



IRON & LIES



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IRON & LIES

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INTRODUCTION

Traveling through the Illwood is a measure of patience and tact; one to swing with the dance of the blade and the other to whisper with snakes and giggle among the pleasantries. As mortals of flesh, bone, and blood, there is little to stem the tide of pain the fairies wish upon you, and almost nothing to help wade through the onslaught of Whatever May Come and Whatever May Be. Regardless, the tools of your newfound trade (that of being alive and staying alive hopefully for longer than just the night) are good and neat and easy to understand. So take notes if you keep your head open at the back, but otherwise, just lean in and listen close.

There are only two things that the fairies and the sprites and the goblins and the trolls lack and are unable to combat with their typical wit and magic. The first is iron, like the swords crafted in secret in the sewers by the Ratmen of the Lost Guild and those sailed in from the Sunbroke Sea by the Pirate Queens. An iron blade is the only known weapon that can sear and slice the flesh of a fae, and even if it cannot stop their hearts (and not just because most don't need theirs to walk and talk and make merry) it can still render them motionless and might just make them surrender, though they may never conceit verbally.

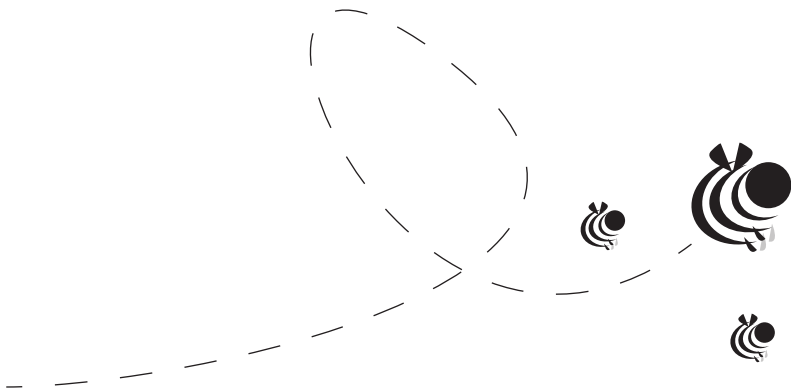




The second weakness is that of the ancient, human-made rite of lying. Though suspicious of the flesh, the fae cannot detect or discern a lie. This includes sarcasm, white lies, half-truths, fabrications, hoaxes, cons, delusions, playing pretend, exaggerations, and bluffs. It is because of this that all fae take others at their word, even to their own detriment.

But it's alright, because to be caught in a lie, or any falsity, is equitable to breaking the highest degree of law in a kingdom. It is not only taken as a personal affront, but as a betrayal, punishable by the courts of fae-kind, which we all know are alien in nature and unpredicable in methodology.

And that is that, dear mortal. You must make do with your new circumstance and travel the Illwood with those two tools and those two tools only. Navigate the Gardens of Immorality and plunder the Ditches of Indecency to find your way home, if ever a place can truly exist. Good luck.





RULES

Iron & Lies uses no dice. As a character, your only tools are the lies you can tell and the blade you hold--if you can find one. The only things certain in this game is that if you tell a lie to a fae of any kind, they will believe it until given information to the contrary. And! That only an iron blade can physically harm a fae.

All else is handled with questions and answers. This might be a little daunting at first, but it's important to note:

- Your character is human - they can do anything you could do or have done
- Common sense rules - if the majority of people at the table agree that a thing could happen then it could happen, and vice versa.

The game is an experiment in working within limitations, and it benefits those who have ingenuity within those limits. Practice your lies and do what it takes to get a sword. Your chances of getting home will increase.





EXAMPLE OF PLAY

Timmy wants to negotiate with a talking cat for the scabbard around its waist.

Game Master (GM): Alright, you're in the woods, still on the main path. The Cat is cleaning its paws in the branches above you.

Timmy: Okay I want to go up to it and like, buy the sword.

GM: The cat seems disinterested in talking to a mortal like you and turns away from you with a snobbish huff.

Timmy: What a jerk.

GM: Totally. Do you have any way of getting its attention?
It's a cat after all.

Timmy: A cat with a sword.

GM: Correct.

Timmy: I don't know, can I like go "pspspspspspsp" and snap my fingers?

GM: It definitely is enticed by that. You can tell it doesn't want to be, but what cat can ignore the allure of pets?

Timmy: Nice. I tell it that I'll scratch its ears if it gives me the sword.

GM: *(as the cat)* "This sword? Posh. I couldn't part with it for something so common as ear scratches."

Timmy: Okay, what do you want then?

GM: *(as the cat)* "I could use a nice, plump fish to eat. But you'll have to chew it for me since I lack the fangs." It opens its mouth and yep, it is toothless.

Timmy: What color is the cat?

GM: It's a tabby cat.

Timmy: Ah. But yeah sure, let's go get a fish.

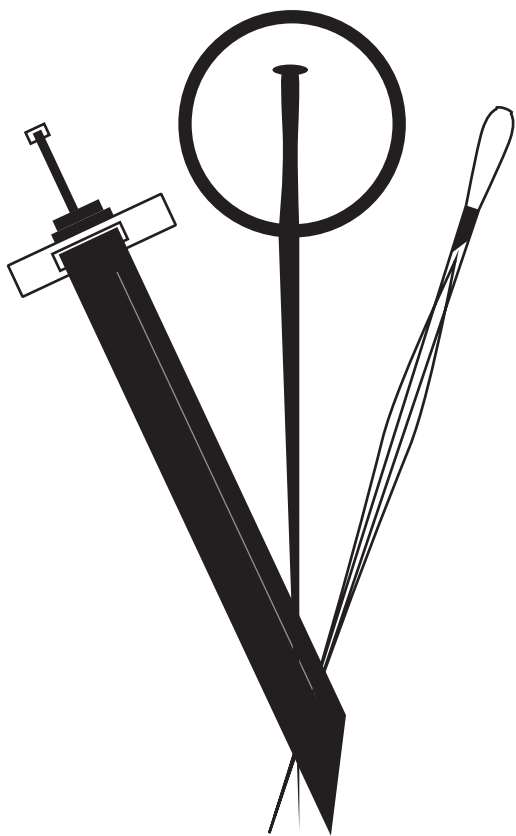
That's a very simple example, but there you have it. No dice rolls. Only questions and answers. The most important rule for both the players and the game master is that if a question is asked at the table, then it needs an answer. And if the answer just isn't coming, open it up to the table.





IRON

Of course, to hold a blade is only part of the equation. Most mortals aren't trained in one of the sword arts: Dance, Drama, or Voice. The interplay between the three is like a weird game of rock, paper, scissors. But it can't be underplayed that holding a blade is a rather large statement of its own and can make a lie that much more believable. Hell, it can turn a fib into a threat or a bribe into intimidation.





SWORD ART

To learn a sword art requires several years of time, and it must be taught by someone who already knows it. Or, if you're quick to learn the ways of the Illwood, you can trade something of equal time to learn the art instantaneously. Equal time is a rather nebulous idea and should be treated as such. The trade is very personal and will most likely be something intangible: a name, an idea, a memory, a dream, or a hope. But the thing becomes very real when traded. The Game Master writes it down and that's that. It's now in the world and who knows when it shall return for torment.

The arts themselves dictate the style of duel that will take place. A few things to note:

- An unarmed Fae will always lose to an armed mortal.
- An untrained Fae will always beat an untrained mortal if they are both armed.
- A Fae will bargain incessantly for any sort of learning, or, in the case of threats, for its life.
- If two duelists with different arts face off, the style is decided by a coin toss called by the most offended* party.

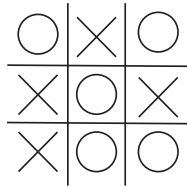
**offense is an apt currency in the Illwood among the Fae. If you insult someone, they are considered the "more rich" of the two of you, and thus, they have a higher status; at least, until they hurl an insult back (which they do very often).*





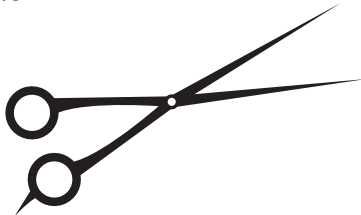
DANCE, SWORD ART

The two opposing parties face off in a game of Tic-Tac-Toe on a 3x3 grid. This is a calculated style where each placement of your chosen symbol is a test to your opponent. They either match it or reveal some fatal flaw. If it results in a tie, the grid is reset and expanded to 4x4, with the goal still being to get three in a row. Further ties expand the grid to 5x5 and so on. Winner must land a precise blow on their opponent and describe it slowly and with flourish. This style is slow, exacting, and ultimately punishing.



DRAMA, SWORD ART

The two opposing parties face off in a best-of-five game of Rock, Paper, Scissors to determine the winner of the duel. Each win is a small blow dealt and each tie is a clashing of blades of equal might. The winner knocks the opponent to the ground and must decide to deal death or mercy. This style is exciting, with storylines of upsets, comebacks, and the occasional clean sweeps. The favorite of most Royal Fae.





VOICE, SWORD ART

The two opposing parties face off in a game of words, the youngest* duelist saying the name of an animal, and the opposing duelist following suit. They go back and forth naming an animal each until one either says something that is not an animal, repeats one already said, or falls silent and cannot return the blow. The winner proves their cunning and can demand from the opponent a gift--or their life. This style is reactionary, quick, and fluid. The duelists are mirrors of each other, looking for that one tiny fracture to get the upper hand.

**age is another currency that both the Fae and the mortals of the Illwood put weight in. That is because it is linked to the abstract concept of Beauty. The more years you hold, the more beautiful you are said to be. Therefore, the younger you are, the uglier you are. You will grow out of it, if you live long enough. For now you are said to be fighting at a disadvantage.*

Moose	Mice
Wolf	Weasel
Red Fox	Chipmunk
Otter	Raccoon
Badger	Coyote
Wild Boar	Skunk
Brown Bear	Opossum
Long-Eared Owl	Black Vulture
Red Deer	Raven
Tree Squirrel	Rabbit
Wood Frog	
Woodpecker	
Hedgehog	
Blue Jay	
Mice	





LIES

There are books upon books written by mortals about the art of lying. Entire professions were grown from the purpose and utility of a well-placed lie. There's nothing the fae can teach you about lying that you don't already know. Tap into that impulse a child has to lie to avoid punishment when they did something they probably shouldn't have. It's in there.

EXAMPLE OF PLAY

Timmy has gone off the path to find a fish for the talking cat and comes across a goblin fishing at an open sewer pipe covered in moss and flowers.

GM: He looks kinda tired, like he's trying to not doze off. He has two daggers that hang from his ears like jewelry and a fishing pole made of bamboo. What do you want to do?

Timmy: Alright, nice. Can I just ignore him and see if I see any fish in the sewer?

GM: It looks like he broke open the spot he's fishing in, and you can see the ground swallow up the sewer on either end a few feet in both directions. So probably not?

Timmy: Of course. I'll, uh, walk up and say hi and ask if he's caught anything.

GM: *(as the goblin)* "Catch anything? Like an illness? What kind of greeting is that?"

Timmy: No, like, a fish.

GM: The goblin's eyes kinda close and he snaps back awake.
(as the goblin) "Fish? I haven't caught a fish in ninety years."

Timmy: Ninety? Wtf?

GM: Yeah, right?

Timmy: Well, it's probably cause you're fishing in a sewer. Just rats down there, right?





GM: (*as the goblin*) “I s’ppose. What’s it to ya, human?”

Timmy: I’m just curious if you’d want to possibly, well, if you’d be interested in a trade?

GM: (*goblin*) “BAH! With you? Fat chance. What could you offer me that is of any use?”

Timmy: Well, I own a fish store. Like a store where they sell fish. It’s just back thataway.

GM: Ha, really going big. (*goblin*) “A fish store aye? And you’d take me there?”

Timmy: No, well, I’ll sit and watch your stuff for you while you go and buy whatever you need.

GM: (*goblin*) “How much does it cost?”

Timmy: For you? Free. Totally.

GM: The goblin blushes and fans their face.
(*as goblin*) “Oh, free you say?”

Timmy: Totally. Senior discount.

GM: (*goblin*) “I see what you’re after, Mortal. But I’m taken. Promised to another.”

Timmy: That’s alright. Offer still stands.

There’s a bit more talking but the goblins leaves to go see this Fish Store and get their discount...

GM: They’ll definitely be back when they go a bit away and don’t find the fish store. Definitely be angry too.

Timmy: Whatever. I’m grabbing that pole and running the eff away!

And that’s that. The GM writes down that a Goblin had its fishing pole stolen and is really, really mad that there’s no Fish Store *or* Senior Discount. They can bring that back later when it’s most inconvenient for Timmy.







DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

By now you know that you weren't born here, you don't belong here, and your goal is to find your way home. But who are you? How did you get here? What was in your pockets on the journey? These things matter, so we're going to fill out a character sheet for you. This will help keep track of some basic information for you while you get used to the Illwood, and it will also help you write down some of the people you meet, places you see, and things you acquire.



NAME

First, middle, last, nickname, twitter handle, write it all down. You'll need twice as many names as you think. These are considered the most precious of currencies. If a Fae asks, "What is your name?", whatever you say will be theirs. They will write it down, and with it they can use their magics against you with much more effectiveness. Write them down and hide them from all.

AGE

Straight forward. How old are you? How old do you feel? How old are you when you're happy? Sad? How old were you when you first felt love? These ages are important bargaining tools, currencies, and memories.

APPEARANCE

Use two descriptors. Tall and gaunt, short and buff, grey and morose, etc. You'll gather more descriptors from travel, magics, and duels. These are parts of you that can be offered up, changed, and possibly used to your advantage. For instance, if you were short and buff and you wanted to punch some naughty gnome who stole your coat, then everyone at the table could see the "buff" descriptor and know that yes, you could punch that gnome, and punch him very well.

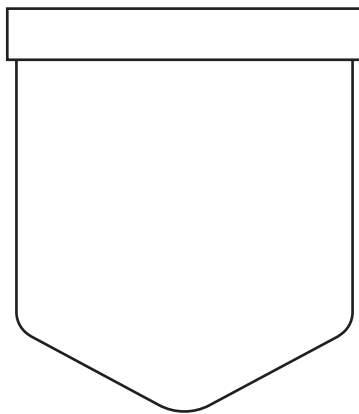




POCKETS

Write down what you're wearing just now and note the pockets. If you do not have at least two pockets, write down a descriptor for the outfit you're wearing. Say, you're wearing a sundress which has no pockets. You could write down "beautiful" as a descriptor for it, and then use that descriptor to your advantage in some future problem. Another example would be boots that could be described as "rugged," which would help with climbing.

It's also important to note here that pockets are how you carry things. A pocket can hold what a pocket can hold and nothing more. Sometimes to prove your point you may have to demonstrate irl what a pocket is capable of. This is okay and all in good fun. When you start the game, anything you have in your pockets can be written on your character sheet. This may take some by surprise, so allow players the chance to put some things in their pockets before beginning play.





HOPES

List three physical things you want, and imagine what would change if you had them. The Game Master can take these lists and use them to make bargains and deals with you as you travel. Either like a carrot on a stick, or a shiny lure off the beaten path. Fae may carry these things, as they always know what mortals want and enjoy.

GHOSTS

Write a little about someone that haunts you, what you did to them or what they did to you. The Illwood has a way of bringing these things to light and testing your fortitude. They may appear as apparitions, or the tormenting Fae might plunder your mind for the information to use against you. Perhaps, somewhere in the wood, there is a way to cleanse yourself of your ghost.

DREAMS

Of course we all know you want to return home, but why? To what end? Write what comes to mind. What draws you back home and then keep an eye on it, because if it happens to slip away...what's to stop you from just giving up?

NIGHTMARES

Write down the fear that dominates that dark, deep space of your brain. Keep it nebulous, sparse. Limit it to as few words as you need (or as detailed as you like, no harm there) and make sure to keep it secret. Keep it safe. The Fae can use this against you, but more than that, the Illwood makes these things manifest. It personifies them, and the Fae make deals with them and hire them to do their bidding.





A NOTE ON GHOSTS AND NIGHTMARES

Ghosts and Nightmares both hint at or directly reference horror. They were imagined in an “Over the Garden Wall” style way of introducing horror without it being horrifying. But intent does not automatically create safety, and safety in regards to roleplaying and roleplaying horror are very important.

Golden Lasso Games have a page on their website where they talk about safety tools. They lay out the big tools like:

- Debriefs
- Open Door Policy
- The X-Card
- Lines/Veils
- The Consent Flower
- & Script Changes

If you choose to include Ghosts and Nightmares in your game, please use safety tools and talk about them with your players. Dealing with these things, even if fictional, can be triggering at worse and upsetting at best.

No matter how light you want to play the horror, talk about the safety tools.





NAMES

AGES

APPEARANCES

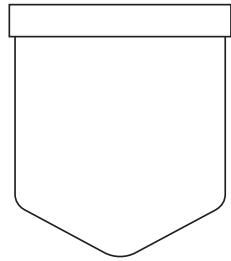
HOPES

DREAMS

NIGHTMARES

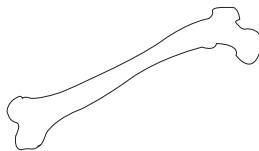
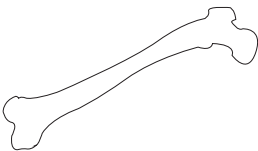
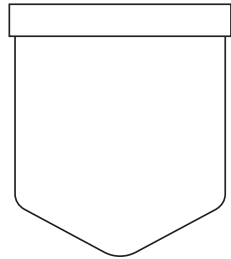
GHOSTS

POCKETS



BLOODS

BONES





NAMES

John
Batts

AGES

28
young at heart
old before coffee

APPEARANCES

Gruff
Handsome

HOPES

to make friends
find a cool coat
a pet cat

DREAMS

to see my family again

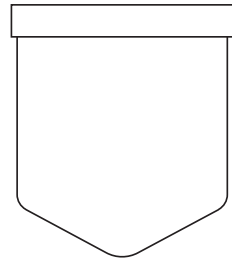
NIGHTMARES

to be abandoned

GHOSTS

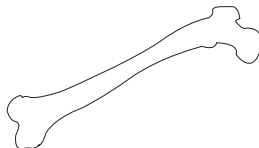
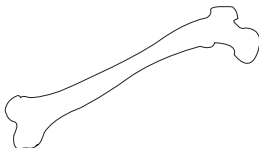
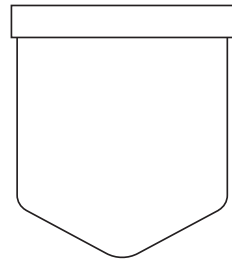
saying something mean to
a friend

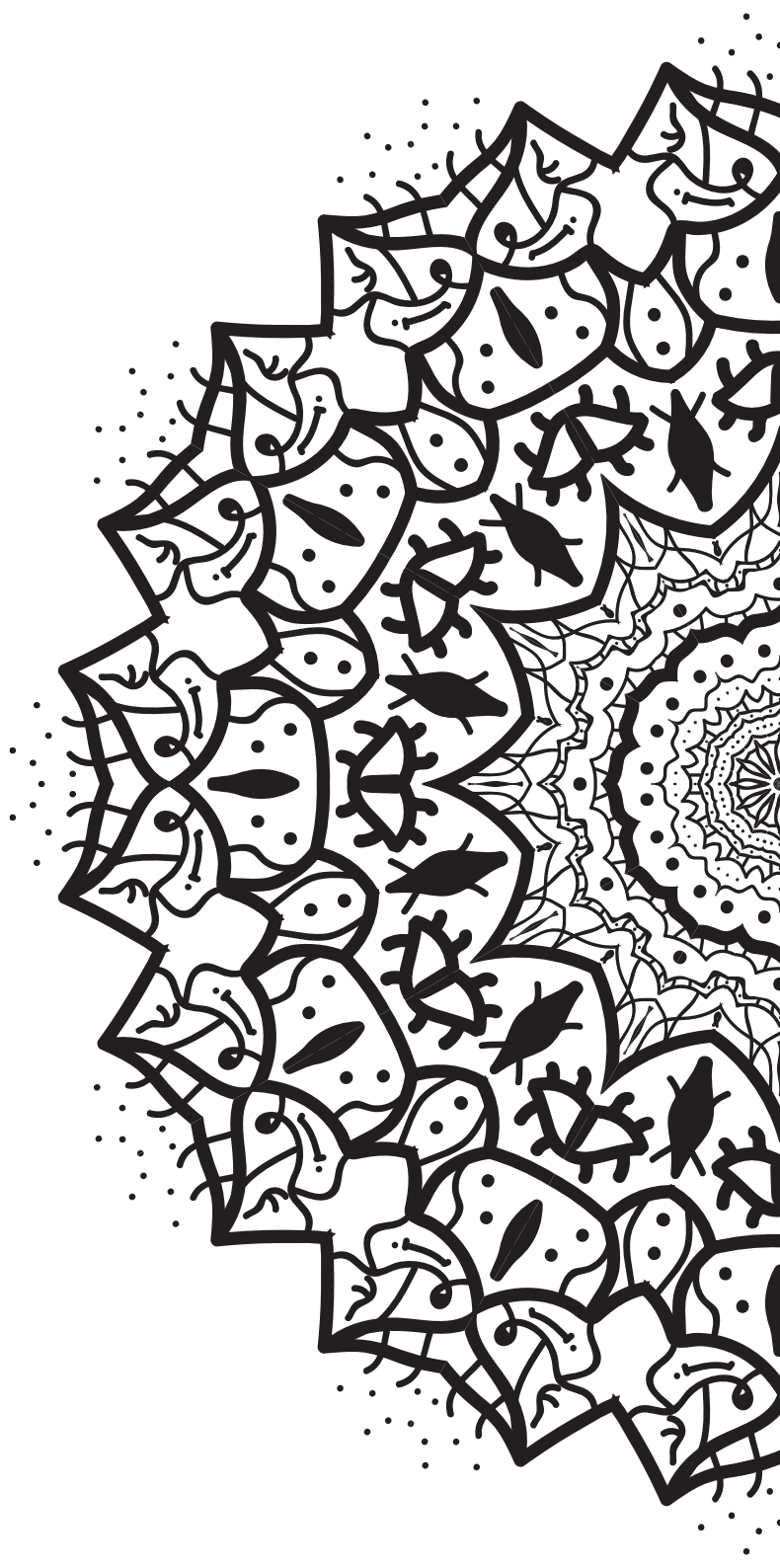
POCKETS

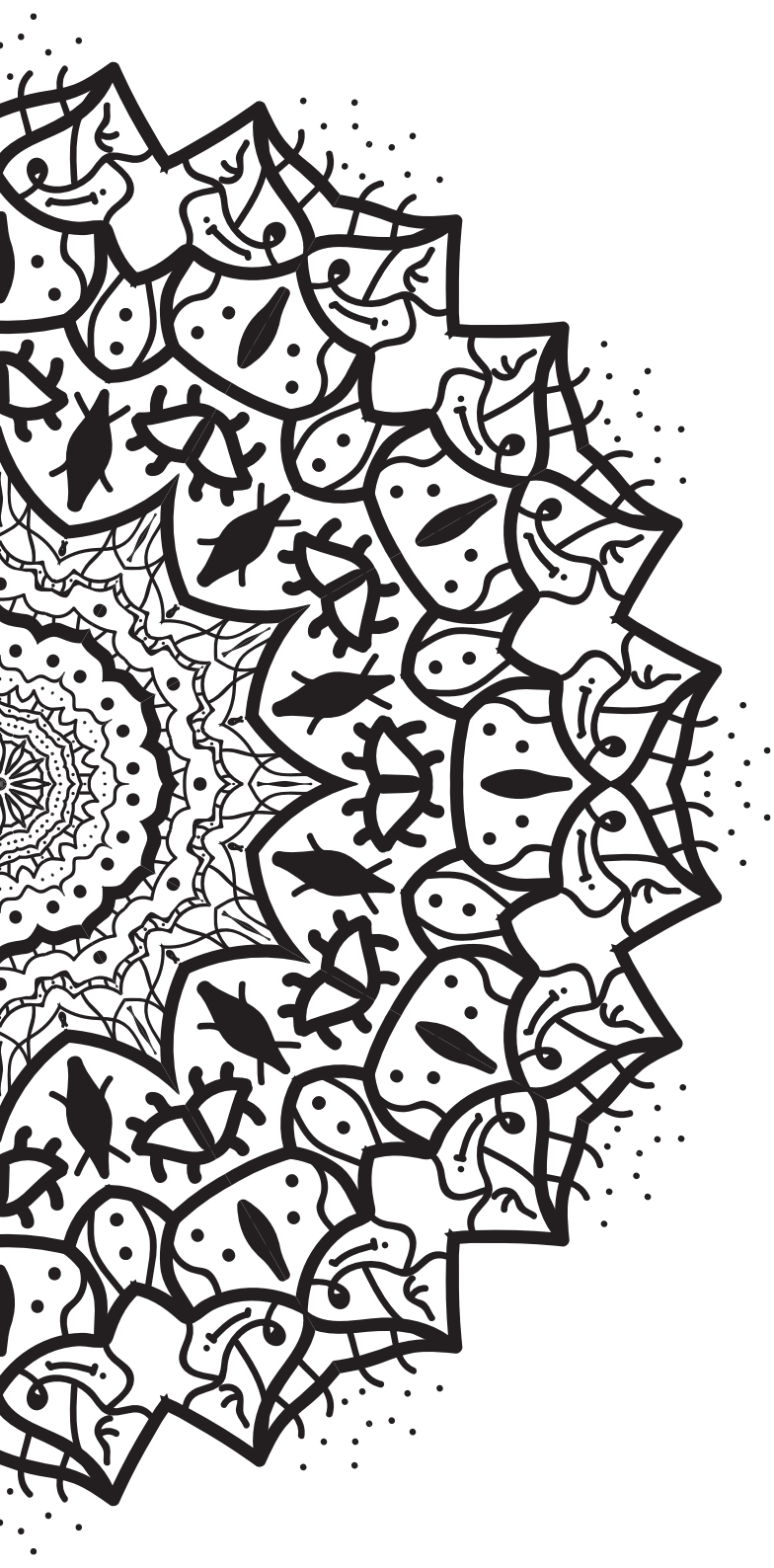


BLOODS

BONES









PAIN & INJURY

Fairies aren't nice, to put it bluntly. They pinch, poke, and prod just about everything with flesh that happens by them, and that's when they're in a good mood. Catch them on a sour day and you'll find yourself seared, sliced, and torn by the same hands. Understanding how their torment affects you is important, and get ready to sigh with relief because it's a rather straightforward process.

You chose two descriptors while filling out your character sheet, and it was mentioned that you'd gather more through travels. Well, it's not only you who can use your descriptors. For instance, if you're "Tall" it might behove a Fae to squeeze you into a tiny space where your height would harm you.

Descriptors can also be given to you through harm. A slice of a sword could leave you "Wounded" or "Bleeding". A mighty fall could give you a "Broken Leg" or "Ruined Ankle". Like your other descriptors, these can be used as currency if you find the right Fae who has a need for them. To your disadvantage they can also be called on by Fae to stop you from doing certain tasks or to make the Fae's actions even easier. For example, if you are trying to escape on foot and you're wounded, it would be easy for you to be tracked by Ghost Hounds.





THE PART ABOUT DEATH

Death comes in two forms. Yes, you can get a descriptor that simply reads “dying”, and it could come from a number of sources: a rather long and arduous fall, several stabs of a sword, a well-placed arrow through the chest, bear traps made for creatures much larger than you, sentenced to death in the Court of the Moth, and so on. There is always hope in this form of death though, as long as you’re willing to bargain.

Fae love it when someone owes them their life, and they will prolong the dying period or remove the descriptor entirely for some sort of favor or period of service. Most mortals you’ll run into in the Illwood belong to one Fae or another, stuck performing some menial task day in and day out because they accidentally ate the wrong flower and got poisoned, or said the wrong thing to a troll. Breaking these life-saving contracts is an arduous court battle, but maybe, for you, escape might prove to be a thrilling adventure.

It’s true and fair to walk away from such a character if they so happen to fall into these story-ruts, though I must say, the tedium of cleaning the rotting manor of an Archfae can be quite relaxing in and of itself, and could possibly free your mind enough to think of some clever escape. But nonetheless, please do make a new character and continue on this journey with the rest of your companions. The Game Master will write down this lost character for future possible trickery.





FORMLESSNESS

The second form of death is in the loss of self. The removal of all descriptors until all that's left is a Black Shade of flesh, floating, drifting listlessly through the ethereal realm of the Fae, being cornered by hungry dragons that feast on such creatures or corralled by desperate pirates who will risk the Touch of Shade in order to sell you to a Magus.

If this happens, time will pass quickly before your eyes as the days squeeze into seconds and you're left unaging in your ghastly form. Unless you are captured into a soul jar by your companions, time will move so that a minute will be 2 months and an hour is 10 years. It just so happens that those who return from this form often lose the will to find a way home. Centuries could have passed, and all you knew then is surely turned to dust.

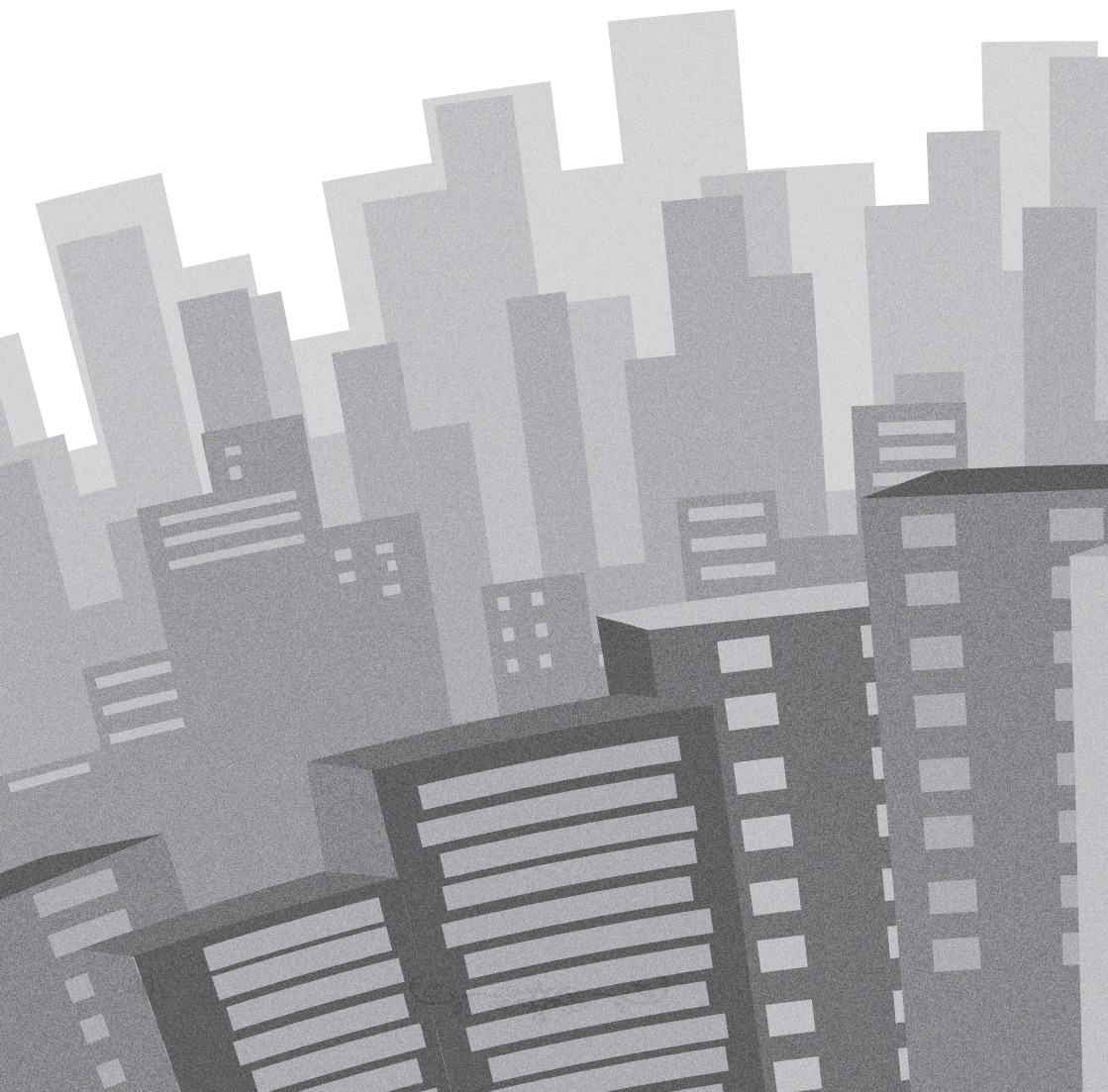
When looking at it in game terms, it's as fitting an end as any, albeit much more depressing. It's fair and just to create a new character and start a new journey from this point, even if you were lucky enough to be caught in a soul jar by your companions. Who knows how long it would take to find a cure for such a form. For how do you give a ghost something physical like a descriptor?





GETTING HOME

The goal of the game, like most games, is to get home. Whatever that means. You are in a strange, uncomfortable place and armed with tools that are sometimes counterproductive. That is to say, the Fae do not want you to leave. They brought you here for a reason (probably), and for you to leave would just be a waste of their precious time.



It may benefit you, as the Game Master, to create an opening scenario for which to draw the mortal players into this world. That's totally cool. Below, I've set up a few opening scenarios with enough play in them to be both fun and unique to whichever group is playing.





GOBLIN TRANSMUTATION CAMP

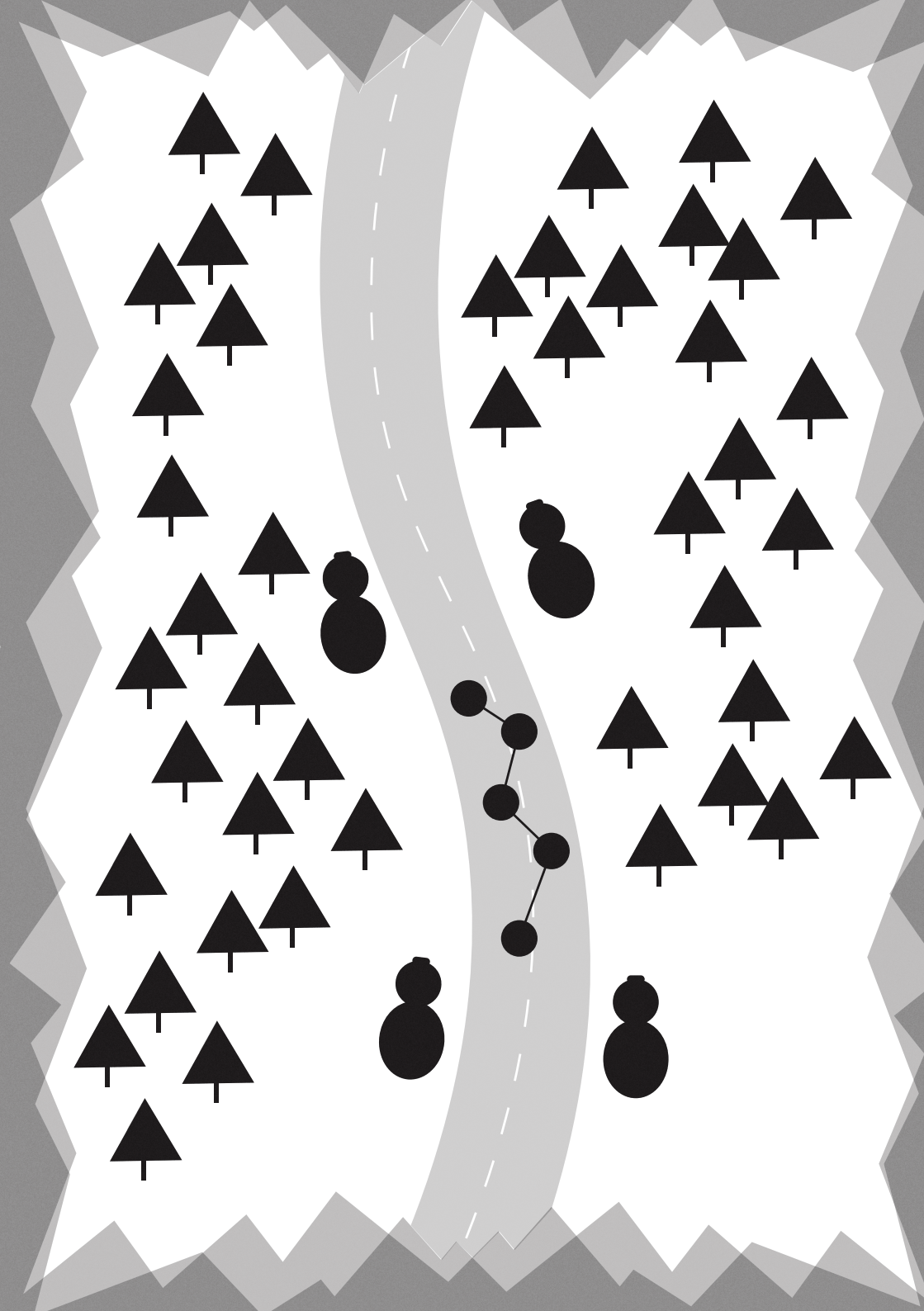
Several (4) Goblins have captured the characters from their realm and are currently dragging them to a New Home. This is the Goblin way of saying that they will separate the mortals and place them with Goblin friends who will teach them to be goblins. But for now, the mortals are linked together with twine being led along.

Goblins have crossbows loaded with wooden bolts. If a mortal is shot, they will die. This is why the goblins carry them. They will only shoot if you are running away from them; they call out for you to stop, and if you do not stop they will aim their crossbows and fire. They don't miss, either.

Goblins also have one random (roll d20) Blood on them that they will use if needed. Each of the goblins ride a rather rotund pig that they guide through the woods with a carrot on a stick. Just a normal carrot, and just a normal stick. The pigs like the friendly smell of mortals and will sniff and lick them, which the goblins hate. The goblins would never hit or hurt their pigs, but they beg them to "please, please, please, stop trying to be friends with the pre-goblins!"

Set the scene and ask the Players how they're going to escape before becoming Goblins. If they want to become Goblins, then, I mean, yeah, sure. Do what you like. If they do escape though, write down the goblins (come up with some names for them) and use them later on down the road when it would be dramatic to reintroduce them.







COURT CASE AT THE UNHOUSE

The Players have been arrested from their world on the charges of committing an UnCrime, which is the crime of *not* doing something when the Fae of the UnHouse believe you should have. The specifics of the crime are personal, so ask the Players what possible UnCrime they could be accused of and start from there (there are also some examples further on in the book).

They are kept in bird cages hanging from an onyx-bark tree with white leaves. The cages are silvered to the point of being mirrors, which reflect magic, fight lycanthropy, and force mortals to look at their reflections.

There's a fae with eyes on the back of its head standing guard at the entrance to the room. It will whisper things back to the party from this distance, making it hard for anyone to hear it.

If they escape somehow--maybe something in their pockets can unlock the cages--then set them free in a palace. Maybe there's a mortal sympathizer who will show them the way out. If they don't escape, that's alright. They will be uncaged and brought before an UnHouse judge who will ask leading questions and try to entrap the Players into admitting that they are dirty, dirty criminals that deserve a flogging.

At that point it's up to iron and lies to get them out. Good luck.







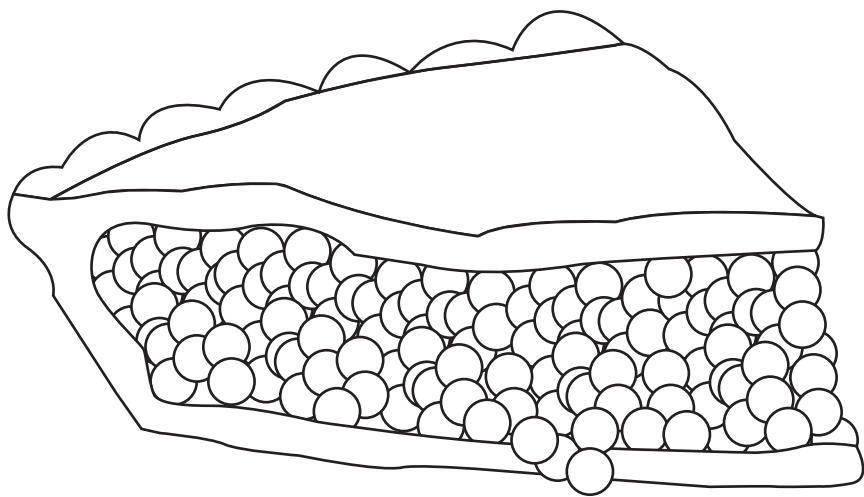
AUCTION

A group of pixies have snagged the Players from their homes in order to sell their forms to the highest bidder. It's up to each Player to make a case for what they should be turned into, while other Fae at the auction make cases for why they want or need the Players to be turned into something else. Lamps, friendly birds, guard dogs; the Fae can always find a use for a human who wasn't really doing much to begin with.

Fae will promise just about anything in order to get this human to turn into the thing that they choose. This can be used against them though, as they will compete with the other Fae in order to win.

The pixies themselves patrol the auction and make sure to magically command anyone they deem as "rule-breakers" to eat pie until they burst.

How will the Players escape?





RANDOM THINGS A FAE NEEDS RIGHT NOW

1. An accountant
2. A sketch artist
3. A hound dog for hunting rabbits
4. A rabbit for their hound dog to hunt
5. A shield for their upcoming duel
6. A fancy hat to impress their lover
7. A mirror with which to stare at themselves with
8. Aome comfy socks
9. A rival to duel
10. A big, round pig to ride
11. A stained-glass window
12. A thousand doves
13. Dinner for their guests
14. A cage for their pet
15. An elaborate rain cloak
16. A friend (in the form of a porcupine)
17. A beautiful set of earrings
18. A wolf companion
19. A porcelain mask
20. A door knob

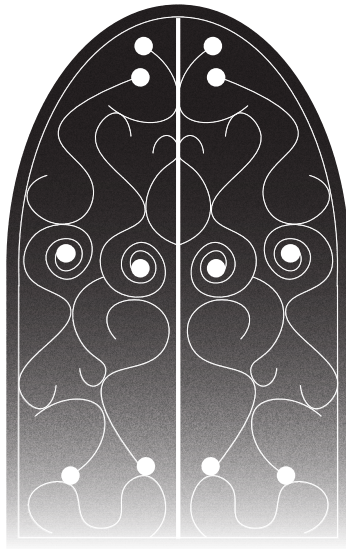




GETTING HOME PT. II

The next and biggest portion of the journey is, well, the journey part: getting from the rude opening to the hopefully-exciting exit. Think of it as a road trip full of interesting situations, people, and places, all connected by a path through the woods. The easiest way to create these attractions is to come up with one of each (situation, person, place) and combine them. Use the tables below the help generate stops, or “episodes” for the journey.

It’s important for me to maybe spell out themes and such. To be upfront, this is a game that is mostly harmless yet rather devastating. It isn’t a game of murder or woe or horror, but it is a game of being changed and changing to survive. Like all road trips, you will not be yourself when you reach the end. You will be born anew. And in the Illwood, the birthing process is messy, a little creepy, and definitely unnatural.





SITUATIONS

1. New mortals have just been brought in and need help
2. The place is on fire
3. There's a duel taking place
4. Judgement is being delivered to some goblins
5. Two armies are meeting
6. Sky pirates are attacking
7. A magically-sealed door blocks path
8. Something is collapsing
9. Giant ocean mammals are falling from the sky
10. Mortals are being turned into goblins
11. An intense game of solitaire is taking place
12. A great moth is pollinating the area
13. The cocoons of horse-sized butterflies are hatching
14. Giant bees think you're sweet
15. There's a tornado in the distance approaching quickly
16. Large caravan of trade-horses carrying exotic wares
looking for carrots to buy
17. Mushroom circle with someone trapped inside
18. A player's sister is here. Did they always have a sister?
Who is this?
19. A trap is set, disguised as a way home
20. A dragon flies overhead





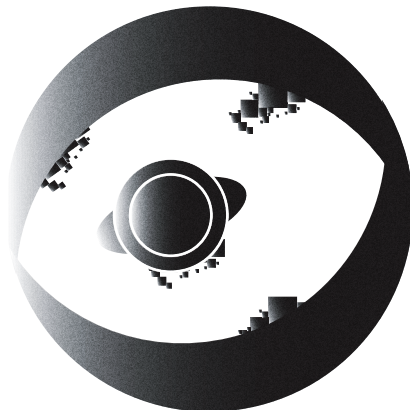
PEOPLE

1. Archfiend Dargul, **Toxic & Brawling**, has three random bloods and is looking to trade mortal blood and time for “wishes.”
2. Good Knight Farfield, **Holy & Chivalrous**, has an iron broadsword and is looking to slay a dragon.
3. Susie, **Sassy & Clever**, a lost child who escaped trolls and wanders around with one of their crowns.
4. Ghost Lord Darwin, **Possession & Melancholy**, a ghost king who looks for a worthy host and a worthy blade.
5. Princess Ada, **Slayer & Magic**, a dragon slayer from far off, trapped here by a fae curse.
6. Professor Gilgamesh, **Curse & Weather**, an elf with the power to control the weather.
7. Lain Ayanami, **All-seeing & Naive**, a child half-cursed and given the power to see everywhere at once, even into other worlds.
8. Border Knight Carlos, **Duelist & Order**, a knight assigned to watch over the mortal world both as a protector and keeper of order.
9. The Endless Dream, **Nightmares & Sleep**, a tentacled beast from Beyond who puts people to sleep and runs them through nightmare scenarios just for kicks
10. Eyes of Archfiend Lily, **Capture & Question**, a pair of imps who try to gather information for their archfiend, but are otherwise harmless.
11. Darklord Spica, **Darkness & Travel**, an Archfae with the power to create portals to any of the eleven dark worlds scattered across the multiverse.
12. Solace, **Gallant & Calvary**, a warrior from a dead army, the last remaining warrior of a kingdom, carrying the name, looking for someone to crown as king and a place to call home.





13. Whisper Knights of Yor, **Silent & Invisible**, who knows how many of them are around you at once, but Archfae Yor is listening...
14. Bones, **Rebuke & Learn**, a skeletal cleric who often comes to the fae realm to help those few dying creatures pass on to the next life.
15. The Dolls of Karthus, **Magic & Puppeteer**, porcelain dolls of the Archfae Karthus, sent to gather worshipers and destroy those who stand against him.
16. Baseball Kevin, **Swing & Smash**, just a kid with a baseball bat, unable to be captured cause he really knows how to swing that sucker.
17. The Grey Fox, **Cunning & Powerful**, a fox evading the capture of an Archfiend, with a very secret message in its mouth for Yor.
18. Lovasi, **Time & Calculating**, a floating ball of eyes with the ability to see things as they were and will be.
19. Sir Lady Magnificence, **Iron & Ice**, a duelist of the highest caliber with a blade that freezes and shatters other blades.
20. Drake, **Dragon & Fire**, a half-dragon with a burning flame inside of him that needs to be released, often to destructive ends.

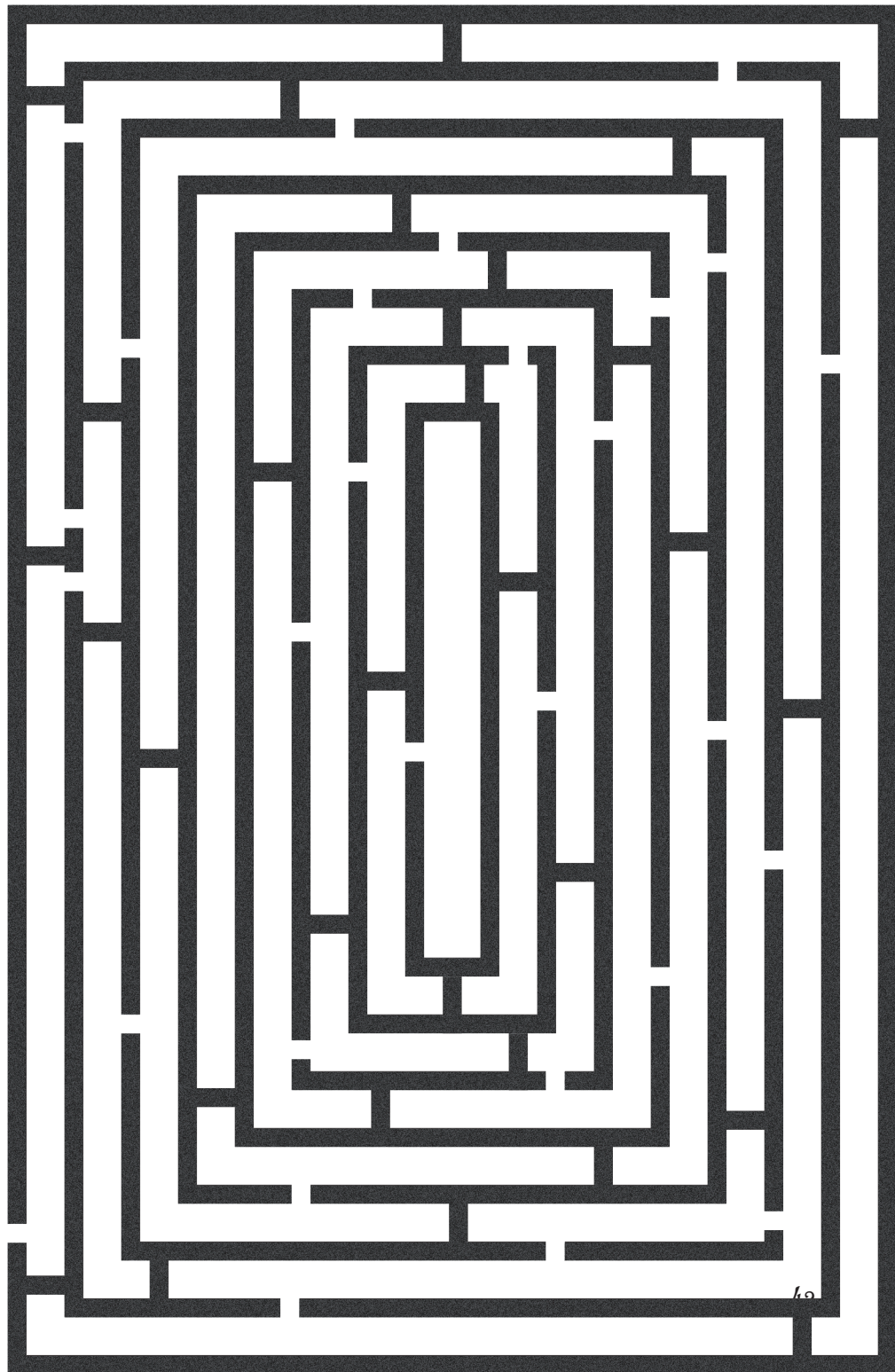




PLACES

1. Bridge over a rushing river
2. Palace frozen in time
3. Portal to the Moon
4. Resting place of a dying dragon
5. Cursed Elven forest
6. Petrified forest
7. Icy waterfall full of abandoned pirate ships
8. A spot where the sidewalk ends...
9. Poetry hall of the Fae
10. Your old school, overgrown by time and decay
11. Chessboard War battlefield
12. Topiary garden
13. Hedge maze
14. Blood shop
15. Bone garden
16. A Fae's memory spilled out into the world
17. Underground stone passageways
18. A large, large pit, wide enough to fit a city
19. Blood-red lake where giants have come to die
20. Expansive rolling hills made of quilts and pillows







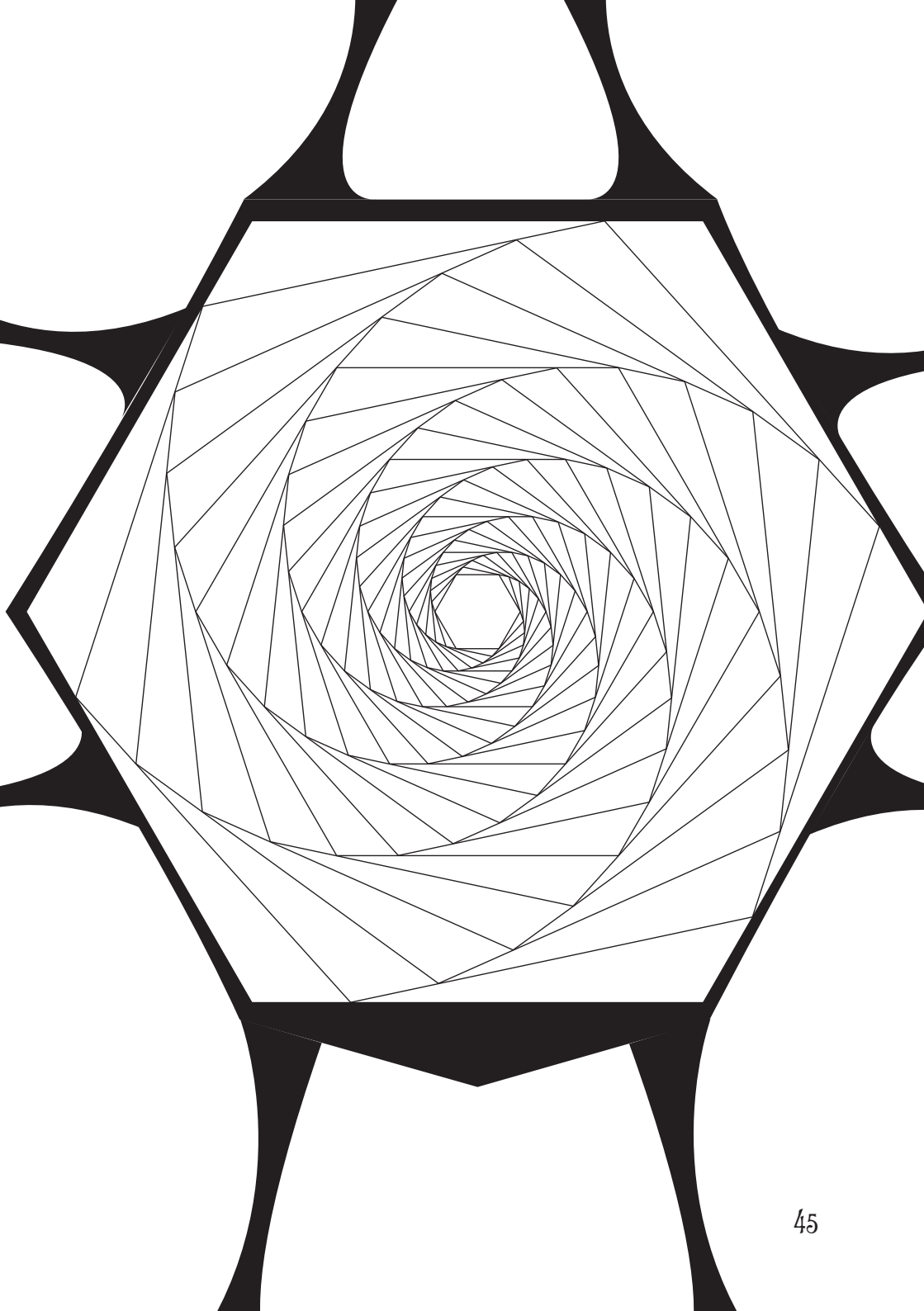
GETTING HOME PT. III

The final part of the journey: find a way home. To do so, they need to find an Archfae and gain their favor. There's no way for me to know which Archfae they'll find and what it will take to gain their favor, all I know is that usually it will require a great sacrifice:

physical, mental, or forthcoming.

Once the sacrifice is made and the Archfae accepts it, they can open a portal back to the mortal's world, and then everyone has a choice: stay or go.







SOME ARCHFAES

Well known names that might get passed around by the Fae as the mortals search for a way home.

HORUS, OF THE 8TH DARK WORLD

20th born of Oberon, thirty-feet tall, with skin of onyx, unmoving and mountainous. Seated at the crown of the Dark World with the Scepter of Creation and the Visage of Paramount Flame.

Wants - the head seat on the 11th Dark World

Needs - his brother to apologize for what he did

Hates - his brother, all other Dark Worlds

THE GARDEN HOUND, AURA

A pack of twelve dogs that each sleep connected within the various palace gardens across the multiverse. She sniffs the colors of your life free from your flesh so that they may walk and talk and tell her all things.

Wants - to taste something new and exciting

Needs - a vacations

Hates - fear, cowardice, brutality

THE DISCONNECTED HEAD OF VALM

Disembodied by choice, left floating around the North Star by force. A series of disconnected thoughts trying to comprehend their own existence. Beautiful singing voice and terrible temper.

Wants - to understand the vastness of life and
take a nap

Needs - to be reunited with their body

Hates - the idea of being ruined with their body





ARCHFAE OF DUSK

The great moth in the sky that rains down sleep for all to partake. A creature of stained glass and dust, moving through the air as if suspended in water, its frills and bands of light cascading off in similar fashion.

Wants - flowers and substances collected from
the most dangerous places in the Illwood

Needs - a true friend, a confidant

Hates - neediness, liars, vagabonds

ARCHFAE OF MIDNIGHT

The unseen glare of a thousand eyes floating in the sky. Haunting feelings that trickle up the spine to rest at the base of the neck. So old and yet so new, born in the gaps between then and now.

Wants - a place to call home, a resting ground, the
end of night and day

Needs - a form both physical and hated

Hates - certainty, assuredness, courage

DUKE FAE OF THE DYING YEAR

A palace with doors for mouths, windows for eyes, and a hivemind of werewolves for a brain. Frigid glass and surrounded by bare trees. Ever flowing tears of ice and snow, with a blizzard fury when provoked.

Wants - more, always more, wolves (were or other
wise) and time (winter is only so long)

Needs - some romance, some heat, some zest

Hates - affection, anti-cruelty, and accomodation



MAGIC

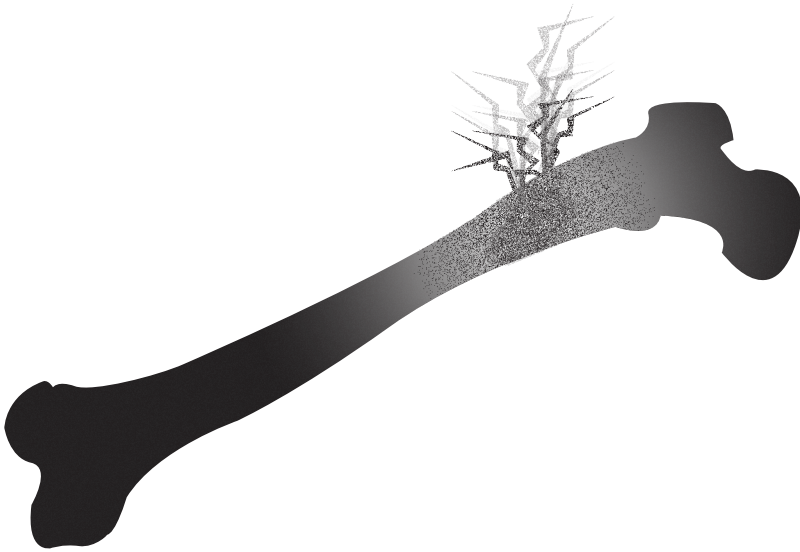
The Illwood can change you, and magics are often strange and filled with a kinetic pulse that can warp you. Fae and other mortals common to the realm call these magics Bone and Blood for the ways in which they affect users.

Bone are magics that affect the body: morph, manipulate, or mutate it. This could be increasing muscle mass in the arms to a superhuman level, rearranging one's face, or stretching limbs to new lengths like gum under the hot sun. Blood are magics added onto an existing body and more closely resemble spells that are cast out. Things such as a swarm of bees nesting in your head that follow the impulse of your primal brain, electricity coiling in your palm until you release it, or controlling the clouds overhead like a musical conductor.



BONE

A mortal can only ever hold two bones at a time, notated as slots on the character sheet. These can be swapped in and out, and while outside of a body, they do in fact take on the form of a bone. The specifics aren't concrete, but they typically look like a bone that relates to the part of the body the magic affects. An intelligence enhancement would look like a skull, for example.





1. *Oswald's Humerus* - grants you the strength of four lumberjacks.
2. *Siegfried's Orbital* - gives you telescopic vision to an almost molecular level.
3. *The Malleus of Dontera* - you can pinpoint individual sounds, isolate them, and hear them with clarity from up to a mile away.
4. *The Elastic Muse* - your body can stretch up to three times its normal length, and with the elasticity of rubber.
5. *Eugene's Vomer* - you can identify a person's unique smell, as well as the smell of magic, iron, and the weather from far off.
6. *Gertrude's Femur* - you can run three times as fast for short bursts. If you push it, you become exhausted and need to have a lie down.
7. *Miniculus Blessing* - shrink to the size of a toy soldier.
8. *Colossus Tooth* - grow to the size of the tallest tree you know.
9. *The Skull of Donatello* - you know a little about a lot and can answer basic information about all questions asked.
10. *Joseph's Entwined Fibula and Tibia* - you can jump as high as a two-story house.
11. *Giant's Earwax* - makes you invisible as long as you are stationary and holding your breath.
12. *Icarus's Scapulae* - grow butterfly wings and fly for about half an hour. Need to sleep again before they can grow back.
13. *Jaw of King Lupus* - your head turns into a wolf head with sharp fangs and keen sense of smell.
14. *Oswald's Cranium* - become two-dimensional for a full minute.
15. *Dontera's Rib* - you know everything about one very specific topic (tulips not flowers, running backs not football).
16. *Giant's Phalanx* - your skin becomes as hard as rock, but your joints become as stiff as stone.
17. *Skull of Linnaeus* - take the form of a football-sized bug of your choice (no arachnids).
18. *Mirror Face* - take on the physical appearance (not size) of another person.
19. *Oswald's Eye* - reveals hidden things, including ghosts, secret doors, and invisible creatures.
20. *Donatello's Split Clavicle* - grow another set of arms. Better keep them happy.





BLOOD

Blood are one-time-use injections that fill your body with the blood of a magical creature or entity, granting you a small taste of its myth. After injection, the Blood remains potent for thirty minutes before it dissipates. Upon release, the magic is gone and can only be returned through further injections.

1. *Living Lightning* - clench your fist and feel the bone-shaking energy fill your forearm. Aim your fist and open it to launch a streak of lightning which can paralyze or burn a target.
2. *Busy Bees* - tilt your head to the left and inject this into your neck. Nothing will silence the buzzing that fills your ears, but now you have an entire hive of large, obedient bees that do as you **think**, not as you say.
3. *Nauseous Nelly* - stab this into your butt and clench those cheeks. You can fart a cloud of toxic gas that could fill an entire two-bedroom house, poisoning all inside.
4. *Calamitous Causality* - this one is icky and goes in the eye so...careful if you're squeamish. BUT! It allows you to see several moments into the future but only within your field of view.
5. *Thunder Thomp* - after being injected into the foot, your next foot-fall will cause a shock-wave to ripple out around you, destroying about a suburban-yard's worth of ground.
6. *Wiley Whispers* - this one goes in the ear (ick) and fills your head with the voices of all people in your field of view. Their voices whisper their surface-level thoughts to you.
7. *Luminesce Lights* - after being injected in the belly you can burp up three, softball-sized bubbles that glow with an intense light.
8. *Essential Encore* - can be injected anywhere to cause that person/animal to repeat the actions they made over the last twenty-four hours.
9. *Deadly Drop* - inject this one wherever you like and for the next twenty-four hours you can pull an umbrella out of any space you want. Your coat, some drawer, a pocket, a ditch. Anywhere!
10. *Gushing Guffaw* - this one goes into the neck and causes you to vomit a room's worth of salt water in one go.





11. *Cawing Crows* - this injection goes in the back and gives your mind control over nearby birds. They'll do as you ask, but watch out because they like to hang around and chat more so than not.
12. *Missing Memory* - this syringe can be jabbed into someone's head to remove a memory, and then injected into someone else so that they can see that memory.
13. *Ambient Arms* - inject this anywhere to gain telekinesis with as much strength as you have physically. Inject it twice to double the strength, and so on.
14. *Ember Eyes* - another icky eyeball one. But this one lets you shoot fiery beams from your eyes.
15. *Sticky Spider* - this is an arm injection that allows you to shoot a large spider web from your open palm.
16. *Breezy Breath* - jab this in your tongue and you can breathe a gust of icy wind that freezes those it touches.
17. *Manipulate Megafauna* - after injecting this one, you can control the movements of plants, no matter how big.
18. *Dreary Dead* - inject this into something dead and it will reanimate for twenty-four hours. Who knows who's in there, though.
19. *Multiple Menaces* - this injection duplicates whoever it is injected into. The clone has their own will and survives for twenty-four hours.
20. *Fickle Feelings* - after injection, you can feel how everyone else is feeling just by choosing a target and allowing those feelings to flow into you.





RULES FOR MAGIC

What a nebulous concept; Magic. Fae don't need to use bone or blood because it's their bones and their blood that is filled with the magic to begin with. The sorts of things a powerful bone could do happen to be at the disposal of a Fae without much thought or consideration. But to help you understand and let you use this in the journey to come, here are some concrete examples of how a Fae uses magic.





THIS INTO THAT

When in doubt, Fae love to turn things into other things. Hands into frogs, water into sand, blood into thorns. So on and so forth. Here is a list of things you can roll on to generate a random spell like this.

TURN	1. <i>Hands</i>	INTO	1. <i>Sand</i>
	2. <i>Feet</i>		2. <i>Marbles</i>
	3. <i>Head</i>		3. <i>Frogs</i>
	4. <i>Heart</i>		4. <i>Locusts</i>
	5. <i>Liver</i>		5. <i>Thorns</i>
	6. <i>Veins</i>		6. <i>Ice</i>
	7. <i>Blood</i>		7. <i>Tentacles</i>
	8. <i>Water</i>		8. <i>Vines</i>
	9. <i>Flesh</i>		9. <i>Weeds</i>
	10. <i>Earth</i>		10. <i>Flowers</i>
	11. <i>Bark</i>		11. <i>Monsters</i>
	12. <i>Air</i>		12. <i>Birds</i>
	13. <i>Eyes</i>		13. <i>Fur</i>
	14. <i>Iron</i>		14. <i>Text</i>
	15. <i>Clouds</i>		15. <i>Fire</i>
	16. <i>Time</i>		16. <i>Tears</i>
	17. <i>Thoughts</i>		17. <i>Salt</i>
	18. <i>Dreams</i>		18. <i>Gravel</i>
	19. <i>Clothes</i>		19. <i>Snakes</i>
	20. <i>Teeth</i>		20. <i>Cotton</i>





POLYMORPHING

This is similar to the above, but Fae use it primarily for turning things (usually mortals) into animals. It's said that the Illwood was void of animal life when the Fae arrived, and now it's teeming with all manner of critters. Their animals of choice include: squirrels, birds, rats, rabbits, lizards, deer, raccoons, cats, and mice.



ONEIROMANCY

Known as the dreaming magics. Fae are obsessed with sleep and the thoughts that happen while sleeping. They can pull dreams into reality, make real a nightmare, or plunder the dreams of another to learn the secrets their subconscious hides. Fae themselves lack a subconscious and are thus unable to dream. But if they bottle one of yours, they can drink it and experience it first hand, which is a dubious thrill.





ILLWOOD

The different parts of the forest are like external organs to the Fae. They are birthed from the forest and the forest is birthed from them. If a fairy touches a tree with enough passion, a bark dryad is born. With ease, pixies slip into one leaf and come out another somewhere far, far away. A whisper of encouragement moves roots like snakes. A single inhale stops the wind as it waits for the exhale.





FAE LAWS

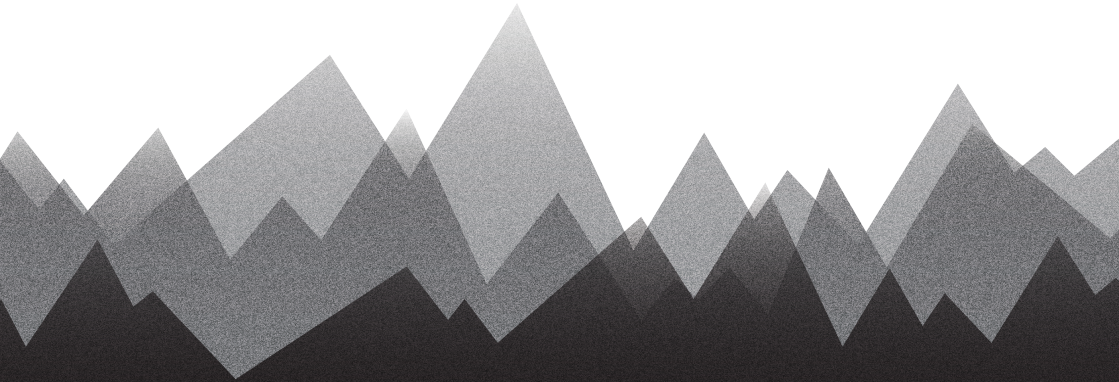
The courts are notorious for every reason you can think of. They're unfair, biased, not rooted in justice, confounding, unruly, deliberately painful, filled with tricks, undeniably corrupt, and overall just too much fun to be considered a legitimate court. Breaking a law is way too easy in the presence of Fae, so you will see your day in court at least umpteen times while traveling the Illwood. But that's okay. This handy-dandy guide will help you navigate the Kafkaesque hellscape that is Law.

UNCRIMES

This is a style of law popularized by the UnHouse of Fae, which is a type of royalty in a kingdom of anarchy (explain to me how that works out?). They are obsessed with what could have been, what could happen, and what you haven't done. Murder is not a crime to them, but **not** murdering someone when you had the chance is.

*"If a thing will happen, it should.
If a thing might happen, it could.
If a thing has happened, it would."*

- Tenants of the UnHouse





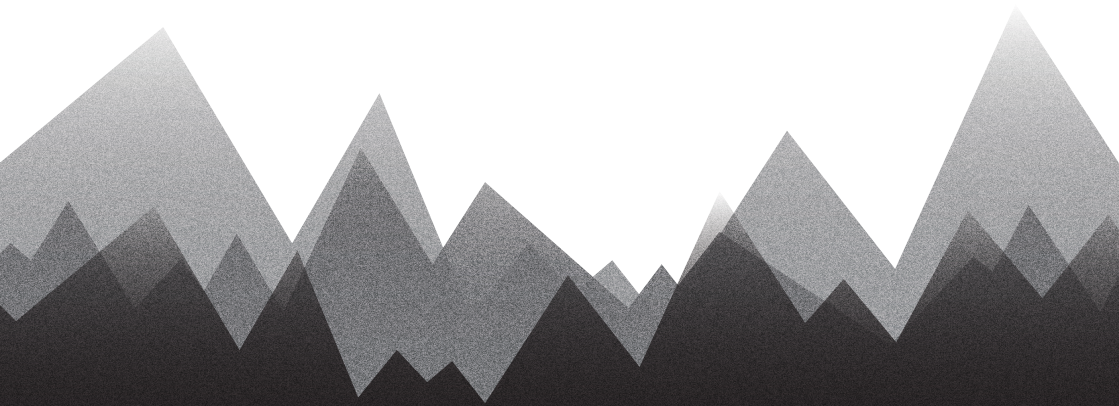
SOME EXAMPLES

UnArson or, where a fire should, could, or would be lit, you failed to do so. Fool. An example of which is: when setting up a camp at night, you let someone else light the fire. This is punishable by polymorphization into a furry, woodland critter and then being hunted by druids.

UnBurglary or, a thing, person, or idea was there to be stolen and you failed to do so. An example of which is: you meet a beautiful farm boy who wears his heart on his sleeve and you don't snatch it, jar it, and sell it to hags in the city of Bright. Punishable by death.

UnMurder or, the failure to kill what should be killed. An example of which is: you pass through a village where a child is being raised, and even though it will become a horrible dictator (obviously) and work to rid the entire world of its freedoms, you do not kill it. This crime is punishable by undeath. Bye, bye, zombie.

And lastly, **UnPossession** or, not having in your possession that which you need in your possession. An example of which is: being lost in the woods during a storm and not having a rain cloak. This is punishable by public shaming.





FAE COURTS

The arguments that take place in a Fae court follow a sort of literary logic. By that, I mean instead of calling witnesses or reciting testimony or anything that a normal court would do, Fae lawyers call on narrative techniques, things like “Chekhov’s gun”, or the “Cliffhanger.” They take these devices at face value and enact them as parts of their arguments. Below are a few examples.

Chekhov’s Gun	the act of a lawyer removing a pistol from its holster and setting it in the middle of the courtroom. This comes with the understanding that the gun must be fired before the end of the hearing.
Cliffhanger	when called upon, the hearing ends abruptly with no verdict decided upon.
Deus Ex Machina	the verdict is brought into the court by an outside party with no previous knowledge of the crime or hearing.
Eucatastrophe	the revealing of information that you want to incriminate your opposition but actually makes you the bad guy. Often called on as a way to take the fall in a dramatic fashion.
Flashback	when called upon, the crime must be reenacted in the courtroom with the utmost clarity.
Flashforward	when called upon, the court has to move forward to immediately after the verdict has been read. All parties must be treated as if they know and understand what the verdict was...





Foreshadowing	when one party brings in an item (such as a guillotine) to show that they intend to execute. This leads to each party bringing in things that foreshadow their own victory as a way to impress the judge.
MacGuffin	when this is called upon, the two parties must argue for the importance of a closed briefcase (its contents unknown) and the winner wins the entire trial.
In Medias Res	when this is called at the beginning of a trial, everyone must jump forward to the midpoint of the trial and pretend like they know all the arguments that were made.
Plot Twist	when the judge calls upon this, the party that seems to be losing must present information that incriminates the other party. This is used to spice up a trial with an obvious victor.
Poetic Justice	when called upon, both parties must be punished for their own vices or rewarded for some virtue which must be argued for and supported.
Ticking Time Bomb	when this is called upon, thirty seconds are put on the clock for the two parties to make their arguments. When the timer is up, one of them explodes.
Unreliable Narrator	when this is called upon, a third party is brought in to listen to both sides of the story and then must present a false narrative to the judge and jury for judgement.

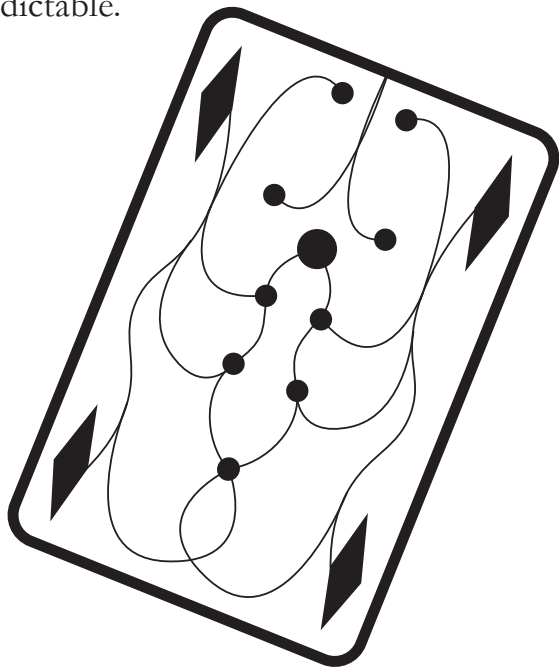




GAMES

Besides duels and court, games are the way a lot of debates, arguments, and conflicts are settled. Wars can be ended with a well-timed chess match. Kingdoms can fall thanks to a bad hand of solitaire. Archfae are chosen by the lucky pull of the short stick. There's no trick to this other than that any game the players can bring to the table (either with cards, dice, or boards) they can use it as a weapon. Bargain, fight, and win at the hands of chance.

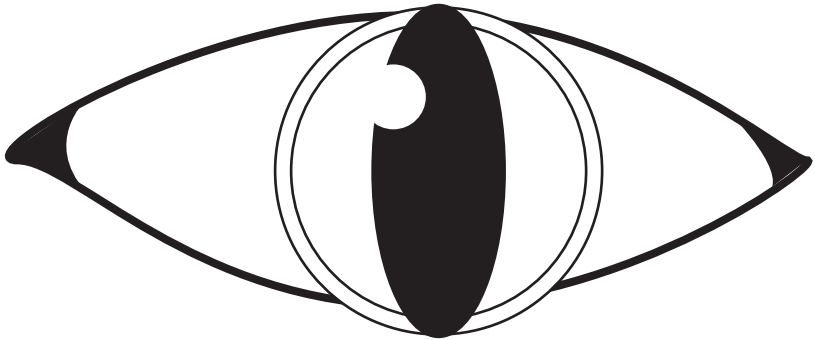
Fae make up games on the spot to throw each other off, and since they cannot discern a lie, if a player makes up a game and tells a Fae it's real, then it's real and the Fae will play it--no matter how complicated and impossible it may be. But be careful when trying to trick a Fae in this way, because their games can be just as wild and unpredictable.

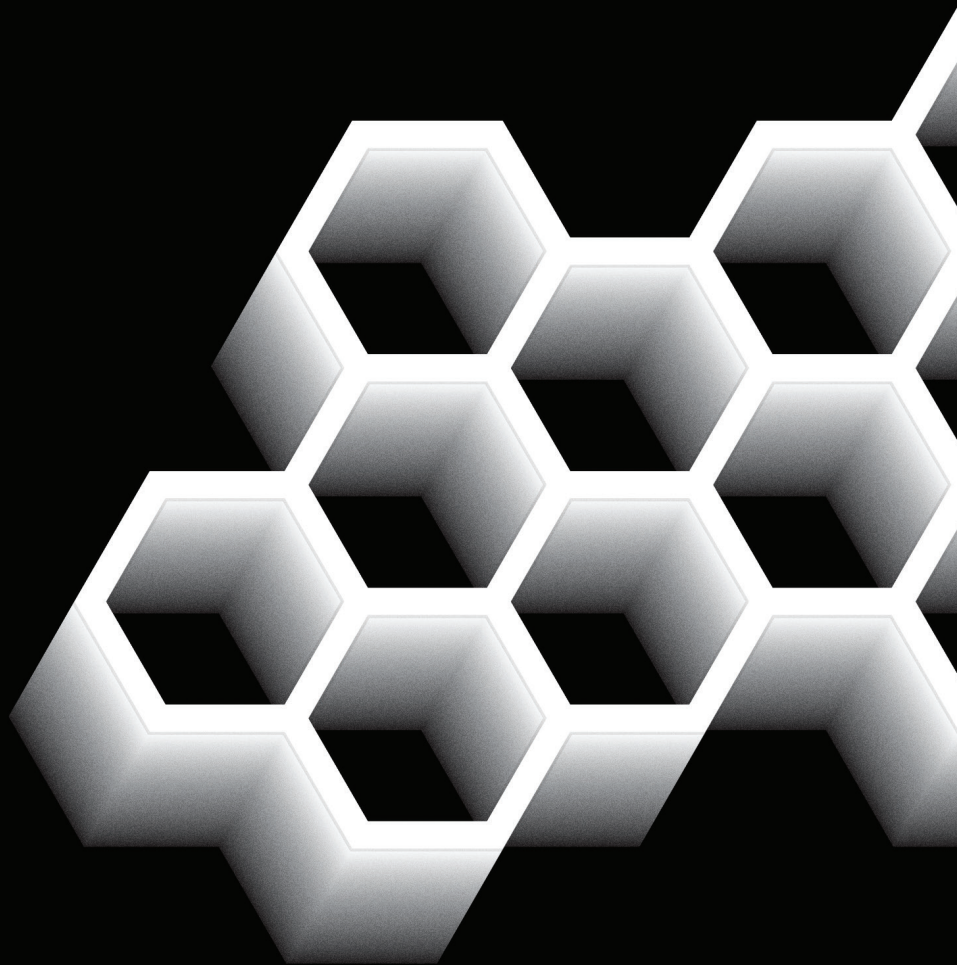




PATRONS

Patrons are beings of immense power that can bestow a fraction of their power to a mortal. In order to find a patron, you have to get one of your friends (who is not a part of the party) to agree to show up at the game in some form or another. They can facetime in, get in a discord call, send written correspondence, or create smoke signals in the sky for you to interpret. Either way, when called into the game the Patron can aid you with powerful and mysterious magics that they must come up with on the spot in exchange for your eternal devotion. They can ask for compliments, gifts of piety, or demand the most humble grovel you can muster. Whatever it is, if you refuse, they do not have to give you their magic. Plain and simple. So make your call wisely. A scorned patron can be written down by the Game Master to return in some detrimental way further down the road.







FAE

Detailing every minute of Fae activity is impossible and I won't pretend like I've tried to do that here. Instead I've gathered some common varieties of Fae that will come to bother you in the Illwood. They are built much like you in that they have two things that they can do without question. These are the domains in which they rule, and it's up to you to outsmart them.



FAIRIES

Laws & Magic

Moods

Silent

Inquisitive

Foreboding

Antagonistic

Petty

Intense



The original Fae, children of Oberon, and creators of magic. They sit still for decades at a time, bonding with nature and creating Dryads. Life is but a stage play to them.

Laws because they create and follow laws like fads, and **Magic** because they wield most forms of magic at all times.

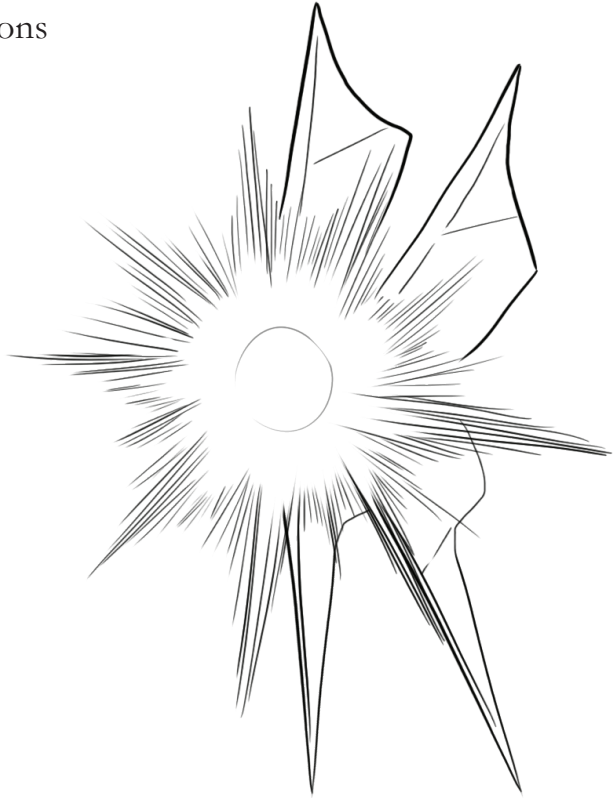




SPRITES

Chaos & Illusions

Moods
Giggly
Playful
Slippery
Erratic
Volatile
Curious



Born from remnant magical energy and eaters of strong emotions, sprites are often taken as a warning of dangerous places or people. Groups of them can be seen daisy-chaining through the Illwood towards the next feast.

Chaos because the typical nature of science warps when around them (like physics, chemistry, etc), and **Illusions** because they mirage images they hope will create an emotional reaction.





GOBLINS

Pranks & Thievery

Moods
Sneaky
Mean
Over-friendly
Sarcastic
Cruel
Ignorant



Raised by Fae, Goblins are humsn who retain little more than the body shape of their original life. They are self-proclaimed degenerates, purveyors of all things grunge, and lovers of the punkish joys in the world.

Pranks because they can rig up anything Wiley Coyote could, and **Thievery** because they can steal anything that fits in the palm of their hand.





TROLLS

Shadows & Searching

Moods

Sleepy

Friendly

Empathetic

Excited

Groggy

Affectionate



Trolls are powerful shadow creatures that bond with stolen children by giving them bark crowns. They are harmless, quiet, and soft to the touch, often hired by other Fae to track down objects, people, and places.

Shadows because they can manipulate them, travel through them, and control them, and **Searching** because they find whatever they are looking for.



OGRES

Kinship & Crushing

Moods

Hungry

Tired

Thirsty

Angry

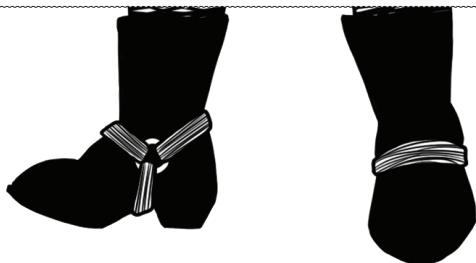
Busy

Sad



Bruisers, brawlers, and emotional saps. Ogres are the embodiment of emotions, taking each one to the extreme and trying to have fun with it at every step. They love to make friends--and enemies--and rough-house with both.

Kinship because they have lots of contacts to call on, and **Crushing** because they are big and strong.





PIXIES

Secrets & Order

Moods

Demanding
Picky
Tight-lipped
Loose-lipped
Perfect
Punishing



Hives of pixies can be found that are more than a mile long and deeper than any hole you can imagine. Each one is a secret come to life, looking to collect more and more information so that they can grow and become the Head of the Hive.

Secrets because they have them, need them, and trade them, and **Order** because their commands are so persuasive that they might as well be mind control.

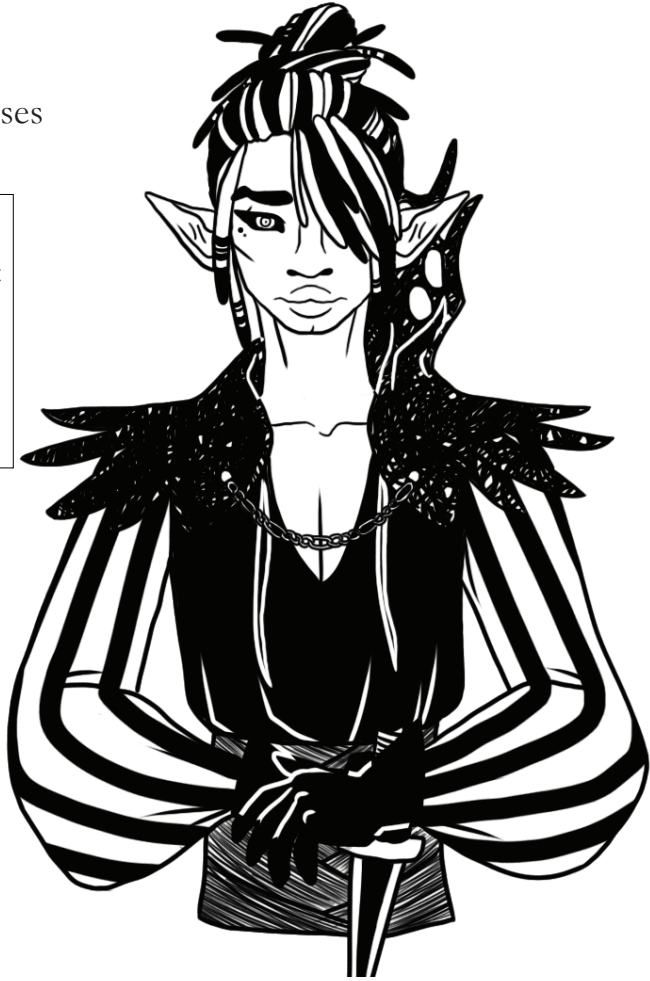




ELVES

Time & Curses

Moods —
Distant
Melancholic
Snake-like
Wounded
Forlorn
Stubborn



Unaging giants standing nearly fourteen feet tall and drained of all color. The Elves were cursed by Oberon for their betrayal and must now spend their lives in strange-time, tied to the Illwood forever. They are generally very accepting of mortals and enjoy the company.

Time because being around them has weird effects on time that they can control as Chronomancy, and **Curses** because their words can, well, curse.





CHANGELINGS

Disguise & Poison

Moods

Blending in

Mirroring

Complimentary

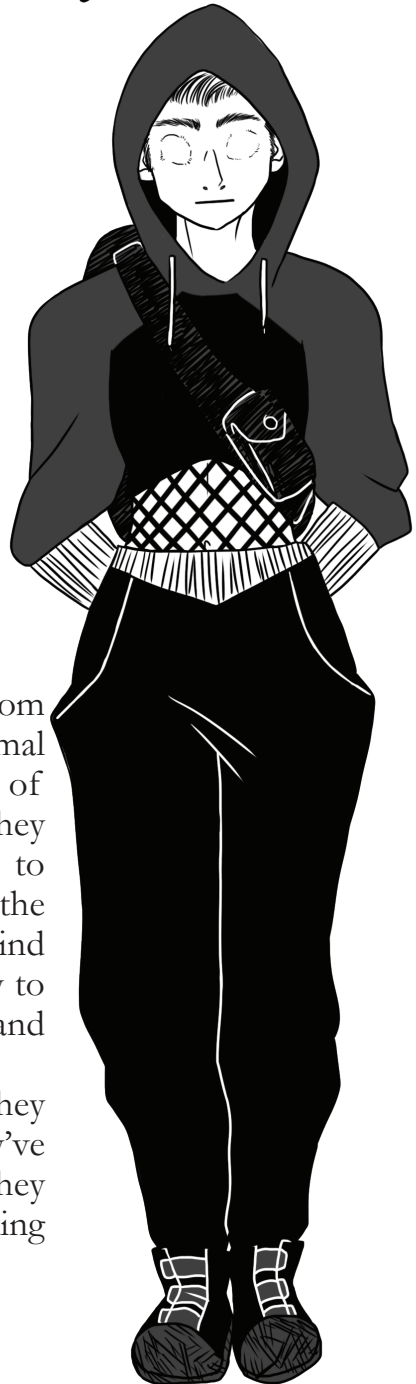
Hidden

Controlled

Awkward

Living reflections escaped from the Garden to pursue “normal life.” Due to their unique skill of mimicking faces and bodies, they often get hired by other Fae to do assassinations. But really, the Changelings don’t like that kind of work. They are more likely to be interested in chemistry and botany.

Disguise because they can look like any person they’ve seen, and **Poison** because they know everything about creating and using concoctions.



DRAGONS

Nature & Destruction

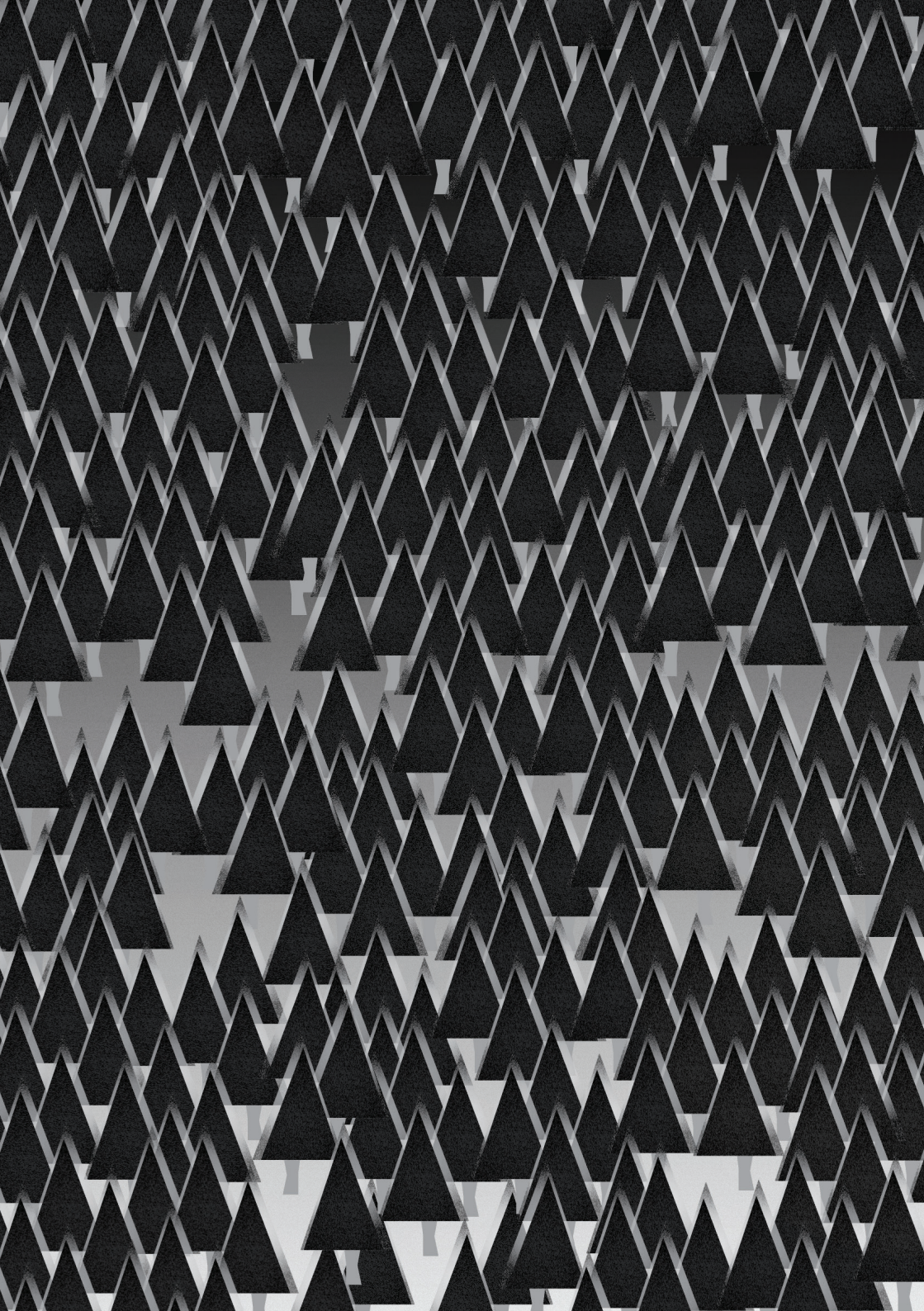
Moods
Playful
Explosive
Tyrannical
Sleepy
Hungry
Scheming

Dragons are obsessed with Fae. They each would never harm the other, and Fae act as if the dragons are long lost cousins. The power of a dragon comes from its size and animal nature. Unable to speak but immensely intelligent.

Nature because they are forces of nature and thus nature will answer to their commands, and **Destruction** because they cause destruction without even wanting to, their speed and length causing them to crash and smash whenever they need to make a turn.









THE ILLWOOD

While you adventure, write it down. When you trip, make it up. As you're falling, draw a picture. Upon landing, tell us where you are.



PALACE OF BLACK SUN

If you're lost in the Illwood it's easy to stumble upon the Palace of Black Sun. The walls are infinitely tall, with equally-infinite guard towers at all corners except the far right corner where the infinite palace disappears into the sky. The locations are described below.

THE PATH

Faeries flirt with the saddest character in the group and try to dance and eat with them.

THE FOREST

Dryads whisper secrets between the trees and punish those that don't pay respects to the forest spirits. A Faerie pretends to be a knight searching for a Questing Beast.

THE HUT IN THE FOREST

A faerie pretends to be a witch. She's cooking a meal for another kid (instead of cooking the kid for a meal).

CROSSROADS INN

Faeries dress up as humans treating the inn as an elaborate play. They act like they know how to be human and will do their best to convince you.

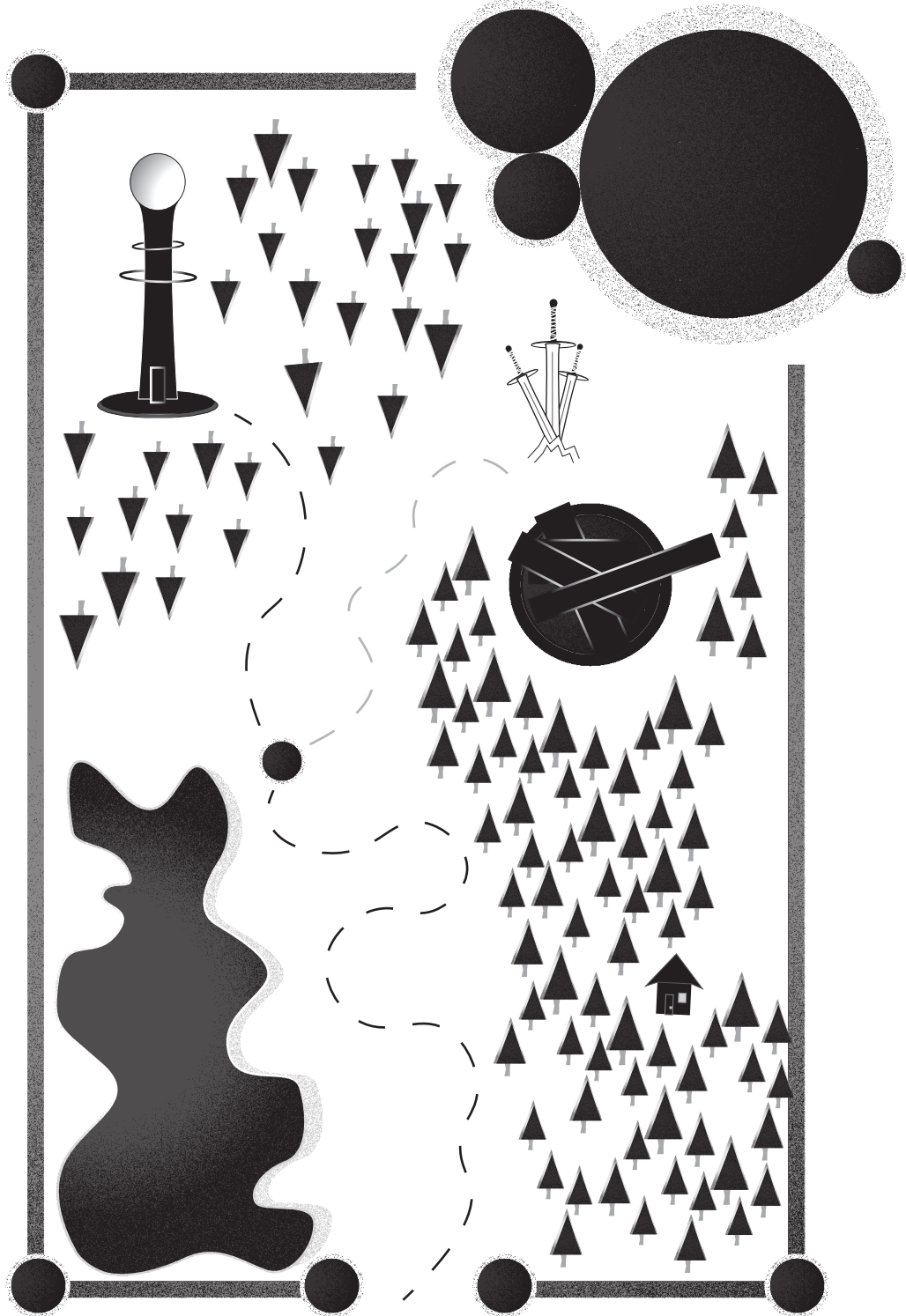
THE LAKE

Desolate area with a sign that says "all punished go here." The lake is calm and serene.

BOTTOM OF THE LAKE

An chained, ancient, elf scholar who knows Everything, gives you potions to freeze time in exchange for telling him something he doesn't know. Chained up bodies of mortals are attached to the lakebed around him.







UPSIDE DOWN FOREST

Each player's favorite animal tries to lead them off the path and deeper into the woods. If followed, they lead to a manufactured, hollywood-set-version of Home. Inside is one thing the player forgot to bring with them.

THE TOWER NO ONE TALKS ABOUT

This tower is not infinite and can be seen from anywhere on the map. It is made of smooth, cold steel, and the orb at the top is blurry, like being seen through an old camera.

FIRST FLOOR

A handful of mortals lay here in a comatose state, seemingly frozen in youth. Each Player loses a Hope.

TEN MINUTES UP A SPIRAL STAIRCASE

The Players' Dreams are stolen from them and take on a ghostly form in front of them.

THE ROOF

The Nothinghere is an otherworldly entity that steals the form of all around it. The orb it's trapped inside of is carved from the glass of a dragon's eye, but seeing its blurry shape at this distance causes the Players to lose a descriptor.

NOTHINGHERE

Staying here for more than a moment will drain another descriptor. If all descriptors are stolen, the Character falls into a comatose state. They believe they are back home though, until it is slowly revealed to be a giant stage. It's all a play. And they're stuck forever.





SWORDS

A mock-battlefield covered in fake, plastic swords. But three glass blades sit in the center. Each one has a squire that will follow you.

DARK LORD CORY

Loyal & Quiet squire, brutally decapitated and can't speak due to the lack of a head.

HONEY SINGER

Haunted & Needy squire, will become more helpful if spoken to and allowed to share his misery.

DESTROYAH

Wild & Scared squire, won't talk about their previous life and will be entirely unhelpful until you've proven yourself in a fight.

PALACE ENTRANCE

The "Knight" from the forest stands guard here. You must duel them to enter. If you helped them on their search for a Questing Beast, they will throw the fight.

PALACE, INSIDE

The "Princess" of the fae sits on their throne. They will grant one "wish" to whoever won the duel. They aren't an archfae so they cannot send you home, but they do know where one is.

written by Emma Levin (@scales_red)





THE HOUSE OF MOODS

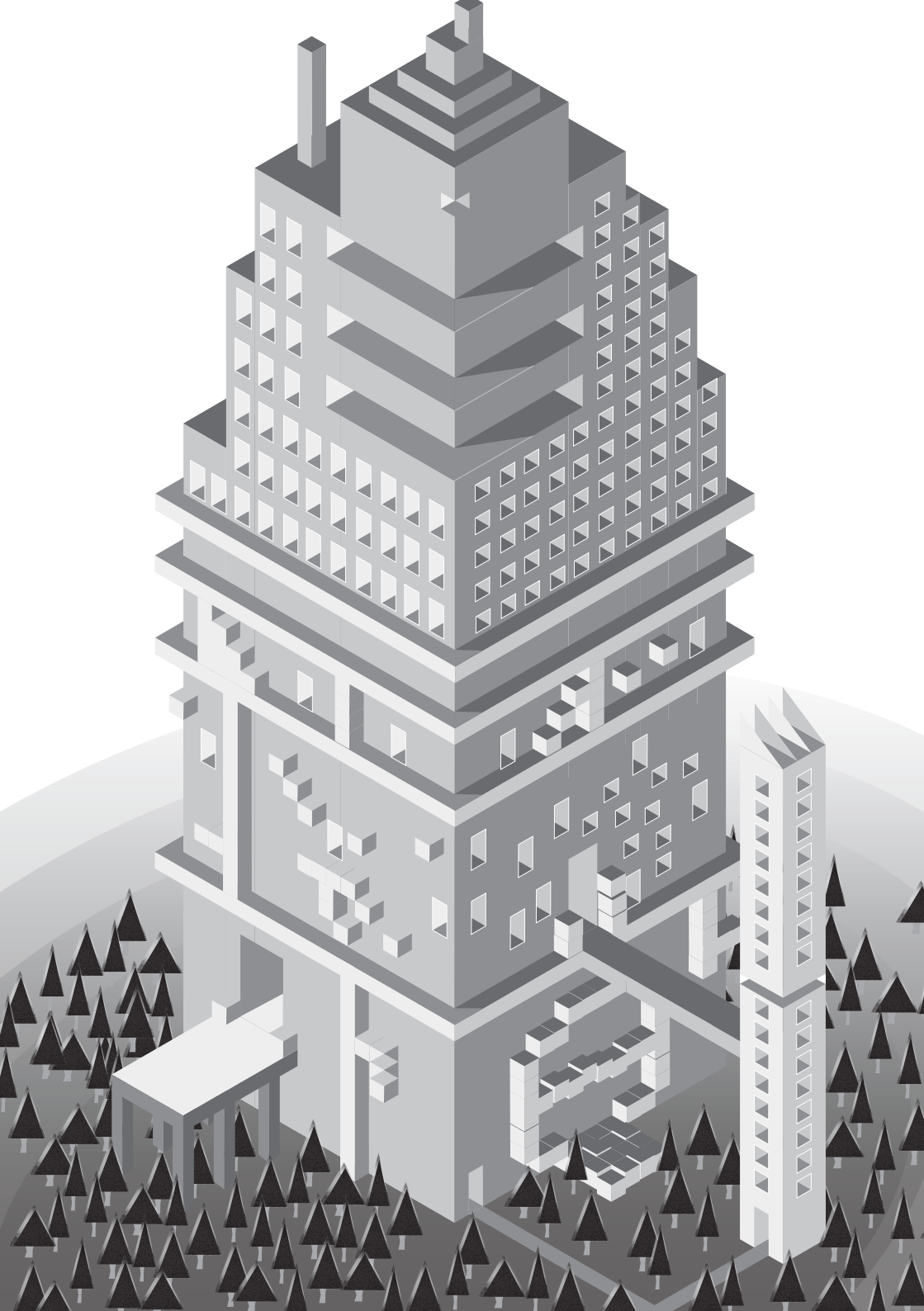
An Archfae owns and runs the most luxurious of bath-houses in the Illwood. The Archfae's been known to be rather fierce and strict, but also benevolent to those that prove themselves worthy. Mortals who work their way up (literally) to the top floor of the top tower could have their way home provided to them if they ask very, very nicely.

To do this, the group must make the climb, rolling on the random encounters on the next page and dealing with each accordingly. If rolled encounters aren't handled, then those people snubbed by the players will do what they can to impede the players' progress as they move forward, either by making further encounters more complicated, casting spells on them, or talking personally to the Archfae.

The building itself is inscrutable and shifting, with windows growing and vanishing between human-blinks, doors melding into walls when passed through, and walkways building themselves in front of you to lead you where they think you should be.

If you're in need of inspiration, please put *Spirited Away* on in the background and point at the screen at random times and say, "that's what you see." Play some early *Modest Mouse*, but keep the volume low for ambience.







ENCOUNTERS IN THE HOUSE OF MOODS

1. A group of blue-faced frost giants demand their bath water be boiled cold or they want their money back. They grow angrier each time someone asks what that means.
2. The Crab-Crowned Chancellor is attempting to obtain a bath befitting their station, but the very idea of bubbles is far too lewd. This must be remedied, lest the Sea itself take issue with the establishment.
3. A banquet party of flamingo-festooned wizards have taken to hoarding all the shrimp dishes put out for patrons to consume. Aloof, their actions will likely lead to a skirmish if other hungry parties cannot get their fair share.
4. A very-important-Hag has turned away most of the staff from serving her as she will accept only the most comely of folks to be at her beck and call. No one knows what she finds beautiful, and her demands are outrageous even with her status.
5. The Hatchet-Headed Gallow-Elf is making other guests uncomfortable with its disquiet blade-faced habit of staring. The Gallow-Elf, in truth, desperately needs this reprieve to go well because it is looking for a reason to retire from a life of blood-shed and hackery.
6. A swarm of Clog-Goblins have crawled out of the main bath drains and announced they will be going on strike unless their demands are met. The pipes will go unfiltered and flow awkwardly until they receive a patchwork mane of hairs.
7. A coral elk shedded its bleached bones into the water supply and now the whole of the bathwater has turned a bubbly pink. This is fine, but it has stolen all the color out of clothing it has touched. Any who collect the bones will have all the colors they could possibly desire.
8. Puffin-headed troubadours seek to skip out on their debts by arranging minor inconveniences which they exaggerate with poor vaudevillian reactions. It is getting rather annoying.
9. The nephew of the Beetle Tyrant has woken up in his luxurious suite to find himself in the body of a traditionally attractive human. He is freaking out, blaming the staff for this, and is disturbed by having an internal skeleton.
10. The kitchen staff has broken out into factions between the sous chef's crew who care about appealing to the customer and the head chef's inner circle who refuse to work with all but the best ingredients. The bad blood is further complicated, as the two chefs were once lovers.
11. The Asclepian Basilisk is making the rounds, making up Codes that the Bathhouse violates. The Hygeian Basilisk usually bribes away her father, but she's currently on a fishing trip.





12. The Court of Spun Bones have overtaken the karaoke room and are refusing other guests entry. They are trying to sing their sovereign into existence here, which is notably an issue for many reasons, but foremost among them is that they didn't pay for that.
13. A runaway spouse of no small amount of clout has barricaded themselves in the honeymoon suite; an understandable circumstance, made all the worse because the spouse left at the altar has just arrived and will demand their money back if they don't get in the room.
14. The Boiler's Guild hasn't had a vacation in decades. They're willing to excuse some mismanagement so long as they get free run of the House for a weekend, but they want only the most pretty, soft people to work the boilers--and no one but the Guild has been down there for years.
15. The Auditor of All Things is having a stay here, to ensure the House of Moods may remain in memory and reality. Though the Auditor is well known for never taking offense to anything, the methods of the audit itself are unknown and management would rather not risk it. The Auditor must have a grand time.
16. Though no one is quite sure which chthonic deity has smuggled in hellhounds, it is all but apparent by the shed fur, brimstone leavings, and lava-pissed rugs that one of them has done just that. Pets require an additional deposit that was not paid.
17. A fertility deity has made good use of the bathhouse, but they've let the sputtering wayward offspring they've crafted run amok. The staff are not babysitters and these children are absolute tyrants.
18. What was meant to be a room for two has ended up hosting roughly twenty partygoers who are abusing the complimentary services of the house. They need to either pay up or get out.
19. Several demigods have been enjoying their stay here, but upon noticing the amount of mortal and quasi-mortal guests, they have taken to ordering folk around on quests. This is cutting into gratuity checks, ratings, and more than a few lightning bolts have been thrown at visiting dignitaries.
20. Old Shuck, the shadow of all hounds both kind and cruel alike, seeks a private bath and the most expensive soaps to soothe his matted pelt of tangled shade. His voice is like gnawing teeth. He needs a proper grooming but will not request it. He is in truth, Laelaps, having been chasing his own tail and getting coated in void, tricked once more by the Teumessian fox.

written by Brian Yaksha (@goatmansgoblet)







THE DYING GOD

Traveling the body of this fallen god is a rite of passage for Archfae and a pilgrimage of self-discovery for most others. This is a place of importance and seriousness, not often found in Fae. Certain locations have set encounters, and when a dot does not have a set location, roll on the random encounter list.



TRAVELING THE GOD

This adventure is a point crawl, with a few points specified by location below and the rest open to random encounters on the next few pages. Traveling from one point to the other takes some time and some food.

HEAD

The God's glassy eye stares out over the darkened wilderness. Don't try to follow its gaze. The massive beak soars skyward, an organic crag rising to the stars. Over the millennia, the faithful have carved steps and handholds into the glossy surface. Climbing is treacherous, but you may ask a question of whoever you find at the top and receive a true answer. Speak to no one else along the way.

NECK

In the hollow of the God's throat a shard of the sun rests on a simple bone altar. Extinguished now and only slightly warm to the touch, it waits to be reignited and delivered to the world.

STOMACH

Worshippers have lit a bonfire on a cleared patch of gut, feeding the flames with feathers the size of saplings. They burn with a pleasant cedar scent, smoke rising smoothly into the calm night sky.

The worshippers insist the God is not dead and waits below sleeping in an egg yet unlaidd. They tell you their fire is to incubate the new God and they cut slabs of meat from the ground to roast. They offer to share. You should accept; it tastes as delicious as it smells.

TAIL

The fanned feathers slope down into the impenetrable murk of the forest floor, creating precarious but traversable walkways edged with smoldering embers. Folks walk up and down with practiced ease, some even carrying burdens, but it's uncertain if you would be able to climb back up once you descended.

LEFT WING

A giant silver mite, large as an elephant, rampages within a grove of burning feathers. The creature is frenzied and starving, desperate to escape the fire and smoke. It will fight as long as it's trapped, but if given a clear path through the flames it will flee and remember who helped it.





LEFT WINGTIP

A man in a black feather cloak and crown of ravens' wings stands at the tip of a pinion feather, staring out across the forest. If he notices you, he will try to tell you stories of your loved ones. Do not let him speak.

Cut him off by asking questions. He will be compelled to answer three times. After that, run.

RIGHT WING

Gracefully arcing shards of bone pierce the ground to rise high above the canopy of feathers. Rills of blood flow from their bases, gathering in a gently-roiling pool that glows from within like the embers of a slumbering fire. The blood is as fresh and warm as the day the God fell.

Folk have gathered around the pool, drinking of it and telling stories of the future. They invite you to join. If you share the tale of your journey they will insist you continue on to see Gran, and that she will be able to help you. Their utter certainty is unnerving. If you drink from the pool you will begin to experience prophetic visions, mildly confusing and at the most inopportune times.

RIGHT WINGTIP

A cozy cabin built from log-thick black quills stands in a clearing among the pinion feathers, surrounded by a garden of whatever herbs will grow from god flesh. Smoke curls from the chimney and bright orange candlelight spills from the windows.

Gran lives here. She'll greet you warmly from the garden and invite you in for tea or perhaps some supper. If you are polite (wipe your feet, dear), keep up your end of the conversation, and help her with a few chores, Gran will do her best to guide you safely home with gifts and advice. Gran's best is very, very good.

Do not ask about her needlework, sewing basket, or the egg resting atop the mantle.





RANDOM ENCOUNTERS ON THE DYING GOD

1. A gentle night breeze stirs the feathers around you, carrying the scent of wood smoke and roasting meat.
2. An abandoned campsite waits by the side of the path. It's ringed by watch-fires of feathers, their embers still warm and smoke thick in the air.
3. Lights bob in the darkness, drifting away from the path. They're whispering something. It never grows clearer, no matter how far you follow them.
4. A procession of spirits wafts along the path, silent and glowing faintly in the starlight. They leave a wake in reality that's easy to follow.
5. The ghost of a friend beckons to you from beyond the path. As far as you know, your friend is still alive. If you stay on the path it will follow, watching from the dark.
6. An apparition of your nemesis blocks your way but doesn't appear to harbor any malice. They gesture that the path ahead is dangerous and you should continue on a slightly different course. They will answer any questions you ask, but only through gestures.
7. The feathers around you are coated with pasty gobs of saliva, cementing rafts of mite eggs along the vanes.
8. Rustling in the feathers draws your attention to a clutch of mite larva gnawing at the God's skin. They are a pale, shimmering gray and as big as cats.
9. An almost musical clicking fills the air as an adult mite pushes its way through the feathers. It's larger than a horse with dark, steely chitin. For now it pays you no mind.
10. A party of worshipers carrying sections of feather bundled like firewood on their backs. They are returning to the stomach and invite you to join them.
11. A group of pilgrims call out to you. They're headed for the beak but got turned around in the tall feathers. If you point them in the right direction, they'll give you a charm as a token of thanks.





12. A lone pilgrim asks you to accompany them to the shrine at the throat. They like to talk and share tales of their travels, but you begin to realize all of their stories are recounting events from your past.
13. A man sits on a blanket, lashing together torches from segments of feathers. He's happy to share and tells you the smoke will drive away untoward things.
14. Three women work, spinning feather barbs into hanks of obsidian silk. They ask for your name, offering to give a skein in return. The silk is so black it siphons the light from their fire.
15. As you watch, a star winks out in the sky. Moments later a tiny meteorite furrows the ground at your feet.
16. The ground is marred by a deep gash. A fist-sized meteorite lies at the end, pinging quietly as it cools. Scattered around the impact are gem-like tektites in brilliant shades of red and warm browns.
17. An angular temple of polished bone stands at the center of a clearing. Inside, the main shrine is laden with offerings of geometric scrimshaw, meteorites, shards of iron, and gem-quality tektites. The temple is watched over by a lone priestess.
18. A spur of shattered bone juts from the ground like an obelisk. Carved into it in charred glyphs is an account of the past.
19. The ground dips down into fields of sodden, trampled feathers and shallow meres of blood. Scenes of the future play in the starlight reflecting from their surfaces.
20. The canopy of feathers gives way to a barren expanse where the skin of the ground puckers and melts. Perfect iron orbs larger than a man are scattered across the waste in a roughly circular pattern.

written by Thriftomancer (@thriftomancer)







THE GARDEN OF SHATTERED MIRRORS

Before we made mirrors, there was a place of total darkness. Only Goya the Shadow and Anteluce the Reflection existed there as children of the Giants. They were locked in an eternal feast, gorging on the others' limbs, creating a pile of gargantuan, writhing snakes, being devoured and excreted. And the two were fine like this.

But then mortals made mirrors and light was cast into that place. It was a portal, a place full of eyes and faces. People looking in and seeing the myriad of possibilities behind them. Goya hid from the light but was bound to it all the same, creating shadows of everything that was on the other side. Anteluce didn't feel the need to hide. She created the reflections, a hobby of great personal satisfaction that made her feel whole and needed.

Once she no longer needed to feed on Goya to feel full, Goya became hungry and volatile. If she couldn't eat Anteluce, she would need other food.

This is why people fall into mirrors. Reflections replace them, of course. Anteluce is not sloppy, and any chance to get a taste of what is on the other side is a welcome experience. She is fascinated by our world and by the things that she sees in us that we can't see ourselves. She is the abyss that stares back at us, the price of our vanity. She sees all the things we are, the good and the bad. She is a white snake whose body could fill a canyon, with black eyes of hypnotic power. That is what a mirror is.





Goya is a black snake with white eyes. She shows us everything we aren't. There's always a chance that when you look into a mirror, what you'll see is what Goya wants you to see: an image of a better you that has achieved all you've wished for. A you that has found what it is missing. This is a trap, like a siren's call in the Sea. Those that fall for the trap and go into the mirror are eaten.

Anteluce takes a different approach to gathering food for Goya. Since she shows you what you are, she often saddens people with reality. "No, you are not as handsome as you think", "Yes, your forehead is too big", "Of course you don't look good in cargo shorts". These thoughts are lures that Anteluce casts out, and when people embrace them, she can reel them in. When you try to change the version of yourself that you see in the mirror, she feeds the old reflection to Goya and makes a new one for you.

Change is good. Anteluce likes gaining scars, losing weight, haircuts, piercing, tattoos, dirt, makeup, tans. Any little alteration requires a new reflection, and the old ones get fed to the shadow. Luckily, people are changing all the time as they age. Every day there might be little alterations. Goya eats a lot, though. Anteluce as well. She doesn't enjoy the thought of her creations being eaten, but there's always a new one to be made and that keeps her happy.

With the reflections made by aging, changing bodies and supported by those that fall into mirrors, the snakes remain full.





DOROBORO

A group of assassins. They serve Goya, hunting down rogue reflections and bringing them to the snake to be eaten. But they have their own motives and wants outside of Goya's commands. They take jobs from people in exchange for freedom. They kill by taking the place of someone's reflection and controlling them. When their target looks into a mirror or passes by one, that's when the Doroboro make their move. As long as their target is in front of a mirror, they have total control. Their assassinations always appear as suicides. After the job is done, they are paid by switching places with their reflection in the Real World.

CHAMELEONS

They are born here. They might be known as Shapeshifters or changelings in your world, but they all do the same thing. They can change their appearance to match anyone they have seen. Chameleons are children of Anteluce. How she makes these children is unknown. Maybe she mates with reflections or with Goya on occasion. Chameleons can enter and leave the Plane of Shattered Mirrors whenever they please.

They have no reflection.





RANDOM ENCOUNTERS IN THE GARDEN

1. The path is enveloped in a bank of metallic mist, hovering near the ground like fog. It shimmers in the ambient light and deposits itself on anything it touches. It will eventually flake off organic material, but any glass or metal surfaces are given a permanent silver coating. Probably best not to breathe it.
2. Drops of dew coat the nearby plants. They have a metallic luster and retain their orb shape if disturbed, falling to the ground like tiny beads where you can collect them. They'll evaporate in a puff of silver steam if exposed to bright, direct light.
3. Far off in the darkness, someone is using a signaling mirror to blink out a message.
4. Jet-black spiders crawl overhead on beams of reflected light, absorbing it and spinning an intricate web of lasers. If you break a strand, they will flock to the spot to restore the pattern.
5. Orbs covered with tiny chips of mirror hang from the trees, casting spots of light around an otherwise dark grove. Butterflies with reflective wings, each scale of the wing is a minuscule image, flit around them, landing to drink reflections from the orbs' surfaces.
6. A group of indistinct figures have set up telescopes for stargazing. Looking through the scopes reveals each star is a mirror, showing a scene from the real world. If you look long enough, you might find one you recognize.
7. A marble amphitheater built facing a blank white wall. A person-sized kaleidoscope projects images from the operator's memories, sectioned into aesthetically pleasing symmetrical patterns, onto the wall for an audience of indistinct figures. The current image is in grayscale. If you try to operate the kaleidoscope, it will project in vivid color.
8. Indistinct figures relax on benches surrounding a long pool of dark, perfectly still water. Their true forms are visible in the water's surface, surrounded by clouds of colors and symbols. If you try to look at yourself, you'll see a featureless mannequin-like thing staring back. Look hard and you might see a trailing cloud of colors, hazy but still there.
9. A patrol of Mirror Guards, almost impossible to see until they're right in front of you, thanks to their perfectly reflective exoskeletons. They walk the garden, slaughtering anyone who would dare to damage the light-giving mirrors. You will be questioned about any "suspicious individuals."
10. A round flagstone plaza, walled off from the rest of the garden behind a hawthorn hedge. Arrayed in concentric circles across the plaza are hand mirrors from every time period of every culture that ever made mirrors. Each is polished to a perfect shine, regardless of their material. The plaza has four entrances, each watched by a Mirror Guard.





11. Figures shrouded in fragments of voidstuff. They hide in the non-spaces of the garden, waiting for opportunities to destroy mirrors and return the garden to the void-touched darkness it was before. The fact that you encountered them is a terrible security breach, but also intriguing.
12. A haphazard sphere of mirror plates and shards, cemented in place by strands of metallic silk with the reflective surfaces facing outward. Preserved inside the sphere is the last pocket of true darkness, the core of the original void. It will ask for help in driving out the light.
13. Empty frames lean against a wall. The ground around them is littered with shards of glass, all a tarnished, non-reflective matte black. Another mirror stands a few feet away, flawed with tarnish and corroded holes that creep across its silver backing as you watch. The reflection inside pounds on the glass, frantic to get your attention.
14. A full-length frame shows a scholar writing in a library. When they notice you they desperately scribble a note, then shove it and a book into your reflection's hands. Both items appear in your hands, but are written in mirror script. If read reflected in a mirror as normal writing it's a dull textbook on optics, but read as-is it can make reflective surfaces into doorways.
15. A long tunnel covered entirely in mirrors from floor to ceiling to produce an infinity reflection. As you pass through, you notice some of your reflections don't exactly follow your movements. Some don't bother to move at all and only watch. Far in the depths of the mirrors, others seem to be sprinting, gaining on you with terrible speed.
16. Small hovering mirrors surround you in a swarm and angle themselves to let you see into all your blind spots. They're concerned for your safety and insistently point out a pack of beasts racing towards you, only visible in the reflections.
17. It takes a while to notice, but your reflection doesn't appear in mirrors anymore. You're not sure where it's gone, when it left you, or if you feel any different without it.
18. A gazebo with a wrap-around porch and eleven doors. Each door is a full-length mirror showing views into the same modest two-story home, decades apart from each other. They seem to cover a period between 1900 and 2000. You can step through the mirrors and explore the house. It looks inhabited, but no one's home at the moment.
19. Arrays of mirrors catch and bounce light onto one massive curved mirror that focuses it all to a single spot. There doesn't seem to be anything at the focal point, but the empty space is smoking as if it's about to catch fire.
20. A small circular patio is littered with shards of broken mirror. If put together in the right order they'll fuse into larger pieces. Be careful not to cut yourself, and think about if maybe it was broken for a reason.



BRIGHT

THE HUNGRY CITY







Bright grows in normal towns--it grows in your town--in stages.

First come the sprites, little balls of kinetic energy that feed off emotions. They bleed gently out of the alleyways and shadows of mortal cities. This draws the Psychonauts, emotion thieves who come to bottle them and sell them to the desperate and emotionless. Emotions make great potions, poisons, and drugs. Who wouldn't want to buy liquid joy, or mix blue fear into the well of an unsuspecting village?

Second come the Torch Stealers, children "borrowed" from their homes by pixies for the sole purpose of darkening city streets. Painting towns black. When they grow old enough to think for themselves (or question their purpose) they are eaten, flesh and bone; so you will see toddlers, nine year olds, and everything in between. They weave out of alleys and down side streets, throwing damp towels over torchers, blowing out lanterns, spitting on candles. They will not speak to you. They will not look at you.

Third come looters. They appear to be random burglaries and smash-and-grabs, but a keen mind will notice that no one is ever purposefully harmed, and only knowledge is stolen. Scrolls, texts, tomes, diaries, letters, brains in jars. The Wissenzerst, knowledge thieves, purge the city of all they can carry. What they cannot carry gets burned. The containment of the fire is not their problem. They do not claim this destruction or the deaths caused by it. They only claim the knowledge.

And lastly, there's nothing.





You think it's done. Gone. But it's not. The smart few of the city place saucers of milk on their porches as gifts to familiars, along with delicious sweets to appease the fae. The houses that don't do this disrespect the fae and have their children stolen in the night. In their place, pixies craft skins to resemble the children and puppet them in the real world until it's time to move on.

Drunkards that stumble out of taverns late at night and wander down alleys or streets where the Torch Stealers have been, meet women in the bricks who flirt with them and carry them inside of walls, leaving them to suffocate. Brick Dryads move through concrete like fish through water and can grant you the same ability--until they don't want to anymore. Chances are, if you chip into any stone wall of any major city, you'll find bodies long decayed.

The shadows sing songs to those who stay out late at night. Half-formed figures make eyes at you that put you into the deepest state of love you have ever experienced. Shadow Nymphs collect bodies to work inside Bright and fill the roles that the children and the fae can't; though most are eaten. Love tastes like gelatin to Bright.

It's a hungry city, Bright. It reaches out with its streets and alleyways and touches the real world, creating harmonies where the cities are coterminous. Once inside though, the streets are as much an obstacle as the inhabitants. They shift. They hide. They lie in ambush. They fight and leave scars. You can see the evidence of its bad temper in the damage of its brickwork in the shattered windows in the abandoned buildings that line its crooked path.





The Whispering Men, cultists of a Faceless Spirit, trade in secrets, bought and sold. They will trade memories as well, but secrets are far more powerful. They will take anything in trade if you don't have the coin. There are whispers of monks who have no memory of loved ones, but who walk the spirit world at will. There are rumors of one who traded so much that he exists only as a voice now, though he can see the future with clarity. Their temple is the Well of Secrets, where the cultists themselves ply their filthy trade and spend twitching days reliving memories both good and terrible from those who no longer own them.

All that live in Bright serve a purpose: to keep it fed, mentally, spiritually, and physically. It moves and grows and devours. Riding its shadowy tendrils requires work, and for the fae the work is passion. Shadow Nymphs and Brick Dryads steal bodies to feed it physically. Psychonauts and the Whispering Men steal emotions, memories, and secrets to feed it spiritually. The Wissenzerst steal knowledge to feed it mentally. To be safe in the city, you must fill one of these roles or give it something nothing else can give it. Do neither and you become food.

Most get stolen here, but a few fools ride the city like a beast, seeing where the tendril-alleys take them. Others seek the Psychonauts to buy emotions and wind up being sucked within the city. The masochistic lay face down in the dark alleys so that they may get a chance to sell their memories and secrets for something more, or perhaps to buy the memories they wish they had, or to gather secrets on those they wish to destroy.

Whatever you do though, do not listen to anything Bright says, or you won't hear anything else.





RANDOM ENCOUNTERS IN BRIGHT

Roll 2d6 to generate an encounter. The first d6 creates the first digit, and the second d6 creates the second digit.

11. A parade of sprites swoops in around the party, leading towards some screaming in the distance.
12. A Torch Stealer is snuffing lights and needs to snuff yours. They are dirty and panicked.
13. The Wissenzerst are collecting knowledge and are willing to buy yours since you seem so nice.
14. Black cats circle your feet looking for gifts of milk and fish.
15. A brick dryad tries to flirt with you. They want you inside their wall. Forever.
16. Shadow nymph needs your help carrying some bodies from a house. She will pay in Blood and Bone.
21. Whispering Men are bargaining with some pixies. They have secrets that could be useful to you.
22. Thieves surround you with daggers and torches. They don't want to harm you, just steal all your stuff and burn it.
23. A Doroboro agent is bottling sprites down a darkened alley. They could use your help gathering more.
24. Goblins are trying to calm crying children down and convince them that being a goblin isn't so bad.
25. A gathering of elves have come to Bright to feed themselves to its maw. They are tired of this cursed life.
26. The Shadow Princess of Bright has chosen you to be the special feast tonight, and she always gets what she wants.
31. Bug Lords from all across the Illwood are leading their cow-sized beetles to the maw as payment.





32. The city street is actually the back of a sleeping dragon.
33. Psychonauts are selling bottled emotions, if you're interested. They're willing to buy yours as well.
34. A house of dryads from the Illwood have been captured and pulled from their trees by a skeletal squad. They look sad and need help being freed.
35. Spiders are crawling in straight lines down the street towards an abandoned building. Inside, a Spider God is being born.
36. Fellow mortals like yourself are trying to fight back against some goblins.
41. A fairy has come to stare into the maw and have it stare back. They will hire you as escorts in exchange for information or magic.
42. A cartographer is mapping the city and wants your help. Their name is Dargoon and they are definitely *not* a half-dragon.
43. A fairy is looking to escape Bright with their twelve shadow dryad children. Will you help them?
44. A mass of dragons is writhing together, feasting on a never-ending source of stone that is the city itself.
45. A retired swordmaster is planning to feed their store of Iron to Bright in the hopes that it will harm it and (hopefully) kill the city.
46. A changeling wants help collecting strange plants that only grow in Bright. They will pay with knowledge or poisons.
51. The spirit of a city is being dragged out of the brick by dryads under the control of a fairy. The spirit will be fed to the maw.





52. A building from your hometown is here in Bright. I wonder if other things like it are here as well.
53. A new village is being eaten by Bright, and you can see the buildings being pulled in through the darkness and falling from the sky.
54. Arcane colleges from far off magical lands are falling into Bright. Spellcasters are being captured or fighting back, and there is total chaos.
55. A vender is selling magical armaments from your favorite books and television shows. Maybe those places were pulled into Bright as well?
56. An elf says they know an exit from Bright that doesn't go back to the Illwood. Could it be home, or some strange alternate universe?
61. An intelligent trapdoor spider is snatching mortals into a series of underground tunnels that could escape Bright. She whispers and is very, very sweet despite being a spider.
62. A large black cat is willing to give you a ride if you can provide "non-poisonous" chocolates.
63. Goblins in hot air balloons are patrolling the streets for rogue mortals.
64. A necromancer is leading an undead army to the maw. Most of them wield iron blades and armor.
65. Those judges guilty by the Fae courts are chained and led into the maw. There are several mortals that you swear you recognize chained in there.
66. The Lords of Autumn have come to visit the maw, which they call their child. They call it the Lord of Winter.





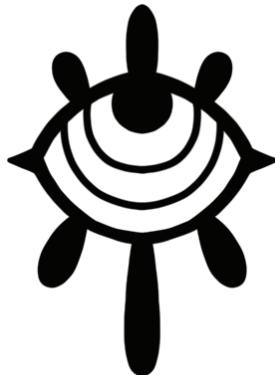
THE MAZES OF MYTHOS

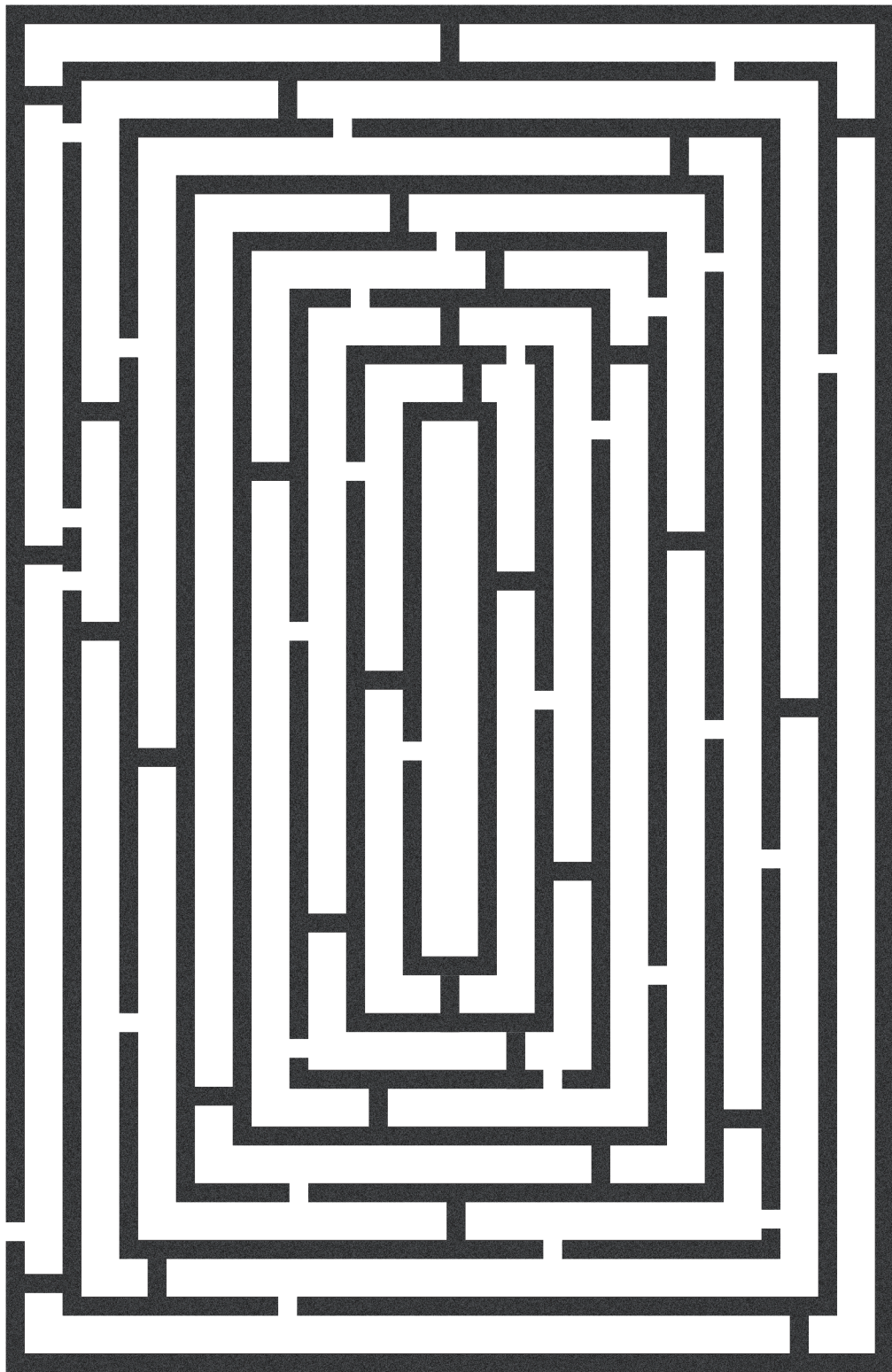
This is more a method of travel than an adventure on its own. The Mazes of Mythos are literal mazes that you can find on the next few pages. Whenever the party needs or wants to travel to a new place, have them elect a leader. The leader is at the front of the group and guides them through the maze.

The Leader uses a pen and tries to navigate the maze on paper starting from the entrance. If they stop moving, get caught in a dead end and have to turn around, or say something like “I have no idea where to go,” there is an encounter.

So, if they are able to quickly find the exit without stopping, then there are no encounters. The party was able to navigate the maze and sneak past any obstacles. But, if there is an encounter, roll for one and have the party deal with it before continuing in the maze.

There’s flexibility here because the Mazes can be actual locations that the party can explore: tall hedges or stone walls raising up into the sky. Or they can be representations of traveling through the forest, showing how tangled and confusing the woods are.







ENCOUNTERS FOR THE MAZE OF MYTHOS

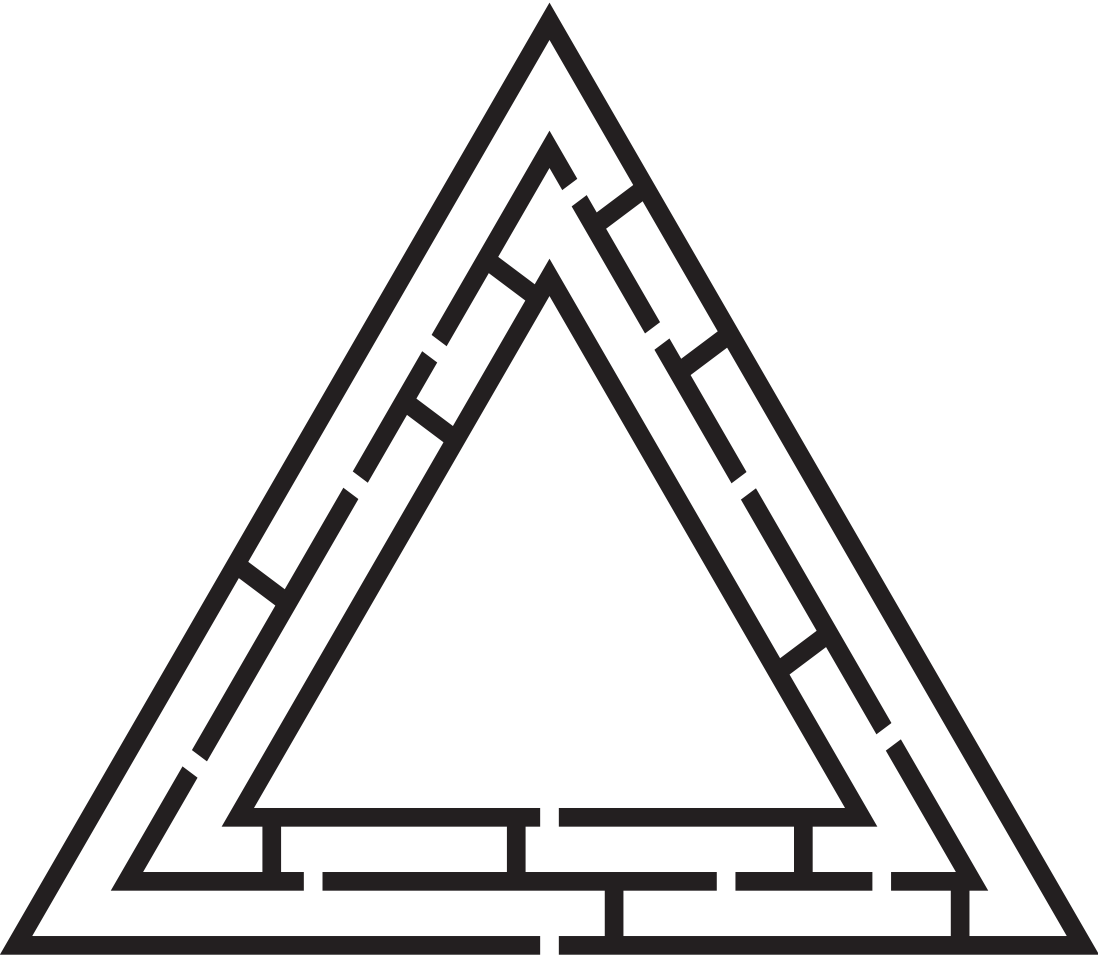
1. Several pigs with collars approach for the food in your pockets (even if you don't have any). They are hungry and pushy.
2. A basilisk holds a mask in front of its face to stop from petrifying you, but threatens to remove it if you don't produce some quick entertainment.
3. The statues of fallen gods cover the ground. Their forms are challenging to the mind, but one is pierced with iron blades. To remove one you must give up something in prayer to the god.
4. A rose garden filled with intoxicating (literally) music. A Soil Nymph is looking for life-partners and is totally okay with them being drunk the entire time.
5. Floating eyes are coming towards you. Who do they belong to and what will they do if they see you?
6. A minotaur is enjoying a spot of tea. They ask you *very aggressively* to join them, "OR ELSE!"
7. You come face to face with the immense tail of a dragon.
8. A talking cat tries to steal your wallet or (if you have fish) your food. It can and will carry a dagger in its mouth to assault you.
9. It rains fortune cookies which crack on the ground around you. Read one and it will come true.
10. There's a hole-in-the-wall coffee shop. It smells delicious and the elf inside will accept mortal currency for a warm drink and a place to sit.
11. A babbling brook leads to its source: a crying elf, knelt over a gravestone.

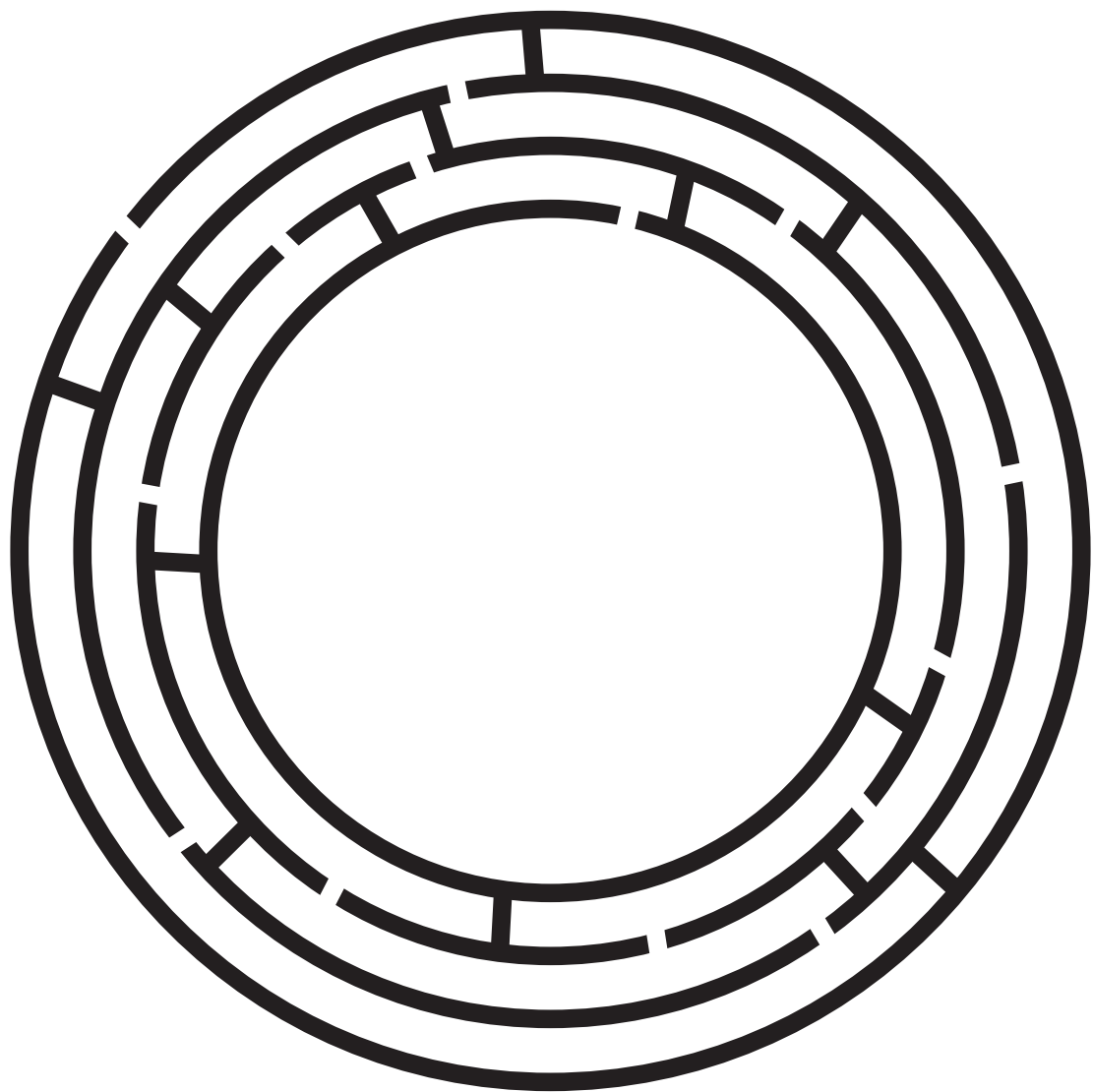


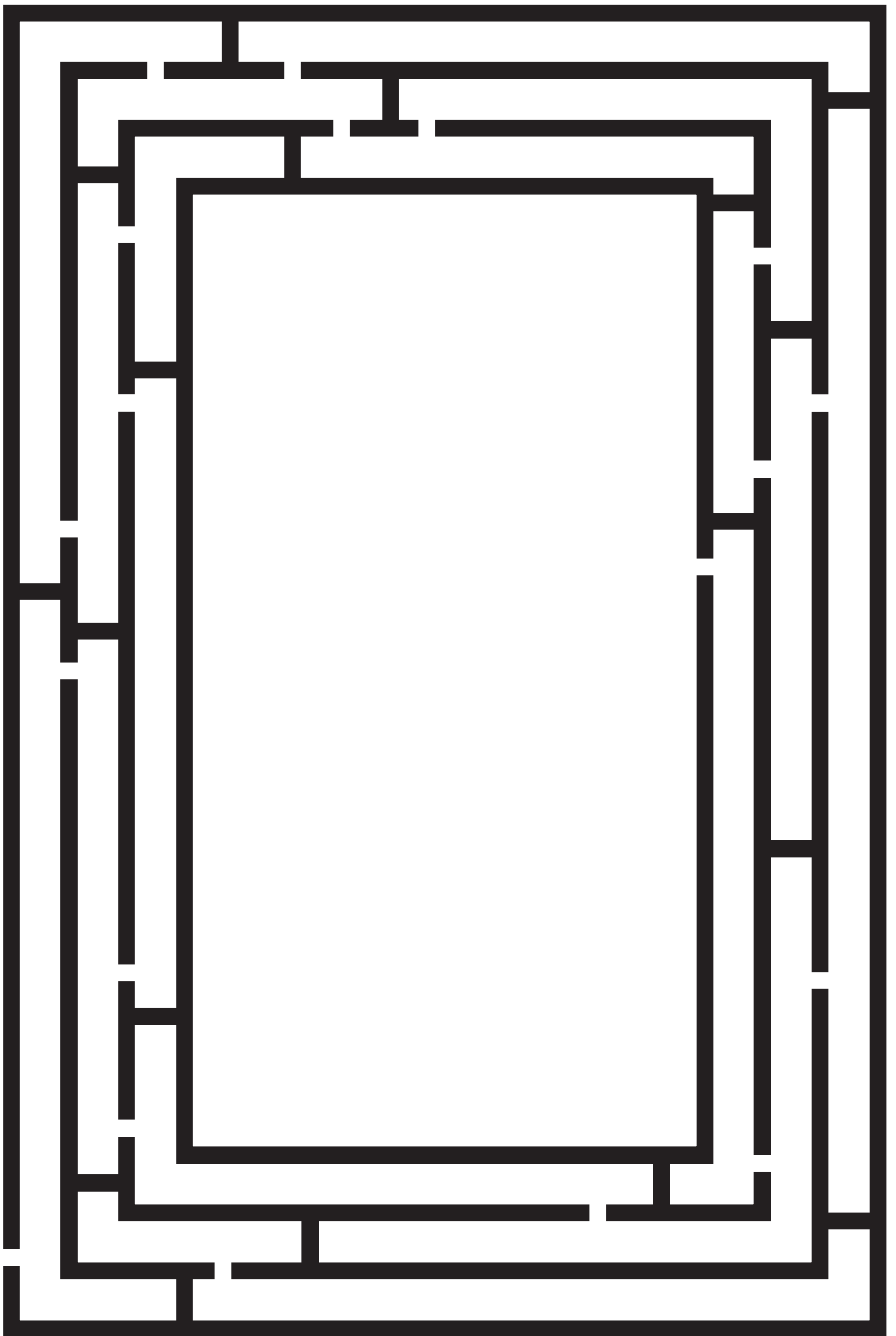


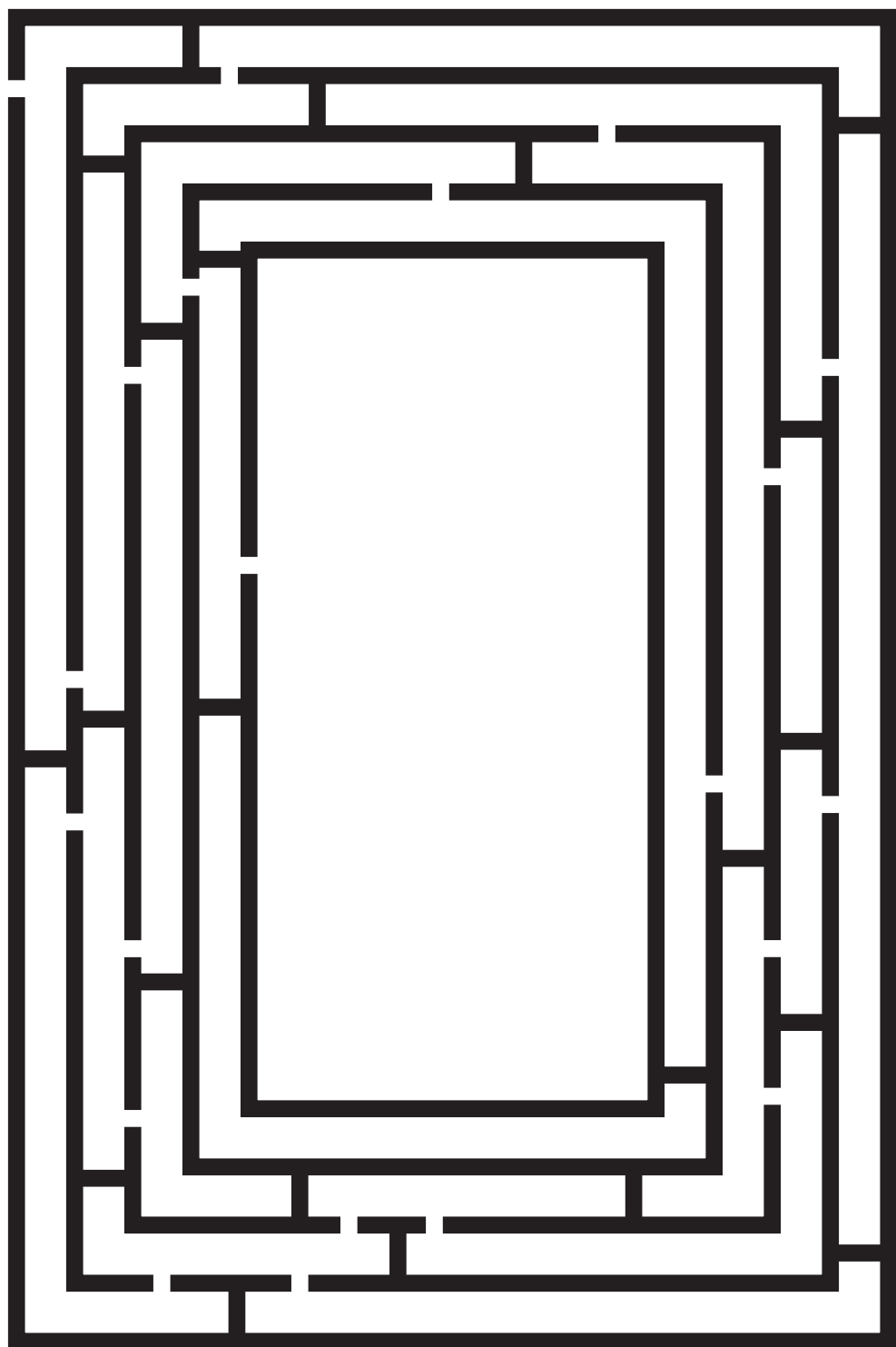
12. Torn pages of a book form a trail to a giddy satyr, happy to have escaped the clutches of an Archfae. They are tearing the pages from the Archfae's favorite spellbook.
13. Fat bees are pollinating the garden of a giant. If you get the scent of a flower on you they will attempt to take you back to their hive.
14. A sleeping giant blocks the path and must be tip-toed around or else it will wake.
15. Magical door requires a recited poem to open.
16. A vicious storm summons a tornado, whipping up the surroundings into a flurry of wind and noise. A witch rides the rain. Where oh where will this tornado take you?
17. A loyal dog, older than the oldest thing you remember and growing in size every day, sits waiting for its master to return. It does seem to like you though.
18. The sun grows hotter and larger in the sky. Is it possible that you are walking closer to it? Best find a way to keep cool.
19. Four sisters of varying age, gossiping over tea and knitting. If conversed with, they offer snacks and to read your fortune. They are suspiciously good at it.
20. You find a second moon in a box. Hm.













NAMES

AGES

APPEARANCES

HOPES

DREAMS

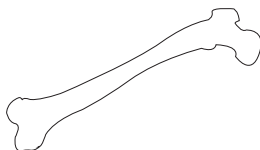
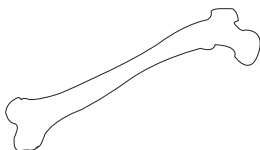
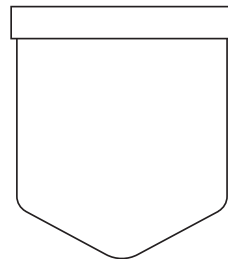
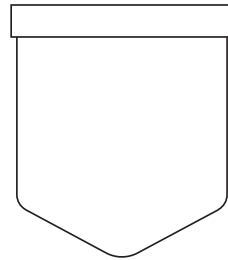
NIGHTMARES

GHOSTS

BLOODS

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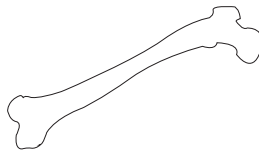
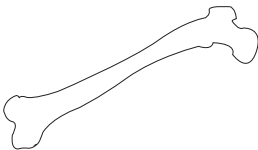
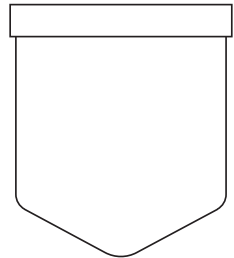
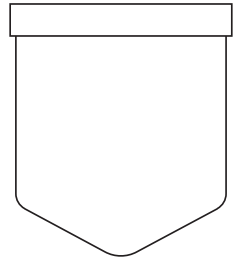
NIGHTMARES

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THE END.

P.s. - This game would not be alive and breathing today if not for Micah (@micaholism) who had the idea for a game called Iron & Lies and I half-jokingly said, “haha, what if your only tool was lying?” and then the thought grew like infectious moss on my brain. They never ended up making their version of the game, with stats and all the other things you’d expect from a game, and as the moss bloomed into flowers, I found the voice the game is written in and went to work.

Go thank them for me. They deserve it.



