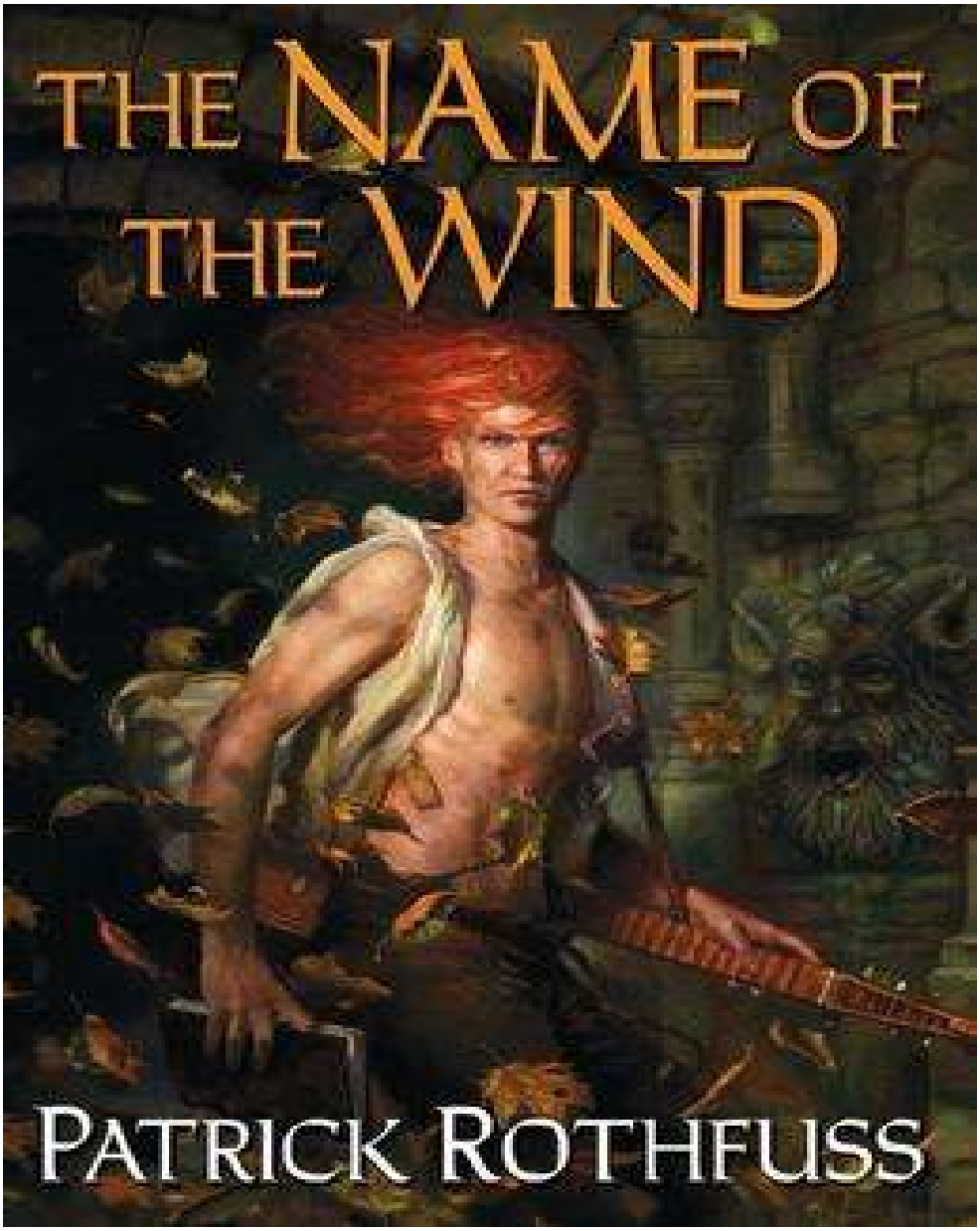


Books by Patrick Rothfuss, Jump by Aehriman

My name is Kvothe, pronounced nearly the same as "quothe." Names are important as they tell you a great deal about a person. I've had more names than anyone has a right to. The Adem call me Maedre. Which, depending on how it's spoken, can mean The Flame, The Thunder, or The Broken Tree.
My first mentor called me E'lir because I was clever and I knew it. My first real lover called me Dulator because she liked the sound of it. I have been called Shadicar, Lightfinger, and Six-String. I have been called Kvothe the Bloodless, Kvothe the Arcane, and Kvothe Kingkiller. I have earned those names. Bought and paid for them.
But I was brought up as Kvothe. My father once told me it meant "to know."

I have, of course, been called many other things. Most of them uncouth, although very few were unearned.
I have stolen princesses back from sleeping barrow kings. I burned down the town of Trebon. I have spent the night with Felurian and left with both my sanity and my life. I was expelled from the University at a younger age than most people are allowed in. I tread paths by moonlight that others fear to speak of during day. I have talked to Gods, loved women, and written songs that make the minstrels weep.
You may have heard of me.

With the ever present war on, pleasant things are hard to come by, so as they always have men seek solace and understanding in stories, and few are as popular as tales of Kvothe the Bloodless, the fearless adventurer and peerless mage, thief, swordsman and musician. The slayer of a king and the architect of the war, who then vanished.

So it is, when a wandering scholar-mage, the famous Chronicler, stops at a one-horse farming village with pointed questions for the amiable but pensieve innkeep, Kote. The Chronicler wishes to hear and publish the true story behind the legends and eventually Kote agrees - but insists he see the notes and that he will tell his story his way and in his time, over the course of three days.

And this is the tale that was told.

Have ***1,000 choice points*** to help you, but ask yourself, do any of us really have a choice?

ORIGINS

A man or woman is seldom but one thing all their lives.
Have a free origin. You may take a second or third for 300 cp apiece.
Any may be taken as a Drop-In, though it would be strange for a noble. A foreigner, perhaps?

Arcanist - You have gone to University to study the art and science of magic. Arcanists are endlessly useful and can command high prices for their services, but are often met with suspicion and hostility from superstitious peasants.

Bard - You are a minstrel, a trouper, a traveling performer. Poorly thought of in many corners, but it's a way to see the world.

Noble - Born to an ancient lineage, groomed to lead from a young age. You are surrounded by the good things in life, so if you might develop the idea that you're better than other people, well, aren't you?

Rogue - You're more comfortable in the shadows than the light. A lightfingered moon-curser, a shameless sneak-thief.

Warrior - No nation can stand without men to defend it. Be you a soldier or a sellsword, you live off your capacity for violence, and business is good.

RACE, SEX, AGE, ETC.

Some people care a lot about these things, but nobody worth listening to.
Pick whatever you like.

LOCATION & TIME

You will be staying in the world of Temerant or in the Faen Realm. But where? When? Pick one location or roll a d10 for +100 cp

1. **Tarbean** - One of the largest port cities in the world, Southern Commonwealth on the Reft, so large you can't walk across it in a day. Kvothe spent several years as an urchin beggar-thief here.
2. **Imre** - Two days by coach north of Tarbean on the Omethi river is Imre, where many of the nobility live and commute from. A center of art and culture, and just two miles and a bridge away from the prestigious University where magic is taught. Imre enjoys many benefits from proximity to the University, but sometimes has an uneasy relationship with the idea of magic.
3. **Severen** - One of the three great cities of Vintas, set in a cliff with nobles on top and commoners below, a handful of lifts and a winding staircase that's at least free. The Vintish are superstitious and extremely conscious of social class. Vintish nobles send messages and arrange appointments with a ring engraved with their name, silver for a peer, gold for a social superior, iron for their lessers. Wood used

to be used for servants, and is now reserved for an insult. This is part of an older outdated tradition, where bone rings would symbolize a debt, leather an oath of service, grass for courting, and horn for a grudge.

4. **Renere** - The capital of the kingdom of Vintas, see above for the Vintish.
5. **Ralien** - Capital of Ceald, a kingless people, dark skinned and generally bearded. The Cealdish were the first people to mint coins, and their money is good across the continent. The Cealdish are heavily involved in commerce, but spending money is seen as a feminine thing, and money is often saved in their boots.
6. **Cershaen** - Capital of Modeg, a temperate kingdom that boasts the longest royal and noble lineages. Socially stratified, but sexually liberated, olive-skinned Modegians are famous for brightly colored clothes, elaborate dances and a love of faerie stories. The Modegians have a long-standing feud with Ceald.
7. **Ademre** - The last remnant of an ancient civilization, if their stories are accurate. The Adem are widely known as stoic, silent, yet twitchy. This is because they see open expression of emotion, besides laughter and weeping, as childish or at least private, and add emotional content and subtext with a subtle sign language. Adem's primary export is mercenary Cethan or blood-shirts, who wear all red. A Cethan charges as much as twenty ordinary mercenaries, and is worth every penny, having learned Adem's martial arts. The Adem are strongly matriarchal and casual about sex, and as an odd consequence do not believe in paternity. To Adem eyes, women sometimes flower and fruit, as trees do, and sex is unrelated. They follow a vaguely Daoist but pragmatic philosophy called Lethani, and are a bit snobbish about their superiority to 'barbarians.'
8. **Atur** - Five hundred years ago, the Aturan Empire covered practically the known world. Three hundred years ago, it all came crashing down, from a combination of incompetent leadership, military over-extension, and the disbanding of the Amyr. Aturan is still the most widely spoken language, but the city itself is a pale shadow of lost glory. The Aturan are considered the most religious, superstitious and hostile to magic, and have countless stories of Arcanists trading with demons.

9. **The Eld** -Between Vintas, Modeg, Atur and the Small Kingdoms stands the Eld, the last vast dark forest, an untamed wilderness teeming with bandits, for the Eld is crossroads to half the continent but only sparsely patrolled. It is rumored that more dangerous things than bandits sometimes vanish a caravan.
10. **Faen** - A world of dreamlike qualities and nightmare creatures. Day and night are not cycles of time, but directions you can walk in, towards darkness or night. The moon is shared between the Fae realm and Temerant, darkening as it exists half in one world, so on a moonless night you may be caught in its shadow wake and pulled to the other world.

And….

Framing/Present: Start during the War Kvothe started, a day before the Chronicle would arrive to record his tale.

Back Then: Start the day after Kvothe's family and troupe were murdered by the Chandrian.

FRIENDS

Anyone you wish to recruit may join you for free.
Any Companions you wish to import get +700 cp and an origin.
Companions cannot take drawbacks for more points.

SKILLS

Bap! (Free) The Cthaeh has seen everything you do. Bap! The Cthaeh has seen how you'll react to my hitting you. Bap! You do not appear in anyone's visions, unless you wish to lower this defense. Scrying and means of magical detection do not work on you, you could chant the names of the Chandrian all day without their notice.
One more for the road. Bap!

Clean (Free)
Be a shame to come to your favorite fantasy world and immediately catch the bloody flux. You are immune to all diseases, unable to catch or spread them to others. You find it easy to maintain a modern level of hygiene, your teeth and body clean overnight without effort. Nor need you feed malnutrition, as long as you keep *something* edible coming in, you will maintain health and fitness, and your definition of 'edible' is a lot broader than most people's.
Any lingering health issues, chronic pain etc. are cleared away.

Tree of Language (Free)
Chronicler's favorite Kvothe story is how he taught himself the priestly tongue of Tema in three days, but he skims over it. In truth, Kvothe was already fluent in two closely related languages, one of them his mother tongue. But he does have an affinity for languages, mastering many in days and Chronicler's shorthand cipher in an hour. You are now the same, it is rare that it takes you a week to become fully fluent, however complex the language. This provides no particular advantages in learning Naming.

Burning Ears (-50 cp)
The Chandrian know when someone speaks their real, or assumed, names. Once in a while is fine by them, but when a bunch of people in one area start casually bandying their names about, the Seven usually sweep in with force and sterilize the site.
You now share in this quality, having an idea when and where anyone speaks your name. This will never distract you, or wake you up in the night (you learn of it when you wake) or otherwise hinder you.

Hardy Stock (-50 cp)
In such times, you get tough or you get dead. You can put in a full day's hard work or march all day and still be ready to fight at the end. You are more resistant to shock or trauma, and can endure considerable pain.

Intimidating (-50 cp)
Some men are not to be trifled with. With a stance, with a look, you can terrify common people with ease, and convince criminals and soldiers to back off.

Nameless (-50 cp)
To get this out of the way, it is extraordinarily unlikely that anyone will divine your true Name in this setting. It was practically a miracle for Kvothe to Name Felurian, and the Fae is a far simpler creature at heart than any human. But why take a one in a million chance when zero is better? This perk will render you Nameless, like copper, unable to be Named and controlled by any mage, and shield you against similar True Name antics in future Jumps.

Apt Pupil (-100 cp)
Kvothe learned first of all how to learn, as such he was able to memorize all the runes of sygaldry in a quarter the time of his peers, by devising a clever mnemonic rhyme. You are able to learn things in a quarter the normal time, and twice as fast as that with a skilled teacher or genuine interest in the subject, but you have the drive to keep at the driest of tomes come hell or high water, nor do you ever forget anything you learn or let unused skills decay.

Charismatic (-100 cp)
You are charming, likable, and find it easy to make friends.

Legend in the Making (-200 cp)
This is a fairy-tale like world where people can rise from humble beginnings to become legends like Jax, Taborlin or Kvothe. There are no longer limits to what you may eventually achieve, no matter how fast or strong or skilled you become, you can always push it further. Your perks and powers can be grown and are now a starting point, not a fixed gift.

Alar (-100 cp, free Arcanist)

The most essential quality in a mage is to have an iron will that you can impose upon reality, and yours is like Ramston Steel. You can make yourself believe that this time a stone will not fall, compartmentalize to hide an item with half your mind and search with the other, sing in harmony with yourself. This makes sympathy much easier, and in contested sympathy duels, the stronger *alar* will virtually always triumph. Plus, there are other benefits to a strong will and capacity for self-delusion.
For free, we'll throw in the Heart of Stone, a meditative technique that lets someone banish all emotion and biases and make decisions based on pure reason, and the Spinning Leaf, which lets a person go with the flow and become far more in tune with their intuition and feelings. This latter is very useful in several martial arts as well as Naming. You have sufficient *alar* to indefinitely maintain both techniques at once.

Sympathy (-200 cp, discount Arcanist)
The main magic of the setting, what Denna described at one point as 'moneychanging with energy.' Simply put, you can mentally link two objects so that energy imparted on one is transferred to the other. Kinetic, heat, electric potential, probably at least some chemical reactions, Kvothe mentions early on soaping a feather to stop a bird from flying. The strength of the connection will depend upon your *alar*, and how close the linked subjects are in size, shape and composition. An actual piece of the thing almost always works best, but even with a really good link, don't expect to see more than 33% energy transfer. Good thing you can double up, in fact, you can keep up to nine sympathy links active at once and may be able to expand that number with practice. Sympathists must expend some energy on the link, usually using a fire for convenience.

Hands Off (-400 cp, discount Arcanist)
Sympathy is not all an Arcanist learns. Sygaldry is the process of automating sympathy with runes plated in gold and silver or formed of wire. There are 197 runes, and a limitless number of potential combinations, for everything from a magic

refrigerator to a pair of linked bells that ring together. Artifice lets an Arcanist make magic that lasts without their presence and effort.
Alchemy is nine-tenths chemistry, but also deals in factoring refined essences and bound principles. In short, it is possible to give a given herb's symbolic power or medicinal effect greater oomph. Alchemical treatments are very effective at fireproofing objects. This has naturally made you an expert in both pharmacology and poison, one reason people distrust Arcanists.
You are a master at both these arts.

Master Namer (-600 cp, discount Arcanist)
To command one true name is a rare and special thing. Imagine one word that can sum up a stone and its entire history, its shape and weight and texture, the way it catches the light. You, like the famous Taborlin the Great, can be said to know the Name of all things, not because you have literally memorized these names, but because you have internalized the tools to quickly figure them out, often within minutes or moments for inanimate things. You are in touch with your instincts, your sleeping mind (subconscious) that understands these matters and sees to the truth of things, whatever deception or illusions are thrown your way. You can command stone to shatter, a lock to open, a tree to grow in moments, the wind to blow, summon fire and lightning to smite your enemies, even some metaphorical things, like using a piece of iron and its name to bind a Fae creature. Figuring out the Names of animals and people is usually a prohibitive investment of time and effort, but insight into them can help.
You cannot, however, command copper, the one material known to lack a true Name.

Edema Ruh (-100 cp, free Bard)
It is said the traveling people, the Edema Ruh, know all the stories and songs in the world. That's probably a hollow boast, but in your case it isn't. You know every song, every folktale and fable in this and every world you land in. This doesn't help you

distinguish fact from fiction, but you'd be surprised at the number of things about which you'll know at least a little.

Music (-200 cp, discount Bard)
You couldn't be a good bard if you weren't a skilled musician. You're good enough to earn pipes at the Eolian, and can almost always find an inn or tavern willing to provide room and board for an hour or two on stage. You are especially skilled in a particular instrument, but at least competent in all.

Presentation (-400 cp, discount Bard)
You always present yourself in the best possible light. You are a skilled actor, and never better than when improvising a scene in real-life. You could talk down an angry mob and wow a crowd with your dramatic killing of a draccus you... sorta unleashed on them, but nevermind the inconvenient details!
You are also phenomenally attractive, on the same level as Felurian minus the magic that customizes her appearance to each viewer and drives people made with desire, ever clean and healthy.

Six String (-600 cp, discount Bard)
It is good to play music, making you a part of the tapestry of culture and art and carrying forward the traditions. But to make a mark it is not enough to repeat what others have written and sung. You are a masterful composer, whether you wish to pen great symphonies that will be played centuries later, or bawdy tavern songs lampooning a rival, none can doubt your skill. You can improvise under pressure, as when Kvothe finished a song on six strings.

Etiquette (-100 cp, free Noble)
Manners are how the upper class have always distinguished themselves. You know at all times which fork to use, what meat to pair with wine, how to blend in with high-society. You can also keep your cool in the face of intolerable provocation. You can convey a sense of great importance without ever being boorish about it.

Good Help (-200 cp, discount Noble)
It can be so hard to find. You easily find skilled people for whatever opening you have, be it a chef or an assassin. You make connections easily with the skilled and the desperate, and so with very little effort could freeze a musician out of a town's art scene, or set up a continent-spanning spy network made up of the very finest people for that line of work.

Schemer (-400 cp, discount Noble)
The defining feature of nobility, besides their lucky and privileged birth, is the ruthlessness and cunning with which they maintain an absolute grip on power. Courtly politics are the sea you swim in, and no one can read the currents better than you. Who is in, who is out, which star to hitch your wagon to and which to quietly drown. You see hidden alliances and betrayals coming a mile away, and are usually at least three steps ahead. You would make an ideal right hand to any ruler who could trust you.

Royal (-600 cp, discount Noble)
Yours was the most privileged birth of all, you are a scion of royalty, at least one heartbeat but no more than five from the throne. You may expect deferential treatment and the best of everything your kingdom can provide.
In future Jumps you may insert yourself into any royal house of your choosing. If none exists, you may choose to create one.

Hungry (-100 cp, free Rogue)
The mean streets have taught you to endure pain, hunger and hardship, giving you an extraordinary resilience and will. More than that, you have learned a drive for the top so that you can make 'never again' really stick, and the patience to see through to your ends, come what may.

Lightfinger (-200 cp, discount Rogue)

Dashing across rooftops as sure-footed as some would in the avenue below, cutting purses, picking pockets and locks, playing a role, running a con, rigging a game. You have learned all the skills petty crime can teach you, and learned them exceptionally well.

Beggar King (-400 cp, discount Rogue)
There was an old man in Tarbean, who sheltered and fed many of the city's urchins. He was not always a good man, but had anyone ever raised a hand to him, they would have been torn apart by savage children. You can easily become the patron and savior of criminals, while being seen as a pillar of the community and beyond suspicion. You can save someone from a life of crime or mold them into the perfect agent of yours. Authorities go out of their way not to examine you too closely.

Debtors (-600 cp, discount Rogue)
Devi's business isn't really moneylending as such. It's trading favors from those University students who can't make her payments. People who owe you will never try and wriggle out, but can be flexible in what they'll offer to square things with you. Services, information, and more.

Jumper the Bloodless (-100 cp, free Warrior)
A reputation for skill at arms can defuse (or escalate) many a situation. You now have a reputation as a formidable fighter, it may bring challengers, but far more often will persuade people not to try their luck.

Situational Awareness (-200 cp, discount Warrior)
Surprise killed more warriors than swords. You are continually and effortlessly aware of your surroundings and the smallest signs of trouble. Even in the heat and press of battle, you never lose track of what's going on and where everyone is, nor do you hesitate or freeze when the fighting starts. This happens automatically, and does not distract you or make you paranoid.

Ketan (-400 cp, discount Warrior)
You have mastered the Ketan, the Adem martial arts, to the seventh degree, higher than Kvothe. This makes you a better fighter than the vast majority of warriors, easily capable of winning fights at five or six to one with otherwise peer opponents. You could work as a Cethan if you wanted.

Ciridae (-600 cp, discount Warrior)
The greatest warriors of all were the religious knights called the Amyr - who may or may not continue as a secret society to this day. The greatest of the Amyr were the Ciridae, marked by tattoos like blood running down their hands, who could not be questioned because their answer for everything would be 'for the Greater Good.' There's not really such an order anymore, but you find that people are eager to rationalize your actions, and reluctant to press or punish you. You could rob a children's charity, murder in broad daylight, and half of people would still assume you had a good reason. Try not to abuse this too much.

Fae Magic (-800 cp)
A short story had Bast go to some lengths to avoid answering whether a kid could learn to do what he does. Whatever the case, you can.
The easiest Fae art, glammourie, changes the appearance and taste and feel of things. The art of making things seem. Tricksters often use this to make pebbles and acorns look like gold, only to laugh when the magic fades and of course, this is how Fae disguise their odd appearance to walk among humans. The more similar things are already, the easier it is to glammour them and the longer it lasts.
The second art, grammarie, is the art of making things *be*. Mostly making them more. Feed your energies into a fire and it will become brighter, hotter, *hungrier.* With enough effort, you could make a sword that cuts steel like butter, a bow that launches arrows over the horizon, the perfect knife for someone into the perfect knife for anyone. This is how Felurian was able to weave a cloak from shadows, because

shadows already conceal and protect. Even noble Fae find this art incredibly draining, but the permanent results can be well worth it.

ITEMS

Discount one item at each price tier.
Discounted 50 cp items are free.

Tenaculum (-50 cp)
An alchemical glue that rapidly dries as clear as glass, and much harder. Try not to make a mess, it's hard to get rid of. You have a large tube of the stuff which replenishes nightly.

Book of Secrets (-50 cp)
The famous book of Jax, who stole the moon. This is a true bestiary, containing surprising insights into all the animals and monsters of the world, even groups like the Chandrian or the Amyr. However, it also seems to have been written for small children, each entry consists of one full-page illustration and one silly childish rhyme. At least it's easy to remember!
Updates in future Jumps.

Book of the Path (-50 cp)
The holy scripture of the Tehlin faith practiced wherever the Aturan Empire once reigned. This one has been annotated by someone, perhaps several someones, who was present for the events described. It may be heretical, but it'll give you a better idea what was going on.
In future Jumps, receive a likewise annotated copy of the scripture of your choosing.

Money Pouches (-50 cp)
You have multiple stashes of money on your person, one for them to find, and one to keep. The hidden purse/wallet benefits from a slight SEP field, while robbers, soldiers and so on are strongly inclined to take the obvious one and search no further.

Thrice-Locked Chest (-50 cp)
A chest that is master-crafted, fireproof, and thrice as big on the inside. The main virtue, however, is that it cannot be opened by anyone you would disapprove of opening it, not by picks or explosives or acid or magic or force. If lost, it will find its way back to you within the week.

Guilder (-50 cp, free Arcanist)
A University Guilder is an Arcanist's license and degree, a flat disk of lead like a coin with a hole for a string, apparently unadorned. If any person besides the one it was made for touches it, they feel a rapidly spreading numbness, so its authenticity is easily proven.
In future Jumps, this serves as unquestionable proof of your qualifications, so long as you have them, in case you don't have an educational record in the setting or need to convince NASA you're a real alchemist.

Instrument (-50 cp, free Bard)
A high quality musical instrument of your choice, and a case to carry it in.

Purse (-50 cp, free Noble)
A coinpurse holding forty talents, renewed each week. A frugal man could live off twenty for a year.
In future Jumps this may become a wallet or a charge card, for an equivalent income.

Sympathy Lamp (-50 cp, free Rogue)
One of the easiest artifices of sygaldry, this lantern converts ambient heat into a bright, steady light far superior to a candle. By default this is rather reddish compared to lights you are used to, but can also be made a harsh bluish-white. Yours can switch modes and like Kvothe's is a bullseye lantern, meaning you can open it to project only a narrow beam like a flashlight. If lost, stolen or damaged it will be restored to you by next dusk.

Sword (-50 cp, free Warrior)
A well-made blade. Should you wish something slightly more exotic, like Kvothe's famous sword of an unknown, silvery metal, or Taborlin's great blade of copper, this can be accommodated. Should you be separated from your blade it will find its way back to you within the hour.

Bloodless (-100 cp)
A novel sygaldry invention of Kvothe's. This consists of a hanging metallic structure, like a lantern, with six heavy springs inside, and six slits that each may be set with a hook. When the runes inside detect an incoming projectile, it creates a sympathy link with a plate on the end of each spring. The arrow or spear or stone triggers the spring, which alerts people with the snap and crucially, dumps most of the kinetic energy back into the projectile, likely shattering it but definitely sending it spinning harmlessly away. This also sets the Bloodless to spinning, increasing the chances of catching subsequent shots. A splendid tool for guarding caravans against the crucial first shots of an ambush, or preventing snipers, the math still works great against bullets.

Keth-Selhan (-100 cp)
A horse, finely bred Kersheran stock, all black. A fantastic runner, hardly seems to tire and will need minimal or no effort for you to stable and care for. All black, we promise.

Key (-100 cp)
An otherwise unremarkable key that can open any lock.

Poor Boy (-100 cp)
A small tin of kerosene, sugar and oil. Yank the string and it'll ignite, providing very intense but not harmful heat for five minutes. It's safer than carrying a torch everywhere for sympathy purposes, and can provide a much needed boost in an emergency. You get two, which refresh themselves each dawn, no need to disassemble and clean them out.

Eolian (-200 cp)
You own a world-famous tavern. Musicians pay *you* for a chance to play your venue and maybe attract the notice of a wealthy patron, who are also drawn to hear the best up and comers and happy to pay you a finder's fee. If you wish, you can have a system like the silver pipes, where a musician earns the right to play for free and the badge of this is much esteemed in the musical world. This is all, of course, a huge money-maker for you.

Fae Flower (-200 cp)
For what reason would anyone risk contact with the Cthaeh or its fearsome guardians? Because the rare flower of that tree, the rhinna, is a panacea, an instant fix for any illness, poison, injury or disability. You now have such a flower, replaced a year and a day after it is eaten.

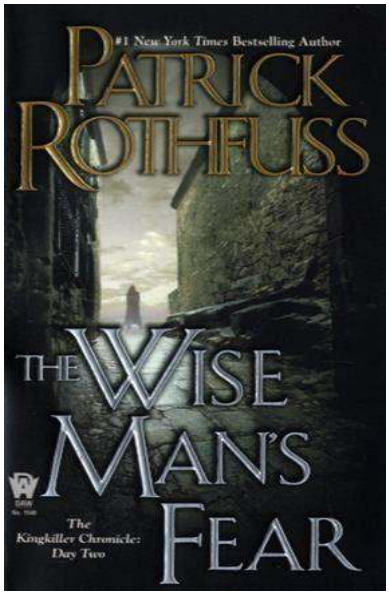
Gram (-200 cp)
One of the most complex sygaldry creations, requiring the carefully restricted runes for affecting blood and bone, also lead in the shape of a coin but one carved with runes inlaid with gold and silver. As long as a gram is worn against your flesh, it is an infallible shield against malfeasance, any direct attacks by sympathy, even using your own blood and hair, are futile.
In future Jumps, this works as a shield against all hostile magic. It will not prevent your use of magic, nor block you from receiving beneficial effects.

Materials (-200 cp)
Each year the Artificery at the University consumes an inordinate amount of rare materials. Glass, gold, copper, bone-tar, wolfram steel, etc. Whatever your crafting needs, no matter how exotic, you will find them easily met by crates delivered to your doorstep when you begin the project.

Shaed (-200 cp)

A cloak woven of shadow, and the light of the sun and moon and stars, using grammarie, the mysterious Faen magic by which things like light and souls might be snatched up and shaped by hand. You will find no better armor than this in the world, and it makes one quite hard to see in the dark while being very comfortable in a range of temperatures. It can change color and shape so long as it remains basically a cloak. Unless you wish it not to, it will tend to billow and blow dramatically in the absence of wind, and not move nearly enough as cloth in a strong gust. Contains many cleverly-hidden pockets.

Stacks (-200 cp)
The Archive is a world-wonder, books upon books upon scrolls upon tablets, some dating back to the Creation War. You have your own library updated with every historical, scientific or magical text to exist in more than five copies. And you don't even have to deal with seven different filing systems.



DRAWBACKS

The Slow Regard of Rothfuss' Writing (+0 cp)
At the time of this writing, fans have been waiting thirteen years for the final part of the trilogy. Maybe it comes out and we all hate it. Maybe it overturns your closely-held

fanon. Who knows? No fear, you can dismiss anything not in the first two books, even the various short stories, if you so wish.

Story Not Yet Spun (+50 cp)
You may extend your stay, a decade by default, by five years per purchase. You may take this up to six times.

Chilly (+100 cp, requires Sympathy)
You have an unusual disability for a sympathist, you cannot use an external energy source to sustain your links. In short, you always cast from your own body heat. Binder's Chills will become painfully familiar to you. Be careful not to overdo it, or you could well die.

Ravel (+100 cp)
You are part of a despised, frequently discriminated against, minority. Have fun!

Signs (+100 cp)
Like the Chandrian, there is a visible sign of your presence. Perhaps fire turns blue for a mile around you, or metal rusts, perhaps sickness or darkness. Expect this to unnerve many.

Sweet (+100 cp)
You have extremely clean, unnaturally white teeth, the telltale sign of a sweet-eater, an addict to Denner resin. You aren't… but people will assume you are.

Wise Man's Fear (+100 cp)
There are three things a wise man fears in Temerant. A storm at sea, a moonless night in the wilderness with no one to hear, and the anger of a gentle man finally driven to violence. At some point in your stay, you will face all three, and no attempt to game this or minimize it will work. Best of luck.

Copperhawk (+200 cp)

You find yourself indebted to a *gaelet*, or loan-shark. The sum is more than you can readily pay whatever your means, and the interest is steep, fifty percent every two months. Best shake a leg and find a way to make money fast, your collateral for the loan was a blood sample, so unless you want to wear a gram at all times or ward off malfeasance, you'd better pay up.

Rival (+200 cp)
You have a rival, someone who is fairly skilled but is also fantastically wealthy and connected. They are vicious and deeply petty.

A Taste of Plum (+300 cp)
At some point, you were dosed with a plum bob, an alchemical poison that causes someone to speak or act without restraint, without morality or the ability to visualize and predict the consequences of their actions. The good news is it was flushed out of your system. The bad news is, you sometimes relapse, particularly in times of stress and high emotion, you will taste plum and do the stupidest things, driven by impulse and pure Id.

The Lightning Tree (+300 cp)
You are a magnet for strange people, events and creatures. Not for you the quiet life, a minimum of once a week dramatic events will shake up your life. Often you will need to quest for a thing, and often multiple things. It's as they say, third time pays for all.

The Narrow Road (+400 cp)
You must leave behind you, for a time, the person you were to become the person you are meant to be. Your powers, your perks and items, shall not accompany you on this Jump, leaving you to survive by your own wits and purchases here. Not to fear, they'll return when you leave and in the meantime, you will be given three rune-inscribed charm sticks. Break one, and wield your old strength for three hours. They will not be replaced, that you got even this much is a kindness. Lingering effects will fade, so an

eternal spell will end or enhancement potion you made yourself, but anyone you slay will stay dead.

What's Their Plan? What's Their Plan? (+400 cp)
The Chandrian are after you, the main villains of the series. Seven warlords and mages who are at least five thousand years old, we think. They ruthlessly destroy any sign or research into their history, hunting down anyone who speaks their names too often, which now extends to you. No matter where you go, they will find a trail, a witness, something to go off of. The Chandrian fear only the Sithe, the Amyr and the Singers.

The Giving Tree (+600 cp)
Forget about starting location, you start in the Fae Realm, beneath a tree in which is imprisoned the all-seeing Cthaeh. There are two problems here, the first is that the Cthaeh is a creature of limitless venom and vast foresight, those who hear even a word or two from it tend to go on to do terrible things, a Worm fan might call them 'Ziz-bombs.' The second is that for this reason, the tree is surrounded at all times by the Fae's greatest warriors, the Sithe. If they find you, they will snipe you from half a mile away with their great horn bows, and if a bird lands on your corpse, they'll kill it too. Should you escape, they will hunt you to the ends of the world, determined to kill you at all costs, and anyone you may have interacted with. Have fun!

END

What now? Happily Ever After, Next Adventure, Hero Hangs Up the Sword?

Notes:

Kvothe was born to the Edema Ruh, a traveling people, in the theater troupe of his father, the famous bard Arliden. From a young age, he took easily to music and acting and all things he turned a hand to. When he was eight, the troupe took on a magician, Abenthy, who taught Kvothe the rudiments of sympathy and once called on the wind

to defend himself from a mob, inspiring a desire in Kvothe to master the name of the wind.

When Kvothe was 11, his father began his great work, an epic ballad of Lanre, the world's greatest warrior millennia ago who lost his love and fell from grace, destroying all he once defended. As part of that he researches the Chandrian, seven bogeyman supposedly dating to that time. The Chandrian take notice and one day, Kvothe returns from gathering herbs to spice dinner to find the whole troupe dead, and three Chandrian on a video call to their boss, Haliax (formerly Lanre). Kvothe is almost killed by one of them, Cinder, but Haliax orders them to flee the approach of their enemies. Dazed, Kvothe salvages his father's lute and a few supplies and walks to the nearest city, Tarbean, which is when you enter. There, hiding the lute, he survives as a beggar and a thief for three years. Shocked out of his survival mode when he hears a storyteller relate the full tale of Lanre's fall, and remembers the Chandrian have enemies they fear: the Sithe, the singers and the Amyr, an order of paladins disbanded three centuries ago.

Kvothe walks two weeks to Imre and the University, where he hopes to learn about the Amyr and the Chandrian, two popular subjects of fairy-tales. On the way he sees a young woman Denna singing in a tavern and is swept away by her beauty and talent. Admission to the University is via an oral exam, with tuition for the next semester set by your results, a lottery determines the test order. Kvothe spends a whole day eavesdropping on previous test-takers. The masters are so wowed by this precocious child they're prepared to let him have his first semester free, but he insists that with a little money he'll be the greatest student they ever saw, and *they* pay *him* ten talents.

He is disheartened to learn that only students in the Arcanum, the program of mostly second year students and up who are serious about becoming Arcanists, have the run of the Archives, other students must ask for books and wait in a public area. Not wanting to admit to 'childish' interests, he determines to become the youngest pupil to enter the Arcanum.

After his first sympathy class, Kvothe says he knows all the material and asks to be placed in an advanced class. Master Hemme is skeptical, and has him teach the next class, where Kvothe gives him a hotfoot with sympathy. He is raised to the Arcanum, and sentenced to be publicly flogged for assaulting a professor. Kvothe sneaks a painkiller and coagulant so he neither bleeds nor cries out. But proceeds directly from the infirmary to the Archives still under the influence, and a wealthy stuffed-shirt he annoyed, Ambrose Jakis, easily tricks Kvothe into bringing a flame into the Archives in the form of a candle instead of a sympathy lamp that can't burn the collection. This enrages the Archivist, Master Lorren, who bans Kvothe from the Archives altogether.

Kvothe excels in his classes, though he's forced to take out a loan from a *gaelet*, or loan shark, for expenses. His creditor, Devi, is a former student and extremely skilled sympathist, who takes as collateral a blood sample so she can track or kill Kvothe at any time. Kvothe makes a close circle of friends, Willem, Simmon and Fela. He also meets a strange girl, Auri, who lives in the catacombs beneath the University and only comes out at night, an escapee from Haven, the school asylum for mages who bent their minds too far. Eventually, Auri shows him a secret path into the bowels of the Archives. To stretch his money, he performs songs at inss for room and board. Kvothe starts going to the Eolian, the center of Imre's thriving performing arts culture, hoping to attract a wealthy patron. Jakis, who also plays, poisons the well for him there, and almost certainly is behind the snapping of a lute string when Kvothe performs to earn his silver pipes, but improvises an ending with six strings. In retaliation, Kvothe pens a ribald tune about a donkey who wants to become an Arcanist, 'Jackass, Jackass' set to the tune of a popular drinking song. After being brought up before the Masters for it and ordered to publicly apologize, Kvothe writes an overwrought apology letter in which he repents for every filthy word, which he includes in the letter with two new verses and musical notation, then plasters a thousand copies all over town with an alchemical glue so tough they need a chisel to get it off. Shortly before Kvothe's next oral exam, Jakis has a friend poison him with a plum bob.

Later, Denna is distraught because after she broke off a relationship with Jakis after the third date, he kept a ring he was getting resized for her. Kvothe steals it back, but gets cut and leaves some blood, which Jakis uses to attack him. Kvothe assumes it's Devi, who denies it and easily beats him when he attacks her in desperation. Kvothe forges a gram, or protective charm, and then burns the inn Jakis stays at to give him a chance to destroy the mommet (voodoo doll) of himself.

At length, Kvothe hears a rumor of a massacre at a wedding and blue fire, the sign of Cinder, and rushes to the town of Trebon. There he finds Denna, a den of drugs, and a draccus (common dragon, no flying or fire-breathing) that developed a taste. After saving Denna from an overdose and hiding in a cliff from the draccus, Kvothe gets the idea to give the draccus all the Denner resin and let it die. He did not expect the draccus to go on a drug-fueled rampage and attack the town. Kvothe saves Trebon with style and magic, crushing it with the iron wheel on a church (symbol of the Tehlin faith). The grateful locals explain that the massacre happened after the father of the bride dug up an ancient pot covered with depictions of the Chandrian and their signs.

Back at the University, a number of things happen, most importantly Jakis smashes Kvothes' lute and in fit of rage he calls upon the wind to break his fellow student's arm. The Masters are again unamused, but his feat of naming earns him another promotion in the University hierarchy.

– Book 2 –

Kvothe is put on trial for Consorting With Demons by the religious authorities for his assault on Jakis. He beats the rap, but the affair brings a lot of negative publicity to the University and gives everyone a bad taste in their mouths. Pretty much all of Kvothe's teachers and friends recommend he make himself scarce for a semester or two until the heat dies down.

Count Threpe at the Eolian provides him a letter of introduction and sends him by ship to Severen, to help his friend the Maer, the most powerful uncrowned noble in Vintas, woo Meluan Lockless - pretty much the only bachelorette within his social class. Kvothe is almost killed a couple times on the trip, but proves a very effective Cyrano… after he discovers the Maer is being slowly poisoned by his court magician Caudicus and sufficiently proves it. He finds Denna there, working on a song about the fall of Lanre's home city Myr Tariniel. This contradicts Kvothe's understanding of Lanre and the relevant history, and he's worried about her doing what got his family killed, but won't explain. The two have an ugly fight and part on bad terms.

The Maer puts Kvothe in charge of a search-and-destroy mission to eliminate bandits robbing tax caravans in the Eld with four mercenaries, one an Adem Cethan named Tempi, who tells Kvothe the first folktale he hadn't already heard in many years, Jax who stole the moon. At the bandit camp, Kvothe is a terror, calling down a lightning strike with sympathy and turning one bandit into a mommet for five others. The leader, Cinder, escapes.

On the return trip, the party encounters the Fae Enchantress Felurian, and Kvothe follows her to the Fae Realm. They are lovers for three days and Kvothe is able to defy and Name her when she tries to stop him from leaving. She relents and weaves him a shaed to protect him, but sends him away for her to finish the work, and he wanders near the tree of Cthaeh, who taunts him with various hints about the future, and most distressingly claims that Denna's patron is abusing her.

Back with the party, Kvothe bonds some more with Tempi, and is upset when several more Cethan put him on trial for teaching Kvothe their secret fighting moves. To clear Tempi's name, Kvothe has to journey all the way to Adem and prove himself worthy of his teachings. He spends a while there, training and learning Adem ways.

On his return trip, Kvothe encounters bandits posing as Edema Ruh, and murders them all and rescues two kidnapped maidens. Meluan Lockless, who is now settled into a life

with the Maer, shows off her family heirloom, the Lockless Box that has no hinge or catch and cannot be opened. Kvothe is surprised at the Maer's interest in the Amyr, and the two conclude that someone is deliberately suppressing the history of the group. Unfortunately, Meluan is kinda really racist against Edema Ruh, especially after her sister (implied to be Kvothe's mother) ran off with one and she doesn't believe the bandits are fake. Kvothe argues back and is effectively banished from Severen, though the Maer still pardons his crimes, gives him a note giving him permission to perform in Vintas, and agrees to cover all his tuition. Kvothe returns to the University in a semblance of glory. He also cuts a deal with the Bursar to enter tuition as ten talents, Kvothe will perform as badly as possible on his exams, and they'll split the extra money.

–Framing–

In the present of the story, the Chronicler seeks out Kote in the rural village of Newarre. He is mugged by a couple of soldiers, and later almost killed by scraelings, Fae spider monsters, rescued by Kote. He asks for the real story of Kvothe's adventures. He agrees, but insists on seeing his notes, and telling the story in three parts over three days.

Kote is assisted by a Fae trickster, Bast. That night, Bast claims to have leaked a rumor about Kvothe to draw the Chronicler, hoping for someone to remind Kvothe of who he used to be. Bast insists Chronicler focus on the positive, heroic aspects and not the tragedy they all know this story to be, and that if he makes Kvothe's depression worse Bast will make his remaining years "a symphony of misery."

The next day, Chronicler is annoyed at Kote glossing over the trial for witchcraft, his favorite Kvothe story. Kote & Bast then make sport at him, and a point about ownership over one's story, by making up wild stories about the Chronicler for the

lunch-time crowd. That night, two soldiers try to rob the place. Kote 'forgot who I was a moment' and starts to fight back, but loses badly.