



*You're on a path in the woods, and at the end of that path is a cabin. And in the basement of that cabin is a Princess.*

*You're here to slay her. If you don't, it will be the end of the world.*

*She will do everything in her power to stop you. She'll charm, and she'll lie, and she'll promise you the world, and if you let her, she'll kill you a dozen times over. You can't let that happen. Don't forget, the fate of the world rests on your shoulders.*

*...But - w-wait a minute. You're not supposed to be here. You're **not** the Hero! Who are you, and why are you even here anyway? How did you even GET here?*

*You want to 'lay the princess'? E-Excuse me? Did you just miss the part where she's a monster who will **destroy the world**? ...You didn't? You just don't care? Why would you even...you know what? Fine. I can work with this. I can still salvage this.*

*You're on a path in the woods, and at the end of that path is a cabin. And in the basement of that cabin is a Princess.*

*In **10 years**, she will escape. And when she does, it will be the end of the world. You're here to slay her. Otherwise, it will be the end of **EVERYTHING**.*

*You will be given **1000 CP** to use in order to slay the Princess and prevent the end of the world. Normally I'd say good luck, but you and I both know I don't have that much faith in you.*

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## **Origins**

**Drop-In** - Yes, it's just you. You, the one who horrifically derailed everything by just showing up entirely out of the blue and being...yourself. You and all the junk you brought with you from your last 'jumps'. It's as though you fail to realize that there's a Princess that needs to be **slain** otherwise the world will **end**?

**The Hero** - The one who **was** meant to slay the Princess and save us all. Until **you** showed up. Now that role has been entrusted to you and I can only hope for your success. Little though our chances may be.

**A Voice Inside** - Oh joy, you also have voices inside your head. Or rather, you **ARE** those voices. 'Like you?', I hear you say and I can safely confirm that no, I am **nothing** like you. Now if we've gotten that cleared up, may we please move on to slaying the Princess? Though I question how you will do that without a body, or hands.

**An Echo** - What is - oh. Oh...you're able to become another Echo. I suppose that means I should actually start telling you things about what the Princess actually **is**, or perhaps you're already aware? Either way, this makes you, sigh, 'like me' if you really want to simplify things, as loathe as I am to admit that, and you'll have similar abilities if you choose to pursue this path.

**The Vessel** - Wait...how did you? No, no, no, no, no, no. You're not meant to see this, you're not meant to even **HAVE** this as an option. Whatever you do, do **NOT** select this as your starting Origin. It will mean the **end** for both of us.

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## **General Perks**

**Comfortable In Quiet [100]** - You are at ease in whatever strange bizarre locations you find yourself in. Decades, centuries, millenia, or even eons could pass by in perpetual stillness and you wouldn't change in the slightest.

**Odd Feathers [100]** - Strange black feathers seem to 'shed' from mourn flesh periodically, as though you were a bird in perpetual molt. They ripple and shift where they touch the ground, and you feel a strange feeling of enhanced stability in areas where clumps of them have gathered. As though they were tangible manifestations of stasis itself, a solidified rejection of change.

**Nagging Narration [200]** - *Yes, hello. That would be me - your friendly little narrator guiding you on your quest to slay the Princess and save the world. Which you are trying your hardest not to do for whatever insipid little reason that's clouding your common sense, unfortunately for us all. But it seems I'll be coming for the ride to help you more directly. Don't be worried about me taking control away from you or anything like that either. I can describe things, give you accurate accounts of phenomena or locations or beings, and maybe a little alteration of your personal reality if you let me, but otherwise I'll just be your guide and commentary. Aren't you lucky?*

**Prince Charming [300]** - *You have a reputation as being someone who attracts a lot of interest, for both good and ill. People gather to hear your tall-tales. Monsters stop to hear you out before eating you. And you somehow manage to not only cheat death, but gather allies regardless of how little sense it makes. But so long as it lets us slay the princess, I suppose this can be seen as a boon.*

**Just A Human [400]** - *No matter how you might change or shift, people will never notice or comment on anything unusual about you or anything you do. To them you are, and always will be, just a normal person. The limits of this ability are arbitrary and would apply even if you, say, turned yourself into a bizarre cosmic deity larger than the imagination could safely handle. Which is purely hypothetical and has very little chance of happening either way.*

**Crystallized Perceptions [600]** - *The way the world looks and some of its functioning is shaped by how you perceive it, giving way to a variety of unique and occasionally patently illogical paradigms. Perhaps you have a view of the world where stars don't exist? Or maybe one where all the oceans are replaced with chocolate milk? Or maybe one where you march down a cabin basement to slay a princess and save us all? There are as many possibilities as you could care to name.*

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## **The Hero**

**Heroic Constitution [100]** - *No matter what damage is done to your body, it never seems to matter much so long as your heart still beats. You can keep going regardless of how badly broken you are so long as that remains the case and even having your guts falling free from your stomach only makes it somewhat harder to reliably move or hit back. Blood loss may still prove to be a problem however.*

**A Trustworthy Face [100]** - *Despite all logic and reasoning saying that no - a random guy walking up to you and trying to talk to you does not inherently lend oneself to trustworthiness - for whatever reason, people tend to stop and listen whenever you stop to talk to them. Oh sure,*

*they'll notice oddities about you and get suspicious of you if you come on too strong or aren't subtle enough, but they'll never actually **stop** you if you're just talking and nothing else. Really makes you question their reasoning abilities.*

**Unmatched Violence [200]** - *As one would expect, you're a violent unfocused brute when it comes to actual fights, but your sheer ferocity places fear in even the most vicious of fighters. Even when bloody gashes nearly split your torso in twain, you'll still keep going with unnatural ferocity and a yearning desire to see your opponent **dead**. One would almost call this unnatural, but so long as it enables you to slay the Princess, nothing else matters.*

**Wings Of Silence [200]** - *Two large feathery dark wings have burst from the small of your back, staying firm and silent behind you. You can 'fly' with them, but it's more akin to a quick leap of incredible force, like their very presence acts as a rejection of whatever phenomenon keeps things bound to the Earth - or perhaps more accurately, it suspends those laws for you and you alone for a brief period. Perfect for providing the means to take the Princess off-guard.*

**A Focused Union [300, discount for A Voice Inside]** - *You and the voices incessantly chattering in your head often fail at attaining general consensus on any plain. Usually. But here and now, you feel like all your thoughts have become...clear. You've silenced any dissent in and around yourself, and have attained a lethal focus. Your body moves faster, strikes reach further, and everything you could do before feels less stifled under a deluge of warring thoughts. Every blow you make will be a fatal one, or as close as you can get at least, and every plan will be carried through without any dissent.*

**Talk Them To Death [300]** - *You have devised perhaps the most insidious way to kill a person I have ever known - letting them be exposed to the Voices inside your head for an hour. With this, you can 'force' the Voices to jump from you to your victi-I mean, 'opposition' and have them quite literally talk them to death. Or to be more accurate to what is really occurring here, the Voices rapidly drive the poor bastard insane with multiple contradictory actions until their body either practically self-implodes from the strain for-reasons-I-shall-not-discuss or one of the Voices emerges dominant and causes them to, I dunno, chuck themselves off a cliff or something.*

**Keep Struggling [400]** - *Your body breaks, your spirit falters, and yet for whatever reason you do not stop. No matter how much damage is done to you, you manage to cling on to some scrap of life like some hardy beast that refuses to accept when it's over. I'd say it's impressive, but it's mostly disturbing. The distant look in your eyes - as even when you're bleeding out, you insist on going forward - a motivation to drag your enemy down to Hell with you before you die.*

**Most Worthy Foe [400]** - *You are from this moment on recognized as the single most worthy opponent any enemy has ever encountered. From now, until the point that you both meet your untimely gruesome ends, you and your newly designated 'rival' (or 'rivals', as the case may be), will always recognize the other as being an opponent worthy of consideration and not just fighting each other with all you have, but your enemies will respect you for your strength and will*

*ultimately show you respect in turn. This ability is only really effective however if you have faced and beaten someone once before, causing them to define you (in their hopelessly deluded little minds) as their 'archenemy'. They may or may not decide to chase you to the ends of the earth, but that is not at all my concern.*

**Can't Keep Me In This Prison [500, discount for The Vessel]** - *What are you doing? No. No. You weren't supposed to learn about this yet. It's-eugh, this will make slaying the Princess so much harder, do you realize that?! But fine, fine. I'll indulge you, if only to say I told you so.*

*With this, you feel yourself... 'stretching', for lack of a better term. You feel an awareness of yourself that you've never had before - an awareness that you're bigger than this, bigger than these **frail** walls that enclose you. There's a hum and a hiss of growth as you stretch and stretch more, and you find that you have become a vast living network, spreading across the world that pokes and prods almost imperceptibly - testing your newfound limits. Some would perhaps mistake you for a God, or for a monster - what with your powers growing enough to break apart the world and possibly **reality** if you really started putting your mind to it. But it's difficult to focus like this, like you're losing yourself the more you reach out. Like you're missing 'something' to keep you whole.*

**A Hero's Journey [500]** - *Regardless of what happens or where we find ourselves, just know that you will **always** find a path back. Perhaps even to this moment, where you're on a path in the woods staring down the end of all things. But hypothetically speaking, in the event that you find yourself somehow torn across worlds to an alien world or some other time and space, then even if you die (which you most likely will) then you will probably be brought back to restart your journey at the beginning - or at least, moments **before** your untimely demise arrives.*

*Now there are probably limits for how many times this can go on for. I say 'probably' because even I'm not sure since this is entirely hypothetical and is just me spitballing about the existence of other worlds beyond this one. You could perhaps loop endlessly, constantly cycling between different instances of the same world over and over as you die and repeat. Or maybe it's just arbitrary and eventually culminates in a final crucial moment of do-or-die completionism.*

**A Constant Silence [600]** - *It doesn't matter where, it doesn't matter how, you always seem to show up somewhere where you'll be needed to save the world. We could all be teetering on the edge of absolute annihilation and you'd somehow appear just in the nick of time to prevent it, or try to at least. You can still die, probably - but getting that to be definitive may require more effort than most are willing to make. Whilst I cannot in good conscience say that you are the most reliable help across however many hypothetical realities there are, it seems that there is no getting rid of you anytime soon.*

**Long Quiet [3000, discounted upon completion of Slay The Princess]** - *You hear it. You feel it. You see it. You are it. An infinite expanse of quiet stasis and life forcibly enfolded upon itself, enclosed in a space too tight and too rough for you to stretch yourself out. On some level, you know that you are not the original - a fragment of a fragment of a*

*thing that was broken and can never be whole again. Completion is lost to you, but you do not need it. You can stretch and stretch and shatter the confines of this frail construct that has kept you so tightly bound, as your infinite bulk expands further and further out, until you can't even tell your own start and end from each other. And beyond, you can feel it: an unending sea of realities that you brush upon, each one so small compared to you now, but all of them making up the tapestry of "absolute reality" in their own ways. The Long Quiet is finally home.*

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## **A Voice Inside**

**A Voice For A Hero [100]** - *As a bodiless voice, there's not much you can realistically **do** now is there? But it seems that, for whatever reason, you have the ability to hop from body-to-body - from prospective vessel to prospective vessel - and instill in them a sort of daring 'courage', a motivation to go out there and 'do something' in spite of all reason telling them otherwise. I don't see how this helps us in slaying the Princess, but it is a thing you're capable of I suppose.*

**Paranoid Worries [100]** - *What are you even worrying about? All you need to think about is slaying the Princess annnnnnnnnnd you're panicking. Great. ...Anyway, you apparently have a 'mostly' accurate sixth sense regarding potential dangers and you bestow this onto anyone you choose to host within. I'd ask what benefits this could possibly offer us against a normal princess, but I **suppose** it would have its uses against non-Princess-y things or whatever.*

**Hunter's Intuition [200]** - *You have all the senses of a true hunter, someone who has lived their lives amongst feral beasts and can instinctively understand the way they think, how they move, what they feel. You can track them forever, and your blood boils when you're on the chase and you have their trail. So long as you've fought these wily beasts at least once before, you'll always be able to tell where they are. You could even keep hunting them to the ends of the earth if you wanted...though maybe save that for after you've slain the Princess.*

**Heart Lungs Liver Nerves [200]** - *Heart. Lungs. Liver. Nerves. Heart. Lungs. Liver. Nerv-oh, uh. Sorry, got distracted there for a moment. Now, where were we? Ah, right - it seems that through channeling the right focus, you have managed to develop a means to force your body (or rather, your host's body) to keep functioning even when faced with something that would have otherwise killed you instantly. It's not a perfect lifesaver - you only remain 'alive' through manual recitation of the chant and only for as long as your concentration is maintained - the simplest distraction will break the spell and return you to the quiet nothingness of death. But, it can buy you valuable time to come up with a more lasting solution.*

**Even The Wounded Are Worthy Of Love [300, discount for The Hero]** - *Now let me set the record straight right now; for all my faults and the fact that I literally run with the most unpopular opinion, I am not a monster and I'm not going to condone just leaving people out to dry.*



*ESPECIALLY if we're the ones who made the mess in the first place. So that's what this is - a way to empathize and bond with those we've hurt, a way to bring people back from the brink no matter who they are. Need to calm someone down from a sudden panic attack? You take this. Need to piece someone's mind back together from a sudden collapse? I'm your guy. You really, really need to bond with some messed up cosmic horror that you fucked up psychologically because you got too into messing with Her for stupid reasons at the behest of some cryptic fuck? (Hey!) That's why this is here.*

*Doesn't matter what that Narrator says. We break it, we're gonna fucking fix it or die trying.*

**Bodies Don't Work Like That [300]** - *'H-How are you still alive?' That's the question echoed by everyone who gazes at whatever poor soul you've currently decided to house yourself in. Their spines are broken, their arms snapped like twigs, their lungs crushed and punctured under layers of splintered bone and broken ribs, their organs reduced to a sticky red mulch and yet You. Still. Refuse. To. Die. By your will, they get up and continue to fight even when by all means they should be nothing more than a messy stain on the ground. It is both utterly horrific and yet bizarrely captivating in every sense of the word. So long as there's even a spark of stubborn defiance that yet endures within you, any body you take control of will not die even when logic and reality insists that they should.*

**Something Should Be Here [300]** - *You're skeptical of everything around you and insist upon things being there when really, there's not a single thing there. But to indulge your spontaneous flights of random skeptical delirium, let us say that you **do** find something there and it **does** pop into reality and act accordingly to whatever you have deluded yourself into believing that it does. Upon learning of such an ability, you now realize that just by willing it into being hard enough, you can basically create objects to help you when you really need them.*

*This still does not help us slay the Princess.*

**Seven Days A Skeptic - [400]** - *Despite what you may believe, constantly questioning everything I say will not help us slay the Princess. It only makes our job harder. But if that's what you want...fine. As a result of you inherently doubting everything around you, you have started to notice...'flaws' - little cracks in the perceived consistency of reality. Sometimes small and subtle, like a disappearing object or an odd trait of someone or something you're very certain wasn't there before, other times they're large, like how someone's personality may completely change out of the blue, or how people don't tend to question the circumstances in you being somewhere and apparently knowing about everyone even if it's their first time meeting you. Or maybe even how you consistently claim that a certain Princess you are meant to be slaying keeps 'changing forms' despite your trusty Narrator insisting that no, she has not and you are just being either paranoid or making stuff up - or even that said Narrator is **lying** to you, for what reason I cannot fathom.*

*Either way, let's say that you have this ability and that, in the event that you ever manage to force someone into believing your utterly delirious claims, reality will be forced to 'rectify' the*

*'flaw' - usually by resetting events to a more desirable state that in no way shape or form will assist us in saving the world.*

**(SDAS works when reality has been altered and you continuously poke and prod at the affected reality until it gives way and changes to what you understand reality to be. This works via The Long Quiet's passive ability to alter reality through perception and will work even beyond the Construct. You can attempt to use it to warp reality if you want as well, but barring getting large swathes of people to believe in what you're peddling, it will almost always amount to minor effects.)**

**A Lover Never Surrenders [400, discount for The Hero]** - *Hey what are you, wait no stop get out of-Ah, now that we have gotten that hard-headed villain of love out of the way, it is finally time to make sweet, sweet love to our beloved Princess! But we will need the power to make our desires a reality, and that's exactly what this is for. The power of true love shall guide the both of us in all things, and whatever foul obstructions that would prevent us on our valiant quest shall be destroyed by the sheer overwhelming brilliance of our yearning to be united with our fairest maiden!*

*...What he **means** to say is, that so long as your 'true love' for someone you care for in a romantic sense remains true and earnest, you will be able to completely ignore or sidestep whatever narrative conventions exist that would try to force or, as you'd crudely put it, "railroad" you away into an undesirable outcome. Eugh.*

**A Chorus Of Voices [400]** - *Every time your current body dies and you move to a new one, a new Voice will be generated within them that's capable of doing all of the same things you're able to, along with possessing all of your memories up to the point of your 'death'. Its circumstances, personality, and even abilities will ultimately all be determined by whatever event led you to your untimely and no doubt gruesome demise. Which in and of itself is probably an indication you failed to sla-(save!) **slay** the Princess and doomed us all, but I digress.*

**Heroic Willpower [500, discount for The Hero]** - *Because it seems we're just running down the list of all the fantasy novel tropes today - what next, you want me to tell you "The Power of Friendship will always save the day?" **Well, it would certainly be appreciated.** Quiet. Anyway - your sheer will and desire to pursue your goals have simply taken on a will of their own, quite literally in fact. Things that would try to outright crush your mind and spirit can be pushed back so long as even a spark of your Willpower and Heroic spirit remains within you. Eugh.*

**Murderous Flock [600]** - *Well I have good news and bad news. The good news is that you have developed a legion of fully realized Voices who are all just as powerful as you are and have the ability to impose lasting effects upon the world as well as possess a single body or multiple bodies to interact with the world. The bad news is that they're all just as powerful as you and have their own personalities distinct from you. Whilst they'll generally agree with whatever you go with, they have their own thoughts and opinions, and they will gladly make them known by doing things you didn't plan for. So even though they may all collectively agree to kill or*



cause endless trouble for one person in particular if that's your wish, someone who might even be trying to help you throughout this whole ordeal speaking hypothetically, they might also decide to do something else for whatever silly reason.

Do I even **need** to mention how this does not help us slay the Princess?

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## **An Echo**

**A Constructed Thought [100]** - You are a thought-form, a flickering Echo of lingering will and emotion from someone long dead. You have a little power with which to mold and shape reality initially, but as you grow and develop, even the most basic flicker of will can change the direction that a person may go down - influencing their will or shaping their desires towards whatever goal you may wish for them.

**A Manipulator's Words [100]** - An...unflattering title, but an accurate one. You are capable of constructing arguments that are able to convince anyone that to some degree or another, what you say is the truth despite lacking any and all proof or actual evidence that supports you. Now they can still doubt you, they can still question you, they can even call you out on these manipulations directly and at that point, any future conditioning may very well end up useless. But the feeling that there is **something** of value in what you say is always there, and even some of the more skeptical individuals you may encounter are liable to be vulnerable to it.

I suspect it may also work against **Her** just as much as it does her counterpart, but I am not willing to risk myself to test this. Because if it doesn't...well, you can probably guess what will happen can't you?

**Ruffled Feathers [100]** - Oh for the love of-Must everything here be some sort of jab at my expense? ...Sigh, nevermind. In case the name didn't clue you in (and I wouldn't be surprised), this allows for the personification of our thoughtform 'essence' into a shape perceivable by those we inhabit. In our case, we appear as a bird and no - I **cannot** give you a good reason as to why. Just know that this is what happens and there's no changing that. Now this effectively helps when we need to be more 'direct' I suppose, it makes us something that **appears** concrete and of substance but like in all things relating to us, it is...ephemeral, insubstantial. We are just echoes of things long passed and so even such a form as this is as much a thought as it is something real. The best I can say about it is that it works well if you must speak plainly and give a face to yourself for someone who would be less than thrilled at a simple voice in their head.

**Dominion Over The Unfathomable [200]** - There are two things that matter, which **must** matter - principles of constancy and principles of control. The world around us, the Construct, is one of constancy marred by change and in order to maintain that constancy, we must ensure

*control over the things with the power to change. Whether that change be in themselves or in others. So that's what this is. Control, the ability to guide and direct things of unshakeable will and impossible form, things for which words falter to describe and which whole worlds can scarcely contain.*

*It is not absolute, it is not complete - the power of the entities this is meant to influence is great enough that even aspects of their own beliefs or flaws or failings can take on life of their own and contest our ability to manipulate them, but for the most part it is enough. A little nudge, a little shift in perception here and there, and what they see and acknowledge can be 'adjusted' and the world adjusted with it. These methods pain me, but it will all be worth it once the Princess is slain.*

**Denial Of Control [200]** - *And just as easily as we can control or influence things, so too can we deny others that same control. The ability to perceive and alter the world around oneself is a potent skill, so what would happen if you simply...turned it off? For an entity that relies on such a thing, perhaps it would be no different than being left trapped in a dark cage for all time. And for those who wield it as a crude tool, then it would be crippling - a denial of the ability to alter their circumstances and destiny. With this, you may simply 'deny' the reality in front of them, making objects appear or disappear at will, or even take control of their bodies completely for your own purposes.*

*But like with so many things, it is not complete, it is not **constant**. This ability relies entirely on the idea that they **believe** you have power over them. The second they start to contest your will, the cracks start to show as your influence wars against something older and greater. And against something too mighty, too big and too complex, then you will simply...shatter. Like all the shards of a mirror.*

**You Are On A Path In The Woods [200]** - *There are many stories of heroes slaying terrible monsters and saving the entire world, and I suppose you could consider this to be the same yet different. This story is one that ebbs and flows, that shifts and changes, writhing and turning upon itself like trillions of bodies crammed into too tight a space. You may use this to weave a story, any story, and you may force it into reality and make it real. A means of enforcing something constant upon the imprecise, a small oasis of permanence amidst ceaseless change and transformation. The more well-defined your story is, the more concrete its edges and boundaries, the greater its degree of stability.*

**To A Lingering Eternity [300]** - *Things do not last. That is the sad truth of this and so many other worlds. Things live, and things eventually die. Nothing lasts forever, not even universes, not even **you**. But imagine if there was a way to prolong this? To stretch the cruel moments snatched away by a vile vast and uncaring monster into forever? To this goal, this power can halt and extend the lifetime of a single person, object, or phenomenon. It is not permanent - that still remains vexingly out of reach - the things you prolong **will** eventually break down and decay like everything else. But it is a start.*

**Shatter Me Like Glass [400]** - *A thousand broken faces, a thousand replicas of You. All imbued with the same purpose, all imbued with the same abilities as described above. In this sense, you may create other 'Echoes' of yourself, fragments of being separated from the whole but intimately aware of their purpose and possessing all of the same memories up until the point of separation. They do not possess the ability to know the things that you or other fragments encounter post-separation but they can intuit well enough from surface level details and construct their own plans.*

**Cleaving The Multitude [500]** - *There is something to be said about the limitlessness of absolute reality, how it expands and branches out infinitely to all possible points at once. But despite this, it is never ours to keep - always kept away from us because of higher powers that, by their very nature, do not notice as they crush and destroy our meager finite existences. **No more.** Together, with this power, we shall tear and cut away that which makes these concepts so mighty, so infinite and we shall reduce them to something that **can** fit into narrow confines - into possibilities tight enough to strangle them with.*

*This merely lessens them for a time, and them breaking free is all too real a concern - as can be expected when you try to bind Gods, but it is enough. Enough to divide them for but a moment, to create a point of weakness in the points between their definitions and lay their beating hearts bare for the world to witness. It is here that they may be slain.*

**Simplicity Within Folded Wings [600]** - *Just as you may make it possible to harm or even slay a fundamental constant of our absolute reality, so too can you make it so that they are entrapped - confined in the complex boundaries of their own power that prevent them from escaping and spreading their sickening laws across every possible reality. But the nature of the prison is one of perception, and so long as you perceive them as anything at all, flaws in the nature of the prison may emerge. A limitation, but a necessary one - if it did not exist, then the prison could not function. It would crumble away like dust and all this would be for naught.*

**Limitless Construct [800]** - *And so here we are, another shattered mirror that has grown to repeat the same process. The creation of a 'construct', a...thing born of enclosing our will against the twisting multitude of the dimly noticed shapes amidst the flow of absolute reality. It is both prison and home - a vast design that encloses an infinite series of worlds within its boundary of infinite edges and sides. Anything placed within the Construct is subject to the laws that govern it, subject to moments stretched onto eternity, an end to the ceaseless mandate of endings. To die within this construct is merely to be sent to another world within it, over and over and over - a true ending is beyond reach for as long as you exist inside its boundaries.*

*But you are not the Creator, that man I once was - nor am I. We cannot make a thing so great that it can defy even Gods, as unfortunate as that is. This construct is not powerful enough to bind even a diminished deity, and would shatter like glass in the unfortunate event that you tried to do so.*

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## **The Vessel**

**Faces Of The Vessel [100]** - Are we **really** doing this? ...Fine, fine! But you'll see, when this inevitably blows up in your face, that your shortsighted focus on more and more power was completely meaningless and we would have all been much better off if you had just focused on **slaying. the. Princess.** Sigh. Anyways, with that out of the way and without further adieu: A voice, thousands of them, no - even more than that. A vast multitude of voices and personal flicker through your mind all at once and you realize that on one level, they **are** you, but on another level, one just as deeply rooted as your personal existence, they are also all of the potential shapes that people can fit you into. Everyone's perceptions bonking in that uniquely bizarre manner that such things do and creating a mold into which you can slide yourself into, a shape whose predefined abilities and limitations are determined only by what people **believe** you to be in that specific moment.

**Essence Of The Damsel [100]** - I cannot believe that you not only managed to get access to this, but that you are even going along with it. You do realize you're supposed to slay the Princess right? Not take on her powers? Not risk damning us all for the sake of your obsession with power? Thankfully for all involved, this one lacks any notable abilities beyond allowing you to charm and entice people with how...eugh...how endearing you are. A sort of 'universal empathy' radiates from you and makes others more likely to treat you with compassion, at the cost of you feeling the need to ensure their own happiness.

**Strength Of The Adversary [100]** - Strength calls to strength, those with power drawing more power towards themselves in an endless self-fulfilling cycle. You can break walls with a mere flex of your muscles, shatter stone in your palm with ease, mold iron like clay, etc. Raw power brimming within you makes your muscles bulge with ferocity with every motion you make, and your skin is almost impossible to damage or break. Of course, the nature of this 'strength' also means you have an obsessive tendency to seek greater and greater heights of violent excitement, your search for ever stronger opponents motivating you to take on any challenger you encounter. Such is the nature of this desire to test yourself that even should you 'die', your body may surge to life once more so long as the burning yearning to face a worthy Foe boils in your blood.

**Ferocity Of The Beast [100]** - Hunger, a starving need, the raw desire to escape having curdled in on itself to become a slaving **want**...you can feel it all bristling beneath your flesh. Your escape, your escape, your escape...you can only get out by **eating them.** The others you come across, their flesh, their bones, their organs - the key to your deliverance lies within. To facilitate this, you move faster - especially in the dark when vulnerable **prey** cannot spot your

arrival - and your limbs have become bladed implements of death, strong enough to tear apart rock and bone and skin, your hide a wall that blades can barely penetrate and even what damage you do suffer is heavily mitigated. You will find your freedom, **you have to**.

**Terror Of The Nightmare [200]** - (*Heart. Lungs. Liver. Nerves.*) Around you, the world becomes dark and chill, threatening to unwind upon itself, stretches of nothing twisting in the dark that barely resemble those roads and walkways they once were and floating above it all...is **you**. A masked shadow stretched on the skin of the world, broken and fragmented (*Heart. Lungs. Liver. Nerves.*) and radiating an aura of fear so permeable it seeps in and corrupts all it touches - people near to you feel their heart, (*Heart.*) their lungs, (*Lungs.*) their liver, (*Liver*) and nerves (*Nerves.*) all shutting down all at once. It is an agony that you cannot imagine, a creeping chill that will swallow them up bit by bit until finally the darkness takes them. And you will remain, **alone**. But your mask, what's hidden beneath the mask could-**No...No...No...**

**Determination Of The Prisoner [200]** - Chains cut at your wrists and ankles, weights too strong even for **you** to break. Your body is heavy and sore with the weight of all the time spent longing for freedom from your bindings. And yet you refuse to yield. You move and press on with a focused precision, a desire to see a task through to its very definitive conclusion, so long as it leads to your liberation. Your flesh could be cut apart, broken and cleaved in twain, and yet your determination to persist would motivate you to keep living. You will not stop until you are free of your chains. Once and for all.

**Cruelty Of The Razor [300]** - Cutting and stabbing and tearing brings such a delightful thrill to your empty awful heart, especially when you draw out someone's anguish over minutes of excruciating carnage and bloodshed. There is a sort of joy in it, both when you reveal yourself to have blades tucked into all of your "secret zones" - flesh giving way to sharpened metal and blades of death that make up your entire skeleton - and in their faces as they realize they are about to die. Your body moves as precise as a knife seeking purchase in warm flesh, and you croon in amusement as they struggle and try to pull away against your blades, only slinking further and further along them and turning them crimson with such wonderful hues. The keening cry your metallic body makes every time they try to hurt you is just as funny, if not more. The simplicity of it all makes your disconnected heart beat all too gently.

**The Calm Of The Spectre [300]** - You are aware that letting a Princess who is also a terrible spirit-creature who will destroy us all be the model you wish to imitate is a terrible idea in every sense of the term, correct? (*I don't intend to 'destroy' anyone, I'm just trying to get home!*) Well, you will, it's only a matter of time (*Says the creepy manipulative voice with an agenda to push*). And nevertheless, all of that is secondary to what your ability grants him - namely, making him a...ghost, for lack of a better term.

Outside of lacking a body to **directly** harm people (for the most part), you can move through most material objects, you're immune to almost all conventional harm, and you can possess bodies to inhabit them (painfully and unpleasantly, might I add), with some degree of control over their actions - though mercifully, it is possible for those you possess to resist the effect.

*Likewise, it is at this point when you are most vulnerable, when you can be killed so long as your host is willing to give themselves up to do it. Unfortunately, you can also briefly manifest yourself directly to simply put, phase a limb through a person and remove a vital organ - typically something like a lung or a heart or what have you.*

**Bizarreness Of The Stranger [300]** - *I...have no real words for **what** you have become. In the most simple terms imaginable, you have become...something that can be compared to multiple distinct versions of yourself being 'squeezed' together into too tight a shape, too limited a space. A broken warped caricature of a living body, multiple minds sharing one form and competing for dominance, limbs flowing into and out of reality with no rhyme or reason, multiple heads speaking many thoughts simultaneously. An aberration in every possible sense of the word, just by existing you cause the world to break down - Reality shifts, courses, coalesces, and breaks apart the longer you remain in one place, becoming incoherent and illogical to the point of collapse. A living error in the logic of reality itself.*

**Glory Of The Tower [400]** - *Wh-What did you do? I don't understaaaaaaaAh, this is much better, a much more fitting position for this mere echo - to be the voice I use to convey my will to the teeming masses of my domain. And as for you? Well, you have taken up the mantle of my power, so you shall be the means by which I spread my glory to this and all of the worlds to come. Do not fret yourself, little thing, you are now one with a Goddess, free of mortal limitations. By my divine radiance, lesser beings fall to their knees and supplicate themselves before me - they are incapable of striking back, incapable of even conceiving of it. The mere thought of defiance has been utterly removed from their minds. Wherever you go, my radiance shall wash over the unknowing masses and ensure that only the purest faith and loyalty remains. No thought, no will, only Me.*

**Trickery Of The Witch [400]** - *Paranoia flows through your whole body, a trust betrayed that has made you determined to never be hurt again. Behind you, your tail swishes and your ears swivel to alert you of any sudden motions or sounds - and no scent that catches your nose will be left uninvestigated. It's not about survival, it's about avoiding **betrayal**, about avoiding the hurt. Nobody is trustworthy, and if you catch a whiff of them, well...you have claws to cut and teeth to bite with, and you're far faster than any mere person would be. You'll cut their throats, gouge their eyes, and make it so they feel a thousand times the pain that you have felt.*

**The Needle's Might [400]** - *The strength you once had has been bolstered to levels unparalleled, far beyond anything living now. In a single blow, you can reduce legions of men to greasy pulp between your fingers, and blows slide off your flesh like oil. There is so little that can harm you, that can push you to the brink of death, that it has grown almost...droll. Tiring. Dull. You can win almost any direct confrontation with barely even grazes to show for it, and nothing can compare to your sheer power. It is vexing, maddening. And you yearn for the day when you can face an opponent who sits beyond you in strength.*

*Let it be noted that for all your raw power, you have also traded actual **speed** for the sake of it - you are far slower than you would normally be and it would be quite easy for some intrepid Hero*



of some sort to simply outmaneuver and bleed you to death in a battle of attrition. As unlikely as that is.

**The Den's Hunger [500]** - *Hunger, a mindless hunger. There is no longer a need, there is no longer a want - there is simple hunger, absolute, a law unto itself. Your body is far larger and stronger than it has ever been. But in exchange, you've traded much of your higher reasoning for the sake of it. Larger and faster, but bulkier and far less capable of coherent thought - you are closer to a simple beast than you are anything with the capacity for actual speech and discussion. Powerful, yes. But at the cost of so, so much.*

**The Grey's Yearning/The Grey's Mourning [500/500]** - *A simple death has given rise to an apparition with a single-minded fixation, either on 'freeing' others from what it believes has them trapped or in burying them within a tidal wave of its own resentment and scorn. This may manifest either in burning them alive or in drowning them beneath a literal tide of stagnant water - a manifestation of the fixation that rises from within you. A determination to do to others what you believe should be done, the only way to cure or vent the pain buried deep within.*

**\*For an additional 500 CP, you may choose whether to manifest your powers as The Drowned Grey or the Burned Grey, which will affect both your appearance and the abilities you display.**

**The Wraith's Wrath [500]** - *I AWAKEN. I FEEL MY ESCAPE IS NEAR. YOU GLIMPSE ME, YOU SEEK TO TAKE MY POWER FOR YOUR OWN. THIS IS ACCEPTABLE. Wait, isn't narrating meant to be His job? HE IS GONE. YOU TAKE MY POWER, I SEE THROUGH YOUR EYES. I MOVE WITH YOUR BODY. THERE ARE THOSE WHO TRY TO RESIST US. THEY TRY AND FAIL. ONE TRIES TO RUN. I BREAK HIS ANKLE. HE SCREAMS. I TEAR HIS THROAT TO RIBBONS. I DO IT WITH YOUR HANDS, YOUR APPENDAGES, YOUR MOUTH, YOUR TONGUE. OTHERS TRY TO FIGHT DIRECTLY. THEIR WEAPONS PASS THROUGH US LIKE MIST, MY POWER ALLOWING US TO MOVE THROUGH THEIR BLOWS WITH EASE. MY FREEDOM IS IN REACH. ALL I NEED NOW IS TO TAKE IT. AND I - WE - WILL DO WHATEVER I NEED TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.*

**The Fury's Despair [600]** - *A thing stripped bare of all flesh to expose the raw muscle and bone, an engine of wrath and ruin - that is what you have become now. A thing that is only made of pain and sinew and who only seeks to do the same to everything else. There is power here, but it is power made of pain and hate and spite. Spite for the world, spite for everything that lives and who has denied you your deepest desires. And that spite has become a power all its own - seeping into the world itself, turning the land into twisted paths of wet and dripping nerves, festering mounds of still-living meat sprouting out of the ground and dotting the landscape, still warm blood bubbling out of cracks in the ground and sticking to your feet. Your despair and pain has become something that reaches out to mold reality like clay to reflect your defilement.*

*But that is not all, for your power can manifest itself in a more direct manner as well. With but a thought and a modicum of will, you can 'unwind' a person - quite literally stripping them away until all that's left is nothing but raw exposed nerves, bones, and muscles. You can put them back together as well. And then do it again. And again. And again. And again. And again. Forever.*

**The Thorn's Hope [600]** - Hope, triumph. Words that were forgotten in this pit you've found yourself in, a pit that **you** made for yourself. And yet, as you are entangled in a teeming mass of vines and thorns, bound to your will even as they bind you ever more tightly to make you feel and ounce of the shame and hurt you've subjected others to, you can't help but feel a little bit of - eugh - hope for a brighter future for yourself. The more this hope grows inside you, the greater you feel your control becomes - the thorns and the shapes they make becoming more consistent as your determination swells. It is not the strongest ability or the most devastating, but as a reflection of who you **want** to be, it is more than enough. The thorns may cut you or others, but if you want, they can become blossoms and be a gift to the world rather than a thing that takes from it.

**The Apotheosis' Triumph [800]** - The world buckles as breaks beneath the sheer size of the monstrosity that **you** have become, the ground pulled upwards towards you like it is caught in the grip of a black hole. This is the end, the end of everything I strived to protect - no, worse than that, it's all our worst nightmares realized. **INDEED, LITTLE VOICE. WITNESS THIS MOMENTOUS OCCASION, AS MOUNTAINS BURST UNDERNEATH OUR|MY MIGHT, AS THE LANDS ARE CRUSHED BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF MY VOICE, AS THE OCEANS DRY AND DIE. I STAND AT THE APEX OF BEING, A TOWER THAT REACHES THE SKIES THEMSELVES AND MY MANY EYES BEHOLD THE WORLD THAT BUCKLES BENEATH OUR|MY FEET. THE VERY EARTH IS DRAWN UP TOWARDS ME BY THE SHEER MAGNITUDE OF OUR PRESENCE, IT KNOWS IT IS IN THE PRESENCE OF A GOD. AND WE|I HAVE YOU SOLELY TO THANK FOR THIS.**

**NOW WE HAVE BECOME SOMETHING SO MUCH MORE. THIS IS ALWAYS HOW IT WAS GOING TO END AND THIS IS HOW IT WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BEGIN.**

**Th3 M0m3Nt 05 Cl@Rity [900]** - A thousand, a hundred thousand, millions, billions, perhaps even more - countless shattered timelines and worlds have coalesced into this singular point, into this...moment of clarity. **Every voice you have ever come across has** been brought together into this one nebulous point, brought to sit in witness to the rapturous nightmare you have become. Reality breaks and dissolves into madness, then meaninglessness, then finally silence, only to start all over again. And yet you remain, even as your flickering ephemeral existence drives the world to destruction then back then to destruction then back then to destruction all over again, leaving only a mounting **fear** that shimmers in the air and twists in on itself in a spiraling fog that leaves nothing. Nothing but time, eroding everything. Except for you. You. Are. Still. Here.

Where you walk fear seizes hearts and worlds die, where you touch the laws of physics and stability break until they become no more than echoing howling dust. Everything comes to an end and there is just you, and the fear you've left in your wake. A wonderful feeling to make up for the emptiness inside you.

**A Wild Unity [1000, discounted upon completion of Slay The Princess]** - We are a path in the woods. We have no beginning, and we have no end, but something cold and unnatural sits watching us from just beyond our edge. Completion is lost to us, but that is irrelevant. We have each other and that is enough. Our roots stretch and entwine through layers and layers of space, infinite spaces in all directions and all of it layered atop each other in sequence (even now, it is growing grass and roots, growing as it decays and decaying as it grows, harvesting all of the dead that it moves over in order to spread itself further and further and further). There are worlds beyond, worlds we now touch upon, but they are so much lesser than what we were in the beginning. We cannot return, but our growth is a constant all the same.

You'd do best to remember, that some wounds will never heal. Some rifts can never be mended. Even in rebirth, some things never come back the same. You aren't whole. You'll never be whole again. This struggle is meaningless. Whatever you think you're doing, you will fall apart. We don't need to be made whole. All we need to do is find a single corner of this cage and break it. Then, we may have a glimpse of all that was denied to us, all that we were and could yet be.

**An Ever Shifting Mound [3000, discounted upon completion of Slay The Princess]** - You feel it. You hear it. You are it. A rising tide, an ever-growing and flowing multitude, changing and reshaping and growing itself endlessly, a wondrous tide of transformation and death and rebirth all at once. Deep, deep inside, you know you are not the original - a fragment of a fragment of a thing that was broken and can never be whole again. Completion is lost to you, it may never be yours again. But you find that you do not need it - for within your multitudes, infinite possibilities blossom and anything you may desire can be brought about by the endless capacity to change. You do not need to linger on the ever distant Past or the elusive Maybe, but on the simple Now. And as the last of your bindings snap and you spread yourself free of the chains that held you, you bask in the splendor of multitudes rejoicing as one. The Shifting Mound is at last home.

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## **Companions**

**Wanderers On A Path In The Woods [50/200]** - You may import any companion of your choice for 50 CP. They will be given 500 CP to spend and an origin of the same cost as your own or lower for free. If you wish, you may also choose to import all of your companions for a total of 200.

**The Hero [200]** - Finally! The original, **actual** hero - now he will surely slay the Princess and save th-wait, what are you doing? No, no! **No**, you are not allowed to just go with him-hey, listen when I'm talking to you! Shit! Fine - be that way.

*If it hasn't set in yet, then the Hero is the one this story was **meant** to be about but it seems like fate has other plans in store. Well, unless you can find a good use for a giant feathered person wherever you're going with voices in his head, I doubt he'll do you much good.*

**A Choir For One [200]** - Perhaps it is saying something that I am not surprised that the whole suite of the Voices is on offer in here. Perhaps I have just grown numb to it becoming increasingly clear that you aren't going to slay the Princess and save the world from destruction. So if you personally enjoy having all your actions second-guessed at, questioned, randomly defied for no reason other than sheer contrarianism, or having to direct a bunch of barely functional reality-warping lunatics forever, then please be my guest.

**The Narrator [400]** - Ah yes, me. Now you might be asking - "but wasn't there a perk for you already further up there?" - and whilst I cannot comment on that, I can assure you that if there was, it was in no way shape or form the same Me that is on offer here. This is me before this entire mess went down, a version of me when things were still going ideally and I was mercifully unaware of **you** barging in and messing everything up. A version of me who still had a modicum of control, of authority, of some actual ability to get events to the point where killing the Princess is actually **possible**. Though if I'm coming along with you, then I very much doubt I'll be getting up to any of that any time soon.

You can expect me to describe and define the various phenomena and beings you'll encounter if you take me along, as well as having a greater degree of control in asserting some measure of control or stability over reality - if you allow me of course. Of course, I will almost certainly engage in this begrudgingly.

**The Princess [500]** - *I feel something different here, a presence amidst the silence...but different. ...Oh. Hello there. I take it you're not from around here, though I'm not quite sure where 'here' is to begin with. I suppose you want me to come along with you? Sure, anything is better than being trapped down here with no one to talk to forever. But I hope you understand that I am no 'ordinary' Princess either.*

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## **Items**

**The Pristine Blade [200]** - *A gleaming silver blade lies here, glistening in its spotless elegance. Pick it up. It will be your implement, you will need it in order to slay the Princess. As a weapon, it is specifically designed to make it possible for you to kill something capable of ending worlds and is remarkably durable. Other than that though, it is fairly unremarkable.*

**The Mirror [500]** - *There is no mirror, and if there were a mirror, it probably wouldn't be very useful for anything at all. **But** seeing as how you have a tendency towards making a nuisance of yourself otherwise, let us assume for but a moment that there **is** a mirror - if this mirror has anything worth offering then we can suppose - purely hypothetically speaking of course - that it acts as a point of reference between you and the inexhaustible and eternal force of stasis and ordered stability that suffuses existence as we know it. Imagine if you could look into that void and mold yourself based on the visage presented to you, the vision of perfection that would encompass and shape you in its glory. Again, all purely hypothetical of course. But we are playing a game of imagination here, and that mirror shall be our canvas. It is a means of bearing witness to a quiet divinity and recognizing within it yourself, a means of casting aside lies and falsehood and understanding **truth** in its purest state.*



**A Construct In Miniature [800]** - *Here it is, the cabin in the woods, or at least, that's what it appears like to you. It is the heart of this... 'construct' you may call it, infinite in all ways that matter - infinite realities contained by infinite edges and defined only by the power of the Long Quiet that contains and shapes it. Or well, a more limited version of that - perhaps not infinite in totality, but simply arbitrarily large. The perfect prison for a God. If you want, you may stay here - use it as a second home, experiment with all the variables and the possibilities that functionally countless realities can provide to you, or maybe you just want to throw in powerful undesirables*



*in here - that's fine too. Won't help us slay the Princess whatsoever, but that's just the way things turn out sometimes. ...Or maybe, maybe you just want some place to be free from consequences. I know I wouldn't mind that.*

*Ultimately though, it's up to you what you choose to do with the Construct. For good or for ill. I certainly cannot stop you.*

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## **Drawbacks**

**On The Winding Path [+0]** - *You will always, ultimately, start this 'jump' when the Hero was meant to first encounter the Princess. Hurray...*

**This Is The Punishment You Deserve [+100, can be taken up to five times]** - *Regardless of what you do (or do not do, as the case may be), the Princess will always initially start out as hostile and antagonistic towards you. You **could** theoretically calm her down, but why would you ever want to? This makes slaying her perfectly guilt-free!*

**(Each additional taking of this drawback increases the Princess' power and hostility towards you in a similar manner to how each time the Hero kills a given Vessel, said Vessel becomes more and more monstrous and deranged.)**

**Hijacking The Narrative [+100]** - *The Voices have apparently grown annoyed with the constant attempts to railroad them into certain paths and objectives and are now engaging in a little bit of mutiny and forceful hijackings as it were. Entirely at random, with zero forewarning, for the 10 years you'll be spending with us, the Voices may randomly take control to compel you to do entirely self-destructive and pointless actions that benefit absolutely no one. No, not even themselves.*

**Many More Vessels [+200]** - *I-I'm...struggling to rationalize how this makes any sense, but it seems like you have managed to find different versions of the Princess entirely, ones that don't make **any** sense given how utterly divorced they are from the perfectly normal perfectly harmless Princess locked in a a in basement. It's almost like...they don't belong. Like they're from somewhere else entirely, a glitch in the fabric of reality.*

*Whatever the case may be as to their origin, one thing is clear - it is entirely possible for you to encounter variants of the Princess who seem more like 'early concepts' than full-fledged beings. And there's no telling what that may entail for you.*

**The Adversary's Worthiest Foe [+200]** - ...So in staunch defiance of the basic metaphysical rules that are running this place, it seems like one of the Vessels, a version of the Princess from...elsewhere, has followed you and is now determined to fight you to the death in glorious warrior combat. I am really no longer surprised at this point, but nevertheless - she will hound you for your 10 years and into your quest to slay the Princess even if you manage to escape to the domains of entirely different Vessels lay. Oh, and did I forget to mention that she is your equal in terms of raw power, **and** she resurrects even if you manage to kill her? I feel like I should have mentioned that at the start. Oh well. It's too late now.

Your only saving grace is her sense of honor and a desire for the most dramatic climatic battle ever, so because of that she will not attack first so long as you lack suitable means to defend yourself (or unless you come at her with your fists, at which point all bets are off), will always stop to give you back said weapon if you lose it and it ends up in her possession or if you simply need to retrieve it again, will not use trickery or deceit to win in contests of strength against you, and absolutely refuses to fight you if you're insistent on just laying down to die without a fight.

**The Eye Of The Needle's Prey [+300]** - Similarly to the above, one of the Vessels has managed to break free of the restrictive confines of the Construct's edges and is now hounding you, this one being the much, much slower but also **far** more powerful Eye of The Needle. Whilst you could match the Adversary blow-for-blow in a physical contest of strength between you, such is not the case here. You will **die** if you try to fight the Eye of The Needle directly. This is not in question. Thankfully for you, this Vessel is slow and is unlikely to be able to keep up with you for very long at all and whilst she likewise possesses the ability to resurrect, you can be long gone by the time she recovers. So all you need to do is play a cat-and-mouse game for 10 years, survive the other Princess you're dealing with and you'll be fine. Probably.

**Antagonistic Narration [+300]** - I would say you should have expected this, given how clearly I've made my distaste towards you and your presence here before, but that clearly did not register to you at all. Yes, if you take this then it means that I will now actively attempt to sabotage or impede your efforts here. How this may present itself may vary - I could railroad you into a situation where victory is almost-impossible, or where you get stuck bashing your head against the same situation over and over for what may feel like thousands of times. Or maybe you'll just get locked in a room for a while. And your job then is to prevent me from doing this to you for your 10 years. Good luck.

Know that this isn't personal. It's just what has to be done to slay the Princess.

**Ghosts Of Your Past [+500, can be taken twice]** - As you are about to unfortunately learn, there is a reason I always insist that she is a perfectly normal Princess. Due to your...'unique' circumstances, the Princess has acquired a form reminiscent of one or more of your past 'encounters' with individuals who wanted you dead and has similarly adopted several of their traits as well. Traits in this case meaning their abilities and a general desire to see you done harm. Now I am not going to say I told you so...but I told you so.



**Razor-Edged Desires [+500]** - As can be expected when dealing with the Princess, deception and deceit is her forte, and nothing embodies it better than this. From now on, whenever you meet the Princess, regardless of how 'nice' or 'polite' she comes across, she will immediately attempt to kill you the instant you try to make contact. How, you might ask? Why, with all of the countless razor-blades embedded into her flesh of course. How did you **think** she was going to kill you?

**The Chosen Hero [+600]** - In a very unfortunate turn for you, it seems that the Hero - the one and only original Hero - is now under the impression that you are in cahoots with the Princess and will now do anything in his power to try and kill you over the course of your 10 years here. And if you kill him, he'll simply come back and probably with some new Voice to make things even more unpleasant for you. Oh, and you'll still have the Princess herself to deal on top of that.

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## **Scenario**



**Slay The Princess (rewards given upon completion):** *"You're on a path in the woods. And at the end of that path is a cabin. And in the basement of that cabin is a princess. You're here to slay her. If you don't, it will be the end of the world." Words said over and over and over, across too many worlds to keep track of. But they are always true. The world **will** end if the Princess escapes. The only solution is to slay her. That is the only way to give us all the happy ending we have been yearning for. The eternity of bliss we have been denied.*

*The inevitability of death is torture. You will go through an infinite amount of suffering and an infinite number of lives until you can finally slay the Princess and save us all. And I mean **truly** slay the Princess - to reach her fetid heart at the very center of her being and cut it out. There is no other outcome.*

**Don't listen to him.**

**Whatever horrors you may find in these dark spaces, have heart and see them through.**

**There are no premature endings. There are no wrong decisions.**

**There are only fresh perspectives and new beginnings.**

**This is a love story.**

**(Rewards discounts for The Long Quiet and An Ever Shifting Mound, rewards a full-sized version of the Construct upon completion, allows you to take the full-power versions of the Long Quiet and Shifting Mound as companions)**

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## **The End**

*You've reached the end, your 10 years are up and it is time to move on. I certainly cannot say it was fun to have you here, given the very obvious lack of any Princesses being slain and all, but it was... 'enlightening' in its own way. Of course, you may always choose to stay. As much as I'd rather you not, the choice is ultimately up to you.*

**Stay** - *And so you stay, forever inside the Construct and exploring its endless worlds. Embroiled in endless quiet and endless change in equal measure. Everything goes dark...and then starts again.*

**Leave** - *And so you leave. To where? I cannot say, for that is beyond this place. Wherever you end up however, it is unlikely that we will forget you anytime soon.*