supernatural being. There is no saving throw permitted against this form of magical truth telling. The effect ends after a single round.

30-31 On a failed save 1d3/CL goblins erupt out of the target's clothing, possessions, and person, violently, collapsing in a piled ring around the target. They are not under the caster's control and will act as they wish. *The target meanwhile has lost 1d4x10 pounds*

32+ **Call forth the secret hidden face** Immediately, the target is transformed, as their inner corruption and vilest aspects are called forth to become visible for all to see. Chose randomly or by alignment of target Roll 1d4

Chaos Head of pig, face of Roach, Head of dung beetle, face of sundew

Balance Head of ostrich, head and neck of flamingo, Head of fish, face of monkey

Order Head of popinjay, face of donkey, Head of Cardinal, Head of dog,

This change is permanent until the victim willingly bakes and eats a pie made with and containing some of their own flesh and blood. Alternatively, a cleric should be able to remove this curse.

Emulate the Little Yellow Corpseflower (level two)

Level 2

Range: varies'

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 1 round

Save: spell check is DC

Spell effects

12-13 The caster is overwhelmed by **the mighty power of their own stink**. They spend 1d4 rounds riotously taking large whiffs from their armpits and freshly worn underthings to the exclusion of all else. If attacked they will flee but at -1 penalty to any called for roll given the depth of their distraction

14-15 The Power of Startling Intimidation A spell which augments your other castings provided the target is repulsed by you. Through any means available to you – violation of social taboos, uncleanliness, overt sexuality, your body farm of carpeted insects, whatever – you bounce, drape, and whirl about fragrantly flaunting that which fills your target with that particular combination of fascination, dread, and awe. All Yellow castings occur at +1 on the spell check result

16-19 as above save that the caster receives a +2 bonus to their spell check result

20-21 Behold this cool gross thing A spell which augments your other castings provided the target is repulsed by you. Much as the **Power of Startling Intimidation** above you hypnotically hold your target in thrall while you manage to do something _they_ find gut or soul wrenchingly disgusting, to the point of gagging and nausea. For the duration of the spell effect, the caster gains a +2 bonus to all "Yellow Magic" spell checks and +1 bonus to all other spell checks. Further if the caster sustains a misfire or gains corruption from any source during this time, each manifest with +1 on the die.

22-25 Manifesting Fecund Beauty Conditions arise whereby the Caster's PERS score is raised by four for the duration with subsequent bonuses to Will and the like. However, if this places the caster's PERS above 18, they must (on the following round) expend 1d6 PERS as spell burn to fuel any other spell (Spell burns double for Yellow magic); when that spell is cast, the impossibly beautiful face that manifested rapidly peels like a rotting vegetable or flower, leaving the caster's *original* visage, minus 1d6 additional spellburn, underneath. This "spell burn" is more accurately attribute drain, as it is useless – save to fuel more Yellow magic. If the spell burn is used that way, it doubles the effects, and this occurs AGAIN. This may be maintained to "Nova" until such a time as the caster is reduced to 0 PERS at which time their entire body will rapidly rot, crumble, and blow away into the wind, leaving only the foulest of odors behind to indicate that they ever were.

26-29 as 20-21 above, however, now the spell caster gains +3 on all yellow magic spell checks, and add 2 to all other spell checks, corruption rolls and misfires.

30-31 Reveal my inner aspect – by revealing the caster's secret 'disgusting/vile/morally repugnant side they can induce psychological warfare on their enemies. On a failed save, this induces nausea, vomiting, and frequently flight, manifesting as 1d6 INT and PERS damage; this effect may be sustained for multiple rounds as a kind of Vile Danse. Anyone reduced to 0 PERS in this way flees until they recover that PERS, anyone reduced to 0 INT is given over to foul retching.

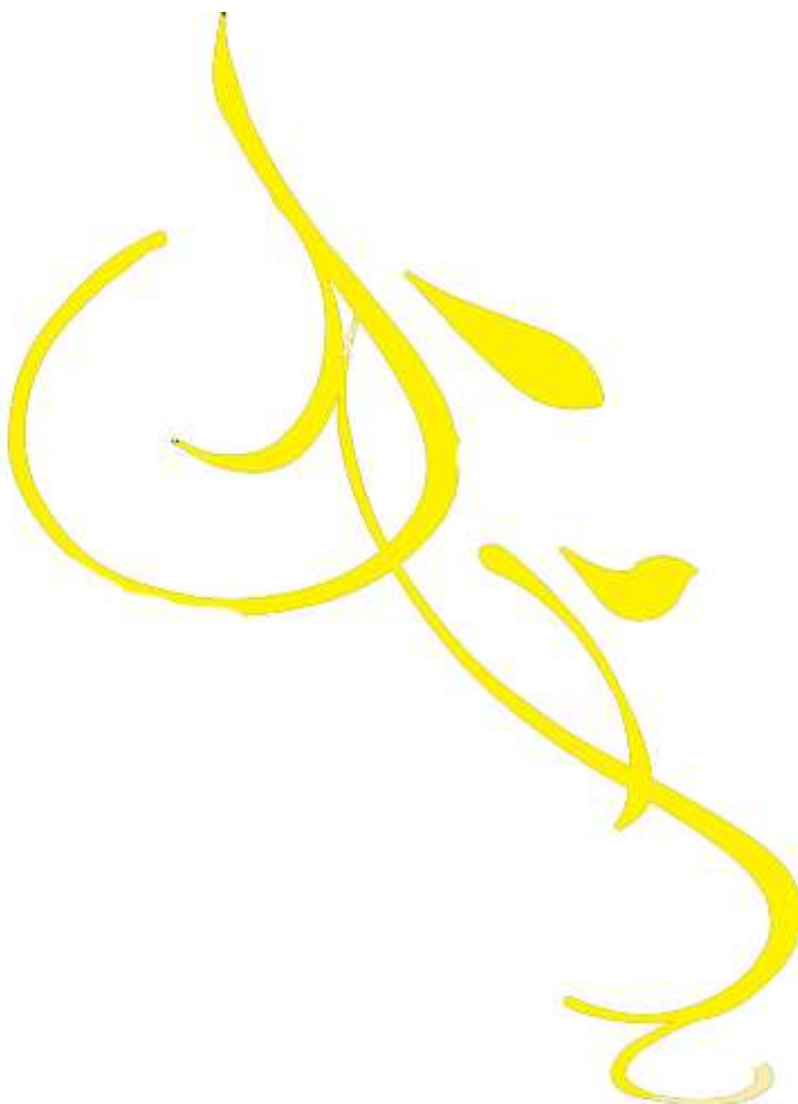
32-33 as Reveal above save that for the duration gains +3 on all yellow magic spell checks, and add 2 to all other spell checks, corruption rolls and misfires

34+ Blooming Corpseflower – With a curdling liquid scream, the spell caster inflicts 1d6 hp as a strange case of mandatory spell burn as they cut into their face, which both grants a temp +4 to their PERS score as their head splits open to bloom as an i30' immense animal-plant corpse flower. Which then releases its devastating stink.

Everyone in 30' is immediately reduced one step on the dice chain to all actions unless they are of the Aberrant or Undead type. Each round all in this affected area must succeed at a Fortitude save or take 1d6 STA damage

For the duration the invoker gains +3 on all yellow magic spell checks, and add 2 to all other spell checks, corruption rolls and misfires, however they do not have functional eyes (*their head has transformed into a blooming flower!*) and so will have to target from sound and memory. The caster's head is very sensitive to vibrations in this state so they may "hear" normally.

At the end of this effect, the caster must make a fortitude save, the DC equal to their rolled (not total) spell check result; on a failed save, their head does not revert, and they have the head of a corpse flower with all of the benefits and weaknesses that this implies. They will be unable to eat but after a time will be able to plant their feet into damp soil or shallow stream silt under proper sunlight and pass into a slumber like trance for 1d6 hours a day during which time they slowly are suborned by the Dream of Plants.



Call upon the Time of Yellow Fertility (create amber tea)

The spellcaster spontaneously erupts in a bizarre frolicsome dance or other frenzied activity

Level 3

Range: varies

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

Spell effects

12-15 The caster's sense of smell is heightened tremendously, and so spends the next d5 rounds sneezing uproariously as fairy pollen attempts to colonize the invoker's sinus cavities.

16-17 Praying for the half-light – the caster's immediate surroundings are covered in an eerie sepia toned amber colour wash that distorts sound and bends light; mundanely, the effects are like heavy fog. Within the radius for the duration the purity of sunlight, magical light, or even divine light is impossible within the affected area, all things here are muted and hushed tones. Plants and trees will writhe and sometimes sing under the influence of the strange wavelengths of light created by this eerie invocation. Within the affected area all will saves are increased +1 on the DC. All sonic effects and attacks function at reduced effectiveness, essentially half range and at -1 on the die for any damage or resulting effects. When used in conditions other than full lighting, zero levels present must succeed at a fort save or begin Goblinization in the next 1d2 weeks. Sometimes the tinies of effects are the most lasting. A small, bizarre flower erupts at the site at which the spell is cast. Those who smell it also are likely to become infected with goblinism.

18-21 Rancid Fecundity – The invoker calls upon the sticky sweet odor of death and decay to summon and augment reducers, scavengers, and other entropy. Within 1d3 rounds a number of HD of insects, scavengers and vermin equal to the CL+4 will manifest, boiling out of the ground, arriving from the outside world, or spontaneously manifesting from the Fair lands.

22-23 wiggling writhing feral funk – creeping, crawling, slithering, things spontaneously erupt harmlessly from within the caster's exposed flesh, seemingly pouring out of them like fat drops of ugly gray sweat. The wiggling carpet thus produced expands outward from the caster at CL/feet per round, covering and crawling into any living thing they encounter.

Zero levels immediately flee in terror.

24-26 the Stank of Creation – spontaneously exuding the odor of intense focused effort and concentration, the invoker amplifies creative endeavors attempted by forces sympathetic to the caster within the affected area, doing so with a + bonus, this includes casting spells, mighty deeds, turning unholy and the like.

27-31 a fine layer of mold, mildew, dust, and mites rains down upon the caster in a brief gossamer shower of fertile decay, which ultimately covers everything in a 30' radius of the caster in fine green-blue wiggling matter. Within that radius, breathing is more difficult for all but the spellcaster and up to CL others. Those affected must succeed at a Fortitude saving throw or be so wracked by breathing problems and blindness from spores, dust and tiny crawling things as to be reduced a step on the dice chain for all activities while they remain within the affected radius. Even those who succeed at the fortitude save are at -1 to most activities that require sight, respiration, or precision / concentration. Zero levels caught in this area of effect will die in 12d3 rounds no saving throw.

32-33 Forereaping the Summer fields – Recalling a time in the mists of deep time when *Il'Flae mucch* was a 'guest' (guest hostage) of *One Eyed Woden*, the Yellow Princess may call upon ancient spirits of maturing mead, animating vast swarms of bees and other pollenating creatures & insects (adapting to local conditions if cast somewhere more exotic than Aereth)

Every other round the effect is maintained the spell caster may hurl an insect swarm (DCC RPG p419) of maximum hit points at any enemy within 30' feet.

34-35 Stank Cauldron of true creation - The cloying scent and amber fumes act as a force multiplier for acts of creation and creativity. Spell burn results are doubled though any incurred corruption or taint manifests as a roll on the **Patron Taint for the Yellow Princess** Table with +1 on the die.

36+ Defiant Weeds - a kind of radical spiritual kudzu is unleashed upon the material world Spreading out in a radius from the invoker equal to CL+PERS bonus in miles *within that radius*, savage, fecund, living, entropy attacks and claims the affected area as its own.

Such Defiant Lands are forever easier places whereupon to invoke the Fairy Chaos and the Yellow Princess respectively, doing so at +2 and +2 respectively to the spell check result Furthermore, such a land is almost certain to suffer (or be blessed by) an incursion from Goblin. (see page)within the next 99 days (roll d%-1)

If the caster possesses any patron taint for the yellow princess, roll 1d6. If a taint possessed by the sorcerer comes up, the sorcerer themselves is consumed in the acct of Defiant Supergenesis, boosting the effect tenfold and quite likely creating a permanent, if spontaneous door into and out of the Chaos in the campaign world.



Soul Princess – the cold woman

The Needful Lady once had another name and many champions. She may have been Lady Triskaidekaphile's sister. At the time of the Fall, she had gathered her most faithful to carry out a mythic task; giving more of herself and her power to them than was wise; they in turn were maddened by it and slew one another for the seeds contained in the silvers of their lady's heart. She was betrayed when the change came and has been weakened and withering....perpetually....ever since.

In another life, she was the **Princess Eyes of Peacock, Lady of Birds, and her Armor of Dolls, She with her forward facing ever bobbing swan neck.**

But that life, that face, that mask.... is dead, gone. Lost. She has let too much mortality in, and given too much of herself out. And those for whom she has given so very much are long gone. Mortals experience time in ways that the Fair, even her, never shall. She is hungry. *So hungry.* Those who have lost a child, a spouse, or merely those who give far too much of themselves to others, all of them will feel a tug at their heart at the Soul Princess' plight. Doomed and damned but needful – and hungry.

Invocation of the Cold one, the Soul Princess

Level 1 Range: Self Duration: Variable Casting time: 1 round

Save: None

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater

Misfire N/A

1 Lost, failure, and worse!

Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 3- Corruption + Patron Taint, 4-5 Corruption, 6+ Patron Taint

2-11 Failure. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.

12-13 The **quiet moaning** of the cold lady hardens your heart, for long has she endured constant cold, agony and longing. For CL + 1d6 rounds, the invoker may survive extreme conditions of cold, pain, or exposure.

14-17 the endurance of winter - as 12-13 above but the invoker may also resist the effects of starvation, dehydration, or heat as well as cold, pain, and exposure, doing so for 2d5-CL hours.

18-19 the sound of wizened **branches scratching on old glass** in the constant wind fills the air, scraping and scratching at the very bones of all who can hear. Every intelligent creature in 30' takes 2d8 hp damage (Fort save at spell DC for half) as their bones crack, bend, and shear within their skins.

20- 23 20- 23 The cold lady's **hand upon your heart** is a constant reminder that sometimes to give your all is to endlessly prove your dedication and self-worth, imparting a +1d6 bonus to all of the invoker's will saves for the next CL+3 hours by putting their very self-image on the line for success once again.

24-27 Wishful regrets of cold steel sometimes the Princess of Lost Souls will deeply regret not the endless betrayals that she has experienced but rather, her inability to have hurt them first. A curious sort of regret for one existing in timelessness and the paradox is quite painful to her. However, you exist in phenomenal time invoker, and so if you have the encourage, she will impart +1d7 to all of your attack and damage rolls for the next thirteen hours PROVIDED you target “those who would betray you.” *Though you must strike first, in effect, betraying those who make you fearful or paranoid.* The bonus is only applicable and imparted toward these “foes,” or any actual traitors to you or your cause you may encounter.

28-29 agent errant do my bidding – by imparting a tiny fraction of the charisms that The Lady once possessed to you, a mortal in phenomenal time, you functionally gain a +1d4 bonus to PERS for the duration; moreover, you may compel a companion, retainer, or person known to you to any action you desire (leveled characters resist with a Will save at the spell check DC, zeros do what they are told). The bedazzled individual’s brain has been affected – they want to help, very much so and this will carry them through until the duration’s end or the completion of the task that is put to them. At that time, and only at that time, do the implications, moral or ethical, or *any damage or injury sustained* sink in and take effect.

30-31 Dead and Bloated – the Cold Woman knows the value of sinking deep into one’s mire and letting the toxins of death creep all around you in your misery. Experiencing a feeling akin to slowly drowning inside a shallow but frozen marsh, the invoker may “*alleviate their life conditions,*” slipping into a kind of suspended animation for up to d26 days + CL. They must be wholly or partially immersed in water, sand, dirt, or another elemental medium below 50 F air temperature for this effect to set in. Thereafter the invoker is indistinguishable from an anonymous drowned (or buried alive, or etc.) corpse; however, they do not rot, they do not deteriorate and they are not subject to the ravages of time or entropy. Instead, they exist in a seeming slow motion nightmare wrought of a kind of twilight zone version of their own life, on an endless repeating loop until the duration expires. AS this is Fair magic the body in the meantime can and will heal ability and hit point damage as though it were engaging in full rest, absorbed not from the Lady but from the elemental material itself.

32+ Opening the One way black glass door – the invoker is granted the greatest of “gifts” a partial manifestation of the patron (in some sense) in their material reality. Within 1d3 rounds of casting, a strange glass and steel door will appear in mid-air, randomly within 33 feet of the caster. The door is persistent until opened or the caster dies. The door can only open at the caster’s bidding (or that of the Cold Lady herself). Should the caster the door open (one round) the door will open, swinging out and to the left, only a swirling cacophonous mist of amorphous shapes beyond. Once open the door will remain so until it has taken one soul. If the caster dies, that soul will be theirs. Otherwise, the caster may name (once per round) a single target within 30 feet of the door. Unless a Will save at the spell check DC is successful the target will freeze in place and begin on their next move to move toward the door. Only one target may be named (or identified, if the name is not known “Dude in red leather there” is fine). Once the target or indeed anyone steps through the door, the effect ends immediately and that person is gone forever, feeding the soul woman for all eternity. In future, areas of the campaign world where such doors have opened in the past may be used as sites of power, imparting a +1 spell check bonus on any invocations of the Soul Princess or her magic.

Patron Taint 1 – *Giving your all*

Comprehension of her ladyship has brought on a martyr complex. You find yourself constantly driven to give of yourself to your friends, your companions, for The Cause, or The Mission, endlessly giving and not understanding why no one else is doing so.

Patron Taint 2 – *constant hollowness*

If it was not there before, a constant empty feeling slowly pervades the invokers' being, as though some critical sliver of self has sloughed off; an almost imperceptible but nevertheless impenetrable wall seems to exist now between yourself and all over people, most especially your companions whom you experience wracking feelings of alienations from. This feeling does not go away. If this taint is received a second time, that barrier seems to grow thicker – they functionally are at -1 penalty to their PERS score with regard to interacting with any other living thing. Meanwhile, the invoker's need for company, companionship, and increasingly both achievement and approval begin to grow. Each time this taint is acquired again after the second, the PERS penalty and the NEED grow correspondingly. Those whose PERS scores are reduced to 0 in this manner literally fade away from existence, utterly forgotten by anyone who had ever known them.

Patron Taint 3 – *drowning you in my Misery*

The cold lady reminds you that she does not mean to be a vampire; but if those around her will not help, she will help herself. And now so will you. For every day you spend in the general company of other people, you drain a single point of (Roll 1d5 1 hit point 2 Stamina 3 Strength 4 an experience point 5 Personality) from your companions. (Leveled characters can attempt a Will save, DC 16, when they lay down at night to avoid “donating” such points.) If this taint is gained a second time, the number of points drained increases to 1d3/24 hours. Note that the invoker does not benefit from these stolen points. They are merely a conduit. XP “donation” cannot reduce a leveled character a level, if the xp drain would do so, inflict that as hp or personality loss instead, though without any opportunity for a saving throw. Any who are reduced to 0 Strength Stamina or Personality fade away, and are rapidly forgotten by the material world. Those who are reduced to zero hit points in such fashion vanish, never to be seen again on this plane. They may wander the Chaos for all eternity however....

Patron Taint 4 – *a soul has needs*

Even in a crowd you are wracked by overwhelming feelings of loneliness and isolation. Conversely your need for this feeling to be alleviated is and this need is both constant and total. You are at a 1d4 PERS penalty any day that you cannot find the companionship you seek, (time with a friend, family, or working associate counts). This must be resolved each day. Worse, if the need is not filled on a given day, one point of the PERS penalty becomes persistent to the next day and so on. It is possible to waste away to literally nothing in this fashion, as those reduced to zero PERS by this literally fade, becoming transparent and then invisible and then nothingness in 1d4 rounds, their remaining essence absorbed to feed the Soul Princess' own monstrous need for companionship.

Patron Taint 5 – Vision of Noire

Even as the sclera of your eyes, whitens, and the iris darkens, so too does your vision change. Slowly over 1d5 weeks, the sorcerer's sight will slowly darken, taking on a film noir, Sepia-like black and white quality by the end of this process. As their sight darkens the caster will find that they increasingly sort people, places, and anyone / anything they know into categories of “safe” and “the enemy.” A certain paranoia

will result from such black and white thinking. It will soon prove easy to cut off inconvenient people, sources of misery, and the like. Such a character detects lies, illusions, and deceptions at +1 but is deeply suspicious of all around them. And no fun to be around at all.

Patron Taint 6 – *the inevitability of treason*

There is a high price to pay for the invoking of magics such as hers. You have taken on so much of her nature that those closest to you, mystically, those who benefit the most from your magic, will be twisted by it. The last (CL+2) allies or companions that have ever benefited from your magic become enraged and (roll 1d8 modified by luck) attack you (1-3) or each other (4-8)

Patron Spells

“Appleheart” (level one)

“Circle of Knots” (Level two)

“Someday my prince will come” (Level three)

Spell burn for the Cold Princess

1. *Bleed for me* show your devotion and injure yourself; she does not want you impaired merelybloody. Spell burns up to 1d3 Sta, Agil, Int, or Strength.
2. *I want to hear you scream* – You unleash your primal agony, screaming of your fears, wants and needs, laying your soul bare to Your Lady. Takes at least one round, spell burns Stamina, Agility, and Intelligence
3. *I want to hear the quaver in your voice when you beg to me* – the invoker humiliates themselves for 1d3 rounds pleading and demonstrating the Lady’s power and power over you. Spell burns Personality (at double effect), Int, Agil, and Sta (though at two for one).
4. Wrap a length of rose vine or other bramble around your neck, forehead, waist, or arm, *bleeding for your Lady is the surest form of devotion*. Spell burns Pers, Sta, Str, Agil, and Int.



“Apple-heart”

Recalling a time when she was an active patron to mortals, for whom she would give much of herself. This spell recreates the conditions of her final betrayal, as she gathered her five champions for a deed of mythic importance. To ensure their victory she withdrew her own heart and divided it, slicing into fifths for each of them.

A collector, the Lady of Souls fills in the void in herself with components cast off from other, mortal, stories. She has been known to assume the attributes or whole forms of those who have served her unto death.

Level 1

Range: self

Duration: as indicated

Casting time: 1 round

Save: spell check DC

Spell effects

12-13 TA rotting bole opens briefly in the caster's flesh, spitting out his moist and soggy mass of worms and rot is not an apple nor fit for consumption. Ew.

14-17 The invoker's chest parts ever so slightly, casting an almost divine light from within. Caster inflicts a persistent injury on their next hit; this injury is a deep wound that leaves a permanent scar; it inflicts additional damage equal to the caster's level, however this latter damage is permanent hit point damage, though high level clerics or certain relics may be able to affect magical healing.

18-19 The caster opens their own chest, which parts, revealing thorns and bramble within, coiled around ribs and lungs. Caster inflicts a persistent injury, akin to that in 14-17 above. However, this injury is a permanent disfigurement, scar or debilitating injury, as per those inflicted by those who survive death only via a rolling the body check (DCC RPG pp 93 Recovering the Body ; in game terms this inflicts a permanent 1d4 hp damage as well as an accompanying loss of 1d3 attribute points, selected by the precise nature of the injury. A loss of a few fingers would equate to AGIL loss and so on.

20-23 The invoker plucks their own heart from their chest. While it is held so, they may use it as a spell focus for Patron magic, granting a +3 bonus in doing so. While they wield their own heart so, they are immune to death magic, poison, and gaze attacks.

Caster inflicts a persistent, lifelong injury that leaves the target obviously marked and disfigured inflicting the caster's CL in persistent hp damage and ability loss. If the target survives, they will always know of the caster's proximity for the wound will ache so.....

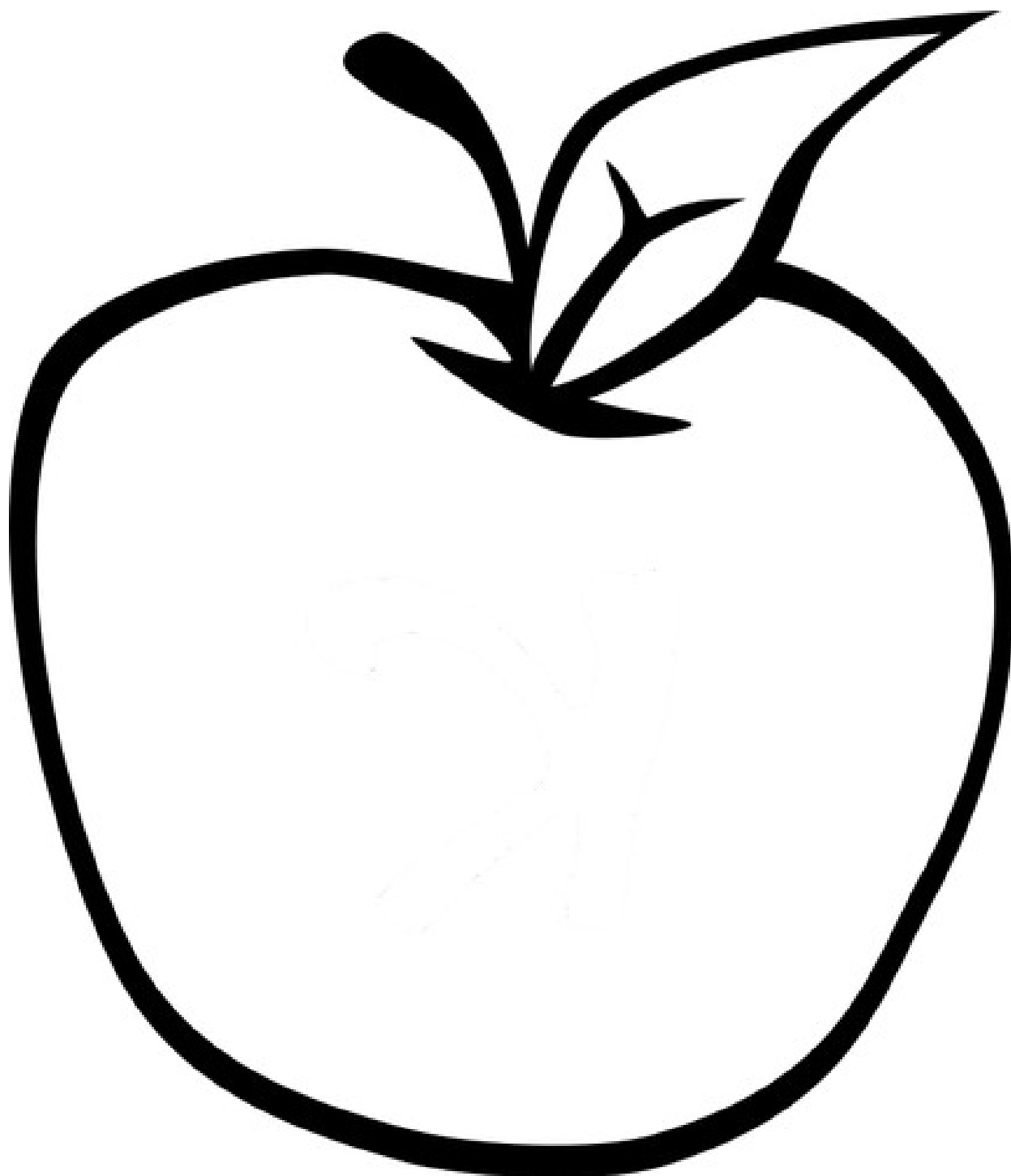
24-27 a bramble of thorns, dripping with resentful cold ichor erupt explosively from the spellcasters chest, imparting a 1d7 bonus to their Armor Class for the next 2d7 rounds. During this time anyone who spends a round within 5 feet of the caster will find themselves scratched by the bramble inflicting 1 hp of damage and -1 STA to reflect blood loss.

28-29 the invoker plucks their own heart from deep within their thorn, immediately partitions it into up to 1d3+CL+AGIL bonus individual heart slices. Each costs the caster 1d3 hp or 1 STA point to produce.

Any who freely imbibe these apple-heart slices gain the benefit of the additional sacrificed hp or STA and if they are injured may keep the bonus as though it were recovered naturally.

30-31 The invoker dramatically parts their own chest, at no risk to injury, clothing, or armor, exposing a yellow and green throbbing mass of moss, void, and muscle. Of those present for this spectacle, one may be chosen and designated a target. This target must beat the spell check results on a Will save or feel their soul torn irretrievably out of their body and drawn into the still throbbing green and black heart, feeding the soul princess. All who witness this terrifying act must resist fear with a DC 16 Will save; failure to do so will send any leveled characters for cover and freeze any zero levels in their tracks, quite possibly killing the latter with fright.

32+ as above In addition each year there is a cumulative $1d6+1$ % chance that the wound will claim the character and they will be physically sucked through the injury like some kind of flesh-singularity and broken down into their essential essence, which feeds the shattered egg mother.



Circle of Knots (ritual)

This spell is a ritual, led by the caster but almost any may take part in it. Creates an effect whereby all those who take part in it share the burden of an activity. The most actually useful spell in here.

Under no circumstances may the ritual encompass more individual participants than the rite master's PERS score

Level 2

Range: ritual participants

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 10 rounds +1 per additional

Save: spell check DC

Spell effects

12-13 the **moaning of the wind and the rustle of dry cracked leaves** swirl around the invoking spellcaster, a cold wind blows sending surges of pain in old wounds, arthritis, and other persistent conditions in all present.

14-15 . The caster begins **twisting a length of rope**, hemp, vine, or other similar implement into a rough circle, then weaving a thick knot into it, a sign of their dedication. With each passing round the circle is passed to another participant who adds their own knot into the circle.

Once the circle is passed back to the rite master (the caster), they and up to CL others The spell will persist so long as it is maintained by the caster at this point; while it is ongoing each ritual participant may as a dedicated action take an action *on behalf of another ritual participant*; If Buddafar the Butcher has a much higher BAB and special abilities with the sword then they may impart their sword ability (attack and damage roll) on behalf of another ritual participant suing a sword. Spell burn may be conducted by elves and wizards (and other "arcane casters" at the Judge's option) on behalf of one another. Self-healing abilities may be used on other ritual participants etc. etc.

16-19 as 14-15 above save that this affects up to CL+1 others; further the ritual sharing now includes spell effects that include one or more ritual participants – at will, a ritual participant may share that effect with one or more other participants (only the rite master can stop this).

20-21 A single, **spider-like strand descends from a shadowed velvet darkness above**. It can bear the caster and d4+1 others up and away to any one other place desired but afterward She will never perform this task to escape that location again.

22-25 Largely as 16-19 above save for the following – All participants in the ritual share the effects and burden of any shared condition between them. If there is a plague ravaging their community, any aid rendered to one of them will cascade to all of them. This allows for example the rest of the party to aid in spellburn to the caster, provided they are united in a particular – dedicated – task.

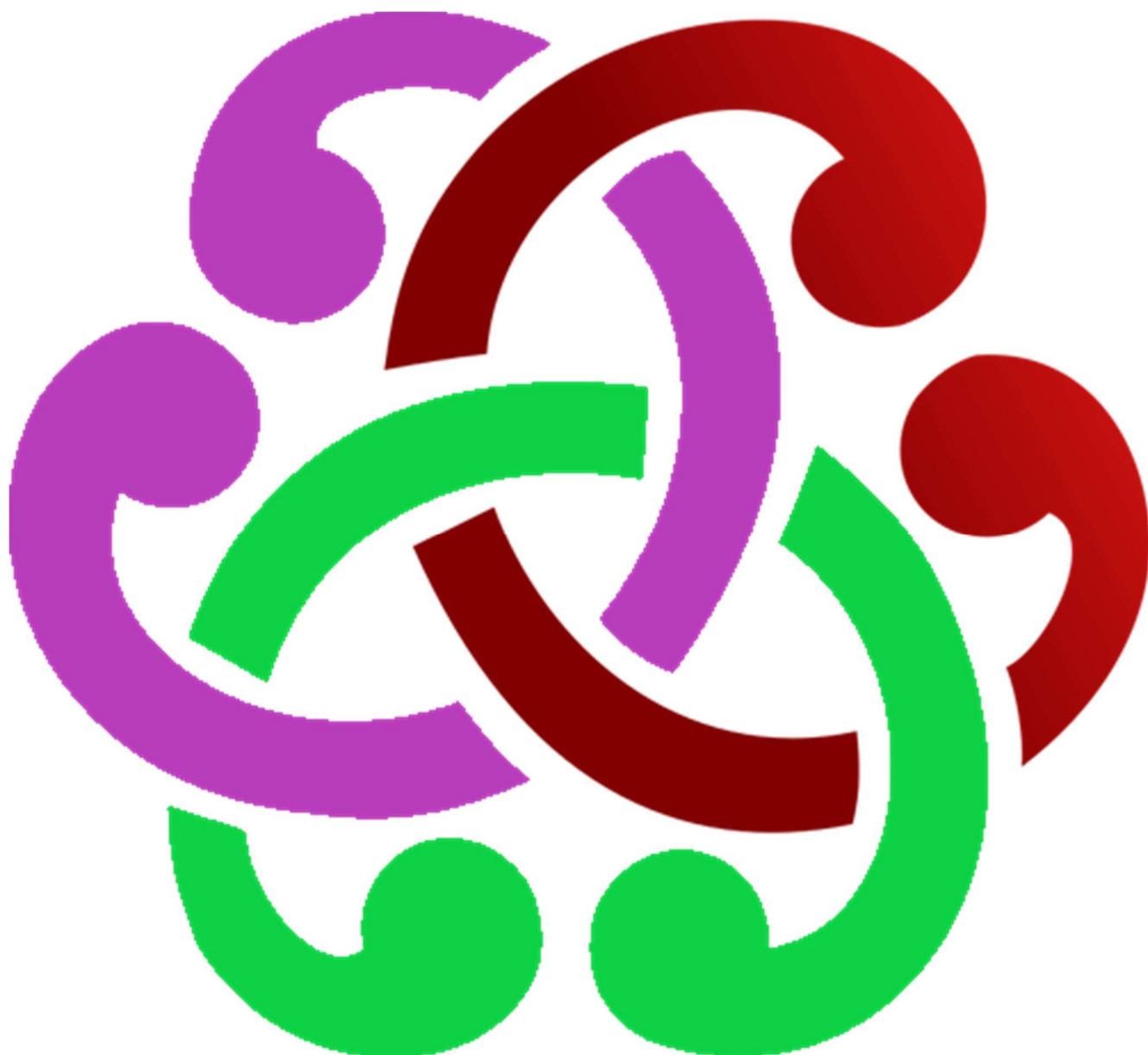
Note that this does indicate that any corruption, misfire, or patron taint effects will be shared across the group as well.

26-29 as 22-25 above, however. The rite master may dictate one other participant "soul well" who will absorb the group's corruption, or be the focus of any misfire results. The chosen well may resist with a successful Will save against the spell check result, which will ensnare the rite master (the spell caster) themselves instead, taking on the burden of any ongoing or emergent corruption or misfire results for the duration.

30-31 Burden of Knots – the ritual master (the caster) and any number of participants up to their PERS score may freely share spell burn, hit points, spell effects, and ongoing conditions such as poison, disease, and curses among those other ritual participants. If the caster is slain the effect is over.

32-33 As Burden of knots above save that any ongoing persistent magical effects, be they from magic items, blessings, or spells are now freely shared among the ritual participants. Magical healing (can) affect all of them simultaneously,

34+ as above save that now rite participants can share virtually anything on their character sheet with one another, to hit bonuses, saving throw bonuses, racial attributes, etc. If the caster is reduced to zero hp, STA, STR, PERS, INT, or AGIL they may take these points on a 1 gained for two taken rate from any other ritual participants. Who may resist with a Will save v. the spell check result



“Someday my prince will come”

Conjures a selfless and devoted warrior (Each are one of the Princesses’ captives) who will fight to be by your side and come to your aid, only to be consumed by their own devotion and pulled back into the bramble when the duration ends.

Level 3

Range: Close

Duration: as indicated

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC (Will)

Spell effects

12-15 The Wind of Soul Winter – The being called the Soul Princesses is, or has become, a martyr figure, and is tied to winter given her incessantly withering nature. The invoker is robbed of (roll 1d4) 1 a point of Stamina 2 a point of Personality 3 a hit point 4 an experience point

16-17 Charming – the memory of a vain and fickle prince ; Charming will only linger for 1d4 rounds; he will do the very minimum and will NOT fight. He cares about the Princess and that which is invoking her only so much as they can do something for him.

At the end he will drop off (or just leave) a bag of 3d6x100 gold pieces, a set of chain or plate mail, (50/50 chance of either) or may abandon their horse, which is a fairy steed wrapped up in the form of a mundane horse. All of these lingering traces of aid will last for 24 hours unless dismissed. When the duration expires, the gold turns to lead or old mushrooms, the armor turns to peasant’s rags, and steed returns to Fairyland. Anyone and anything still astride that mount or in its saddlebags returns with it to the Chaos and is probably lost forever.

18-21 The caster manages to successfully invoke and summon the **Sword of Virtue**, a blazing sword shaped ‘blade’ of force and light, A conceptual artifact made of thoughts of their higher, more evolved self, though here mired in mortal conceptions of purity – The touch of the blade of light inflicts 1d4 damage (ongoing per round or incidence of contact) to any non-Lawfully aligned individuals it comes into contact with, including the caster. It may however be ‘donated’ to one more fitting (in the caster’s estimation.) IN the hands of a lawful wielder, the blade inflicts 1d12+CL damage on all deceptive, corruptive, corrupted, and deceiving entities per contact or strike. The blade is persistent until dismissed.

22-23 The invoker conjures forth a highly detailed representation of the **Sword of Truth**; for the duration of the spell. As above this conjures a blazing ‘blade’ here of the purest of light. That light adds 3 to the saving throws v. illusions by anyone within its light. Illusions, shapeshifters, ongoing deception or compulsion effects and liars become uncomfortable in its glow and may be identified by the wielder; such entities take 1d12+CL damage per contact or strike from the blade. On contact with illusions, compulsion effects and the like, the blade shatters those effects if the spell check result overcomes the dc of the effect. However,..... For every 1d4 rounds the caster maintains he effect, in effect wielding the blade, they more convinced they will become of both their own rightness and the superiority of themselves over all others, *especially zeros*. Lawful characters may have to make Will saves to avoid this attitude becoming fixed.

24-26 Phillip The steadfast will remain at the invoker’s side until slain, forcibly separated, or dismissed.

Dedication itself, Prince Phillip (1): Init +2; Atk Mace +2 melee (1d6+2) or short bow +2 missile fire (1d6, 75’); AC 14; HD 1d8+5/; hp 9; MV 45; Act 1d20; SP does not suffer fatigue, fear, or hunger; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL Lawful.

Essentially an instant retainer, the Prince will without being asked, carry your belongings, defend you in battle, and come to your aid. Always. If slain and called again in a subsequent casting, they will not recall the prior summoning.

27-31 **Alexice** Had to be broken before he would serve and love the princess, Like the others, treats the caster as the princess;; seems resentful but will go to their death on the caster's command.

Slave Prince Piotr-Alexi (1): Init +3; Atk Mace +3 sword(1d8+2) or short bow +3 missile fire (1d6, 75'); AC 15; HD 2d8+5/; hp 10; MV 45; Act 1d20; SP does not suffer fatigue, fear, or hunger; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0; AL Neutral.

Prince Alexi will aid, serve, or go into glorious combat whenever asked. If slain and summoned again he will have no recollection of the previous events.

32-33 Tristance's heart is true, and he is unbowed. However, he is not really interested in the Princess.

Lord Tristan (1): Init +3; Atk sword +4 melee (1d8+2) or bow +4 missile fire (1d6+2, 115'); AC 17; HD 3d10+5/; hp 23; MV 45; Act 1d20; SP does not suffer fatigue, fear, or hunger; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +1; AL Lawful.

Lord Tristan will aid, assist, or defend the caster in combat as needed or requested. Is however mindful and will do their own thing if allowed. If slain and summoned again he will not speak of, or acknowledge, previous events.

34-35 Laurence - Will serve on a a dime but is defiant and quite savage to those he vanquishes.

Mercenary Prince Laurent (1)Init +4; Atk bastard sword +5 melee (1d10+3) or longbow +5 missile fire (1d6, 225'); AC 18; HD 4d10+5/; hp 30; MV 45; Act 1d20; SP does not suffer fatigue, fear, or hunger; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1; AL Chaotic .

Laurent cannot tell the caster no, literally. They must do anything put to them. They will complain, lurk, and chinwag about it all however. Will often refer to times the caster has summoned them *that the caster does not remember*.

Will fuck with the caster's head to no end but will serve. May need to be told not to butcher helpless captives.

36+ Valiance

Valmont's devotion and love are true, however so too is his damage and cruelty.

Prince Valiant in the time of your summoning (1) Init +5; Atk sword +6 melee (1d8+3) or macae+6 (1d6+3); AC 19; HD 2d12+5/; hp 20; MV 45; Act 1d20; SP does not suffer fear fatigue, fear, or hunger; half damage to cold and fire SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +2; AL Lawful. Valiant remembers everything. He is trapped and quite aware that he is a prisoner but will grudgingly comply with any demands compelled of him. He is quite capable of taking his dissatisfaction of things out on the caster's retainers and friends.

If dismissed will not go back for 1d3 rounds as he is stubborn about his captivity.

If the caster seems reasonable and unusually moral he may petition their summoner to kill him on holy ground in the hopes that this will free his soul.

Any summoned entity or object still persistent when this spell is cast again is immediately dismissed.

The Sewn Up Princess – a power of the Fairy Chaos

The Raggedy Amble Princess

The Doll of Autumn Roses was a petty noble at the time of the Evolution, she chose to seize the moment, perhaps flush with Inspiration, and reweave her own fate while everything was amiss. She succeeded though in wholly unnecessary ways that, over the eons, have come to become a prison of their own. Is she a doll? A flower? A girl? All of these? Her head is prominently and constantly On the Verge of blooming...but not quite. She is walking frustration, unable to see that she and she alone is trapping herself in this predicament. Her flesh shows signs of recent, though neat, stitching.

Imagine if a Raggedy Ann doll met the Uncanny Valley? That's her. In modern setting games, such characters may well prefer her title of The Raggedy Princess

Invocation of the Sewn Princess

Level 1 Range: Self Duration: Variable Casting time: 1 round
 Save: None
 Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater
 Misfire N/A

Invoke Patron results

12-13 a **Greenleaf angel** appears, a tiny katydid in the vague shape of a snow angel; it bears a small point of green light that is radiant to three feet in a cone which may be directed as the caster requires.

14-17 **Sewing the Red Patch Pocket** – in a bind, the Princess can guide the invoker's hands, sewing up a red patch pocket somewhere about their person in a single round. This red patch sewn in place can do a number of things

When applied to a simple injury it can heal 1d4 hp of damage or 1 point of ability loss from STR, AGIL, STA, INT, or PERS provided It was not lost to spellburn. It can be used to halt or staunch the flow of poison if placed over a poisoned injury. It can halt or arrest a persistent injury or condition such as bleeding, wounding, or the like. Finally, a small, light eight object (something that would fit snugly in the palm of the caster's hand) can be hidden on their person within this pocket, and will not be turned up by a mundane search.

18-19 The princess, her **face a porcelain mask**, may conceal any manner of facts or identities if she loans her visage out to petitioning mortals. Like you. The caster (or one voluntary recipient within touch range) appears as the patron is alleged to, a perfect face of apparent porcelain, a human face mask as art, the makeup exquisite. The bearer could be anyone, and so gains a +4 circumstantial bonus to PERS, (max 18). Their lies are more convincing as you doubt yourself, and you can convince most people of most mundane things however audacious for the duration. Suddenly want to pass yourself off as Gerald Ford? Done. Your 9 foot barbarian has always been a tiny 4"9 elf girl? Okay. Queen of Scots? Sure. This bonus extends, for the duration, to mystic arts as even the universe can be fooled.

20-23 a **blood speckled snowy owl** takes flight from the caster's breast. It is persistent, content to assault the caster's enemies (a +6) attack, ferry messages to any distance, to spy on others,

24-27 a **crown of great coral spikes** erupts from the invoker's forehead, providing a commanding presence and an aura that allows themselves, and up to CL+4 others to persist

underwater, at great depths of pressure or extremes of humidity without danger and in relative comfort

28-29 the invoker quickly dashes **Florian's Mark** into the snow, bark, dirt, or other natural surface. It immediately acts as a kind of ward v. plants, allowing a bonus to save v. plant based effects, a second saving throw v. natural vegetal poisons, and preventing animate plant creatures from growing or entering past the symbol's radius. Florian's mark is basically a square and so the effect is likewise so, though it can be arranged in a diamond-like or square configuration at the time of casting; the ward protects a 20' radius from the mark; if plants and plant creatures exist within that radius with the invocation is cast then the ward begins at the tree or shrub line; any mobile plant entities must flee immediately, hesitating only by succeeding at a will save, dc equal to the spell check result.

30-31 Small skein pocket – similar to Seeing the Red patch pocket above but far more potent. The invoker stitches a small pocket into their flesh, into which any small item can be stored regardless of weight or mass – a small trunk, a pile of gold, a large dog, a small baby, etc. For all intents and purposes that thing does not exist while they are stitched up into the pocket. But they cannot be destroyed or killed either. Living creatures placed into this pocket can resist with a Will save provided they understand what is happening to them

32+ Shedding Red Petals AT this stage she will change your fate, once. The invoker's head blooms, effecting a permanent or lasting change in their body's form, appearance, or function.

The first time this result is achieved, pick one result – that occurs immediately and permanently. (Blooming Head is assumed to be the default. The sorcerer's Luck score is then rerolled on the spot, paying attention to note how much has been spent since chargen. That number is immediately deducted from the new "original" Luck score total. If this would bring the character below zero, then they take a patron taint instead of this result. On every subsequent casting, another feature manifests. Once all four have done so, a fifth or later result will simply give you patron taint.

Shedding Red Petal Features

1. **Blooming Head** the wizard's head splits open slowly, opening like a new flower. They accumulate a permanent +4 to invoke results for the Sewn Princess, and a corresponding -3 reduction in AC as the inside of their skull is open. Floral, vegetal, and wild fay creatures will be favorably disposed toward the caster.
2. **Head Roots** – the invoker can deploy up to 1d4 prehensile manipulative "head coils" – lengths of hemp-like rope material, they have 10' reach and can grasp/manipulate light objects, doing so with the invoker's normal action die, having the same functional strength that the invoker would under normal circumstances. The roots are persistent until dismissed, allowing travel via brachiation, climbing, or tree "crawling". They may walk/crawl/climb/swing without restriction in heavily wooded terrain up to their normal movement speed
When used to attack the roots strike with the caster's normal Action die, at +6, inflicting 2d6 hp damage and 1d2 Sta damage in the form of stolen water; as microhooks rapidly drain the moisture and nutrients out of any live body they are placed into contact with, be it soil or an enemy. Any attack scoring a natural 20 inflicts 3d6 hp damage and 2d5 STA
3. **Pollenating Blossom** a sticky sweet nectar is exuded slowly directly from the sorcerer's brain, accumulating as pollen in the semi open blossom that is their skull. Permanent -1 to AC
4. **Eyestalks** the sorcerer's eyes develop a highly specialized telescoping muscle

Patron Taint

1. Their **head erupts in flower buds**, regardless of their hair or the lack thereof, overnight. Never quite blooming, they are nevertheless actual flower buds, semi planted in the caster's skull. If plucked, they inflict 1d3 points of damage (mostly from intense pain) but grow back within 23 hours.
2. The sweet and familiar smell of the rot of autumn – a sickly sweet odor wafts into the tainted's nostrils; immediately they **welcome the foul miasma of death itself**, reaching out from the natural world as a foul miasma of squamous, writhing yellow rot-fog, and green decay-mist. Any with less than one full hit die exposed to the roiling toxic vapour will die horribly, as though consumed by their very own body. Those with a full HD but no levels must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or they will suffer 1d4 days of rapid onset lesions that erupt into swelling boils full of putrescent liquid and twist inward to form tumor chains, which bundle and finally erupt bursting froth from the now deceased at the end of that time. Those with 1 or more character levels must succeed at a DC 15 Fort save or . Of note, the Tainted One is not affected by this unless they deny the fog (which is only possible on casting the spell and raising it;
3. Over a period of 1d3 weeks the Tainted One's head will slowly take on a green cast and rough, grainy complexion, gradually leading to grass-like shoots erupting from the top of their head, their ears, their forehead, eyebrows, nose, and lips. By the end of this time **their head has fully transformed into a large and swollen seed-pod**, now covered in a supernatural abundance of moist, green, organic life (moss, lichen, vines, fruiting tubers, and rot-shrooms in abundance) which will rapidly develop a small ecology as it attracts pollenating insects, nectar-birds, and the like. Further, the character will bloom after a single hour of sunlight, their head opening into an incredibly lush pink and black flower, gaining a +2 bonus to their Personality score for the duration (max 17); however, during this time the Tainted one will be constantly thirsty and prone to sinking their increasingly bark-like feet into the soil when they are not moving. At night or during periods of ongoing darkness (when underground for example) they become sluggish, taking a -2 on Init. And moving after the rest of the party in a given round otherwise.
4. Any subsequent reciepience of this taint has a different and additional effect. The tainted one **erupts body-wide in two inch, sharply curved wooden hooks**. Wearing armor will now be impossible, however the character has a permanent addition of 4 to their armor class even when naked. Anyone attempting to grab the character will suffer injury from 1d3 of these hooks each inflicting 1d3 damage. Of course, they will be more flammable as well as the hooks dry out after becoming fully grown. Fire attacks inflict an additional 1d2 damage per die of fire damage. Saves against fire attacks will be at -4 additionally. If this taint is rolled a third time ignore the result and reroll.
5. A swirling cloud of inky black darkness congeals within your vision. You now see through all lies and deceptions, and gain 80' infravision and ultravision out to 120' you cannot be dazzled or blinded; however, you stop aging and your skin takes on a doll-like quality. (A halfling could easily be mistaken for a ventriloquist's dummy under these circumstances). If this taint is acquired a second time the caster's body transforms over several weeks into an actual living doll, becoming an impossibly more beautiful version of themselves while also suffering -1 hp/HD, retroactively applied and effective immediately as they become fragile and brittle. If this reduces them to zero hp, the doll screams and then explodes into a million tiny glass fragments the tainted one forever destroyed.

6. Dreams of intoxicating green gossamer vapours fill your head and hands with new shapes, forms and ideas. Even if the wizard is not artistically inclined they will

Spellburn

1. You carve *Gilel*, the wood rune, into your flesh and, calling upon it's ancient power, let it bleed. Burns Sta, Str, and Pers.
2. By sewing your own eyes closed you give yourself over to complete trust in your new freedom; spell burns Agil, Pers, and Int
3. The invoker performs a bit of day surgery on themselves, incorporating found feathers, leaves, crystals, flowers, and stones into their body. Spell burns Sta, Pers, Agil, and Str
4. By sewing your own ears closed, you block out the sound of anything but the gentle thread and needle pulling rhythm of the Resewn Princess. Spell burns PERS, STA, INT
5. With a girlish cry, the invoker dramatically drops to their knees and openly weeps, imploring the Princess for her transformative powers. Burns PERS and INT
6. You carve the savage *Ilneith* rune of instant transformation into your flesh amid a spray of blood and hopes. It burns your nerves and muscles. Spell burns STR, AGIL, PERS

Patron Spells

Trap the Fate (the “girl spell”)
 Reweave the moment (the “doll spell”)
 Freedom for Life (the “plant” spell)

Woodwolves (2-16) Init +3; Atk bite +4 melee (2d4); AC 15; HD 2d8; hp 20; MV 75; Act 1d20; SP bark SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0; AL Fair.

Animate blackened tree stumps with four legs, a head, and a savage mouth, thirsting for the blood of animals. Sometimes rise in fair touched lands as consequence of forests burned down by magical fire.

Bark – is a loud and horse coughing sound but also sprays woodchips, momentarily blinding anyone in combat with them)-2 to actions for 1d2 rounds)

Trap the Fatz

Level 1

Range: varies

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

She takes the target's possibilities.

12-13 Trap the Crab -The caster may magically compel any lower/invertebrate animal forms especially crustaceans, insects, summoning/attracting them in quantity where they are naturally available, and analogs where they are not. While no supernatural power is evinced, the caster may compel these masses of worms, bugs, and other crawling things to do things at their whim for up to CL hours of constant activity. They may carry messages, build or destroy things, form into letters to create a message, etc. etc. Their remaining life possibilities are rapidly consumed in the casting of this spell, so all such creatures are quite dead by the end of it.

14-17 Trap the frog - The caster may magically compel any early vertebrate animal forms especially fish and amphibians to come to their aid and do their bidding. Similar in most respects to Trap the Crab above save that a limited number of higher animals may be so compelled at once – up to PERS score for larger frogs, toads, salamanders, and most edible fish; additionally, there is a time limit for such forms, the number of rounds equal to the CL. While immersed in water or appropriate liquid medium the caster will find that they may compel whole schools of smaller fish and invertebrates as in Trap the Crab above.

For the duration of the spell the spellcaster can swim at their normal movement speed and breathe in water as though it were their native environment.

18-19 Trap the bird – Quite similar in most respects to the foregoing **Trap the Frog** The caster may magically compel any animal forms of an avian, reptilian, nature, controlling up to PERS in higher forms (falcons, eagles and the like) and any single large body of smaller entities which may be compelled to act with the spellcaster's intent and will while endowing them with no supernatural force.

For the duration of the spell effect the invoker may speak with birds, reptiles, and fly at 6" up to 30" off the ground.

20-23 Sewing the Twins - The caster may magically interconnect two targets which are adjacent to them when they are casting the spell. For the duration anything that is inflicted upon one of them affects the other as well as though it were the same person.

24-26 Umbilical corpse – allows for the reanimation of one or more corpses by plugging a dedicated root into them with which the sorcerer pilots them around like toys. Up to 1d4 + CL intact corpses may be so puppeted in this way though that requires the caster's total concentration.

27-29 Trap the doll – the caster can invest as many as CL dolls, mannequins, effigies, statues, or idols with some of their will bringing with it a certain amount of consciousness and life force. They attack as the caster, with the caster's strength score (so even a mighty 80 foot statue of Zeus would only have the Caster's effective 14 strength)

For each statue determine HD and AC as follows

	AC		HD
Stone/marble	20	Huge	3d6
Metal	16	Large	d10
Ceramic	14	Human	d8
Wood	12	Dwarf	d6
Porcelain	10	Halfling	d4
Paper	8	Dog or cat	d2

30-31 Trap the Girl – This is an attack upon an intelligent ensouled creature's living possibilities. A single identified target will find themselves, on a failed save, ravaged by the loss of 1d2 luck points. The target will further find that they may not spend luck for 1d2 further rounds beyond this one. AS this is an attack on the ties of fate to the creature, when used by the spell caster against one of their own alternate splinter selves, this inflicts 3d6+CL hp damage, no saving throw.

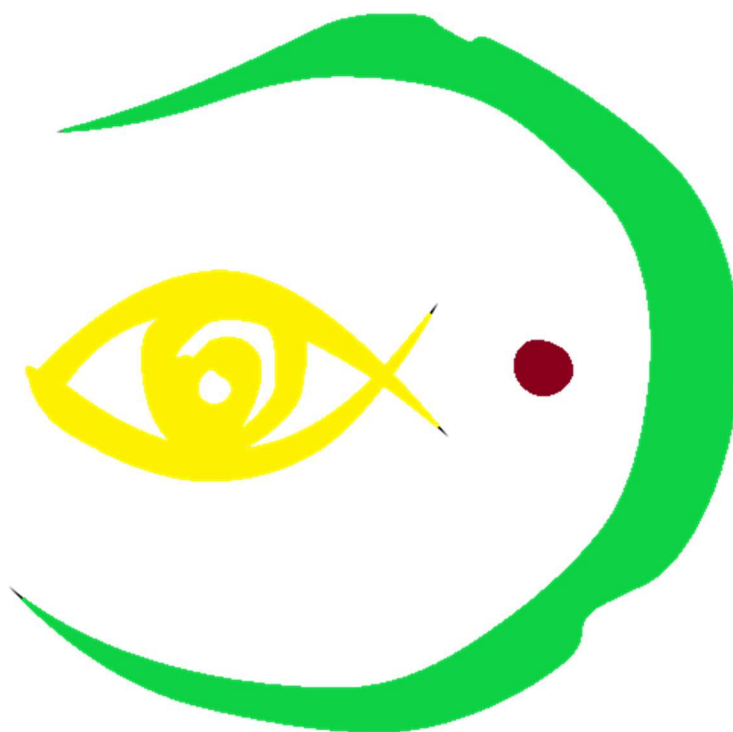
Under any conditions, the attacked will KNOW that someone has attempted to violate them and will know approximately who did it. Even with completely failure. This may only be attempted once (per level) on a given single target.

32+ Trap the Artist – allows the invoker to act as a patron or sponsor of another's action and in so doing, ensuring both their success and that they will suffer thereafter.

Grant a CL+1d8 onetime bonus to any single act of creation, which can include making a weapon, casting certain spells, sword magic, etc.

However, such bestowed "gifts" have side effects. They are traps as well. Choose one

1. The caster traps their enemies or that of the Resown Princess in slow time, moving through endless loops of their own recent ineffectual actions for a number of years equal to the caster's CL on a successful will save and on a failed will save, forever.
2. Perfect beauty in exchange for the love of your children an additional +7 is imparted on the work in question but the creator will forever be alienated by their children and heirs.
3. The artist, artificer, or creator is ravaged, aging 1d2+CL0 years in the act of doing so. IF this places them above their natural age, they die.
4. The Judge is encouraged to add their own.



Rewave the moment

At heart, the Resown is a kind of thing common to Fairy raw “effigy-become-real.” The sort of magic sought by Pinocchio, The Scarecrow, the Tin Woodsman and so many others.

Level 2

Range: varies

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

2-11 Take 1d2 damage as you have just ritually cut your arm, or chest, whatever up for no reason. Spell does not go off. Spell was not cast. *You suck.*

12-13 um no. You have just cut on yourself to no effect. Now stitch that up and, if the conditions of your patron pact allow, try again. Otherwise reflect on your failure.

14-15 Hand stitched craftsmanship – the invoker may give s kind of life to small toys, dolls, and other simple children’s implements, which become animate and somewhat interactive, primarily with the spell caster and those whom the toy s

A modest collection of children’s toys may be so activated, now all burning with quasi-life. None can gain XP, use language, cast spells or anything that sophisticated, they act with a kind of animal cunning, guided by whatever type of toy or item they are – a toy soldier will act differently than will a plush dog. .

16-19 skin thread pull – the invoker draws a special thread pulled directly from their own arm, with which acts as a kind of magical taproot. When “plugged in” to a person, animal, or tree, the caster may regain 1d3 hp / hour at the expense of 1d2 STA from the ‘donor’

20-21 Freedom for Life – the invoker is capable of altering small creatures – drawing forth their life essence and with it fueling their transformation into another type of thing entirely. Mice may now live on as small ceramic figures rather than infest a barn or kitchen, rats may become wooden or plush props greatly resembling their prior selves. Small birds, rodents, lizards, and insects may be so affected.

This effect only acts on the smallest of creatures, essentially an evolution of **Hand stitched craftsmanship** above; where applicable, the target can be allowed a saving throw (Will) against the spell check result but in most cases this will not affect creatures significant enough to require statistics.

22-25 Doll parts – allows the caster to replace lost limbs, fingers, toes, feet, or hands as easily as repairing a doll. Provided there is access to a mannequin or other analog possessing the desired traits this is an effortless affair, even for parts lost to rolling the body checks. Wooden hands, arms, legs, etc. may be freely grafted onto the invoker’s body to supplement or replace lost organs. The caster receives a +4 bonus to Fort saves for the duration of this spell effect.

26-29 Doll Body – For the duration, the spellcaster takes on the qualities of a magical animated construct, made of a kind of magic wood native to the Chaos. They gain a +8 to AC and 2d6 additional hp. Further, they may break off and regrow/replace limbs (in any configuration) in a single round. A spellcaster “slain” while Doll Body is in effect receives a +4 bonus on any rolling the body checks. Any limb loss will be replaced by a Fair Wooden replacement within 1d2 weeks. If this occurs take some patron taint.

30-31 Bodies are life – The Invoker draws a series of identical featureless dolls out of their own flesh. Creates up to 1d6+CL **Autonomous Dollzies**, extruded from the caster and made ultimately out of cellulose.

Auton Dolls (4-10) **Init** +1; **Atk** hooked thornthumbs +2 melee (1d3+1); **AC** 11; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 10; **MV** 20; **Act** 1d20; **SP** hollow, made of plant plastic, immune to critical hits **SV** Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +0; **AL** mindless repetitive (Lawful) .

32-33 A Stitch in Time saves Mind – You may cunningly avoid the effects of any single mental or psychological attack, condition, or threshold or the like. A failed will save now succeeded, you were lost in thought and then interrupted before you could finish reading the blasphemous ancient tome, etc. Note that this does not change history or anyone's timeline, merely edits out your 'attention span' during the time in question.

34+ Total Thorn Surgery – the target is enveloped in a rapid onset flower-pod, they are fed pollen as the thorns tear them apart and reweave the biological fates within, You (or a single target) are remade. In a single round the target may be substantially and permanently altered; Even your basic type of creature may be substantially altered. (animals become abominations, or elements. Porcelain dolls may become flesh and blood people, or wooden boys, or scarecrows. Human (and elfin, dwarfen etc.) targets may be transformed into living statues of stone or crystal. Note that the

Note that when used on a player character (including the spellcaster) no ability scores, class attributes or abilities or learned/acquired skills and abilities are lost or change – however they are not members of a different character class. The only attributes that may be altered in this way functionally are those that existed when the character was zero level. A wizard how is now a dwarf is still a wizard, but they have gained 20' of dark vision, as a starting zero level dwarf has, for example.

Post transformation persistence Qualities – permanent transformation into any alternative composition will have consequences, some of which are detailed below. The Judge is encouraged to add to and extrapolate from this list to determine what is possible.

Transformed into
Stone, Wood, Rock, or Metal

Plant, Bush, Tree

Crystal, Ceramic

Meat, Animal, or Person

Consequence

Functionally uncaging³

Becomes Living Construct

functionally unageing

Becomes Vegetal Imitation

Functionally unageing

Becomes

Aging functionally

Becomes Enfleshed

Living Construct
HD changes to d10,

-1 to BAB and to each saving throw
Does not need to eat, or breathe

Vegetal Imitation
HD changes to d8

-1 to BAB, - 1 to REF and WILL saves
+1 to Fort saves, requires 8 hours in sunlight
Otherwise, does not sleep

Enfleshed
HD changes to d8

-1 to BAB,
requires food, sleep, and rest

³ Materials will age at whatever rate such materials would normally erode at .

Memory of the Everblooming Vegetable

The Rewoven wandered far prior to the Volution seeking materials with which to modify her basic doll form. Five Seeds of Change were in her belly when the Evolution occurred. These are the weeds, spores, roots, and shoots that she did cultivate. You may now manifest her physical form, physically, with this enchantment

Level 3

Range: varies

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

12-15 Failure.

16-17 bloody talons of boarding school – The Sewn Up Princess learned many lessons and was taught many tricks in her travels, among the first were the uses of sharpened nails in hand to hand combat. This calls upon that particularly rough story of a lone Fairy thing beaten for her lunch money. Especially calling upon what came next.

The sorcerer can strike at foes with their bare hand, striking with hooked thornthumbs, thick enough to tear flesh. Strike +2 Melee (1d3+1) these “hooked nails” are persistent with concentration though do not exist out of combat and so provide no obstacle to action.

18-21 Quickening Bloom – by reweaving their own, form, in both a material and spiritual sense, the sorcerer becomes closer to their patron and is altered and evolved slightly to better absorb her energies. The spell caster gains a patron taint while also sustaining a permanent +1d4 hp, +1d6 points which must be spent immediately and can only be spent on Stamina, Personality, or Intelligence., and finally a +1 to all spell checks involving the Sewn Up Princess or her Magic.

From now on, the caster has the mien of their patron princess – a head on the verge of blossoming. Possibilities accumulated but not yet spent.

If this result is obtained a second time, the caster only sustains additional patron taint, there is no further abilities provided.

22-23 Bud and thorn – by singing the vine-cry rune, the invoker’s exterior flesh erupts in gently curved thorns, erupting instantly from all exposed flesh surfaces to approximately an inch in length

These thorns may scratch for 1d2 hp damage but when used to augment a punch or other hand to hand blow add 1d6

Further the invoker’s head, along the hairline if such exists erupts in a brightly coloured bud, a flower-to be that may or may not bet. This condition is permanent and grants the spell caster a +1 spell check bonus to invoke the powers of the Sewn Up Princess, cumulative with the +1 Granted from **Quickening Bloom** for a total bonus of +2

24-26 Razor Thorns grow in places appropriate for warfare – the forehead, around the bud, and along the arms and fists of upright humanoid creatures,

When used in battle they attack at +6 Melee and inflict 2d6+CL each, secreting a toxic resin that inflicts an additional 1d4 hp and 1d3 STA to animal and other “meat beings.”

27-31 Wing and mandible – another manifestation for times of conflict; this manifests identically to Razor Thorns with two additions. First, the sorcerer can fly at 60+CL’ / round with thin membranous wings. Secondly, savage crustacean-like mandibles form out of the spellcaster’s own mouth. Mandibles attack at +4 in close combat (bite) for 2d8+4+CL

32-33 Shoot root and claw – a wavering garden of vines, shoots, and rapidly growing foliage up to a 360’ field, can be raised up, indoors or out, under partial control of the invoker who may move freely through the affected area. The sudden garden is thick but only about four feet high; seeing directly ahead while one is inside the garden is easy, seeing details from the outside is quite difficult but the line of sight over the affected area is clear.

For rounds = CL+1d8 any living or dead thing that attempts to cross the targeted area will be subjected to a constant assault of curling, coiling, biting leaves and vines, attempting to hold them in place while immense crustacean-petals attempt to snap the offender in half. The spell caster may designate up to CL others to the resistant to the effect, but they must be specified at the time of the spell's casting.

Any other being that crosses the affected area must succeed at a REF save or take 2d6 damage and be reduced to 5' movement.

34-35 Cutting Petals – as **Razor Thorns, Wing and Mandible** (above) save that now the spellcaster manifests up to 1d4+CL razor sharp flower petals, which strike for +8 inflicting 2d6+CL at 5' reach. They may be thrown from the flying sorcerer's wings (see above) at targets 60' distant, doing so at +6

36+ Total blossom – being mortal and alive, the wizard has an edge that the Princess does not. In this moment you achieve a kind of apotheosis, one that she herself remains on only the cusp of.

Thereafter the wizard may have made a mortal enemy of their own patron; alternatively, she may need four others to achieve this result for the Seeds within her to complete gestation. What she would become then is anyone's guess.

The sorcerer is steeled against further patron taint incurred from the Sewn Up Princess save for that accumulated in the most basic sense (you rolled a one on your spell check)

The invoker's head parts with a glorious inner light –

The spell caster's HD become d12, they gain a permanent +2 bonus to Will saving throws.

They may now speak and understand the language of Fairyland, Fairies,

Additionally, the character speaks the secret language of plants (as do many druids) and may communicate with inanimate objects.

They register as magical to such detections They do not age or require food, only a small amount of water and sunlight a day. Going without will do no real damage, simply they will fall into an enchanted slumber, waking 100 years hence somewhere in the Chaos.

This above Evolution is just One Example, and each should be tailored the individual sorcerer based on alignment, existing corruptions, other patrons and similar cosmological fellowships

Necritheia⁴ Lysgina

(Once-Lysgenia), the Dead Goddess

The First Changeling has had many names and lived in many eras; as the first of those beings of light and shadow to caress the mortal realms and take on fleshy aspect, and so was rent in half, forever reincarnating seeking its other for the crime of inflicting mortal dreams upon the fae host. They lived for countless centuries as many different mortal people.

A Luciferian figure amongst the Fair, now sometimes called the mid-wife for her functional birthing and guardianship of "the world we live in" for nearly 8000 years; indeed, her loss is one of the defining elements of the "golden age." In her age, the Goddess creature known to us as Lysgenia was among the greatest forces for good in the universe.

But Her age has passed.

Invocation of the Forgotten One

Level 1 Range: Self Duration: Variable Casting time: 1 round

Save: None

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater

Misfire N/A

1 Lost, failure, and worse!

Roll 1d6 modified by luck; 3- Corruption + Patron Taint, 4-5 Corruption, 6+ Patron Taint

2-11 Failure. Depending on the results of the Patron bond, the caster may or may not be able to cast it again.

12-13 The **Forgotten One** can do little for the caster, granting + 1d3 to a single instance by showing you how to slip between the rope and bars of fate.

14-17 The **Crucified Goddess** can do little for the caster, distracted by the sacrifice made for Her many and varied children, however she aids in lifting the veil, parting illusion of the mind and the body, allowing recollection of one's prior incarnations, the restoration of 1d3 hp, and up to 1d2 ability damage (spellburn cannot be regained in this manner). In an instant.

18-19 Aspect of Goddess – the memory of *Amberosian the Divided Champion* is shared with the caster's mortal consciousness; immediately parts of the invoker are dominated by a haughty, hot headed elvish consciousness that will prefer melee over other actions, and swords over other weapons; if so indulged the caster then strikes with an additional 1d3 to hit, inflicting an additional 2d8 damage with such weapons, striking brutally and effectively and showing no mercy. This effect lingers for 1d12+CL and in fact may be somewhat difficult to throw off if the caster is engaged in melee for the savage general so relishes the mayhem of melee combat.

20- 23 The Opener of Doors – once Her herald walked the worlds, creating a vast pathway across the planes for Her faithful. A sliver of that power remains and is loaned to the caster, who may open a door to a single Splinter, alternate universe, continuum, plane of existence, or realm of the Fundament. Any further invocation in that location will invariably open the same door. However, this is greatly draining to Her; doing so more than once a week incurs Patron taint as the caster infuses more of Her into themselves to power the enchantment. These portals are not persistent, closing within 1d3 rounds of

⁴ Ney KRITHea

the caster, or last traveler or object moving through regardless of desire or intent. Further castings of this invocation on this same spot should always reopen the same portal though sometimes at a point a few hours or days (rarely years) before or after their departure, though seldom paradoxically.

24-27 This is your time to know peace – there is a reaching across the void and then...nothing. If the caster has sustained any spell burn or ability loss to INT or PERS 1d3 of each may be restored at this time.

28-29 This is your time to be free, I will watch over you. Believing this sacrifice worth the cause, She multiplies the disruption across the worlds and sends what direct aid she may, though it is subtle. As They must contend against the very winds of the Phlogiston itself, this extends a variable Judge applied +1d5 modifier that alters dice rolls and subtly influences reality itself to favor the caster and their (Lysginic approved) goals. Truly unusual or unique effects can instead manifest differently, owing to the vagaries of messaging across the winds of chaos and the Forgotten One's own highly variable power levels and radical nature

30-31 Zie's Many Children – over the course of Hir refusion and subsequent divinity, Lysgina repeatedly both mothered and sired many spawn. While Goddess Zirself cannot answer to your please, one of Their many children is summoned from across time and space to see to your needs. Roll 1d3

1. **Eldecari** – In a far universe, a whole galaxy has been colonized by Hir elfish descendants. This represents 1d3 Kith-katie freebooters, low-G space pirates constantly seeking worthy moral challenges. The Social Justice Warriors of their galaxy, but with plasma casters. your appearance changes over a period of days to resemble one of the Gaeen elf strains
Kith-katie freebooters (1-4) **Init** +3; **Atk** +4 melee (2d4); **AC** 16 (combat acceleration vacuum suits); **HD** 2d6; **hp** 20; **MV** 35; **Act** 1d20; **SP** level zero psychic powers **SV** Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +2; **AL** N.
2. Among those few who remember her are the **Oacrenat**, the so-called “Elfmentals” of the inner Fundament, descendants with mixed elf, elemental, and divine ancestry While She has no power remaining within the Fundamental realms, She is remembered by those of her descendants who would not otherwise exist.
Fireblood noble (2-16) **Init** +3; **Atk** +4 melee (2d4); **AC** 15; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 20; **MV** 75; **Act** 1d20; **SP** immune to common heat, half damage from even magic heat; **SV** Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; **AL** Neutral or Chaotic.
Or
Tidalblood Noble (2-16) **Init** +3; **Atk** +4 melee (2d4); **AC** 15; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 20; **MV** 75; **Act** 1d20; **SP** breathes water, speaks with intelligent fish; **SV** Fort +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +0; **AL** Neutral
3. **Pack of Maenads** – (2-6) **Init** +1; **Atk** fists +1 melee (1d2+1; 2d2+1 if using Wearable Knuckles or +1 knife melee (1d4+1) or +2 ranged sonic blaster (5d4, 5'); **AC** 12; **HD** 1d8; **hp** 8, 7, 6, 3, 3, 2; **MV** 30'; **Act** 1d20; **SP** psychic potential; **AL** C.**SV** Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0; **AL** Chaos.

32+ channel Goddess – The will worker partially manifests Deity by way of transforming into aspect of Goddess – this is a transformation that lingers for 2d6 hours + CL; for the duration the 3m high The **Stormwife** flies at 145' with the aid of wind and eerily transparent phantom double wings; Each round the caster can throw lightning bolts at their enemies striking at +4 for 4d8 each; Already extent weather systems may be freely manipulated for the duration but never to more effectiveness than outlined above. If cast in the Chaos, then once every other round, Fairy Weather may be invoked – however the specific nature is determined by the Judge not the summoner.

Radical Alchemies PATRON TAIN

- Fairy Mortality Miscibility -

Patron Taint 1 The Thief of Our Always – Making separate worlds touch – neither time nor fate nor universal law have ever stopped this being before and this persistence may sometimes be manifested by those who have closely embodied this temperament. You sometimes recall different versions and outcomes of events in which you took part, as though the world has been secretly torn apart and rebuilt between quiet moments. In one (divided) guise, the First Changeling has endured for a million years, in others, they are only known under a guise. Perhaps even now it could be said that He has journeyed widely and extensively, in lands both living and dead, throughout time, space, and the planes.

Patron Taint 2 – Rebel with a Million Faces – divided in twain and set loose throughout history, you have had so many names, so many identities, so many adventures. Are you remembering that of the Goddess' many past lives, that of your own? Has contact with the Forgotten one shattered your soul and cast it across time and space? Whatever, your soul is, and ever has been, cast as though bread upon infinite waters. Past life memories sometimes intrude on the sorcerer's mortal consciousness and may even (briefly) take control of the spell caster's body.

Patron Taint 3 – madness of flesh – from the beginning Lysgenia has been drunk on the possibility madness inherent in the ruddy combination of base life, self-evolving intelligence, and a semi-divine nature that comprises mortal life. As "the very essence of change" they have long sought to take as much of its nature into Hirsself. Something of the Forgotten One's inherently fickle, changeable nature bleeds over into you, and you find yourself taking on a different aspect or appearance than before. Indeed, at any major life stage (Surviving a rolling the body check, gaining a level, learning a new spell,) the sorcerer is moved to take on a new identify, or explore a new and heretofore unseen aspect of their existing identity. However, each time your alignment moves one step closer to Chaos. IF this taint is acquired a second time, the character undergoes a bodily transformation at each such threshold, rerolling all stats (other than luck) And taking on almost any common appearance.

Patron Taint 4 – Clutching The trapped one reflexively takes .. something. A spell, a memory, a clue, or piece of information, something inherent to you is now gone, feeding the endless draining hunger of the mother goddess crucified to the poles to ensure her children's survival.

Patron Taint 5 – So Many Enemies It has been observed that perhaps she did not go willingly to her sacrifice but that such was maybe arranged.

Further, the enemies persist in their vigilance of Her and Her works. By calling upon Her power you have attracted the attention of those who would ensure that she remains forgotten. Roll 1d6

1. Deep one (DCC RPG p. 400)
2. Servants of Cthulhu (DCC RPG p 32)
3. The nearest Elder Brain (DCC RPG p 397)
4. Agents of a hidden vampire nation
5. A Squad of 3d12 Androids on a mission of extermination or abduction (DCC RPG p 394)
6. 1d6 (or more) of the Legions of Hell, who are Not A Fan. (DCC RPG pp 401-404 et. Multiple cetera)

Also, up to 1d7 patrons in your campaign may be among these enemies, and will direct their servants to work against you.

Suggested –(Especially) PTAH-UNGURATH (from Angels, Daemons, and Beings Between p 57), possibly also

And of course, Great Cthulhu. Ia I a

Patron Taint 6 – TRAPPED Something of the sacrificial nature of Goddess has claimed you. Immediately the spellcaster fades into semi-corporality as their hit points, experience points, and essential life experiences are drained away, siphoned off to the Trapped Goddess in her Polar Prison. Gradually over a period of 105 weeks the sorcerer will waste away

- Forgotten and Ill Advised Recreations -

Spellburn

1. Mere contact with the Goddess is enough for some of your life force to be siphoned off, reflexively taken by Her, this takes the form of Stamina and Strength loss, only half of which counts toward spell burn.
2. Goddess has both an ethical and mystical soft spot for those who put themselves physically and emotionally in harm's way to protect others; acting as the best exemplar of your alignment you know how to be, you spell burn PERS, INT, STA, and STR to fuel any magical effect acting on behalf of others or to change or transform the world around you.
3. You poison yourself with a combination of herbs, ground jewels, psychedelic compounds, and more esoteric substances in the belief that you have recreated the "Faerie Fire" drug. You have not. But you have spell burnt 1d4 each STA, AIL, and INT which will be double effective against transformative or evolutionary magics.
4. The First Changeling takes 1d3 Agil and you get nothing.
5. Through ritually (if rapidly) piercing, lancing, or otherwise stimulating the energy centers of the sorcerer's body, they are able to gather greater sympathetic power, spell burning any amount of STA, STR, or AGIL to fuel an intense magical effect.
6. Ritually adorning appropriate garb and decorating your face in a manner reminiscent you seek to channel directly one of the many faces of the dead goddess. This may be a simple matter of painting a (for example) cat-like or other animal/natural aspect on the caster's face or an elaborate tracery of personal runes. Takes an additional 1d3 rounds but spellburns PERS, STA, and AGIL for double effectiveness.

Patron Spells – the nature of her sacrifice keeps her weak and bars her from empowering mortals in the manner of a cleric, but she has always had a greater affinity for those of a similar bent to her original form – a faery creature of light and illusion, but also flesh, and love.

Nonetheless, she is the Forgotten one. Only two of the Goddess' best most divine 'tricks' are remembered at all.

This then, perhaps, is how Gods die.

(level 1) None ??? Lost, possibly gone forever

(level 2) **The memory of the omniversal orrery**

(level 3) **The memory of the anything blade**

The memory of the omniversal orrery

Once upon a time, a great machine works of crystal, brass, glass, metal, mythril, orichalcum, and far more exotic materials was created and set about in history, for a time, allowing a Select few to explore their own history and that of their near alternate universes called Splinters. The immense clockworks were of fair and divine origin and once, wound their weird machineries throughout all of time and space, allowing one to traverse to almost anywhere one could ascertain as real.

Once but no more.

However, by calling upon the Forgotten One's nature you may yet access that machine, turning cogs and charging crystal; for as both a divine and Fair device that once existed "outside" of time, even destroyed, in some senses it exists still.

Level 2

Range: varies

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

Spell effects

2-11 Ow. Failure'd. Brains a little scrambled. Where did the spell go? Will save v. own Int score, on success, spell is lost permanently

12-13 No. That didn't work. How well did your patron bond go?

14-15 Oh dear, you really weren't supposed to see that. - The spellcaster's worldview is momentarily overlaid with a bizarre and psychedelic terrorscape of swimming Ether fish, Air Bugs, Neural Parasites, and God Mold. All of the normal natural "life" that exists beyond the veil of normal mortal consciousness. Caster gains a +5 Init. Bonus for the next 30 minutes of real time (Judge must keep track) as they have unusual insights from these terrifying but harmless vistas.

16-19 ozone and a headache - a blast of power, and the stink of melting tech, as well as 1d4 STA damage. The spellcaster has a still image of a mechanism trying to communicate with a primitive with pictures (them.)

20-21 lightning and a flash of brilliant transmittable insight - The divine machine pushes past the limits of the era of it's own final destruction, zapping the errant caster trying to initiate a paradox. Subsequent efforts to invoke this patron or their magics occur at +1 for the next 3d12 hours. Ow.

22-25 Peeking at last, or rather, you see it enough for it to see you. A moment of light and dazzle as cross entanglement makes possible contact, past, future, or present. From this moment.

Spellcaster's memory may be a little jumbled afterward (Will save after, DC is spell check result to avoid temporary 1d4 INT loss)

26-29 Contact has been made - you have opened a casual interface window with the Omniversal Orrery; for the next 1d5 rounds you may ask the Judge functionally any question, no matter how esoteric though neither the Judge nor the Fair divine-stand-in you are consulting are under any obligation to talk down to your level mortal.

30-31 the caster can manifest **a Radial Observation Window** a circular scrying disc that allows the caster and only the caster to observe any point in space or time. However, they must specify a single time and place and before it has manifested.

32-33 Open Event Window - allowing for a round's delay while the caster specifies the precise nature of when and where they wish to transit to, they and up to d3+CL+PERS modifier

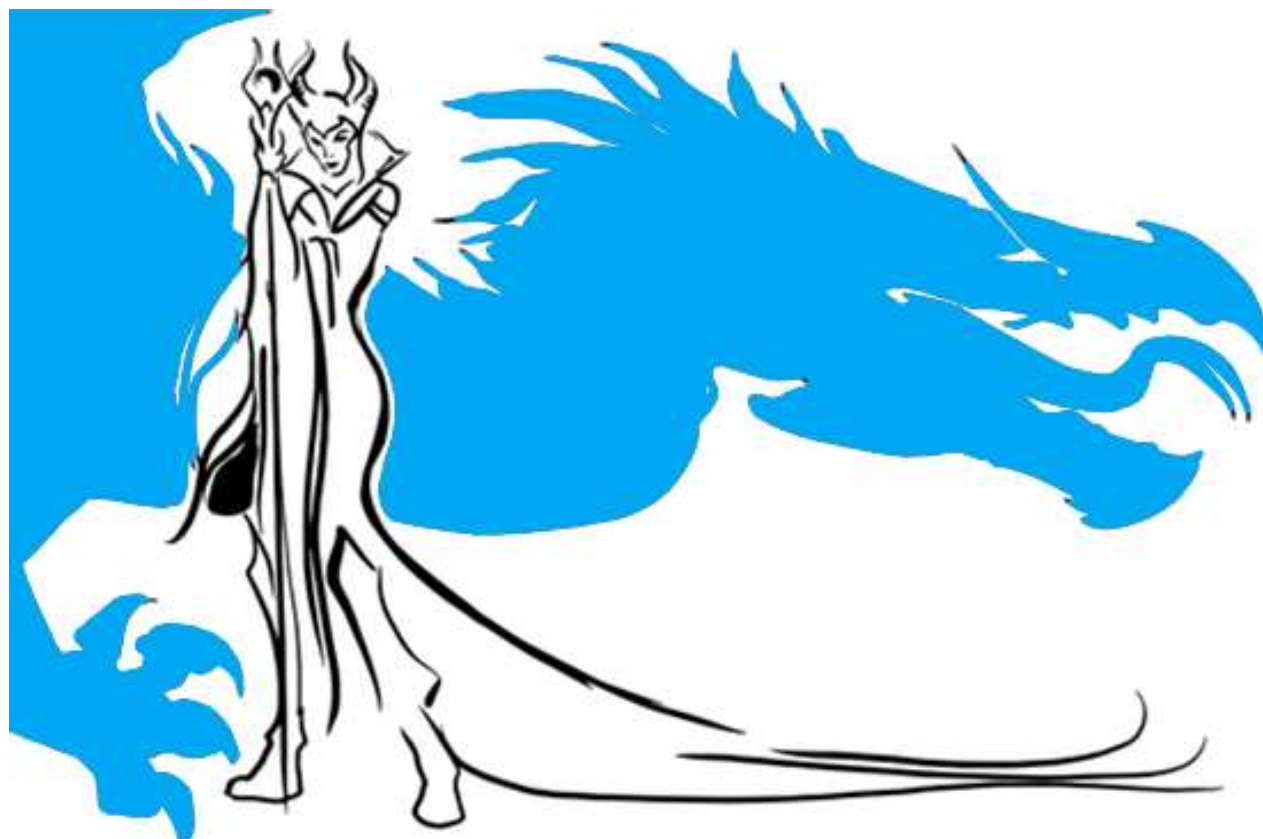
others may step onto a large sized jeweled stepping disc and be whisked away across time and space to their destination.

Note that this is not an illusion or test. They are there. There is no guarantee they can or necessarily should be able to find their way back without planning or substantial misadventure here.

If the sorcerer and entourage manage to travel through time there is a 33+CL% chance that 1d6 time travelers (DCC RPG p 4219) will arrive to observe and at times intervene/ apprehend the offenders.

Optionally those who manage to change history will find that once they try to leave or return home that they emerge in o the Chaos, where time only appears circular but is in fact quite actually meaningless.

34+ Perfect Transit Window - As 32-33 above save that the journey to anywhere now includes necessary adaptations to make existence there possible, making voyages (especially one way ones such as this) much more possible and within the grasp of the especially bold but not especially high level DCC character. Those journeying to the realm of elemental fire would become somewhat of that material themselves. Zero level and particularly unimaginative characters may require a DC 18 Will save to successfully cope with this sudden and effortless transformation.



The memory of the Anything blade

Near the end of its' divided existence, the First Changeling, during a time of death, made a forge on a world of the un-dead and on that world created a weapon of immense destruction, beauty, sophistication, power, and splendor.

Loosed in the histories of many worlds it has changed to reflect the nature and intent of those few strong willed enough to wield it.

Was it finally destroyed? Does it matter? You may call on the magic of the creator to briefly instill the Anything blade, into your waiting hands.

Level 3

Range: personal

Duration: Concentration + 1 round

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

Manifestation: The Anything Blade, when manifested, takes on a unique appearance for each manifester, though almost always in the shape of a sword or blade.

1 Spell is permanently lost to the character, and they experience patron taint Quite possibly the Forgotten one's already tenuous hold on this reality has slipped yet further, lingering on only in you. .

2-11 Spell is lost.

12-15 Spell fails but is not lost. Depending on the results of the patron bond they may be able to try again.

16-17 the sorcerer experiences a bizarre kind of **negative energy feedback** which immediately drains 1d4 AGIL, and STA (ea), leaving their senses numbed and utterly without the sense of touch for a week. If visualized with mystic sense or an oracle is consulted, shifting, and coiling black or "negative" bands are seen to rise up out of. Nowhere to grapple with the caster's energy centers.

18-21 Tuning Blade = You have called into existence a kind of cursed blade - it strikes at +2 (as a longsword) but inflicts -2 damage. Attempting to change weapons will fail. Attempting to banish the 'weapon' will fail until the duration expires (1d12+CL rounds later) but for the duration, spell checks that involve calling upon illusion, charm, or Fair magics function with a +1 bonus; efforts to channel the forgotten one (Invoking her, casting her patron spells) function at +2 while the cursed blade is in effect.

22-23 Success! Your belief and focus has managed to collapse the quantum waveform and - briefly - the shimmering infinite possibilities of the anything blade manifest in your grasp. For a single round the Anything blade, while inherently unstable, is in your grasp and it's power available to you. It may be used to strike any opponent as a magical hyper technological weapon of fair aspect that strikes intangible and incorporeal entities equally for 2d8+CL

24-26 the legacy of imaginative children - For 1d3 rounds a +1 magic weapon of any variety known to the spell caster manifests, brightly coloured and perhaps a bit larger than normal for it's size. For that limited duration however, the caster may fly 360' round, survive falls up to 100' effortlessly on a successful DC 14 Fort save, and has an effective Strength rating of 18, adding both 3 more to the attack capability and damage for the briefly manifested SUPREME WEAPON OF ULTIMATE POWER. (WARNING: cheap plastic breaks easy.)

27-31 the black blade of Nicholas manifests for 1d4 rounds in your grasp. This is a simple but stark short sword seemingly wrought of a single piece of meteoric iron. On a natural 20 it will drain 1d5 HD from a struck opponent on a failed Fortitude save (DC 26) and a corresponding loss of hit points. If this reduces the target to zero or fewer hit points, they

are slain and their soul torn asunder to fuel blade, Goddess, and manifesting sorcerer, who gains 1 hp for each HD so taken in this way while the blade is manifested. HP gained in this manner heal existing hp loss instantly or act as temporary but persistent hit points until lost in combat or misadventure.

Please note: Soul murder is bad.

32-33 the flaming sword of Daniel – by stark contrast, this is a two handed though surprisingly lightweight (treat as longsword) and perfectly balanced flaming weapon., which inflicts 2d6+1d8 fire damage. Furthermore, there is a 1d6 holy aura contained about and radiating from those flames which can heal allied creatures the infirm and the innocent (on contact no saving throw, zero levels only) and which glows with the blazing power of a yellow sun to creatures such as vampires, dark elves, and other unholy, u-dead, and darkness aspected creatures. The righteous blade is persistent for 1d6 rounds

34-35 the mithril circuit rune blade of Alexander – “the artful circuitry blade” glows with inner power and oneness with the flow of things. For 1d8 rounds this immaculate fey-tech great sword of rarest star metal glows from within, gentle but potent starlight burning out from elaborately traced circuit-runes and arcane graffiti. Blade is inherently both good and yet quite chaotic. It inflicts 2d6 disorder damage upon any creature of Law in which it is engaged against in battle, double that if the foe is extraplanar in origin. The blade acts as a unique spell focus for all the sorcerer’s magic adding a +2 spell check bonus to all spells cast concurrent with the swords’ manifestation. Illusions, charms, and confusion / perception magics function a step up on the action dice while the blade is so manifest.

36+ The Anything Blade Has Chosen You . – consult See Sword Magic (DCC RPG pp 366) The intelligence within the Anything Blade has found a compatible wielder and so immediately, it takes on a unique and dedicated form. Please consult table 8-5 DCC RPG pp 368-369.

The weapon will manifest one or more of the following for the caster.

Banes 1d3+CL banes

Banes will manifest along traditional lines – mortal enemies and those the sorcerer are doomed to fight. The Judge is the final arbiter of what does and does not manifest.

Powers 1d4+CL powers. Selected from tables 8-7, 8-8, and 8-9, (DCC RPG pages 370-371)

Powers from table 8-78 may be selected freely, powers from tables 8-8 or 8-9 are chosen on a two for one basis. These should be naturally manifesting aspects of the character’s struggle and life; in all ways the Judge is the final arbiter of these manifestations.

Special Purpose – sometimes the Anything blade will manifest with a Special Purpose. This is really up to the Judge but for those tables that like it really random, Roll 1d20-5+CL and consult table 8-6 Sword Special Purposes (DCC RPG p 369)

Note that these are persistent until the spell duration expires. Upon Further castings of **The memory of the Anything blade** Any results of 26 or higher may instead be taken to manifest the sorcerer’s personal Anything Blade, which will manifest for the duration given per result (so 1d3 rounds if a 26 was rolled) as per this result. Here.

The weapon will take on the mundane but exotic appearance of the caster’s preferred sword or similar weapon, functioning as a +3 magic weapon of the appropriate type (longs sword, scimitar, short sword, khopesh, whatever) The blade will remain manifest for a number of hours equal to the sorcerer’s CL.

‘It is the way of all life to travel from the land of dream and pass into the land of memory.’

Lysgenia, beloved of Teranaya

Lysgenia was a creature of the pre-faerie realm who came to the material world and fell deep in love with it. When her kind rejected the material and returned home, thinking they would avoid change, she remained. They denied her, and so a great war was fought over the whole of things. The artefacts of that conflict supplied the noosphere topography for the emerging species of pre-humans on Teranaya.

And so it was that the war of an eternity and a moment rocked the conceptual realms. When it was done, the precursors to the faerie host were locked, thinking secure in their realm, while both realm and themselves, changed forever from their contact with the material world and the war and world that they warped in their passing. The rebel, the lone opposing side to the conflict, used much of their ‘stuff’ in the conflict and so came closest to knowing mortality. They split the being in twain and cursed the halves to chase one another forever seeking reunity. An eon and an age passed, and these twin beings united by one might spirit of light and the increasing complexity and magical might of their *Geas* resulted in many a tale as they lived, sought one another, died, and began again, countless times.

At the end of the last aeon, they were united at last but yet divided in flesh. At the zero hour they were divided again. Diminished they continued into the next era, to finally after countless violences, archive not only reunity, but apotheosis. The eternal rebel, reunited, was changed. Not merely a great pre-being of unformed and formless fairy (which had long since evolved out of that ineffable state) but also mortal and something more besides, something that had gained wisdom and experience in matters simple and harsh, complex, and mighty. In the Apotheosis that followed, the rebel continued, opposing the other Gods and championing the freedom and independence of mortalkind.

Somewhere in the omniverse it is said Goddess has been mightily impaled or crucified on the very axis of a world; a sacrifice to preserve a race of beings She considered Her children.

Somewhere a world exists and yet thrives with strange life only because a moaning bloody goddess continues to give Her life for it. Everywhere in the omniverse she has been silent since the dawn of history. However, it cannot be denied that where once the most central of what became the imperial planets lost their greatest protector, and their guide toward the light at a critical time, and that the course of history might have been well different had her influence not been so diminished.

Yet she persists.

She is diminished greatly, and imprisoned, in her way. But for those of kind heart or gentle disposition, against all of the galaxy’s many hardships and turmoil, it has been known for Her to reach out to preserve a good heart.

Goddess is not what she was, but She does what She Can.

By turns dying and revitalized, this being waxes and wanes with the fortunes of tilting galaxies and whole civilizations.

There are some historians in the church who regard the Sacrifice of Lysgenia as among the markers signifying the beginning of history. A primeval Great Goddess of freedom, love, and compassion. Her stories, in the First Empire, were many and legendary. The Time mages talk of a time when She contested against the Black Pharaoh to determine the future of Teranaya and her people. Only references to them remain.

As a being from another age, it is said that She was somehow involved in the Zero Point, perhaps sponsoring or in some way being one or more of those present at that fateful time and place.

Only references to these stories. Lost as their patron, remain.

the Tears of Lysgenia – a legend, and relic, for Galaxy Black

- the story goes that when the God when to Hir demise (or sacrifice or whatever it was) it shed tears as she turned his back on the rest of their followers.

- be they jewels or an artefact (maybe the antithesis of the green jewel from Heavy Metal?*
- yeah, a purple jewel (a small, crystalized fragment of divine energy, supercharged with empathic resonance) surging with uncontrollable life energy and passion, creating a Dionysian like state.
 - Perhaps so giving the “gem or gems maybe there are three of them and each one is powerful but together they get MORE powerful)

The Tears it is said were present during the Flight of the Maenads when the ancestors to the modern Maenads fled Siren (in some accounts Teranaya), perhaps inheriting the gift of madness from the Tears themselves.

Maenad tradition – the flight of the Maenads

A semi legendary event wherein the ancestors of the maenadic peoples fled Siren in three transports, each bearing one of the Tears. (Alternate tradition places the exodus from Teranaya and at the end of the First Empire)

Over the last nine hundred years, three of the Tears have accumulated on Noir.

Forgotten Legends

She was there from the very beginning. Despite attempts to prevent this specifically, she was among those who Stood at the Fall. She was the custodian for the turning of that age, and so earned the eternity enmity of Hell.

Her return initiated the revolution that began the descent (or return) to the faery chaos.

Towards the end, her insistence on playing also at the games of the gods suggested a certain recklessness. It became clear that her opposition to the divine order was not mere rumor in some circles shortly before she bound herself to the tired world of her divine children in defiance of its demise and do sponsored a second breed of her children.

None came to her aid.

In some sense, the age of Fairyland, immediately prior to the now, the time before the Fall, began with the return of the First Changeling to Fairyland itself. Widely perceived (and honored) as a Goddess for millennia afterward, the First Changeling accumulated vast power, simultaneously both the reigning Prince of Fairyland and as a Divinity across (at one time) millions of worlds.

In that time this entity opposed many forces, working to erode the power of the Gods over the material worlds (aiding her in becoming a Prometheus or Luciferian figure on many of these worlds), most notably (for Galaxy Black fans) contesting against the Black Pharoah for the fate of Prehistoric Teranaya. (IT is said that this entity and it's precursors were champions of that world many, many times before remaking itself) .

The Great Game played against the Thousand Faced Pharoah delayed the end of the Golden Age for nearly 8,000 Terran years, long enough for the peoples of Teranaya to (re) discover spaceflight and colonize the stars, sowing the seeds of future renewal.

Necritheia Lysgina is all that is left off this era, a sliver'd artefact of a brighter age. An And possibly, hope for the future.....

Walking After Midnight – the paths of Faë



Transit

The Mists of Faery – *entering the fay chaos*

Invitations- By far the most reliable means of entering the Chaos is by invitation by one or more of those within. These seldom happen any longer but time is irrelevant in the Chaos.

Unicorn paths – long ago in the most ancient of days, faerie paths crisscrossed vast regions across the multiverse, connecting all manner of otherwise unrelated places. However even in these benighted times, occasionally a Seed will bring life to a faerie glade; if that glade comes to be inhabited then any magical creatures who temporarily or more permanently make it their home will bring the glade into periodic brief alignment with or more of the lands of old.

Even into the late industrial age on Teranaya at times, under the right circumstances, one of those glades would spill over into an area not yet completely devastated by runaway development. Even then, sometimes a faerie wood would roll in like fog or the tides, captivating the imagination of those who can still believe...and often stealing them away into dream worlds of magic and sorcery.

In some worlds new paths can be trod by drawing the attention of one of the remaining roaming unicorn, usually drawn by the emanations of a lost soul, suffering child, or pure soul.

Of course, sometimes, it is a Rose Unicorn, and it will eat them.

The Thorns of Faery – *leaving* the chaos

The Trod of Story and Myth – a ‘highway’ deep within the chaos; traveling along it is like traveling through history; various historical and eventually mythical happenings will be seen to be taking place along either side of the pathway. Exiting the path at this late point can be used to affect a crude form of time travel; those subsequently leaving the Chaos may return to the material but (99% likely) traveling to a parallel world that resembles the age of myth or history in question and not their world of origin.

VIAE DIANAE – the Roads of Diana

The Mathon Way – warps and wefts and takes many form but most often that of an ancient and disused stone path or road. Traveling along one of these long enough and you will find yourself surrounded by mists and the ruins of a Fair City.

Ruins – parts of what may be four distinct Fair cities (or perhaps districts in one great Fair City) may be encountered, overgrown and wild in particularly inhospitable parts of the Chaos. The present inhabitants tend toward an odd skittishness, even anxiety, around these ruins. Minions of the Ladies never enter them. Despite these qualities, the ruins are normally quite empty. Strangely to mortals, often among the safest places in Fair. Save for the Gates.

3 types of gates in faerie city ruins, each has a ban and an effect-

Gate of Wonder – goes to exotic far and impossible or unreachable locales

Ban - Cynics, Reductionists, the Soul dead

Effect – those violating the ban must pass a DC 20 fort save or be struck dead

Gate of Timelessness (Entrapment)

Ban – those seeking “escape” or lay down their burdens, those with regrets

Effect – Beat a DC 20 Will save or functionally the event horizon of a black hole, they are trapped in that moment forever

Gate of Madness (evolution)

Ban – certainty of purpose or dogma, inflexibility of mind

Effect – sanity is a curable condition Will save DC 20 or “be enlightened.”

Also a variety of trick, trap, and trip gates

Gate of Vines (Life) represents the living entropy that has accumulated since the Chaos struck. IN the Faery Chaos, entropy reorganizes, fertilizes, and creates new growth, while life is consumptive, and light is fixed and unchangeable.

Some say those who traverse these gates are changed fundamentally and unleashed on new worlds

The Playground - Is an area seldom breached by those voyaging into the Fey Chaos; but for those doing more than scratching the surface, finding it seems almost unavoidable. *The Playground* resembles in some fashion a children's playground at some ambiguous point from the mid-20th century onward. The recreation devices present are symbolic and archetypal; characters from backgrounds that include such recreation equipment may see or recall specific favored playgrounds and their implementia from their formative years.

The precise equipment that appears changes, and more seems to manifest with larger parties of explorers but certain items of equipment always remain

-The Slide, The Monkey Bars, and the Wheel.

-THE SLIDE,

THE MONKEY BARS,

Hot lava!

THE WHEEL OF *What is Time?*

On approach, a feeling of significance may be detected; on contact the wheel changes somewhat. Between each slot of bars for children to hang on with are great faery runes; those who can read them will find that they seem to imply periods of history.

The First War of the Gods

The Golden Age

The Last War of the Gods

Renewal (The Sorting of the Deck)

New Genesis

While it is a little known fact, anywhere in fairy can be reached from the Playground. Indeed, anywhere in existence.

IT IS IN A WAY A RIDDLE OF COURSE. Time does not pass in the Chaos; only Mythic time remains.

All mythic times are one to the fey. Literally all "Golden Ages" are one continuous paradoxical golden age that winds through the possibilities of the omniverse like Mardi Gras streamers.

The Rhapsody

The first place the theoretical party entering the chaos will likely encounter/be drawn to/create; the Rhapsody has many names by those within Feary; the Quickening Fields, the Lands of Inspirato, and the taste of death-lands. The Rhapsody conforms to the notions of Faery most expected *or known* to the party.

The Rhapsody is frequently claimed to be the dominion⁵ of various shades, shadows, and reflections of certain of the First ?ones. In some game worlds, the Rhapsody may be the truth, and the lands of the Chaos outlie it, so many marcher baronies facing total chaos. By default, however, the Rhapsody has no more, or less, set substance than any other realm or region of faery

⁵ The King of Efland may rule here, at the Judge's option. In such a circumstance, the powers of the King over the nature and fabric of the Rhapsody would be total.

- SHARDS OF CHAOS -

Certain among these shards, the book, the spear, the blade, and the cauldron specifically, actively avoid being found or discovered or 'known' by mortalkind. A kind of directed avoidant intuition, guides this unseen force. It has always been.

Shards

Shards are among the few "fixed" locations in the Chaos. They are as one fragments of what was before, and represent the oldest and most established/time locked pieces of the First Kingdom (here meaning the time before the Fey spread to the Many worlds)

The Oak

The Ash

The Stone Book (artefact of destiny, first fragment, remnant of the Fall)

The Red Spear

The blade of Retaliation

The Cauldron of Making

The Last Towers

The Million Tapestries



The Million Tapestries

An enormous, Bayeux tapestry style woven banner; it seems to tell a story but in fact it was the work of one of the last of the Mad before the Chaos. The story goes that at some point after the Fey discovered the Many worlds and spread into them, and was reduced by them, one among them contemplated in song and sketch and finally in work the infinite possibilities afforded by the infinite worlds of the omniverse.

SO MANY STORIES

He convulsed in perfect joy and laughter, bleeding from his mouth and head as he did so for days, many of the Eldest and some of the remaining First came to witness the one last called Storyteller, riven mad but connected again in Passion as it was Before the Flesh. And in rapturous ecstasy, in the company of his fellows, the storyteller exploded on his death. His blood splattered across the tapestry, all sapphire and chartreuse wine on cloth, exquisite First Ones adorned with the matter of their discontent. The Chaos erupted soon after.

The tapestry itself is a most wonderous item, for it has only continued to ravel, to grow. It seems self-creating at this point. But to possess even a slight scarf of its material is to be able to at will step into any of billions of possible worlds. The infinite splinters and all their planes reaching out to you in every direction, kaleidoscopically.... Likely you will never be heard from again⁶.

Possible Names writ in the Stone Book

Per the legend – before the Chaos descent upon the Faery in full all then lords and ladies were made to writ their existence in a great granite book. This book and the name within would persist within eternity.

Or possibly would be trapped within forever. The stone book has the name of *Ten Lords whose name were writ voluntarily upon and within this book* Including Lord deunyso, once called Dionysus. Patron of wine, passion, and revelry; the madness of intoxication was his kingdom.

The Stone Book also lists *10 ladies whose names were writ voluntarily within the stone texture of this book*
and

10 stalking lords and hunting ladies of the beast lands that found argument compelling to resist the now and sign the book

If the Judge does not put at least one PC name in the book, they just aren't trying.

⁶ **Blatant Plug** - For ideas as to where you might have gone, see **Splinters – Sailing across the Seas of Probability**, coming soon from Dreaming Gynoid.

And Thirteen Kingdoms, Trods, Lands, Realms, Hills, and Underhills of the Outer Faery Chaos

1. **The Merrie Shroom Bog** - goblins and shroommen take turns eating one another
2. **The Infinite Story Circle of the Merrie Pirate Seas** – home of the Queen of the Neverland Coast (below)
The four Realms of the Compass Queens; *time is direction and wheel*
3. **Eastland** – the dying and reviving green hills
4. **Southland** – Follow your ancestors into the burning lands of summer and pass into memory
5. **Westland** – Clear the autumn leaves and follow the yellow cake road to the Emerald City
6. **Northland** - Magical yule treat land; beware white witches
7. **The Undergloom** – home to the **Cursed Nation of those Reborn As Kobolds**
8. **The Truffle fields** – immense rolling hills and fields where everything is macro sized including the truffles, some larger than a house.
9. **The Jewel in the Sky** – a vast old and fabulous but empty sky palace, visible from most lands in the Chaos.
10. **Candyland** -once an elaborate roadway throughout the outer realms, now it is a constrained pathway in and out of faerie; many are the bones of mortals trapped therein who starved to death for want of something other than candy to eat. Beware degenerate cannibals. (see also **Galaxy Black III Star Travel and the Sub-ether** for another view of this place)
11. **The innocence hole** – a silent (from the outside) and highly energetic but constrained realm, accessible only by adolescents of any species (and of course, goblins)
12. **Lost Time** – the age of giants, thundering lizards, and impossible creatures is eternal here in the Chaos and never more so in this vast region, said in some ways to outlie all the others. Here exiles, invaders, the mad and lost wind up amidst dreams of dead races and lost eras.
13. **The Collidescap** the thirteenth kingdom is ruled over, of course by the Lady Triskaidekaphile who sharply controls access to it.

- Lost Children of Pandora -

Once the paths to and from the Fairylands were trafficked and common if not unpowerful. Drunks, lovers, the inspired, the lonely, all of the impassioned could and did find their way here....leaving some of their selves behind.

Human people, or mortals in general (contextually); in the Chaos there is only one name remembered for the first woman and it is *Pandora Anesidora*; *Pandora Anesidora*; Among the oldest of the pixies of the Felgremis woods recall how the Manic Honey of her jar was thought to attract the lords of the Fae host to the mortal world so many millennia ago.

Mortals have long been drawn into Fairyland; some have lingered long enough to become legends of their own.

The Queen of the Neverland Coast – Wendy and her Lost Girls might take your head, your heart, or your hand in equal likelihood. Don't be a grump or it's the plank for you.
DEATH TO SQUARES

Dorothy Ghaele - Human girl who lingered too long in the realms of the fae, once champion of the Realms of the Compass Queens.

Rød - Red and her best friend went into the wood with the white wolf; Red came out with her wife and a new white coat
Now they call her Red, of the White Riding Hood

Extended effects of the Chaos upon Mortals

Those who spend undue amounts of time within or exposed to the Faery Chaos often find some sort of “drift” has occurred when they return or reintegrate into mortal society. Within d7 days of the end of such a journey or the end of such extended exposure, all those who qualify face a DC 13 Will save; those who fail find that one aspect of their identity has ‘shifted’ – the golden tressed paladin may return a red head, the devoutly lawful warrior may find themselves drifting to neutral on their return, etc. In extreme cases even the afflicted's class or other core identifier changes to; this is especially likely with those who spend part, or all of their voyage transformed (q.v. the pixie well) .

Waltzing through a Frozen Garden

Some of the things in this book have an alignment of “Fair” - sticklers should treat this as chaotic but for our purposes “ideologically in tune with the Fairy Chaos” it means that it acts in accordance with however the Judge has established the Fair Folk behaving in their game while seemingly conforming to a certain mythic/fairy story stereo/archetype

Certain of the areas of the Chaos are, or seem to be, especially to those in their service or thrall, of the Princesses themselves. It is almost as if the Princesses are manifestations of the fairy land around them more than the other way around. (In fact, this may be true. In the Fairylands, who can say what difference such differences would make?) But most especially those who are in service or alliance with any of the Ladies (i.e. when/if anyone in the party has them as a patron) it is most likely that on any deliberative journey into the lands of the Fair, that the party should “arrive” in an area controlled or presently influenced by one of the Fair Princesses. (And in the Chaos there is little difference anyway)

Walking through the Dripping Bog

1. *Draining Vines* – thick syrupy almost vegetal-stalactites dangle in thick clumps in the party’s path.
2. *Popling* - Small walking potato erupts from the ground with an innocent cartoon-y popping sound. This 1d4 HD 4 hp AC 16 little fellow is newborn and infinitely curious, born of the soil’s curiosity about the party it literally appears in their midst. If the party allows the Popling to adopt them and keeps it safe from harm then all will receive a +1 luck bonus to all things while they remain in the Fairy Chaos.
Should anyone eat the Popling, know that it must be consumed whole, or at least all by one person, boiled or cooked, to have these effects – after a successful DC 18 fort save, the Popling consumer finds that they have gained a new lease and outlook on life. In some way fate has reshuffled the deck on them. Luck immediately becomes 18. Alignment immediately becomes Chaotic. If this makes the current character class impossible, begin again as a new first level character.
3. *Yellow scrying hole* a foul smelling, ammonia or acid vapour pool of dirty yellow water exists across the party’s path. If anyone gazes into it they may (on a failed DC 12 Fort save) see a vision of their own death, though the details may be lost in the haze of mud and impurities. This will only work once.
4. *Goblin hillside door* You probably were not supposed to see this. An obvious earthenware mound, small, even for a halfling, rises however improperly out of the surrounding apparent terrain. Nothing more will be apparent without further inspection; such will reveal a small (16 inches high, 9 inches across) pseudo-wooden door set into the hillside. If it can be opened somehow (pick locks, magic, DC 16 either way) or someone whispers *cellar door* at it in common or the Queen’s English, the door can be compelled to open. Once it is open anyone present may step through merely by willing to do so. Once anyone has stepped through the door will irretrievably close- shut behind them a round later. The door is a one way journey into a random part of time and space, a goblin’s

backdoor. Under fairy mounds, inside tremendous mutant termite towers, or deep under the water on any number of worlds are good places to start (Nehwon? The Dying Earth? Terra AD? You could be anywhere. And stuck.)

Walking through the Barren Woods a stark expanse of chalk white leafless trees.

1. A six foot dug shallow pit; alongside is a set of chain and plate armor, a shield, and the remains of a knight's kit, down to the bare ass. There is no sign of the knight in question
2. A high crying wind, temporarily deafening to those without ear protection, inflicting 1d3 STA damage, unnerves the Lawful on a failed DC 20 Will save, inflicting 1D2 pers damage.
3. High above them, strange dark birds circle constantly. If any one of them are shot down (AC 21, 1 hp) the rest will scatter; the entire party will suffer the loss of a single luck point. The shooter will break out in a randomly determined disease within hours; if the shooter eats the slain but weird bird thing after having shot it down they can confine the effects to themselves and no one else will suffer the luck drain.
4. Mercenary Prince Laurent is wandering through the lands in a daze; if a disciple of the soul princess is present they will follow the party at a discreet distance. If another of His Lady's champions have manifest (see pp 25-26) then he will engage the champion in furious battle to the death.

Prince Laurent (1)Init +4; Atk bastard sword +5 melee (1d10+3) or longbow +5 missile fire (1d6, 225'); AC 18; HD 4d10+5/; hp 30; MV 45; Act 1d20; SP does not suffer fatigue, fear, or hunger; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1; AL Chaotic .

Walking through the Summerlands

1. *Thirteen quiet pagan spirits* are seen ahead on the road or path. Silently they attempt to beckon and lead the party to their destination. If there is a cleric among them and they are an enemy of the faith, then the spirits will attempt to separate the cleric from the rest of the party or, if that proves impossible, lead the whole party into a horrible trap.
2. *Thirteen thousand jade and ruby jeweled cicadas* buzz angrily at the party as they pass. Each cicada is if brought back to the normal material world worth 5-20 gp each, though it would take SOME TIME to retrieve enough of these hidden and moving device insect props to challenge the sanity of even the most dedicated greed merchant. THEY ARE SO LOUD
3. A momentary summer shower of plate glass glitter. The skyfall persists for 11d5 minutes, mostly painful but wonderous. However the "rain" itself is quite sharp and inflicts 1d2 points of damage on anyone who lets the glass fragments into their clothes, their eyes, etc.
4. *Flight of the Fair Bee* – 10-40 of the LARGEST bees anyone has ever seen (some specimens approach man-size abduct the youngest or lowest luck PC in the party and flies them off to a far destination. The party should be able to follow with some challenge if they set their mind to it, otherwise their companion may be lost forever. Their companion meanwhile will be taken to their new hive, deep in frosty silver mountains (the hive presently resembles sort of an empty pagoda).

Over the next 1d7 weeks they will bring the “prisoner” first food and other necessities and consumables (if the character is injured they will bring healing draughts and beneficial Fair Food) and, if they remain, will soon begin bringing shiny trinkets, books, gear, useful items and possibly the odd magic item. The magpie bees have adopted the character as their de facto Queen.

Once this has become clear to the PC, for all intents and purposes they have gained a hive of minions. Maybe they don't _need_ the party that ditched them.

The Magpie Bees of Fairyland (10-40): **Init** +4; **Atk** +4 grab attack (special); **AC** 13; **HD** 1d4; **hp** 2 or **hp** 2 each; **MV** 80; **Act** 1d20; **SP** x; **SV Fort** +1, **Ref** +2, **Will** +0; **AL** Fair.

Grab attack – when the Magpie Bees swoop in to grab their intended, their attack takes the form of as many as can attempting to clutch and carry the party member away. This attack takes a special form in the Chaos – damage is inflicted on the defender's AC. Once the target's AC has been exceeded in “damage”, they are being carried off

Walking through the Rotting lands

1. *A pack of 1d16 woodwolves are searching for you.....*

Woodwolves (2-16) **Init** +3; **Atk** bite +4 melee (2d4); **AC** 15; **HD** 2d8; **hp** 20; **MV** 75; **Act** 1d20; **SP** bark **SV Fort** +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +0; **AL** Fair.

Bark – is a loud and horse coughing sound but also sprays woodchips, momentarily blinding anyone in combat with them)-2 to actions for 1d2 rounds) Animate blackened tree stumps with four legs, a head, and a savage mouth, thirsting for the blood of animals. Sometimes rise in fair touched lands as consequence of forests burned down by magical fire.

2. *Single event error*

3. *Controlled flight into Terrain*

4. **Reaper bole** – test yourself, one or more, shove your hand or whole arm into one of these curiously knotted holes **Alone?** Roll 1d4 1. The stump contracts and razor teeth neatly but surgically remove your arm, hand or other presented extremity within a single round. 2-3 did something brush against your hand? 4 a small leather sack containing up to 500 tiny fairy coins. **If two plunge limbs into the bole**, something akin to a wizard's duel is triggered; Die starts at 19. The loser is eaten by the stump, a loud and vicious death that takes 1d4 rounds. The winner draws the magic sword from within (determine randomly) Each participant is “locked” into the stump until the duel is resolved.

Fairy Weather

1. sun shower
Yokai wedding within 1d4 miles of the party's present location ongoing.
2. Rainbow; if the party makes for the apparent base of the rainbow there is a 1 in 20 chance of finding a door, portal, or passage to one or more material worlds.
3. A second, bluer, moon rises in the north sky.
4. 4A gust of cold coastal wind brings a mad eruption of 12d100 brightly coloured balloons blowing in from somewhere else. 1 in 3 chance the balloons are mysteriously *on fire*.
5. It rains trout. As happens here. Trout may (1 in 4) be of enormous size, (1 in 5) made of wood, or (1 in 7) have the power of prophecy. Note that even magic trout won't be very useful if they've dashed to the rocks after falling a few kilometers. Wooden fish are especially useless in this regard.
6. Fire. It is raining Fire. Burning pitch actually. Chaotic aligned characters, monsters, and spellcasters will find they are inflammable from the episode for some reason.
7. IT IS RAINING ENORMOUS PINK JELLY SHARKS. WTH IS GOING ON? Jelly sharks are alive until they hit the ground, then the semitransparent pink gelatinous material they seem to be made of splatters in a most satisfying way. And messy! Anyone directly struck will take 1d8 damage from both mass and velocity as *these life size pink jelly sharks* are for some reason traveling at High Speed.
8. It is presently, however unnaturally raining holy water. Most likely no one will be able to tell the difference, but should there be a member of the un-dead, a demon, devil, or other fell creature among the party, they may become quite annoyed very quickly. 1d6/round. Storm lasts up to 1d20 rounds. Eeek.
9. Windstorm lasting 2d234 minutes leaves everything covered in several feet of green sand. Party is now functionally in the Grapple Waste, here movement is cut to a third because of the shifting, shifty green sand.
10. THIS is where the sharks came from. Yes...a great swirling green and black vortex is doing its regular fairy thing of sucking up matter from some poor material world and dropping it down on top of the locals. In the meantime, PINK JELLY SHARKVORTEX that nonetheless avoids a nasty letter from syfy's lawyers.
Pink Sharknadumvortex (just the one thank bog) **Init** 5; **Atk** fires pink jelly sharks at random passerby +6 missile fire (3d6 900'); **AC** 26 **HD** 13d4; **hp** 33; **MV** 100; **Act** 1d20; **SP** you're kidding right? **SV** Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +12; **AL** : Chaotic (angry)

1d6 Faery plants



Roll or choose when someone investigates matters of a Fae but Horticultural nature

1. Pure light Hyacinths

– contain tiny droplets of liquid purity
Awakens sleeping, heals adness

2. Rose Gold Pansies

each worth 2d4 gp, will hybridize with mortal roses to make gold roses

3. Poppies

Full of the blood of ancient Fomorian Oil. Goblins get stupid high on this stuff al the time. Fort save DC 22 or die of violent images and overdosing on their own body fluids if imbibed by a living flesh and blood creature. Addictive.

4. Black Mirth Roses

These fragile black leaves are as paper, but when burned under a new moon can ease heartache, loneliness and ease

the pain of child loss and child birth equally.

- 5. Pile of Everburning Leaves** seemingly spreading, memetically, from the Autumn kingdom. Ubiquitous piles of burning dry autumn leaves, crackling like bones as you pass.

- 6. Fields of Sweet Grass** 1d4x100 square feet of wild sweet grass; when entered there is a 33% chance that one of the more unique examples of faery cattle is grazing alone in the field, the Sacred Chao. The Sacred Chao is a sliver of an avatar of the Goddess Eris

Mischievous maidens

1d4

1. Extremely sneaky goblin girl stalks the party, having collected bits of hair and nail filings etc. from 1d3 of them already. She is slowly forming a short circle of knots made of her acquisitions. Despite the perhaps frightening implications of this activity however if confronted she will reveal no ill intent. Indeed, she will be quite shy. (And will react as would a small child if treated as a hostile monster entity)

IF spoken to at length or treated well it will come out that she is following the party because she...likes them. Not quite a crush. It accurate to say that the party has a fangirl. allowed to tag along with the party she will in battles and attempt to complete her Band to do so she will thank the party immensely show the other goblins what she has.

If the party remains in the Chaos for any length of time or – especially – if they return, they will accumulate 2d4 more of these, an actual gaggle of fan goblins.

2. The call of a siren sings a song of long lost lands, remembered only in song, and in the Chaos, audible for miles away from her drowning pool. It is a mournful and haunting melody of the third dynasty of second age Atlantis, the dirge for a great hero of forgotten legend. Lawful characters will feel a compulsion to pause and give respect; doing so will save the party from the Siren's predations. Otherwise, she will be content to dine. (When encountered in her native pool in the Chaos, use the stats for the **Cave Octopus DCC RPG** rulebook pp 398)
3. **Tin-squeak the Tin-Fairy Knight** is tired of being constantly humiliated by an Elder Urge Pixie that has it out for him. The knight bursts into the party's midst from elsewhere running off their mouth about the latest offense by that 'sparkly dog Tinkerb-' before the Elder Urge Pixie in question turns up, not happy to see the steam knight she loves to bully besmirching her reputation with the prime materials. She will be...annoyed.

Tin Fairy Knight Init +; **Atk** arm sword +4 melee (1d7) and/or rocket gun +4 missile fire (2d4, 900'); **AC** 16 **HD** 3d3; **hp** 9; **MV** 100; **Act** 1d20; **SP** tiny



is more
Fangirl or not if
take exited part
Chain. If allowed
and curry away to

length of time or – especially –

steam powered suit of armor with swords and enormous jets on back. **SV** Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +2; **AL** :Lawful (Fair)

tiny steam powered suit of armor with swords and enormous jets on back.

Rocketboots- allows for bursts of +300 as an action (also doing 6d6 to anything in their wake)

Propeller head – allows for low power hover mode most times, as weapon can trim hedges or you effectively for 1d3 a round.

And then

The Elder Urge Pixie Who Shal Not Be Named Init +; **Atk** stabby iron petal knife +6 melee (1d5+ 1d4 STA damage/day from poison. Fort save DC 12 x2 to resist)); **AC** 22 **HD** 9d3; hp 9999; **MV** 130; **Act** 1d24 + 1d20; **SP** fairy creature, flight; **SV** Fort +6, Ref +6, Wil +5; **AL** Chaotic.

The pettiest of self-appointed warrior nobles at the time of the Change. Her constant bluster and plain bullying is much more successful in this age. She has enjoyed considerable success in convincing visiting prime materials of her good intentions. She is in fact quite savage, constantly riding the ass of everyone around her and in particular reserving bouts of cruelty for smaller pixies and sprites who do not measure up to what her idea of a pixie or sprite should be. She is sadly quite indestructible in the Chaos but inflicting more than 20 hit points on her at a time will definitely get across that she will not be getting her way, and under those circumstances, she leaves.

As a fairy creature she is immune to and does not require sleep, food, water, oxygen, or any of that prime material jazz. She does like liquor however and will go to great lengths to trick and betray prime materials (as she calls them) for their booze.

Should the party come to the tiny knight's aid, and especially the party intervenes martially on their behalf, the party has collectively earned a retainer for the remainder of their time in the Chaos, acting as a most effective source of low key information and perhaps even directions. If he lingers though the party will hear from the Pixie again and she will bring her friends....

4. Red, a very hungry **Fleshcap**, waits on the edge of a nearby Smoldering woode to beg the party for their aid, a trick to lead them into a burning gulley where they will be ambushed by her friends – a pack of **Woodwolves**. (p 57)

Red the Fleshcap Init +; **Atk** shoddy knife +1 melee (1d3) or bite +2 melee (1d4); **AC** 14; **HD** 2d6; **hp** 5; **MV** 30; **Act** 1d20; **SP** fairy creature, fungus; **SV** Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; **AL** Chaotic.

Fleshcaps are fairy fungus that hunger for the blood bone and marrow of fleshy living things, becoming amazingly life-like doll-figures, resembling that which they have most et. Red has a marked preference for eating young girls traveling alone in the fairy woods.

Walking on the trods of fëy : Death and Sorrow



1. *Washing women on the riverside.* Can't be a good omen

2. *You come to a tower by the river, atop an earthen work mound.* There is a preserved but mortal princeling, prince, or princess from a bygone age nonetheless intact and sane of soul and virtue. They cannot leave however until the monster below the tower is dealt with.

Those who journey into the ant hill like unlit maze must confront their inner fears, at the moment of truth, the monster will reveal itself. AT that point it can be slain, or reasoned with, as necessary. For those with the wisdom to do

so, they may extract the promise of lore from ancient pacts and the monster within with teach the sorcerer a great old of deepest illusion and deeper mind. If freed, the prince-being will be released, a zero level character. Such a character will forever retain a deep tie to the fairylands and any magic or act to invoke such will forever be at+1 for that mortal. When they die, they will likely pass back into the chaos unless they have pledged their soul to god or demon....

3. A circle of up to 30 benevolent pagan souls are lost here on the *road to the Summerlands*. Literally pointing them in the right direction will help them find their way out of the Chaos and into whatever Doom awaits such souls as these.
4. *The worms crawl in.* An immense corpse, hundreds of yards in size, perhaps even longer, lay across the party's path. Worse it is freshly dead and rotting, attracting all manner of strange life from throughout the Chaos. How much of this is representational set dressing for the morals and real is very hard to discern.....

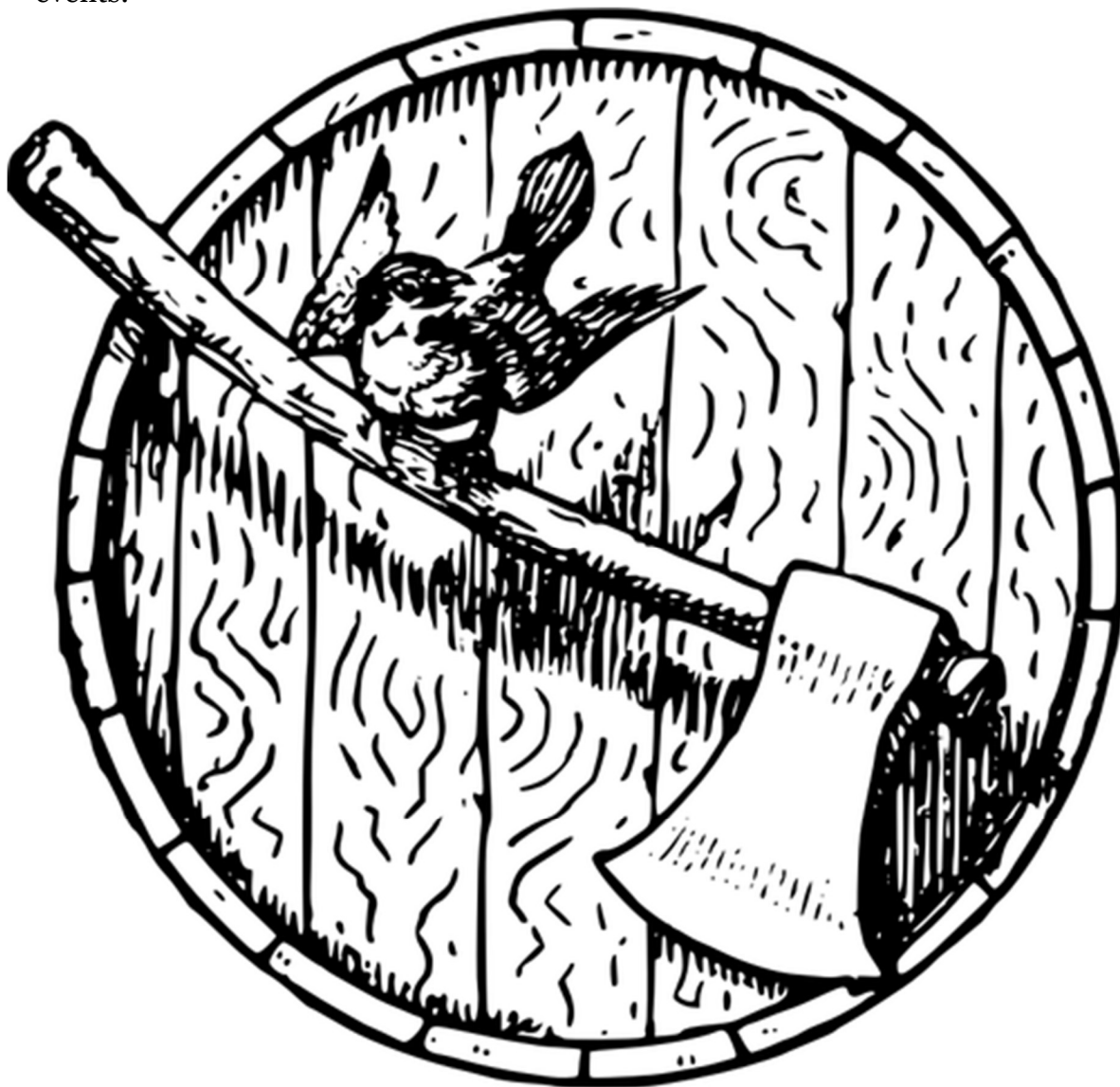
Walking through the Faery forest

1. A copse of Wizen trees up ahead; time exists in a mist all a-swirl' about these trees, and have aged many hundreds, possibly thousands, of years, in mere decades. Up to five of these elder oaks, primal pines,
2. A copse of trees are festooned with a bizarre variety of stolen but still lit lanterns from across the possibilities. In the center, a team of 1d8 cats and 1d6 badgers are playing some kind of abstract strategy game with nuts, sticks, and rocks. (Sometimes called Witch Cats & Badgers, Witch cats and witch badgers are essentially goblin versions of both animals, use goblin stat blocks but appear as the animals in question.)
3. "I'll cut you down like a little tree mortal!" 1d4 "cute little Bunnies" & 1d10 Birds of simple natural beauty seemingly come to the party's unasked for aid. However, one among them (a bird or perhaps one of the hares) is a creature that feeds off of mortal fear and so will once a round "hulk out" into a monstrous semi-identifiable version of itself.
Mortal Killing Aid Creature Init +2; **Atk** hatched for hacking off heads +5 melee (1d10+3, decapitates on natural 20) ; **AC** 18; **HD** 4d8 **hp** 19; **MV** 15; **Act** 1d24; **SP** only a combatable creature with statblock for 1/3 a round (roll 1d3, dice a 1 to affect) **SV Fort** +6, **Ref** +4, **Will** +2; **AL** Fair
4. A Smoldering woode – once there were *Everburning Woodlands* throughout the lands of the Fairy, but increasingly it is easier to find these isolated "Smoldering Woodes" instead. They are easily identified by the constant and cloying smoke they produce,
5. Crying Woodman – an immense weeping figure carries a bloody axe slung over one shoulder, openly sobbing at something that has happened. Attempting to interact with this figure is dangerous, unless efforts are made to console them, almost any interaction will transform into grief stricken murderous rage.
The crying woodman (1): **Init** +2; **Atk** immense bloody axe +5 melee (1d10+3, has 5' reach) ; **AC** 15; **HD** 2d8+1d6 **hp** 14; **MV** 50, 25 in combat; **Act** 1d24; **SP** experiences neither fear nor physical pain; **SV Fort** +6, **Ref** +4, **Will** +2; **AL** Fair
 Once his anger has been engaged he will only cry harder as he attempts to hack you apart. Only rendering them incapable of violence or killing them will stop the onslaught at this point.
6. 1-12 kobolds (**DCC RPG** pp419) seek to waylay the party to obtain a single member of the party. If allowed they will ferry their captive several hours march away atop a high hill surrounded with high grass where they will paralyze their captive and wrap them in gold and silver wire before assembling an effigy of their captive *around* their captive, embalming them alive. If allowed to complete this, 6d100 kobolds will gather under the next new moon to sing dance and argue their Effigy Golem into life.
7. You have offended the Pastel Nightmare. Defend yourself or become their next meal.
The pastel nightmare (1): **Init** +2; **Atk** smashing pastel fists +4 melee (1d3+2) and/or weapon +1 (by weapon); **AC** 14; **HD** 3d6+6 **hp** 23; **MV** 10 or 50; **Act** 1d20; **SP** Fey Wail; **SV Fort** +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +3; **AL** C.

Fey Wail – when you hear her bloodcurdling war cry you will confront your own fear. A DC 20 Will save is required to resist the shock effects of her sudden war like boom; should it be directed at you; you will know your doom is near. 1d4 Pers and Agil damage on failed save. Cone attack 5x15 (also 20' radius, 30' radius indoors)

The Pastel Nightmare is a being of ambiguous age, gender, and species. They will appear in threadbare, faded but still bright girls' clothes in a variety of floral hues, in an odd mix of older styles. Don't be fooled by their mall waif like appearance, however.

Will help you as soon as kill you and eat you. She does not understand mortal behavior and human behavior in particular seems very perplexing to her. She is overwhelmingly urge driven and will always have some pre-existing head narrative when encountered within which she will wrap up the encounter's events.



Encountering A first One –

The First Ones are those most preserved/least changed from the First times. There are few left but all of them who have remained trapped in this tepid form remain among the flotsam of the Chaos.

Encountering them is like encountering Elrond....and a succubus and a kelpie, and grey aliens, all at once. It has worn or been forced into all of these shapes before and so many times and yet each is a fragmented dilution of the true form and experience of the creature



A parade of faery ladies

Who is spying upon you from the brush and tree
and bramble and bush?



1. A gaggle of girlish Pixies & sprites play a simple silly ball game, the laughter is airy, infectious, and some may have hard time looking away...until thy recognized the “ball” is a child’s rotting head....2d4 pixies and sprites gather to play “volley-skull.” Will you interrupt?
2. Goblins and their tusked pig-dogs are out Hunting for truffles; 1d5 bands of each 2d12 goblins and 1d3 pigdogs (treat as hell hounds) seek deposits of gigantic Mei-truffles throughout the region the party is traveling in. This may be friendly; they may be invited to participate or the goblins may sick their pig dogs on you. Hard to say.
3. Miss Toad has come to you for aid! Her foul tempered husband is the horn player in a all-frog *frog horn freestyle jazz ensemble* but the band has started a quarrel with a group of dogs who were playing cards. Everyone is drunk and apparently carries revolvers. Wil you help?

TTK – That Tanukii Kid

TTK knows a little bit of everything

A kid appearing maybe 10-13 with the attributes of both a male and female tenuki. Each set of attributes are still relatively manageable as they have not yet properly hit puberty.

That Tanukii Kid (1) Init +; **Atk** weapon +1 melee (xdx) and/or weapon +1 missile fire (xdx, range'); **AC** 14 **HD** 2d6; **hp** 8; **MV** 45; **Act** 1d20; **SP** e; **SV** Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; **AL** Chaotic-ish.

When encountered, they are wearing a cap, carrying a 'messenger bag and a picnic basket. Picnic basket has their lunch which is mostly parked on top of their chest when encountered. The messenger bag contains their testicles.

Everyone is fond of TTK except the other tenuki of course, whom they long ago ran away from.

(character is a kid so as to totally non-sexualize the Tanuki's attributes)

Acts primarily as guide and near oracular source of information. Does not put on airs and treats fae, fey, and mortalkind equally.

The Tanukii Kid is also a Tenuki kid, having both an intuitive grasp of strategy and movement as well as being a mean Go player. If someone offers to play Go against them they will become quite joyous while then mercilessly destroying their challenger.

Repeatedly playing the Kid is among the few ways to genuinely cheer them.

They are a very good Go player.

KILL THE SUMMER KING!!! KILL THAT BASTARD DEAD

The party may be journeying through an extended trip in the Chaos for whatever reason, or they may (ideally) be about to leave.

Especially in that later instance, a single, extraordinarily well dressed Fair Man addresses them, loudly, from afar.

Well not so much addresses them as hurls abuse at them. The party has stumbled upon the Chaos' old Uncle.

Out of Touch Irritating Old Man in the Garden (1) Init +; **Atk** fey stilblade +4 melee (2d6); **AC** 13 **HD** 2d6; **hp** 6; **MV** 25; **Act** 1d20; **SP** fat loots that are **so** cursed; **SV** Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; **AL** Chaotic-ish.

Among his effects the robes and gossamerings of Fair nobility, a fey blade, What a haul! 1d2 coppers, 1d3x10 silvers, 1d4x100 electrum, 1d5x1,000 gold, and 1d6x10,000 platinum coins from across the whole of possibility, jewels and jewelry worth 1d6x1000 gp fast liquidation value or up to 100 times that if they take a year to find collectors and appropriate buyers. Suspicious characters may get off easy as this really is too good to be true – but for now, maybe, all is as it seems. There is a golden crown in his effects, however. A very elaborate one. One day, the characters will receive an invitation to a Wedding and if they bring the crown with them there may be very very elaborate consequences indeed. Details of that wedding may be forthcoming

in Patrons of the Faery Chaos 2 Through Red Mists and Gardens Green



Walking through the faery lande

1. smoke from a camp – 10d4 red-capped Kobolds tend a cauldron ofmeat. If any of the party will join them in their feast, combat with so large a group may be avoided. However, all who dine upon this repast will find that on their return to the real world, an unholy craving for human flesh will come over them once a month on the new moon.
2. the wanderers come upon a haunting ethereal beautiful sound, which originates from a large multicolored oversized toadstool. Upon it, a young sylph maiden innocent in her nakedness and unaware of the presence of strangers plays upon her wood-flute. On the fringes of the clearing surrounding her, the trees and shrubs dance and sway to her tune. Startled when she does notice the party, if any join her in song, dance, or accompaniment with music of their own, she will be pleased and play a merry tune, which will cause the surrounding trees to leap and frolic. At the end of which, she will pass her flute to the care, wordlessly, of the character deemed most worthy. If the tune from their jam is played subsequently, it will summon a wood angel (see below)
- 3 . A passel of talking cats cross your path, of a variety of colours. One of them randomly rubs up against one of you. Note: talking cat is a memetic illness,

communicable in faerie to otherwise mundane animals if any were foolishly brought to this place by traveling mortals. Assume automatic infection in such a case. Once such an animal is brought back to the mortal realm however, contact with others of its prior kindred will almost certainly spread the infection especially in magically rich areas.



4.. 2d4 **woode angels** and 1d3 **rose unicorns** frolic in a hidden glade thick with heavy morning dew and a thick carpet of mist; they are very caught up in their activities and may not even notice a party of mortals unless they do something to interfere.

5. shimmering pool with refreshing clear waters. The drinker's reflection shows any number of what could-be's. Other lives, other identities, other lives.

6.. **Pixie Pool** – A small green placid stone well. Those who drink of it while not riven with thirst, dehydration will enter a magic slumber, waking 1d3 hours later as a **pixie of smoke and water**. The transformed does not possess any of their normal class abilities but instead possess the full stat block of their new form. This change is permanent until the character earns 10 xp at which point they return to their native form on a successful DC 15 Will save. On a failed save, they become instead (roll 1d3)

1. a Goblin, 2. A Centaur, or 3. A bugbear.

These are also permanent until 5 xp are earned at which time the afflicted may return to their native form. *Until the afflicted has recovered their native form, they are unable to leave the Faery Chaos.*



Pixie of Smoke and Water (faery creature) Init +2 Atk bite +2 melee (1d4) or +1 water spears missile fire (2d3, 15'); **AC** 19; **HD** 2d6; hp 5 each or hp 5, 4, 4; **MV** 35; **Act** 1d20; **SP** emulate any shape, formlessness; **SV** Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +1; **AL** Chaotic. .

The smoke pixie can infamously *emulate any shape*, duplicating most easy forms at DC 5 and capable of forming to facsimiles of specific mortals (DC 15 to do so).

Formlessness – ultimately a being of light, smoke and vapour, the water pixie has no true solid form and so harming it is difficult; their AC reflects this, many ‘hits’ simply go right through them. However, they can neither lift, touch, nor carry gear or equipment or anything heavier than pollen or dew. . Takes no damage from non-magical stabbing, slashing, or bludgeoning weapons at all. Magical arrows damage them at -1 per die. Fire and cold inflict 50% more damage and they will flee from such attacks. Electricity attacks will disperse them but only to reform, cross, in one round. They are immune to acid, poison, and gas attacks.

Wood Angel (faery creature): Init +2; Atk thornstrafe +3 melee (2d5) or +3 throw thorns (1d3 + 1d4 STA, range 14'); AC 13; HD 3d6; hp 14; MV 77' (flight) 21' (on foot); Act 1d20; SP flight, thornstrafing; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; AL Neutral (playful).

To appearances a five foot figure, shaped like a nude elfin female, with thorn wings, a thorn crown, and thorns erupting from legs, shoulders, and head. Up close or in good light, the being's semitransparent nature becomes apparent, seemingly a bramble in the shape of a faerie angel.

Rose Unicorns (faery creature): Init +2; Atk weapon +1 bite melee (1d5) or charge +3 melee (2d4); AC 14; HD 3d6; hp 9; MV 60; Act 1d24; SP Spiral Thorn, Blood properties, Vanish; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; AL Neutral (playful but bloodthirsty).

Spiral Thorn – the horn of the Rose Unicorn is in fact a tremendous thorn, albeit one spiraled as with other varieties of unicorns and their ilk. Once a moon, a droplet of sap will collect at the tip; if the beastie is sleeping when encountered (5% if found on a moonless night) this may be collected without danger to self or beast.

Blood properties – They are of rarefied diet and disposition. Most often they wish to be fed the hearts, fresh, of that which has drawn them. Their own blood, conversely, is said to be able to “make any man whole.” Many who are consumptive, leprous, or cancerous have sought this beast for a simple taste of its blood.

Vanish – three times a day, a Rose Unicorn may seemingly vanish when it feels shy, evasive, or threatened. This uses the Unicorn's full Action die, at +6. Otherwise, this is functions as the spell Invisibility DCC RPG pp 172

Perhaps once the most noble of a noble breed, the softly pink and scarlet hued “rose unicorns” are mystically indistinguishable from their lesser, if perhaps distinguishable as a kind of nobility. Only a close inspection will reveal certain tells – the wooden spiral horn, the way the ‘hooves’ plant like roots when the mare stoops to drink from a pool of water.



Fabrications, Misdirections, Rumors, and outright Lies

Drop 1d3 of these during any extended parley between the party and those of the Chaos. Do what you want with them. Are they true?

Yes of course. *All of them.*

1. If you unravel the tapestry down to the last thread, all of reality will come undone. What comes after? Maybe nothing. Possible it may be unmade.
2. Taking a boat off the Great Falls at Cloudtop while blind or blindfolded will plunge any foolish enough to do so to their constant and eternal crashing death in the white foam below....unless they make a wish as they enter free fall; they may then travel to literally anywhere.
3. *The queen of the kitsune is coming, the queen of the kitsune is coming*
4. Five great paladins of the mark are hunting snarks in the Tin Woodland. Each of them rides a legendary beast, (an ostrich, a peacock, an eagle, a caterpillar and a great cat.) Do not get between them and their quarry or there will be a blood letting
5. Gold buried anywhere off the path in the Chaos will erupt into trees of moist silver, gold, and copper by the next moonrise
6. If you see your reflection in faerie your soul will take flight. Spiritually, you will be dead.
7. The queen of the kitsune is getting married
8. Allowing yourself to be seduced by the swampland *swanmaes* may lead to imparted wisdom and the knowledge of great and old spells. Especially if you betray your companions to them for they are hungry.
9. Goblin vomit is highly effective at warding off the plague, the pox, or indeed any kind of sickness. Just rub it all over.
Anyone who does so while in fairy will find themselves immune to disease for the rest of their lives. It turns to sawdust shortly thereafter.
10. The queen of the kitsune
11. Hollow trees act as teleportals, allowing hops over great distances in the Chaos.
12. IT is said that if you find a still pond in the chaos and wait beside it, a boat will come that will take you anywhere you wish to go in any time or place and in any form...but when the time comes you must do what is right.
13. There is a black star in the heavens some nights in the chaos. It's appearance presages the arrival of mortals from the mundane realm and their deaths.
14. Some whisper that **Akikino Chouko**, *the Ten Tales*, *the White Queen of the Kitsune* is getting married. Soon, She will be **Queen of the Yokai**.
15. Marten the Enchanter is more made of clockworks and gears than his faery mien, which does he live off of, blood or steam?
16. Small furry
17. Why *are* you wearing that huma suit? Randomly chosen party member "revealed" to be something else entirely. Character is actually changed at the the Judge's discretion, though recommended.
18. Claims to have seen a mass exodus of monsters, extinct species, and kaiju marching into the chaos from all over the omniverse in five great processions. Not out of the Chaos, but into faerie. Some say they are here to attend some great and monstrous festival

19. *Ghed-e-ded*, a Greatspear from the dawn is embedded in a green, moss encrusted rock somewhere in the chaos. IT is wrought of pure mithril, and many enchantments of fairy and elf are laid upon it. Also, it is cursed.
20. The White Queen of the Kitsune has been named Princess of the Yokai and is being summoned to be crowned their Queen; while she is still able Ten-Tales has summoned her wives to the Chaos.
21. The memories of a heroic but cruel pictish adventurer lost in Fairyland have taken cohesive form. The Ram-Cat hunts material beings throughout the Fairy woodes, a strange folk memory of dire wolves, sabretooth cats, and strangely fiery bulls, lives on A fire breathing clawed and hoofed tusked, razor toothed dire bull *thing*. It's breath can turn flesh to limestone and it's gaze causes bleeding. Avoid it at all costs.
22. The Red Queen has been seen on the fringes of the Chaos. Some say this is not her first voyage into the Chaos. Some say she was present at the breaking. Others that she is part fey herself.
23. A silver and yellow balloon sometimes swoops low over the woode on particularly warm days. Eventually it catches a thermal and is swept to one of the countless worlds colonized by goblin – there are millions of them. But the balloon and basket always return.
24. If one managed, by catching a breeze, or hot air balloon, etc. it may be possible to fly approximately ten (seeming) kilometers up to invade the Selene Highlands of the Nightlands of Cheese. Most everything there is a form of fermented curd; yes it can be consumed but this is just as subject to rules about eating in the chaos as anywhere else. With a ladder or other safer means of conveyance, the moon may be a reliable means of crossing the chaoslands fast as it moves apparently randomly and without regard to distance or speed, bobbing to and fro, sometimes a mere feet from the “ground” and other times miles high.
25. Do you like to play games? Use a tuning fork to attract the attention of the goblin market. They will come, collar you and take you with them to be their slave-toy for a thousand years.
26. A sinuously blue fox winds its way between strange pink bamboo shoots



The Goblin Locus

Agēs past, or maybe it was last week (time is a strange and alien thing in the Chaos), a group of True Goblin, journeyed in auspicious number (thirteen or 211,011? Hard to say. **Goblin.**) in a great ship of stink and dreams up the River Flow. Sailing it is said *into* the Phlogiston.

Or maybe that's some fluff and flush they made up drinking with your cousin. Who can say?

At a Goblin locus, some force, called by the crude "chaos goblins" have moved in, or adopted a space. Or brought it closer to them. All of these possibilities are true.

For those who cast spells, work with magic, invoke the gods or unleash their inner mind, working in proximity to such a place can provide both benefit and hazard. For the mad who live within one, well.....

They will borrow your spells, your books, your sometimes ritual things. They will bend space and time and they will change what is writ in your Magical Works. The Flux of the Phlogiston may change, once or always, and the very spells you work may change, flow, flux, wane, wax, or be replaced by other spells entirely.

It is not malicious. Not unless you are mean or hateful toward them. Attempts to enter the Faery Chaos are always successful at such sites, if they let you. They may take some things though.

Always (or mostly so – always by intent) do they return the things they take, often in improved or changed condition.

Curses and geasae and fate they will (most times it seems) not interfere with but they will happily rearrange the deck chairs around such things. Happily. Quite happily.

Mundane objects in the vicinity will vanish warp and experience dramatic shifts in spacetime with regularity, minor items will slip between adjacent splinters. They take what they need and don't always put back EXACTLY what they take but if it's not the one it will at least be better or more interesting.

A dandelion bonfire – Exporting Oure (Pure Chaos)

This is the future I see for thine and thee, our lands – separate and fragile against the material – would become A million petals radiating out from the Rhapsody, in brilliant possibility, in this future I foresee, mortality does not infect you, and you and you. No, in the future to come, we shall infect thee. The flower will close tight and then, opening, for we will spread like dew drops, and pollen, carried on the wind, by the bees, and other crawling, growing things, spreading out romantic anarchy all over the pristine and sensible walls of reality. Come and see, come and see, we shall make reality a little more like we.

If there is renewal to be found in what came over the Fairylands, a sign may be found in the waves of goblins and goblinkin raising sails of gossamer and found trash and sailing forth in vast junk waves, blown to and fro by the Phlogiston itself. ‘

Surf **Chaos!**

In the wild places, in the natural spaces, and in the disordered traces of society they bleed through as they have always done. Now to spread, to thrive, and maybe to colonize.

Goblin wants to bring the Chaos To You. One-way doors in junkyards, mysterious iron trapdoors in the sewers, old stone archways at abandoned campgrounds, and that strange light across the widest part of the river in those thickets. Dancing?

What crass, gross, messy, inappropriate, and always always honest, even when they lie, secrets does goblin have yet in store for you?

Come inside, eat some pie, and stop looking away from the shiny void.

Goblinism

what IS Goblinism?

“Look I don’t know what your problem is, but if someone wants to goblin let ‘em, but you have to learn how to talk to your new-new neighbors hon. They’re not in a new Shopping Cult, they are a new life form.

I guess it must be the wide open spaces where you come from. When you are packed in here like we are, you learn to live with strange smells, stranger humping sounds, and chanting at 0200; t’s what it is. They’re your neighbors, no big deal.

That said, um, unless you hate the person, if you know a wizard, like basically anyone that ever does any kind of that magic shit? Warn them before you let them move into your building or squat or whatever.

That can get *messy*”

- Zevix Chel, prole, (index 975641/9965James FraZher Memorial Block, gridref7) committing category 7 behavior offense (contagion advocate)

Imperial science would classify it as an Advanced (Level-9/threat) Noosphere Contagion (Memetic Contagion Heuristic Overwrite) – what is more, certain advanced theoreticians of the Imperial Science Academy’s Black Pyramid would recognize that this contagion is but the manifestation of a 7-dimensional hypergeometric expression-form, a Chaosdesic Super-solid

Sassy Sally Woo, hacker extraordinaire would say “You get brain jacked by some super dimensional hive mind. Gross.”

Sometimes it .. just happens. Like spontaneous human combustion on prehistoric Teranaya, it’s “just one of those things.” Sometimes, a person just, you know, gets goblin’d.

It happens kind of slow, but only in retrospect. At the end its...pretty fast. And then you HAVE got to put them down or they’ll spawn. You DO NOT want that

Goblinism (Noosphere contagion)

Goblin – were they always like this? Are these even anything to do with anything else loose in the omniverse that people somewhere call goblins? Maybe? The infinite is ... mysterious. Goblins here and now and maybe other times too maybe not. What IS time?

In game terms, this is both a psychic and possibly psychogenic contagion that slowly turns a body into a goblin (see below) over a period of weeks months or years. Those mortals with sufficiently strong life forces (e.g., leveled characters) find it a nuisance but far more insidious and threatening to those around them. Zero levels OTOH have little resistance.

Goblinism Can strike in moments of despair or surrender

3 subsequent saving throws, a Fort save (DC 12) a later Will save (DC 16) and finally the last transformation (Fort save DC 15)

Those who only fail one save ultimately remain as they were though definitely infected; certain baser attributes will seemingly have been brought out – they may become more

gluttonous, meaner, or what have you. Over time their appearance will alter to reflect this, lending them an almost cartoony appearance in most splinters.

Those who fail two saves undergo a partial transformation, becoming a goblinized form of their prior self.

Ultimately those who surrender to, or otherwise desire the transformation, or fail all three saving throws, are “Liberated” (functionally overwritten from the inside out).

Once you have gone *full Goblin*, there is no turning back.

During a period of ‘goblinism’ the victim slowly degenerates, accumulating trinkets and filth, and slowly hunger. At the time of final transformation draws near they feel a compulsion and are drawn to a faery market, goblin circus or other omniversal floorboard abstraction. Fleeing through a mouse hole often suffices

Stage one – move alignment one step toward Chaotic

Stage two – alignment becomes chaotic if it was not before, HD staged up one step on the dice chain: now subject to magical and super-scientific effects targeting goblins and the fey. Can (dimly) perceive into the Goblinblight and select Otherworlds.

Stage three – adopts the goblin stat block, body is wracked with internal transmogrifications and the subject hallucinates upon their urges and the life they leave behind for 1d12+(age or 16, whichever is higher) hours. At the end of which, or upon dining upon a still living or intelligent form, the transformation is complete and final. Most often those afflicted find themselves accompanied or abducted by a goblin motley in the nights before stage three sets in, other times they will feel a strange compulsion to “disappear.” If the transformation takes place alone then 1d12 goblins will arise within the next 1d6 hours to come and care for their new cousin.

Goblins

Goblins do not have bones and consequently they cannot be broken. Most goblins can contort themselves quite impossibly if painfully, but seemingly always returning to their basic shape thereafter.

Goblins are made of goblinmatter. It is somewhat denser (at times) and somewhat less reactive than conventional matter. Their skin and outer muscle have a dense consistence like that of tough leather. They take one less point of damage / die from fire as they are simply not that flammable. If anything, they seem to be made of a unique form of protomatter. Let the Gods have pity on the Imperial scientist who tries to make something out of that!

Examples of rampant goblinism

1. The sole child conceived naturally by those serving aboard an Ansible Station has, no friends, no real outlets, access to nearly unlimited forms of information and spends a lot of time on their own.
2. The moment you turned the cylinder on the airlock you could smell how filthy the space station really was. Like something had exploded, the whole shack was completely empty though it felt...occupied somehow.
Empty save for one individual with glassy haunted eyes. They are, it seems, very happy to see you.
3. The adventurer’s boy was very little like his father, and not prone to either exaggeration or self-aggrandizement. But living in his heroic parent’s shadow for so long has turned him inward. Recently he’s become fascinated watching the butcher work and now has gone missing, possibly in the old caves to the south. Didn’t dad slay a bunch of goblins in there once?

The Chaos

The new face of an old realm or the old face of a new one? The Faery Chaos would remind you that there is no difference between these ideas.

The Chaos just is, and will not be defined by something as tawdry as mortals who must live inside of time.

The Goblinblight – anywhere in the omniverse where the power of fairyland holds enough sway for goblins to exist, envisioned as a vast fog or shadow across all existence. **(in usage)** lit. all the lands touched by fairy

In more magical realities, the simple presence of their place in the *Goblinblight* allows even mortals to traverse from one world in the *blight* to another, often quite unawares.

Goblin doors are any functional direct accessways into the Blight, often appearing one day as though they had always been there. Very often they are small – while even medium sized goblins can use them they may take a round or two to stuff their rubbery non-material bulk through the tiny access-way. Sometimes as mundane as apparently a mouse or rodent hole in the wainscoting, other times an elaborate and obviously unusual but quite tiny door with arches etc.

Kitchens are rampant possibilities for goblin doors. Modern fantastic settings may find the Drainpipe Nation easily accessible

The Drainpipe Nation infects many modern fantastic Splinters, a secret inner city made up of a city's waterworks. In fact, a cross splinter agglomeration of goblinness, tying six discreet Splinters together in a vague overlap, provided one is willing to use the Drainpipes to cross between them.

The Filth Orphanage exists inside the Smoke of many a pseudo Victorian Splinter, a bleak and harrowing place dedicated to inflicting goblinism upon as many of their charges as possible. Does anyone notice the high incidence of missing orphans within this Dickensian nightmare?

The Goblyn Cycle – the process whereby goblins have spread out from the fair lands and infected the remainder of the omniverse, are slowly corrupted by the material plane, become least goblins, concerned only with gems, precious metals, and other material empty things, finally reclaimed by raiding parties of goblins from fairy...or adventurers from countless worlds in the *Goblinblight*.

AS with all things fairy, the cycle is eternal. It goes on forever.

Goblyn spread like meme-pollen → goblin infects material world → material world infects goblin → goblin is sent back to fairy → Goblin spread like meme pollen

The cycle seems to have correspondences with observed apparent cycles in the phlogiston according to the elder sages. Does one precede the other? Is there a relation? Does the Phlogiston even do that? *Do you trust elder sages?*

Goblinizing Fair Magic

When invoking either the snot Princess (out of both contagion and sympathy, in a variety of senses) and Necritheia Lygina (out of desperation and perhaps goblin memory) the caster may swap out invoked fairy effects in favor of goblins instead. (others can try but it is not recommended)

99 a dozen precursor sights for goblin infections and gateways to the Goblinblight

1. That pile of colorful unwashed clothes
2. The group of once loved but neglected plush animals that seem look on at you longingly
3. The strange, shadowed rubbish pile in the corner. What ...is all that stuff anyway?
4. The crowded musty layer of dirty clothes and detritus that has accumulated underneath the bed or bunk
5. The easel with a single blank page all alone in the corner
6. An elaborate tome or fancy notebook, each page is covered in the most bizarre scribblings
7. That rotten bridge in the cold mists by night
8. The strange red barn behind the old, abandoned farmhouse
9. The sound of old miners chants in the voices of children from within a closet or wardrobe.
10. That weird little alcove room in the basement. What is it for?
11. That pile of old mismatched socks and boy smells at the orphanage

12. YA sorry we gots to take the other 87s
for a bit but don worry we'll put it
back pretty like we found it Bllleee!

Whispers overheard at a Goblin stall

According to some, the fae in large part derive their powers from a semi mythological figure in their prehistory known as the Thief of Our Always, who managed to first cheat time....side stepping entropy and the need for the passing of things, eventually inviting entropy upon them. As goblins LOVE entropy, they hold this figure in particularly illustrious regard, often (on the spot) comprising elaborate mythologies for this being.

A covey of Tengu and Goblin birds claim that Goblins made the whole thing up. Even if it does – sometimes – grant magic powers.

a gang of redcaps insist they ate the blighter and that they brought entropy into the universe.

a troupe of splinter traveling face dancers are asking after The Lady Peacock. For ...reasons.

The motely of goblins here of course would just as soon put you in a gimp suit, leaving you to wind up the toy-slave, never to leave the Goblin Market

Appendix Fairy customization charts

- Unusual Fey Features 1d24

Unusual abilities and appearances for fey touched creatures

13. Grass or leaves for hair
14. Carpet of caterpillars, ladybugs, or other insects for hair
15. Milk sours 30' in their presence
16. Faerie can throw curse 1/day
17. Has twin burning micro-stars for eyes
18. Constantly shifting physical form
19. Brightly coloured hair or skin
20. Brightly patterned skin
21. Touch ages 1-4 years younger or 1-8 years older
22. Breath reduces age 2d12 years
23. Unusual dietary requirements
 - a. Baby's breath
 - b. Eggs
 - c. Holy and blessed items
 - d. Very small furry animals
 - e. Crawling insects, spiders, and bugs
 - f. Crushed jewels
 - g. Stolen Milk
24. Appears identical to party member (50% changeling)
25. Repulsed by religious imagery
26. Must flee at the ringing of a bell
27. Must loudly announce their own presence on arrival
28. Jewels for eyes, gold, electrum, silver, or platinum for skin
29. To look them in the eyes is to challenge death, DC 14 Fort save to avoid the urge to die
30. Coughs butterflies and farts bees
31. Animal head and features
32. At will Transforms into
 - h. A small cat
 - i. Silver, black, or red fox
 - j. A frog
 - k. An owl
 - l. A newt
 - m. A silver dagger
 - n. A fish
33. Sound of their voice raised in song drains two life energy levels (DC 18 Will save to avoid)
34. Sound of their voice at normal volume shatters glass and other breakables while it also inflicts 1d2 hp/damage to all listeners per round.
35. Has four identical copies of itself stashed around town/the dungeon/the countryside
36. Indestructible; if 'slain' reforms on the prime within 1d2 weeks and study it's killers.

Instant Extrusions from Faery (Base HD d6 +1 Ref +1 Wil; Chaos)

Fae Variety

Trad Folklore
 UFO iconography
 Unfamiliar iconography (playing cards, animal beings)

Fae Extrusion Type/Purpose

Cuckoo/Changeling (exceptional, infiltrating)
 Mirror (psychological/symbolic)
 Tricker (observer/spy)
 Trickster (teacher)
 Thief (steals souls, directly or enfehsed as new mortals)

Does Extrusion have individual identity?

Yes? Does it believe it to be a person?

Yes? Does it possess a soul?

Yes? Where was the soul taken from?

No? It has a spirit OR It is not an individual

No. *Drone thing*, cast as either a Hollow goblin, fey animal, magical servitor, or lesser magic item

Hollow goblin – very large eyes, inhuman mien; remote piloted by higher order fey beings or other sorcerously inclined mortals. Lesser ability to bend time and space when directed by their betters.

Fey animal – bond to play a part in some familiar myth or fairy story, cannot deviate from this routine without threatening its existence; +1 Ref -1 Wil saves

Magical servitor – a flicker of fey stuff given substance by faerie magic and purpose by a mortal it is inextricably linked with. The longer it is Out of Faerie the less a chance it can go back without destruction

Lesser magic item – typically a minor quest item for a Hero on a Journey; again, the drone is unable to deviate from its role in the Story without suffering the pangs of nonexistence. -2 to all Will saves, +1 Fort saves

Fey attributes add on tables Roll or choose 1d6-1 additional Fae attributes

Being is sensitive to or drawn to the presence of death, either temporally or spatially

Being is exceptionally delicate and bruises easily Fragile.

Being radiates compulsions involving the death urge

Being is lethal to those around it

Being's appearance foreshadows or causes a death

Being's presence increases the power of predestination and fate

Walks through walls – either through material insubstantiality or via ignoring the existence of the wall +1 Ref, -1 hp / die

Fairy things : amulets, identities, soul jars, treasures, toys, curses, and tricks.

Fairy Money

Fairy money appears in vastly different types and varieties within the Chaos taking virtually any form. It never transports back to the material world however (save when it does) and if it does it does not retain its “Fair Form” – your bag of Fairy gold may be donkey droppings, a bag of lead slugs, or weird wads of strange green paper.

Goblin money is a bit different. Goblins have no want or need for the stuff and find the idea a bit of clutter, so when it does manifest it's there as a lure, distraction, or other shiny thing for the rubes from the material world BUT it is not illusion.

Should one take such money back to world one hails from, well a number of things are possible.

If they like you and you need the money and you didn't upset them, it's maybe real money. Somehow. This almost never happens. *They gotta really like you.*

Most likely it is a goblin thing made by goblins for goblin purposes; when it comes into contact with strange randomizing elements, like the so-called real world, this material can and frequently does become unstable, tunneling into a lower energy state.

Goblin Money becomes What table

- 1 near identical tokens that are made of a mysterious “*sworly white*” colour. Feels like plastic. Worthless everywhere.
- 2 A jumbled collection of rocks, dead seeds, and very exotic seashells
- 3 A mushy, heavy pile of cold rice noodles
- 4 Something radioactive with a half-life of about 16 hours after the bag is opened.
May not be too bad at first, but that 16 hour decay unleashes *possibilities!*

Raggedy Invested Corset

A most unusual garment, this appears identical to the vest-cum-corset that the Sewn Up Princess has sewn into her flesh. When so manifested it has 5d4 pockets that would be reachable when worn. What is in the pockets?

1. A round gold pocket watch – inside bears the inscription in Terran British English “*Must not be late.*”
 2. A wrinkled and tough but still edible stick of jerked meat. Human meat. Jerky?
 3. An ancient cigar; it will disintegrate if smoked.
 4. Folded and faded map *the Hall of the Empty Throne*
-
1. *Season pass to something called Diznee lande.*
 2. Whalebone needle and course thread
 3. Ball of twine
 4. Bag of mixed nuts and hard candy

1. Small, wrapped bag of dried fruit and a rusty pocketknife
 2. A small envelope full of size nine and a half washers
 3. Hall pass for Fogwarts Academy
 4. 1937 Broke Lynn Bugbears baseball card
-
1. A single draw from a deck of many things, or other magical tarot deck that exists in campaign
 2. A SonEE mini disc – something called the Dark Side of the Moon
 3. boarding pass – Ranger 3 lunar base shuttle
 4. magic seeds. Plant them to find out what they do. Then run.
-
1. A sturdy pair of glasses in the wearer's prescription; if no vision needs, 34 glasses
 2. a yo-yo (it lights up green from the inside at night, surely devil work!)
 3. Ball of string
 4. a small dead fairy, smashed flat as though by a book. If placed into a book and wished upon that wish will come true

Lady's Hunting-Doll's armor Reaching armor of tiny plastic hands – each arm and leg, the character's back and the rear of their head extend various doll arms writhing and reaching, they attempt to ensnare, trap, and stop the 'wearer's enemies. +5 AC and hand to hand combat fumbles at +2 on the table

the surface of the character's armor is now also covered in adorable dolls faces which, prevent them from being surprised as they now have a pair of eyes on every surface of their body, and sharp teeth in every mouth that bite all attackers at +2 for 1d3 points of damage.

Armor can be removed and expected to move about as an individual attacker, moving with the wearer's strength, agility, and so on.

Glorious flowering mask – accompaniment to the above save that removal of the mask inflicts 2d4 int, and 1d4 pers damage to a single designated opponent in a brilliant flash; the flash inflicts a secondary attack which affects all onlookers within 60 feet draining 1d3 STA This armor can sometimes be seen on a body, visible just below the waterline in a river or stream in the Chaos. It is perhaps the single largest remaining fragment of who the Soul Princess was (see page 22) before everything ...*accelerated*.

The Great Chalk The Great Chalk is a powerful item. In the hands of an artist, creative, or simply a child or person with an active imagination, it is ever more so. While in the chaos, anything drawn by the character becomes effectively real.

Great slumber of Heroes

By calling upon the faery realm's timeless qualities you set yourself and possibly others and unique items aside until a time of need or other appropriate occasion. At greater levels of success, the endless cyclical nature of faery (or is it time?) can be taken advantage of. Within the Chaos, any sentient being can literally just invoke this. This includes visiting mortals; this is more a property of the Chaos than any other thing. It can be learned by a crafty elf, wizard or other student of high sorcery and deep magic. When so brought back to the mortal realm, this is a second level spell. (see next page)

Appendix - Deep magic

Great slumber of Heroes

By calling upon the faery realm's timeless qualities you set yourself and possibly others and unique items aside until a time of need or other appropriate occasion. At greater levels of success, the endless cyclical nature of faery (or is it time?) can be taken advantage of. Those so affected are whisked away to fairy to sleep in timeless isolation

Level 2

Range: personal plus up to CL others

Duration: HIGHLY variable, rounds to infinite

Casting time: 1 round

Save: Spell check DC

Manifestation: 1.

Misfire 1. You messed up. You are forever ingrained in the deepest part of the bramble. However, in time you will grow, changing in tremendous pain until you are but memory and nutrition, your deeds forming elaborate root systems throughout the underneath of the Fair. In time you become a cornerstone of the Chaos, recalling the time of the Evolution, when you were mortal, as but a dream. **2.** Rather than slumbering, you have loosed a horde of misshapen giants from the Lost Realm unto your world. Good job. There are 1d12+CL of these mythic entities rampaging across the campaign now thanks to you. Good luck dealing with that. **3.** You wake, alone, in your world, but thousands or millions of years later, underneath a fine layer of dust and a hill that has accumulated over the shrine erected around your sleeping form.

Corruption Roll 1d8 1-4 minor 5-7 major 8 greater

1 Failed, Lost + (roll 1d6) 3- Misfire 4+ Corruption; if the sorcerer has a Fair patron, they check for patron taint.

2-11 Spell failure. Unless the sorcerer has a Fair patron, their recollection of the spell is lost forever, renewable only by journeying into the Chaos.

12-13 The spellcaster and up to CL others spontaneously yawn for 1d3 rounds.

14-15 The sorcerer sings the rune and for 1d3 rounds themselves and CL others may be placed into safe, magical slumber from which they cannot be awakened, nor harmed during their slumber.

16-19 As above save that the caster and their cohort may now sleep so (in the material world) for up to 3d30 days

20-21 As above however the affected parties may sleep for 5d12 months

22-25 The *brambledeep* curls widely around your fate and self, allowing journeys of epic transit forward through time. May sleep for many hundreds of years as the Chaos itself reaches out and enfolds around you, keeping you safe from time or harm.

You sleep up to 1d10 centuries off with minimal confusion or disorientation,

26-29 *bramblesleep* as above - May now sleep for many thousands of years

30-31 As *bramblesleep* - may sleep until proverbial "they are needed" - note that for smaller groups whose total character levels add up to less than 20 they may be needed sooner than expected.

32-33 *Great Bramblesleep* - the caster and up to CL+4 others may emerge at any point in history, past or future, well rested fit and ready for adventure (full hp, spell selection, etc.) Note that up to 1d5+4 duplicate sleep pods may have been generated over many turns of the wheel, creating doppelgangers.

34+ the caster is permanently ensconced into the Great Bramble and so that even as the whole of time circles in upon itself in the endless paradox of the Chaos, the character is permanently ensconced as a forever element. Each turn of history seeds a different version of the bramble's champion, and it leads its life independent of the others. But the character, like a Jack in the Green Duncan Idaho, is forever.

WAIT!

Whatever happened to the
Lady Triskaidhekaphile???

*I am a mirror I am a prism
I bend my body, mind, soul, and light
So that you might see particular patterns and style in the shine
I make my art
Of, though, and with my self.
Alone with deftness and my inner midnight*

The Lady who Loves 13
Is too busy to take minions from the mortal realm,
she has a wedding to plan

But

if you rub your last two spending coppers together before you order that last round and
believe in fairies you may see her, leaving a coin in your beer, beckoning you

Come to the Wedding

Through Red Mists and
Gardens Green – the Wedding
of Akikino Chouko

Coming

Maybe

from Dreaming Gynoid

if the Fair Allows

Sights No Mortal Has Seen

Go Mad With Delight

"All of this has happened before, and it will all happen again ..."
Opening lines, Peter Pan (1953)

"All of this has happened before, and it will all happen again
Please, please please"
Information Society, Suck 200 (1990)

"All of this has happened before, and all of this will happen again"
The books of Pythia, Battlestar Galactica (2003)

Let these Ladies show you the Way
If you dare

BETHOLD MORTAL THE FAERY CHAOS



Patrons of the Faery Chaos is compatible with Dungeon Crawl Classics Role Playing Game.

Through the Walls of Mist and Thorn Patrons of the Faery Chaos (DG005)
Dreaming Gynoid