

“Psst. Wanna go on an adventure?”

Most people have thoughts like this once in a while, and most of the time it just ends there. Not you, though.

You’ve been called up somewhere as close to you as your dearest dreams and yet further than the farthest star. It’s a place high up on the rooftops, almost just like the rooftops-except they go farther and merge tighter than any roofs should.

There is adventure, and wonder, and beauty out here. There are wonders you’ve always imagined could be right around the corner, but never were. Here there are inexplicable towers that go up forever, fairylands awaiting brave princes or cunning witches, magical gardens.

And there is a kingdom of talking rats! Brave and playful in equal measure, save for those wise enough to remember the good old days. They play, they tell tall tales, and sometimes humans that come up from below are guided by them, to embark on adventures atop the roofs.

Alas, there are also monsters.

There are creatures straight out of myth. There are beings bearing the names of myths, but adapted to the rooftops. And there are unthinkable terrors from the future, inexplicably looming ominously in the distance.

Greatest among them are the Mysteries, and they are gods as well as monsters. The rats have studied them. Warred with them. Even befriended them, on occasion. But it is the shadow of Disdain, or Cruelty, or the Inexplicable, that is what has drawn you into this world of wonders to begin with.

It’s terrifying.

It’s beautiful.

Up here among-

The Far Roofs

-you are at risk of becoming a legend, or a god.

Take 1000 CP

You started at:

You may roll 1d8 to find out where you ended up. By paying 50 CP you may select any of the destinations described below, choose any of the known locations amongst the rooftops, or show up at a cozy little place called Soma Village that strictly speaking isn't the rooftops at all but shares their metaphysical qualities. It's near the town of Fortitude, a cozier land of mystery and wonder.

These first four sets of places belong to the Near Roofs. The relatively civilised part of the roofs, the part that still resembles Fortitude, or Portland, or somewhere else that resembles your hometown.

1. **Eight Banners:** Two thousand banners hang from the roofs of this place, listing the victories of ratkind. Solid construction, epic views of a waterfront and towns in the distance you might recognise. Five of the rats' greatest victories-from awakening to sentience in the town of Fortitude, to the end of the Usurpers' Age, to the defeat of Mysteries-are commemorated here with the greatest of banners. But many lesser victories are celebrated in plaques propped up below them.
2. **Heaven's Sleeve:** The roofs here are neither crowded nor far apart. Modest and consistent slopes of red, white and grey. Things get more interesting when seen from on high: The roofs form a branching road that run parallel to the nearby shore, and form breakaway paths to other rooftops. Legend has it that Cneph the Maker, that which humans know as God, once left Earth but his sleeve got caught on the nail of his house. The sleeve sprouted into a hydra of great waving streamers. And thus, only most of Cneph left the world. The rest stayed here with his sleeve, and became the road of Heaven's Sleeve.
3. **The Republic of the Living:** White roofs sanctified by the Living Mayor, who after the Usurper's Age declared himself an independent power from the King of Rats, sacrificed his mortality with the help of the Mystery Malambruno, and sank both flesh and mind into the roofs. Every spinning vane, every laundry line, every gutter and roof tile of this place is now inhabited by him. And the rats may always know safety here, for the Republic of the Living and the Kingdom of the Rats long ago made peace. Only the Living Mayor himself and a small population of ratty dissidents dwell here.
4. **Thresher's Woods:** It's not a real forest. It's a place of telephone poles, scant trees and of course rooftops that just happens to feel and smell like one. Dark wood, however artificially positioned, is a common sight. So are grim

shadows cast by attic windows. It's a well-travelled region crawling with news-rats or ratty chefs, even contact with the humans far below. And of course it's a place where once, ancient hero rats overcame all things except their feuds with each other-until Typhon came along to make an end to ratkind, and banding together they slew her and hung her skin up to blow in the wind instead.

These next set of places are found out in the true Far Roofs, those untamed vistas unlike any mundane roof in a world which, whether wondrous or foreboding, always style themselves to give visitors a certain profound, *personal* message. No mundane path can reach them, but rats and Mysteries know many wondrous ones. Trails of moonlight. Ways that can only be walked by confusing your senses first. A path that exists, briefly, where sunlight touches shadow. And similar things.

5. Escher's Folly: This is a strange one. Here, the roofs of buildings if followed far enough re-connect to the roofs they're built on. This place is twisted into itself, subtly for the most part though occasionally you'll see buildings turned into Mobius strips. The generally Grecian marble has few obvious entrances, and the stairs so awkwardly built that navigating the roofs is generally safer and convenient. There's a fantastic amount of aqueducts, stairways and tiered gardens-though most of the vegetation is barely alive. Some theorise the passing clouds are actually particularly estranged roofs connected by incomprehensible mechanisms.
6. Madcaps' Nave: The metal beanstalk this place is known for elicits childlike elation from most. It's planted in a futuristic region, surrounded by metal buildings and a large metallic complex and cameras and laser turrets. Strands of confetti and tickertape occasionally drift down from on high, like drizzling rain. There are claims that the walls barring the most important-looking buildings *can* open seamlessly, and that the cameras have been hacked by rats at least once. But nobody's seen anyone come back out. Oh, and clouds don't approach the beanstalk at all. It's as if they're not allowed to taint the majesty and closure of the place.
7. Rattler's Way: Machinery and oil! Self-creating, self-feeding, probably self-perpetuating. The massive extraction machine here is replete with platforms, walkways, pumps, spinning gears, levers, whistles and all the other hallmarks of the Industrial revolution. Presumably, there's a massive well of oil far below-where it's filthy and hot, and the machinery can pierce the roofs below where man and rat have failed. There's a certain Chinese

aesthetic to the roofs here: Curling edges and symbolic statuary, done in the style of rich hotels and important governmental buildings. The sky's lost behind smoke and metal. This is a place of heat, fervent activity and passion.

8. Grayvale: This is a truly terrible place.

(Huddle in the rubble)

Some of the houses are crumbled. Abandoned. Ruined.

(It comes)

There is a fountain to the west. There is a city yet further past it.

(It's rising)

The roofs are monotonous nailed grey shingles.

(It's awful)

Mold is piled in many places, greatly enough to form small deserts.

(Oh, foul light)

And rising from the rest, there is a dead grey sun (no one should see this) and it's baleful light makes this place one of despair, and loathing, and horror.

(You should leave)

You are:

All backgrounds have two perklines: One selected from this section, and one from the “You are becoming” section. You may choose Human or Rat, and then one of the secondary backgrounds associated with humans or rats respectively. **Mysteries** have special rules of their own

Human (Free): You were living an ordinary life somewhere, for a given value of “ordinary”. Most likely you were buying the groceries, taking the train or sitting at home in an existential fugue as you wondered what you were doing with your life. But the world is a strange and vast place, and it’s entirely possible you were commanding an Imperial Star Destroyer or keeping a sacred horror sealed with the magic of depression. That doesn’t matter anymore. Somehow, you heard the call to the rooftops, you answered-and you left your old life behind in pursuit of adventure.

Everything will be fine when you get back. Probably.

A Fortitude Rat (Free): You’re one of the brave, delightful and generally helpful rodents that show newcomers the ways of the roofs! Like humans, your kind have warred and chosen unwisely in the past, but unlike humans you’ve generally left behind that unpleasantness. United against the **Mysteries**, and in the simple joys of exploration. In most respects you’re biologically identical to actual rats, though realism turns a blind eye to various anthropomorphic traits like paws functionally identical to hands and human-level intelligence. You’re the sort of rat that would show up in Narnia, swearing to defend the chosen king from another world with your life.

A **Mystery** (200/400/600 CP): You are a supernal concept made flesh. Like a monster of legend, kingdoms tremble in your wake even when you are at peace, and should you be truly roused to wrath the stars may fall from the sky. Like a god of myth, you are driven to embody the full breadth of the concept, the *Principle*, you represent-whether you are Unmindfulness, or Death, or Hatred, or Monstrosity. You may rage against life as an affront to what you represent, or you may deem it irrelevant to your inscrutable goals. But even should you be benign, it is the opinion of the rats that you are a facet of the world’s unknowable danger-a reason for why it is the way it is. Even for such as you though, the rooftops hold opportunities to transform, to reach epiphanies...and perhaps, even make new friends.

But while all **Mysteries** are wondrous, undying beings straight out of myth and legend, not all myths are told equal. And your investment in this section will determine the scope of the legend you embody-the nominal, “mundane” scope of your being before miraculous or magics and inhumanity apply.

For 200 CP, you’re a relatively localised piece of folklore. You’re a kelpie-a water-dwelling horse that tricks people onto your back then glues them there and drags them beneath the water to drown. Or you’re a siren adapted to live on the rooftops, a newt that squeezes it’s way down people’s throats or a legendary huntress that abandoned Heaven because there was no hunting. You may still wield great miracles, but you’re the kind of being that would come up in Germanic folklore as a reason not to go into the woods alone at night.

For 400 CP, you’re a legendary monster out of classic mythology-something the gods or their children would go on a quest to destroy. Or perhaps, plead for leniency from. You could be the queen of the underworld, ruling over the dead and bringing plague to entire kingdoms. Or something far more abstract-a hole in the rooftops, sucking down houses as Charybdis once swallowed ships. You could be a dinosaur-sized gigantic rat skeleton in constant motion, or a gigantic serpent employed by Heaven to guard it’s treasures that is *simultaneously* a malicious AI from the future. Armies would think twice about fighting you even if you were just sleeping peacefully on your hoard of gold.

Finally, for 600 CP the scope of your being is apocalyptic. You’re a serpent that swallows stars, so immortal that severing your head from you would simply create two **Mysteries** as your headless body continues crawling through the sky. You are the Great Enveloper, whose hunger threatens to devour all vitality from the world itself. You are an abstract thing of mirrored brass and fiery hatred, that hangs above the world like a hateful star. You’re a primordial giant whose dreams are the rooftops themselves. You are, in short, the kind of being that in myth is often accused of either creating or destroying the world.

Choosing **Mystery** brings several options. You may choose to have all perks from the **Mystery** set discounted, or you may give up any number of perks from that set to obtain an equal amount of perk discounts from any of the “**You Can**” perklines. You can trade two of the Mystery Free/Mandatory perks for 100 CP perks, and by default this reflects some sort of lingering humanity/ratity from an individual that has recently succeeded, been subsumed by or otherwise transformed into a **Mystery**.

Your powers are:

So, what kind of powers are you liable to develop simply from being on the rooftops? The kind that cause miracles to manifest, often defying even the efforts of cosmic heroes and archmages to directly oppose even if they are as simple as lighting a few candles or making jingling bell noises. The kind that manifest phenomena and concepts at a level superordinate to the ordinary world. It's no mistake to compare them to the essence of myth and legend bleeding into the mundane world. Below are a brief summary of the more well-known powers, and what they're capable of.

Humans get access to two of the following powers at the start of their journey, and may unlock two more later on through adventure and self-discovery. Rats get one power. **Mysteries** start with all four unlocked.

Allegory, also known as *Allegorical*, is a power gained from embodying a certain concept, emotion or ideal. That *Role* can be as mundane as simply being The Tough One of your group, or as grandiose as the Grim Reaper or the King of the Stars. It's like living out a divine dream in which you have a certain destined role to play, only for that dream to be...twisted, in some way. Those with this power have a *Failing*, a facet of that embodiment that is also the source of much trouble in your life. Like being too chivalrous, or having your life be full of mysteries to solve.

Those with this power often boast (or develop, as a result of being actually or metaphorically entangled with others' stories) detailed personal experience with important events in the world, are supernaturally difficult to recognise when they don't want to be, have unusual modes of transportation and unique miracles that uphold their Role. They can transform those around them based on their Failing, make impossible things possible in a dream-like, impermanent fashion or imbue divine principles into objects or beings. They awaken the inanimate to life, the nonsentient to consciousness/speech, bless their surroundings with vigorous health and steal conceptually straightforward quality or powers from someone else. The bulk of another power like this or the impact of their footsteps is fine, the entire impact of their existence on history is not. With such power, a fallen angel could reshape the boundaries of the horizon by painting in their room.

Awakening, or *Deepness*, refers to the state of experiencing reality from an unusual vantage point where one is more like a spirit, formless phenomena or similarly untouchable presence.

Those with this power can de-manifest targets into their higher reality, enchant territory in the image of that higher reality, or devise on-the-fly lesser miracles to bless yourself or others with. Similarly they can manifest representations of that higher reality from symbols into things, or banish those opposed to their spiritual presence. They are capable of manipulating their own pasts to have different memories or events, become an intangible spiritual presence that is both hard to interact with and poor at interacting with the world, and convert others to your higher reality in some sense. Whether by possessing them or enlightening them, the end result is they become compliant to your will. With such power, an ancient god can sink an ordinary neighbourhood into a realm of mystery and wonder in which those living within are destined to become gods in their own right.

Become Somebody, which is also called *Visage*, denotes one whose miracles support them growing into a certain *Role*. Unlike **Allegory**, this role is not immediately fixed, though they carry a *Failing* too and also *Truths*: Binding laws of their nature that miraculously define facets of their existence (though not absolutely compared to other miracles).

Those with this power can make themselves at home in any environment-even granting themselves deep understanding and/or an important relationship with some thing or person there. When expressing their *Role* or interacting with an important relationship, impossible actions like singing in space or crawling through TVs become possible, and with experience all obstacles and opposition diminish before the enactment of the *Role*. It's even possible for imaginary events or credentials to manifest real consequences to support it. Those with this power can infect others with this *Role* to create a court for a Lord of the Ocean or make others into stereotypical film noir characters for a Hardboiled Detective, miraculously comprehend things in relation to their *Role* or impose the opposite theme of their *Role* as a concept on others. Like being a saint, and damning someone to a life of sin. The primordial entities known to wield this power have used it both to mimic mortals perfectly, and to take on apocalyptic forms by appointing themselves roles as otherworldly horrors.

Cheat, which is known nearby as *Reality Syndrome* and further away as *Sealed*, represents ownership of a world-changing force predicated on a certain *Experience*. “The push and tug of continental drift”, “the pain I feel from burning in Hell” or “how cool I think you are” all represent valid Experiences whether the central *Hack* represents control of causality, granting your own wishes, making nightmares come true or simply baking so hard it changes reality on a level greater than most miracles.

Those unused to their *Hack* are seldom able to use it effectively. They start off using it to accomplish short term things and to satisfy immediate desires, eventually learn to use it in some systemised fashion, then to work around that system's limitations with the help of another (or grant them access to that system), and finally transcend the limitations of their system with great effort. Regardless of their *Hack* those with this power are miraculously charismatic and good at communication with those related to your *Experience*, sometimes to the point of retroactively creating strong relationships, and can also manifest phenomena based on their experience. Such as by letting someone conjure things you like near them, or intensify the feeling of "what you're pointing at" to point straight at where hidden treasure is. A boy that can turn into a giant snake (it never helps) uses this power to build an engine that grants his wishes, while his rival built a different engine that actualises nightmares instead.

Creature of Delirium, which is also termed *Theft*, is a power denoting such communion with an *Experience* that you can physically pull it out of someone and manifest it as a small object known as a *waymark* or *weystone*. Those with this power are noticeably touched by otherworldly forces, able to shapeshift their bodies in always useful but seldom dramatic ways and disguise themselves deftly.

The true strength of this power is commanding and sensing through those the *Experience* has been drawn from like vessels for your will. Sometimes, things in metaphysically proximate places to the *Experience* randomly become vessels for your will-and with training, this can be controlled or intensified. You can also impose transformations and fates upon them, banish them to places of your choice and inflict profound emotional experiences upon them. Naturally the *waymark* itself, being a representation of a concept, can be used to work all kinds of magic-using someone's gravity field to knock around other people, for example. Those with true strength in this power learn to impose inevitable fates and struggles on their vessels, or to use *weymarks* to evoke themed wishes. **Hedge the Fang** enjoys using this power to peel people apart until they are metaphysically incapable of disassociating from reality as a whole.

Creature of Fable, known as *Hunter* to those who fear it's origin in the void, is a power that aligns one's life with a certain fairytale fable-generally a cautionary tale. The most immediate effects of this power are a certain iconic appearance miraculously restored by the world, and the miracle of luring those you desire towards yourself within a day and a night as a miracle. With great prowess, this can even resurrect the dead. Furthermore even when not physically present, they

can complete simple tasks like “building cute and funny dog-sized robots” or “preparing binding circles” retroactively while nobody is looking.

Those great in this power learn the warp and weft of the story they inhabit. They can grant others the ability to act as their true self, or blind them from seeing, recognising or understanding a certain thing. They can force emotional reactions on others as well as free them from similar compulsions, strip them of a certain ability and retroactively change events in a dreamlike fashion that cannot directly inflict harm-but can undo it. For example you can sail across a sea of magma, but afterwards all available evidence in the world suggests you just journeyed around it some other way-and you can't strand people in the magma. Last but not least, they can grant others peace and respite. Even if fate should doom them, such peace manifests as a wish that overwhelms the laws of the world. The **Mystery** known as the Headmaster of the Bleak Academy once wielded this power in war to shoot down the sun. That was a long time ago.

Gardener, or *A Keeper of Gardens*, represents a bond with a miraculous place as it's warden, suzerain or caretaker. Such places are as much concept as physical location, whether they are the otherworldly destination of all souls or a cozy bookshop. Even in other worlds, your powers will let you manifest that cozy bookshop in alien realities or distant planets if you wish.

Your principle gift is to shape living creatures from your place, to imbue them with principles like “I must burn with the power of the sun” or grant them miraculous capacity to help someone with certain problems. More taxingly you can change your gardens with your will, both by creating new metaphysical laws and removing facets of it as well as by warping reality in them as if they were malleable clay. Though relatively simple, this power is the force that once let Heaven and Hell influence all of creation.

Holy, or *Creature of the Light*, is a power that makes one numinous. Divine. More experience than flesh. Those with this power have a metaphysical license to do something normally wrong and foolish, as a messiah would to defy authority and bring salvation to mankind. Those with this power are resistant to all forms of opposition, mundane and miraculous, for the world recognises their right to be. And at any time, demand appropriate lighting from reality itself.

With this power, you can appear to someone at will or arrange for circumstances where you automatically appear to them e.g. “I appear as you fall into despair”. And depart so quickly you were never there. You have a sense for some sort of moral behaviour, moral action, and when you wish your actions transfix and/or

inflict profound emotional effects on those observing you. When you really make an effort, the world harmonises to your intentions-letting you complete tasks mundane and miraculous with surreal perfection. You're capable of enacting transcendental experiences: Giving others intense experiences, interacting with the dead/fictional or travel to out beyond the stars is all possible. Such effects seldom do lasting damage, and once finished though the consequences may remain the world itself reconciles them as mundane circumstance. You are tireless in your efforts, and exude a sort of miraculous toxin-it could be more than a mundane venom, it could be some sort of spiritually overwhelming aura or a blank entropic ooze that eats away the metaphysical integrity of things, but it is always some form of miraculous catalyst. Finally, you can inspire hope and purpose. Not just granting supernal cheer and goodwill, but creating the possibility for even the hopeless to find salvation. The Angel of the Sun is dazzling enough to charm even the Headmaster of the Bleak Academy with this power, and with great effort she can make it's fleeting experiences permanent.

Impresario, or *Architect*, symbolises the fact that you have begun to pull the strings of fate that to many resembles mundane manipulation. But make no mistake: All the world's a stage, and you're the director. Those with this power have deep ties to a certain place just as profound as a Gardener's, and though your power over it is not as grand being there empowers your actions, and you have a loose narrative authority to control things like weather, the timing of events or abstractions such as credit ratings and plausible coincidences.

You can inspire those around you, and those so inspired find miraculous fortune in their endeavours. You can declare relationships with individuals, organisations and places, or dictate the natural/practical/sensible course of action for someone. You can also manipulate people through allure or enforced rest, as well as irresistibly call and banish whoever you wish (bringing someone you by having them fall through a trapdoor somewhere else, or carrying someone away with a tornado) though those already enmeshed in your machinations are the easiest to control. Those that have fallen fully under your sway become minions that over time have a tendency to grow in power or competence based on what they started out as. You can free someone to express who they truly are, with all the power of a wish. With great strength in this art, you can dictate fates. Though subtle and indirect, this art was once used by self-appointed guardians of humanity to map out Earth and time to their distant ends.

Indomitable, or *Monstrous*, is the primeval might of an ancient horror. A limitlessly strong martial artist. Or some other terrible force, often seen as the

enemy of the gods/dharma/social order. To wield such power is to have strength enough to carve the world in your passing.

Those with it can sense certain “sins”, and track whatever they want so accurately even the Outside can be navigated. They can inflict some sort of paralysing terror, tribulations straight out of myth-but also heal and purify with equal prowess. They can assume small/inconspicuous forms (or with greater skill, become nebulous spiritual presences), and empower certain methodologies/minions to be utterly unstoppable unless contested with miracles. They are unreasonably, nightmarishly strong. They can seize the intangible and constantly grow in might that scales to surpass direct opposition against all but the most directly contradictory of miracles; one with this power can wrestle a planet-moving titan and win even if they can normally only lift cars. Last but not least, those with this powers are grand creators. It may be an object, a living being or even a technique but at the pinnacle of their power they can make things destined with the capability to accomplish any task. The marauders of the Outside use such might to effortlessly tear apart almost anything in the world.

Kaiju or *Vastness* indicates that for some reason you can turn into a gigantic monster. Or some other impossibly grand form. There are giant monsters without this power but this power indicates a certain existential enormity to the one you are becoming. You have a *Mood* like Ferocity or Hygiene that your form represents, a *Realm* it is spiritually embodying or connected to such as “ancient Babylon” or “the deep sea”, a *Scale* you can adjust like getting bigger/heavier/stronger. And of course, your *Kaiju* form.

Those with this power can commune spiritually with entities connected to their *Realm*, potentially even over vast distances. They can spread their *Mood* near themselves or at a certain target, and with greater effort exude it on a grand scale. With focus, they can invert their *Mood* for themselves. They blend in miraculously to places similar to their *Realm*. Turning into a *kaiju* isn't easy and turning back takes as much skill as the transformation; often, those with this power are clumsy at first. But as you master this form you'll learn to manifest miraculously effective defences, psychic assaults such as a hypnotic gazes and natural weaponry ranging from a fiery blast to spontaneous spears of bone. You can render your observable features inconsistent or alter your *Scale* arbitrarily as you master this power, letting you chase opponents down your own throat safely or stretch out your neck so far you can take a bite out of something in the future. This is a power wielded by primeval gods and serpents grand enough to someday grow up into a world unto themselves.

Memetic which is named *Persona* more formally defines one who can somehow impose their own genre on the world. They have a *Role* and *Failing* like prior powers, but also three *Truths* that stand as binding laws of their nature like “I am reborn when your heart is at peace” or “I gamble and win” and a *Mythos* that is either a story of your destiny or a notional realm you rule. All these facets of your being superimpose themselves on reality, making the world more wondrous.

Those who act on your behalf are blessed and empowered, you have a supernatural intuition for things associated with your *Mythos*, and you can become an abstract presence in the life of someone experiencing your *Mythos*. Potentially becoming spiritually close as a result. You can make your truths into a geas—a fact of reality supported by your miraculous power, enforce your *Truths* and *Mythos* on someone else or cast them utterly from it—though making small changes is far easier. Those utterly subsumed by your *Mythos* can have destinies imposed on them. This power is what let the proselytes of the Outside lie fresh water into what humanity knows as the seas, devour others with their shadows or even envelop people into their identities.

Primordial or more appropriately *Symbolic* is a transhuman (or transrat) evolution into primal divinity. There is a *Principle* such as Rain, Science or Mystery you are becoming part of, an *Element* such as rain, streets or moonlight that is becoming part of you, and a *Transformation* you are undergoing where these concepts are merging with your flesh, mind and soul.

You can sense through your *Element* across vast distances, enact certain specifics through them like “dooming someone to sink into the swamp” or “whipping up snow into a blizzard at your enemies” suited to the *Element's* themes, and most effortlessly set its general mood and disposition to the extent of what it could do to someone in folklore without breaking normal reality. With greater power, you can even grant wishes themed by these options. The wind can whisper secrets for example, but not constantly. You can condense your *Element* or *Principle* from a situation into a “token”. This token can be used to manipulate the *Element/Principle* in more specific/powerful ways as you grow in power, and with mastery of this force can release reality-shaping wishes.

Talking to someone about the facets of your being can grant you physical transformations and generally specific miraculous powers with them like an eye that can see through illusions. Greater prowess lets you manifest such mutations-based powers by talking to yourself. This represents a symbiosis between you and the concepts merging with your flesh; as such you can digest anything—potentially

absorbing supernatural abilities from it. And when forces opposite to your *Mood* threaten you, you gain a transformation based on your *Principle* that lets you fight back. What such transformations actually do varies, but it never fails to help.

Prophet marks you as being chosen by the *Principle* of Justice, Hammers, War or another concept as its herald. You are called in opposition to its' *Enemies* which are again generally antithetical concepts rather than specific entities, and wield power akin to a shaman or priest of old heralding the arrival of your *Principle* into the mundane world.

As you grow in power, actions themed or taken in service to your *Principle* receive greater blessings-being miraculously successful, strengthening its' presence near you, and letting you solve problems in ways themed to it like cutting through red tape as the Prophet of Knives. You gain miraculous insight into your *Principle*, and can draw miraculous energy from it as well as bless others with such power when you experience a strong concentration of it. You are inspired to both grant supernaturally effective advice based on your *Principle*, as well as to curse those that have betrayed it in some sense with a thematically appropriate doom. You can materialise possibilities related to your *Principle* ranging from minor coincidences like finding some spare eggnog to epic occurrences like summoning Santa Claus in court. Lastly, those with this power have a tendency to discover and harness artifacts or buildings sanctified by their *Principle*. Wicked lords once used such gifts to almost guide humanity into destroying itself.

Worldwalker, also called *Wanderer*, denotes a bond between you and a distant otherworld full of wonders. And eventually, many other worlds too. The *Realm* and *Mood* you are spiritually close to will define what treasures you draw from it. For some, this otherworld is the place they are destined to rule; for others, it is in some sense part of their very being.

You are a supernaturally adept traveller; you can manifest your intangible presence to sense and (with difficulty) affect things far away, warp probability to unlock doors/discover passages/enable unusual methods of travel in general even in defiance of physics, and with great effort just show up anywhere not heavily monitored or specifically warded. Your *Realm* and *Mood* bend to your will. You can plant your *Mood* as a seed in someone then grow it, and though you must attune to the wonders of your *Realm* to bring them into other realities once taken they can accomplish supernatural (though mostly small scale) things, and also serve as the catalyst for themed wishes. As you grow into your power, you can

transport more and more such wonders-which can be virtually anything smaller than a building.

You can of course summon your *Realm* itself into reality, at first simply shaping the world to be more like it but as you grow in power eventually manifesting it to overlap vast regions. You can even stabilise it, effectively creating a new instance of your *Realm* elsewhere-or transform things caught within to better fit in. You can shape your *Realm*, with each such miracle generally exerting 5% of it's power, and somewhere within it a *Shadow* dwells that with proper communion you can realise the true nature of: An extension of yourself, as close as your actual shadow to your body. A second body for your will, and potentially a miraculous being in their own right.

This is the power that guides serpents on journeys across the multiverse, and gods to carve kingdoms and subjects from their own flesh.

Wounded, or more dramatically *Wounded Angel*, is the term for one that draws strength from a powerful yet baneful *Blasphemy* bound to them in some sense. It could be a terrible world of destruction somehow replacing your heart. It could be a pact with a **Mystery** held at bay by your goodwill.

Those with this power have some magical art they practice on the level of witchcraft, shamanism or the like. Not a true miracle-but an otherworldly art drawn from their own pain. The *Blasphemy* within them is released when they suffer greatly, and in time it can be released as a *deus ex machina* that saves them from calamity-generally, in an unhappy way. Feeding the *Blasphemy* with a significant part of their vitality lets the user call on a specific miracle-like gouging out your eye to gain a killing gaze, and with great mastery this can be enhanced into a wish on the level of history uncreation. Alternatively, these "wound powers" can manifest as a position of authority/responsibility/connection with any organisation/location/entity and destine them to carry out that role effectively. Last but not least, those with this power are ironically effective saviours. They can appear anywhere not warded/monitored fitting a certain theme, and miraculously make a hopeless situation work out for someone as well as win the hearts and minds of those in such suffering. Long ago, a fallen angel used this power to grant another the power to banish world-killers from the Outside at the cost of her own life.

As a human, you're known as:

Humans aren't called up to the roofs without good reason. Perhaps a **Mystery** touched you with its' presence. Perhaps you couldn't bear with the world, and fled it. If you chose Human as your background, select one of the following secondary backgrounds to represent your reason for being here.

The Cintamani-Bearer: You've found it! The thing that gives the world its' worth. Either you made it, or you've had it for a while and your love for it makes the world *shine*. Problem is, you're not supposed to have it. For to own the Cintamani is to give the **Mystery** King Death a right to the living he didn't have. You have the *Cheat* and *Kaiju* powers. You will likely have the *Worldwalker* and *Allegory* powers too, in time.

The Hero of Fate: You were summoned up to the roofs by a higher purpose-something your life was building up to! You're the Hero of Fate, after all. You dream in prophecy and hear the whispers of others' hearts, and the more you strive for their/Fate's sake, the more you feel yourself becoming divine. Better yet, becoming Heroic. The problem is your doom is coming too, and is likely some sort of **Mystery**. You have the *Become Somebody* and *Impresario* powers. You likely have *Awakening* too.

The Magician: Some time ago the **Mystery** known as **Hedge the Fang**, who is **Unmindfulness**, touched your mind. He took your selfhood from you, and wielded the husk of your being against the rats. Not only is the experience haunting, but you've acquired power over "the fire of the world" which can best be understood as the fundamentally divine essence of reality itself. You understand the **Mysteries**. You wield power. You resist the will of **Hedge the Fang**. These things are divine truths as firm as any geasa, but how will they change your life? You have the *Indomitable* and *Memetic* powers, the latter of has "a world haunted by strange magics" as its' central Mythos. You likely have *Allegory* and *Primordial* too.

The Navigator: This place is amazing! And you've been picking up its' ways (almost) as quickly as any navigator-rat. You're swept up in the experience for now, but sooner or later you'll get used to things. Maybe a cat spirit will start bothering you. Maybe a **Mystery** will come over and pick a fight. Maybe you'll find an even cooler ship. Whatever the case, you have the *Creature of Fable* and *Prophet* powersets. You likely have *Indomitable* and *Worldwalker* too.

The Old-Timer: You've been here before actually. This isn't your first rodeo with magic and the far roofs, but you were done with all that. Then the **Mystery** known

as **Typhon**, who is **Disdain**, bit you. Showed you a truth too big to contain within the world. You draw on the *Allegory* and *Primordial* powersets, and likely *Indomitable* and *Memetic* too. You're definitely an old-timer, it's even your divine Role...but isn't it tiring to keep hanging on to your glory days? Also you're transforming into a fog-shrouded, silver-scaled serpent that is intrinsically difficult to observe. A new **Mystery** of uncertain nature.

The Rogue: You've ended up in quite the mess. Somehow you've promised several people to tame the **Mystery Gravewright**. Somehow, you've been known as a guardian of the folk below, protecting them from the horrors of the roof. Somehow, you've gotten the *Creature of Delirium* power to pull "the fire of a body's life" from someone then control their temporary or permanent corpse. You also have the *Wounded Angel* power too, presumably related to your own lifelessness. Who knows whatever other powers you could have? Whether you like it or not, you're going to be living in interesting times.

The Seeker: You were a little depressed, a little existentially exhausted, borderline alcoholic, a gambler-something to that effect. But things were normal, and you were handling them well. Then you started dreaming of the **Mystery Gorgon**, which is named **Monstrous**. You almost saw her face (not quite, for to see it brings death) and now she wants you. As a punishment, or because she needs help, or because she's looking for a kindred spirit. And because of that, you have the *Worldwalker* and *Awakening* powersets. Probably *Primordial* and *Kaiju* too. You're being made monstrous, and you're so close to **Gorgon** that you sometimes tread in her territory, sometimes feel her flesh as your own.

The Shield-Bearer: You used to be the kind of person who'd adventure for yourself. A hero, a tyrant, a force for change. Maybe you were younger when Thebes still stood, or in another life you were the dashing ringleader. Now? Now you're here on the roofs on someone else's behalf. You have the *Gardener* and *Holy* powers, through which you tend a surprisingly large, maze-like, cozy family home and grounds. You likely also have *Awakening* and *Impresario*.

Yourself!: You're...none of the above, actually. All sorts end up here. What's your story again? You may select whatever 4 powers you want, and choose to discount one perk from every Human sub-background perkline's price tier.

As a rat, you're known as:

Rats roam the rooftops as both play and calling. But not all rats truly *adventure*. You're one such extraordinary rat, and your destiny lies far beyond the safety of your burrow. If you chose Rat as your background, select one of the following secondary backgrounds to represent your reason for being here.

An Icon: You're a sacred rat! You carry some holy power, or perhaps there's a prophecy you'll save the world one day, or that you're a kit of the Rat King himself. Rats like you are stereotyped as pure, virtuous and sweet-though a little awkward from being overwhelmed by such a great destiny.

A Grandmother/Old Soldier: You're a grizzled veteran rat! You've been through the wars, and fought the **Mysteries** themselves in your lifetime. Rats like you are stereotyped as being a little forgetful, a little weak, but none doubt your cunning, survival and tenacity.

A Reckless Prinxe: You're a reckless rat! You're dashing, athletic, incredibly competent and daring. You're often known for showing off and telling mad stories. Rats like you are also stereotyped as flirts and troublemakers.

A Navigator Rat: You're a sensible rat! You've got a good sense of direction, a good solid ratty life, sharp organisational skills and a thorough understanding of the rooftops and the worlds beyond them. Rats like you generally like to make the world more orderly, and help out less advantaged rats.

An Outcast: You're a nonstandard rat! For one reason or another you don't fit in with rat culture. Maybe you like cats. Maybe you or rat society can't forgive you for something in your past. Maybe you're too intelligent to do rat things. Rats like you are seen as cagey, brooding and argumentative, even if that's not always fair.

A Bard: You're an artistic rat! The **Mysteries** have haunted you since childhood, and you've obsessively studied everything about them. Navigators might know the lay of the land, but you know much about the deep lore of the god-monsters upon the roofs. Rats like you are renowned for esoteric wisdom.

A Shieldbearer Rat: You're a friend or follower to some other rat on an adventure. Rats like you come from all walks of life, but you're presumably a loyal sort to go to such lengths for your friend. Stay alert, stay vigilant and hope your fellow rats' destiny doesn't kill them.

A Warden: You're a solemn rat. You're a wayfarer and guardian sworn to walk the far roofs and protect the world below. As tenacious and practical as your kind are,

it's not hard to be overwhelmed by what you're facing. To feel a certain bleak fatalism from being a rat tasked with fighting divine horrors.

A Special Rat!: You're a totally new sort of rat! You may choose to discount one perk from every Rat sub-background perkline's price tier.

You can:

Perks are 50% off under the relevant background header. Humans and rats get discounts from both their race choice's perkline as well as the sub-background they chose. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

Undiscounted

Skilful (50-250 CP): Many people have skills they've learned, trained or been born with that are helpful on adventures, and you're no exception. In this world, "skills" covers a broad swath of abilities that aren't miraculous but provide various benefits. Each skill exists on a scale of 1-5 where 1 represents minimum competency and 5 is mastery of the skill where it violates logic, thermodynamics and even genre.

You may purchase as many skills of each type as you want, and pay a maximum of 250 CP to support those skills. Paying 50 CP gives you a new skill starting at 1 or improves a skill from 1 to 2 and so on and so forth, while paying 250 CP gives you a skill at 5.

Professional skills represent mundane expertise common to rats or humans. A professional chef, or orator, or hitman, or stunt driver for example. Professional Opera Singer 2 would let you entertain most crowds, provided they don't dislike opera. Professional Opera Singer 4 would let you precisely shatter glasses and windows far away while leaving others intact with your voice, and just kind of barge through a language barrier.

Magical skills represent things that rats or humans can't even attempt. This largely encompasses any imaginable form of magic-but potentially also geomantic formations related to the Outside, scientific processes based on nonexistent laws of physics or making monsters out of nightmares. Magical Wizard 2 would let you cast fireballs, conjure doves and levitate a cake precisely from the ground to a high window. Magical Wizard 4 would let you conjure a burning serpent that can blast an entire city block in inextinguishable flames or slide into a parallel reality to duel another wizard at speeds that seem like only an instant has passed in the real world when you're done.

Finally, *Superior* skills represent things related to the state of not fundamentally being a rat or human. They are generally a thing/state you *are* rather than a *technique* or *system* you utilise. Examples include being a vampire, having an inexplicably long neck, being holy or having some sort of metaphysical claim on you by the sea. Superior Phoenix 2 would let you be a mostly ordinary bird of

unusual strength and flight carrying capacity that occasionally bursts into flames and regrows as a chick. Superior Phoenix 4 would let you be a grand creature of molten sunfire, your wingspan rivalling some airplanes, and the essence of death and rebirth spilling from your flight in passing when you deign to shed feathers on the land.

Human

Awaken to Adventure! (100 CP): Not everyone copes well when tossed in amongst otherworldly forces and impossible environments, but you're not one to shy away from a challenge. You keep your cool well under pressure, and you won't choke up when learning new skills or strange practices, or say things like "That's impossible! It doesn't work like that!". You're not particularly talented, but by trusting your gut you can avoid becoming your own worst enemy.

Make Miracles From Misery (200 CP): It's in the nature of the Far Roofs to challenge you with ideas, spiritual insights and restorative or traumatic experiences. From amazing or disappointing people important to you. For the aspiring arcanist, this is a good long term investment. These experiences grant *Arcana* and *Components*, abstractions that can be best surmised as fuel for miracles-either to enact them at all, or to empower them to greater heights.

You're especially receptive to such moments and gather them several times faster than the average rooftop adventurer, learning more from each moment of hardship. Furthermore, buying this perk lets you use components to power up any supernatural abilities you may acquire in the future. Think of it as a small but potent amount of magical fuel; you'd have to learn quite a lot to empower your abilities more than half a dozen times, but once you do a simple baseball-sized fireball can become a raging sun capable of vaporising several town-and a simple enchantment able to create a new Holy Grail. Particularly powerful effects can become miracles, rendered too *real* for most forces to oppose-and with enough fuel you could even turn them into full-on wishes.

Sell Them Down The River! (400 CP): Every now and then, when you put serious effort into something an unbidden thought of how to poetically frame it springs to mind. When this happens, you become briefly hypercompetent at feats both mundane-whether walking a tightrope or casting a fireball-or miraculous. It's often longer than a few breaths but seldom longer than a minute. And for that briefly time your actions are as fluid as if you'd practiced them for a thousand times, your tongue is silver, you react and respond to things before you could sense them-you act with surreal competence, and in a way that's breathtaking and

entrancing. Even in the heat of battle you'd glide between bullets like a ballet dancer, and if you already had powers like *Holy* your grace would put even an angel to shame.

It's almost like there's a poet somewhere, narrating your life.

That's not the fun part. The fun part is that whenever this happens a little of that luck is saved over. How much depends on the grandeur of whatever feat you accomplished-or for that matter if you succeeded at all, or just survived. Unlike many in this world you can save up that luck and choose to spend it all at once or in arbitrary but intuitive moments to enhance something you intend. Luck can't fix all your problems. It can't obliterate a raging ghost king or bring your clearly dead friend back to life on its own. But it can empower a miracle or spell/feat of super science that can, or more mundanely help you flick a knife into just the right chink in armour.

Become a God, or A Legend (600 CP): Where does the mundane end? Where does the miraculous begin? Here on the rooftops, you've had an epiphany about the journey towards unknowable transcendence. You are extremely well suited to any process that bestows divinity. You automatically qualify for any biological prerequisites, and as a spiritual vessel you internalise spiritual or mystical forces ten times quicker than before-allowing you to master powers and bypass esoteric barriers far faster than most. Furthermore, in every world from now on there will be an opportunity to become a divinity similar to those of this world. It will not always be easy or apparent, especially in mundane worlds. But as you gather influence, achieve great things and understand the world around you-the signs will be there, teaching you how to accomplish something that is as much divine tribulation as it is going walkabout. At the end of it, you'll be a god as grand as any **Mystery** in this world, but the nature of your powers will be shaped by the major events and phenomena of the world you're in as well as your own conception of how you relate to them.

The Cintamani-Bearer

Light Your Way Past Despair (200 CP): Sometimes, things don't look so good. Politics. What people say on TV. The weather. There's something about you that brings out a silver lining in all that though. When you're around, things go right for people-yourself, first and foremost-and it's hard, even by mystical means, to spread fear and despair. Moods lift, things steadfastly hold out longer than they should and people show up on time. As subtle as these effects are and as unlikely

as they are to provide a truly impossible victory, they can still be thought of as a wish:

I wish that no matter how bad things get, I and everyone around me who isn't my enemy can find a silver lining that puts a smile on my face

Travel To The Afterlife (400 CP): Bear the Cintamani for long enough, and both you and the world around you will change. You will walk in the shadow of the valley of death, and the shadow of the valley of death will be wherever you walk. You've reconciled the distinction to an extent. You're able to stride between afterlives by similar means to how the rats navigate the rooftops-stepping through a long passageway in your shadow, unlocking a hidden doorway in a graveyard that exists only for you, or something similarly symbolic.. Traveller beware-while these methods of passage give you a knack for slipping past any wards barring the worlds apart, just because you've got a day pass to the afterlife doesn't necessarily mean you can't still die by the usual means. With some skill though, this could be exploited-this gift can call or bind things as well as transport yourself and others. With enough practice you might be able to bring the dead back with you to the land of the living, gather some of its' essence to forge into a scythe or similar feats.

Accept Death (600 CP): People deserve to know how amazing the world is. How amazing THEY are. But to steal from death is to give death a claim to the world. How do you reconcile that? Understanding. Maturity. Internal meditation and comprehension no longer wound you, no matter what mind-searing eldritch secrets or tragic memories you gain later on. In fact, achieving peace of mind will both greatly increase your finesse and control over supernatural powers, but if they are deeply aligned with your core identity you could use them to cast loosely-thematic wishes-like a hot-blooded person using his fire magic to wish the sun would rise in the west not the east. As if foretelling your purpose, any power you have derived from death can always be used for benevolent ends. Instead of torturing a ghost with necromancy for example, you could make it a nice necromantic energy sauna

The Hero of Fate

Take Strong Poison (200 CP): Like many heroes of fate you've been poisoned by dream-snakes recently. You have prophetic dreams of the future, hear voices of the wind, and get glimpses of others' hearts. It's all very symbolic and difficult to prove, but it does give you the sort of insight into both people and the world that would normally take a long conversation with a wise sage. Unlike many heroes of fate however, it seems you've somehow developed a tolerance for this kind of

thing. You're hugely resistant to venoms, even metaphysical or figurative ones. What could kill or transform other would make you a bit lightheaded and woozy, and only transform you in ways fitting your self-image.

Dance With Dreams (400 CP): It's the fate of heroes to end up in situations when reality and dream are somewhat vague. In a fit of insight, you've opened your third eye (this can be entirely figurative, a literal mystical eye or something in between) and gained the power to preserve clear thought even in altered states as well as see through falsehood like a lighthouse cutting through fog. Moreover, you've also learned to interact with dreams and illusions as if they were reality, beginning with a highly refined form of lucid dreaming. You won't be able to just do anything you couldn't already, but if you shoot an illusion of someone the real person gets hurt too, and if you take something in a dream you wake up with it near you. With greater powers you'll likely be able to do more.

Defy Heaven and Change Fate! (600 CP): You're doomed to a dire certainty. Heaven has released **Basilisk**, which is named **Reverence**, to thwart you. Do you give up? *Hell no*. You've embraced your destiny as the hero of fate, letting you tangle with inevitabilities and certain outcomes as a peer. When you work to fulfil the metaphysically "correct" or causally likely outcome, your blows are guided as if by fate to hit perfectly and your deeds set off cascades of ripple effects to make sure all happens as it should. But when you work against such powers, they find themselves unable to account for you, to stop you from introducing uncertainty, to stop you with indirect or esoteric means. For fate is as much your domain as it is that of the powers that be. The less likely something is to come to pass, the more success you have fighting for it. You are the grit in inevitability's oyster, the variable that refuses to be quantified.

The Magician

Sweep Away Ghosts (200 CP): You've trained in ghost sweeping, in the spiritual and esoteric practices used to banish, barter with or harness spiritual beings. This is generally more the domain of mikos and shamans than magical girls or comic book wizards; you can do things like physically smack away spirits with great force using a ritually prepared fan, sense malign from miles away, burn away spirits and supernatural beings with a glare or break blessings or curses simply by focusing on them. These powers are especially effective on things/phenomena associated with a certain principle like Doubt or Taxes that you find to be the antithesis of your core values. This also gives you a supernaturally impactful personality. You know just how to win someone over-or utterly get on their nerves.

Huddle Away (400 CP): Lots of people in your position don't actually want to be sucked into the affairs of Rats and Mysteries. You've found a way to deal with it. You can generate a pocket dimension by climbing through a window, painting a door on a wall or something else that runs on somewhat childish logic and is a bit finicky and ritualistic but lets you go in through practically anywhere. Within awaits a roughly football field-sized dark, misty, enclosed space that looks like whatever you imagine a dark wizard's lair resembles. This place is a sanctum of sorts. It's not impossible to get in, but damned near impossible for anyone who isn't already familiar with mystical otherworlds. And while there's seldom anything more useful than drinkable running water and some fire poker within, this place does empower any magical abilities you have-even those that can affect different realms of existence. A world-sized magical wand of sorts.

Ignite the Fire of the World (600 CP): You've finally grasped a wondrous thing-you've mastered the fire of the world. This can be broadly defined as the force that is reality itself, letting you utterly snuff out the supernatural and throw up great barriers and dampening currents against the miraculous. Somewhat hypocritically, it can also be used to control the world itself by imposing new laws such as "cars will always collide with my foes" or making a badminton racket you own take such priority over everything else that it can be used to swat ICBMs back over the horizon; it's good at manipulating or defining parameters for existing phenomena, but creating new ones is trickier since you generally have to build up to it in gradients of complexity-like using fire to heat water to blast someone with a geyser, for example. It's not the only "fire" out there, and certainly can be contested by many in this world-but it's a wondrous and world-shaping force in its' own right. Potentially even capable of granting reality-themed wishes. There's a reason why **Hedge the Fang** grasped it through someone like you as a vessel once.

The Navigator

Summon Cats (200 CP): You've become an omen to rats everywhere, because you're a natural friend and ally to cats. They track you down, they go out of their way to look out for you or try to bring you things to eat, and they even give you the privilege of rubbing their tummies. More importantly, you can summon cat spirits from amongst cats; they just kind of...show up, but more tend to show up if there's more cats. Cat spirits are beings of predation and misfortune that can bestow trauma on those they disfavour as well as wield or hand out minor miracles similar to those offered by **Hedge the Fang** such as successfully devouring *anything*, letting you smite rats (or some other enemy you can convince the cat

spirits to hate), a single use of line of sight teleportation or bringing/dispelling a single storm. In fact, cat spirits might well be extensions of **Hedge the Fang**.

Get Along With Myself (400 CP): At some point, an aspect of yourself broke off from you. The false identity you constructed, your old history-something meaningful. But now, it's come back, it's done well enough, and it's ready to help you out. You are now two individuals, the second you endowed with all the perks you've purchased in this jump (though if you purchased any powersets, they could have a different spread of those). Whether you are one mind in two bodies, two eerily uncanny twins or something else, you count metaphysically as one person and coordinate like you've been doing it all your life (which you have been, in some sense). Together, the two of you take self-reliance very literally.

Navigate Sorrow (600 CP): So-let's say you're out hiking, and **Cruelty** itself decides it doesn't like your face. Or that death incarnate wants you dead. Not a problem. Somehow you've gained the talent to be able to escape from anything. *Anything*. This works through several flashes of intuition, a contrived series of steps you make up as you go along, and an uncanny coincidence or two that in hindsight set up some sort of miraculous contrivance. Your escape can still be foiled even if fortune errs heavily on your success, and you have to know you're being pursued as well as throw everything into running away for it to work. If it has to be said, some things are harder to escape from than others, and concepts take longer to escape from than individuals. But if you do successfully escape something-death, your ex-wife, the IRS-reality itself will prevent it from interacting with you against your consent. This phenomena could be summed up as a wish that goes something like

I wish I had a chance, however slim, to get away from what's pursuing me forever

The Old-Timer

Befriend **Disdain** (200 CP): Even if you're not **Typhon's** successor or friend, there's something about you that makes **Mysteries** really like you. Instead of trampling you underfoot or tormenting you, there's a tendency for them to seek out your friendship, your understanding-to respect your boundaries or offer you rewards for assisting them. Even save you in your hour of direst need, if you know each other well enough. In future worlds this applies to all beings of a grand and mythical character-gods, their greatest enemies and many horrors from the void. With all that in mind, it's still seldom easy to get along with a **Mystery**. But there's something about them that at least makes them try.

Turn My Wishes Into Youkai (400 CP): You just can't get enough of that **Typhon** poison, can you? Because you've started to condense bits of your wishes and dreams into little dragon spirits that just kind of whizz around you. Kind of like cats. Unlike most old-timers so poisoned, you've gained full control over this phenomena, and have your dragon spirit production tightly controlled. Dragon spirits are wild, untamed and glorious-though yours are inclined to look up to you as the biggest among their kind. Rather than breathing fire, they wrap themselves in auras of it. Yours in particular have been empowered as vessels and amplifiers of any supernatural powers you know, letting you use them like mobile magical wands or grimoires to vastly amplify them. Those powers attuned to your emotions in particular can potentially grow the little fire-drakes, with...generally unpredictable results.

Become A Legend (600 CP): Well, you can't put it off forever. Sooner or later you have to face facts: One day you're going to turn into a fog-shrouded, silver-scaled serpent that is extremely hard to observe directly. It reigns over moonlight, thread and passing time. Except...maybe you can? This serpent exists in dreams and portents of a notional future, and you've somehow reached an accommodation with it in which you've both agreed to keep some healthy distance between your identities. The most important thing is that even if you die, if most of what is known as your existence is erased, you'll be reborn as a moon-like egg spat out by the serpent in its' starry void abode. It'll take time to hatch, and the serpent can form a moonlight path back to any point in your history once you do, but only beings that can traverse dream and strike at a place that exists perpetually in the past can even try harming the two of you. You can talk to the serpent even while well through meditation, and summon it to aid you if you get along well enough. It has traits similar to a Wildlord. Not that many rats use that term.

The Rogue

Ground Curses (200 CP): Sometimes someone's in trouble, and it takes someone as lackadaisical as you to get them out. Whenever you spot tangible misfortune, be it a bloodline curse or a disease, you can instantly cure it by choosing to take it onto yourself. It does require to walk up to somebody and have at least a few conversations with them, but otherwise the process is instantaneous-the consequences fall on you, and the other person is instantly cured. What's with all the surprised looks? Just because you're a dashing rogue doesn't mean you're *just* a dashing rogue.

Rise To The Challenge (400 CP): Rogues are always running head-first into challenges. What rogues seldom tell you is how prepared they are. You've somehow gained the power to be retroactively prepared for things to the best of your ability, as well as windfalls of fortune in all your endeavours. Taken together, a regular human could retroactively set traps, prop up a ladder, pick locks and hack computers, reveal unlikely amounts of money for any transaction, or about half a dozen other similar things when dramatically declared. Uniquely, how much and what you can prepare at once scales with your overall power, *with the main limitation* being that you cannot directly inflict harm with your preparations. Never put a rogue in a corner unless you want to get cornered yourself.

Bring Ghosts To (Sort Of) Life (600 CP): You've learned to rip out "the fire of a body's life", its' core life essence of sorts. This lets you infuse that fire into all manner of wondrous artifacts, like creating an ever-burning stove or a robot dog that can do everything a real dog can even before getting into actually learned artifice, but more importantly it lets you command the temporary (or permanent, if you've mean) corpse of the being you siphoned. You might even be able to bring ghosts back to life using bits of bug/plant life, or siphon **Mysteries** for some of their life energy, but screwing up could result in unhinged exploding curse-spectres or even the creation of new, angry **Mysteries**.

With practice, you can learn to wield this power over vast swarms of creatures, or learn to use your vessels as instruments of fate. Moreover you've somehow lost your own life's fire, making you exceedingly difficult to kill. Things like blood loss or bullet wounds don't really matter; they'll have to melt you or crush your limbs to do meaningful damage. How did you get these powers? Where did you lose your own life-fire? *Who has time for backstories?*

The Seeker

Bring Forth The Memory of **Gorgon's** Sacrifice (200 CP): In your dreams there is this Grecian-style temple, surrounded by dry grass, in the shadow of the mountains. Some say it's called **Gorgon's** Reach. Something terrible was done here, something amazing was betrayed and sold to death. And a legacy of that lingers here. You can summon the temple at will, forming geography and urban development into its' baroque form. Here, sacrifices of all kinds are drastically more effective-from the mightiest blood ritual, to the most petty landlord's agreement. Similarly it's easy to make things more monstrous here. Fate itself

bends in favour of turning dogs into car-shredding horrors, or training men into stone-cold killers.

Salvage Monstrosities (400 CP): It's not fair that **Gorgon** was traded. It's not right. But...to do otherwise is to risk toppling the pillars of the world. There has to be a third way, and with this perk there will always be one. You can offer salvation to the hopeless, you can give those hurting a chance to recover, you can save those doomed by fate itself. There's still a process to it, but you'll find doing something like cooking chicken soup for someone suffering a cold can be done with your eyes closed and without actually paying for anything; by coincidence, ingredients and useful coincidences assist you as if Heaven decreed this cold end. Curing a whole country beset by influenza is harder and requires more travel, but as you deliver chicken soup from door to door you'll find the effects rippling out like a Hallmark movie to the edge of magic realism. And should you try to cure someone of a metaphysical sickness as great as the Glitch itself, you may not know where to start. You may not even know *how* to start. But as long as you keep trying there's a chance for someone suffering it to know peace no matter how dire their fate-whether by passing on peacefully, wresting control of their infection as a starry-eyed world-killer void god inclined to be your friend or even miraculously reclaiming their own life.

Make Compromises With Reality (600 CP): You've been struggling with something unnatural, something infectious, something trying to change you. And...and you're just *tired* of holding it back. So call it forth then-that oozing shadow, that chittering swarm, that magic born into the void that riddles reality with holes and makes it tear apart like rotten fabric. Such a dread power requires little more than an effort of will. Though miracles or the inherently miraculous are greatly resistant and truly pure hearts can outright defy it, from metal to concept there's nothing you can't erase with it. The safe, reliable uses for this power for it are roughly on the scale of a high end Spider-Man movie-you could annihilate the colour green but it would still be around outside your local city, or drop a speeding train coming at you straight into the void but not the station in another district. But the more you experience fear, hatred, despair-all the negative emotions there are, the more your power's scope grows-potentially to the level of a bleak and awful wish. Though without coming to terms with and accepting those emotions, it's also prone to causing unpredictable and inconvenient problems for you like noclippping through the street you tried to erase. Last but not least, conversations with you are dramatic and striking as unto a divine-or diabolical-revelation when you will them to be, filling others with your personal damnation.

The Shield-Bearer

Speak To And Care For Strange Things (200 CP): You've been studying exotic cultures lately. You learn languages, even supernatural or utterly alien ones, really quickly. Enough that you could correspond with the *girtablilu*, a species of scorpion-people that guard the entrance to the land of darkness known as Kumugi, after a week or so's study as a normal human. More importantly, you're very good at caring for animals. Not only do you win their trust unusually quickly, not only can you train them well enough to respond as intelligently as children, but there's a tendency for them to grow bigger under your care. Stronger. Wiser. Touched by miracles. A wolf in your care could grow up as a wolf of legend capable of dodging bullets and running on wind, and if that wolf was already a **Mystery's** cub it could grow up even grander.

Correspond With Falling Stars (400 CP): You've been exchanging letters with a star that is due to fall soon, and it has lots to say. It used to live in the currently-missing kingdom of the sky but it's gone now and you're its main company. You'll be able to write letters to stars even if in future settings stars are giant exploding balls of gas and not twee spirits. All things being equal and without accounting for distinct personalities, stars are inclined to be polite and curious about you. Whatever process you're using the commune with the star lets them give you an educated layman's guess on anything touched by their light; you could ask one to tell you about aliens on a distant planet, but don't expect GDP or complex history lessons. Also if you're very persuasive, you can talk stars into falling. Or using their gravity wells to swing comets and meteors at a certain direction. Stars have remarkably good aim.

Knit Sweaters Really Well (600 CP): You're good at knitting sweaters. It puts you at ease, helps you forget your worries, and the sweaters you knit are so comfy people can *feel* how much you care for them through the sweaters. Like giving them a hug in person. What, not impressed yet? How's about this: You're so good at knitting sweaters that you can knit *anything* together with remarkable finesse. Knit two cars and have them function with double the horsepower. Or just like the typical consequences of two cars being awkwardly built as one car, depending on your stitching. Knit someone's strings of fate to you. Knit a moment from yesterday into tomorrow. Knit a section of the Far Roofs that is unravelling and falling apart into the void of the Outside to save a genius loci's domain. The only limitations are your skill...and how much thread you have. Beware of things that can fight back while being knitted, and remember that more powerful or esoteric things generally require more stitching.

Rat

Speak To Big People (100 CP): You'd expect there to be at least some communication difficulties between tiny rodents and humans from all sorts of places. There isn't. It's just not a thing that happens. You're not capable of speaking and understanding all human languages, as well as all rat ones. Even in future jumps, talking to rats and humans has no logistical difficulties; rat voices might be squeaky, but they're reasonably easy to understand.

Keep Holding On (200 CP): Beyond bodily harm, there are certain transcendental experiences that can change body, mind and soul beyond recognition.

Experiences of profound wickedness or delirium brought about by unwise choices, or contact with powerful beings. There is something in you-a sort of spiritual spark-that gives you great resistance against psychic attacks, spiritual corruption, curses, alien forms of enlightenment or similar things. A powerful witch can still turn you into a lovelorn rotting frog, but you'll have great control over how that transformation manifests to suit yourself-and with struggle and determination you'll always have a chance to regain your original form.

Take Over The World! (400 CP): Your claws are sharp, your wits sharper. Whether or not you actually are rodent royalty, you have both the cunning and battle prowess to both rule well and wage war on both rival rats and Mysteries. You know the drills, the formations and the stratagems that rats can use to fell Big Folk. You're gifted at both disciplining and motivating your soldiers, forging the normally whimsical rats into soldiers of uncommon focus and cunning. You can smell betrayal and deception from a mile away. And once you've seized your throne with bloodied paws, you know how to rule firmly and fairly such that all but the most rebellious of ratkind would know a new age of peace and prosperity. If Genghis Khan married Catherine the Great and the baby was a rat, that rat would be you.

Make An End To Death (600 CP): You'd expect a rat to be swept like leaves before the onslaught of a monster born from the world's nightmares to shatter it's pillars. But this is not the case. Rat armies butchered **Harpy**. A ratty mystic created the spell that can hunt **Unicorn**. And you? You're a rat of legend in the making born to slay these horrors. When fighting anthropomorphic personifications, undying behemoths or other immortals and godlike beings the spirit of this world will always provide you a window for victory. There will always be some sort of symbolic weakness you can exploit to kill, placate or ward off them, such as somehow manoeuvring a god of the sea into a desert and staking them through

the heart with a fossilised cactus. Or winning the Sisters of Fate's favour by spinning out important moments of your life with your own loom to honour them. Death great enough to snuff these immortals also brings an end to the concepts they embody, for better and worse.

Last but not least, it seems that fate smiles on your efforts as a godslayer. Once you have slain beings of such power, their remnants coalesce into some sort of sacred treasure that represents a significant portion of their power and threat level—a sword carved from a world serpent's fang for example, or a lantern dredged up from death's own corpse that ignites souls when lit. No matter how futuristic or abstract these treasures look, you'll always be able to wield them with as much miraculous flair and potency as the **Mysteries** of this world hold over their own.

A Bard

Be Helpful (200 CP): There's something undefinably helpful about a rat showing up and singing songs about how you're going to win, or how great you are. Whenever you're helping someone, no matter how you're actually helping them, everything goes better. The process is more relaxing and efficient. The end result is of higher quality. Feats of teamwork go smoothly as clockwork, tools and paperwork and amazing coincidences all just kind of flow together like some sort of surreal dream. Just don't do anything that actually *impedes* everyone involved, and remember that helpfulness only helps so much against say—a tsunami, or a famine.

Make Things Work Out (400 CP): Sometimes it's too late to help people. That's okay! You can buy them time. You can draw out the urgency of a given calamity, ensuring that terrible events get no worse indefinitely. A patient with his chest cut open won't succumb to gangrene or get worse until you give up on him, a village laid siege to by zombies can keep holding out even if things don't get better, and a financial recession can be forestalled. Unfortunately, this doesn't do anything against conscious intent, can't actually help things get *better* on its own, and does nothing against ongoing forms of violent harm or calamities that greatly exceed your own immediate ability to deal with; one rat can't get there in time to hold back an elephant falling on a child for example, or be realistically expected to solve entropy by themselves.

Promote My Principle (600 CP): Choose a concept that embodies the kind of rat (or whatever you are) you see yourself as. Hope. The Untamed Burrows. Cheese. You know a certain ritual behaviour, performance or code of conduct you can use to increase the power of this principle, spreading its way-of-being and physical

manifestations through the surrounding area. And empowering any abilities you have to wield it greatly. Moreover when you're in trouble this principle manifests to help you in convenient ways-a freak coincidence burying a foe you hate in cheese for example, or the ground melting like cheese beneath an enemy army you're condemning. Many bards sing from the heart, but you're the kind of bard that can move the world itself to follow your rhythm.

A Grandmother/Old Soldier

Give Helpful Advice (200 CP): How did you know that teenager needed to dump that boy and move on with her life? How did you know that would result in her getting a better boyfriend (or girlfriend), AND ace her exams while becoming prom queen at the same time? You didn't. The words just kind of slipped out of your mouth about midway through a friendly chat. So it goes when you give people advice, bursts of inspiration and actual twists of fate mean that when you try to advise someone in good faith (in person, writing or some other method of communication) your advice is supernaturally effective. It's like the adage of sagely old grandmother's wisdom is some sort of law of physics localised to you.

Wind Things Up Or Down (400 CP): You're settling into your routine and things are getting maybe a bit too boring...then suddenly the Leanan Sidhe jumps out of a broom closet and screams IT WAS ME, GRANDMOTHER! I ATE ALL THE CHEESE! Is that the magic of the Far Roofs or your own mind seeing patterns? *You be the judge.* You've now gained the ability to escalate or dampen the excitement in your personal life, for events roughly centred on yourself. Escalation increases both the risk and reward open to you, while dampening makes things both more likely to stay the same and less likely to give you opportunities to drastically change things. You can't do things like bankrupt kingdoms or end the universe unless you already exist on a scale where the cosmos is more of a neighbour than something you're inconceivably divorced by, but anything that could affect your personal life meaningfully is fair game. You can't make things more boring than a sleepy English village and you can't make things more exciting than Mardi Gras. Other than that, all's fair in order and chaos.

Expect Payment (600 CP): You'd be amazed how many people go to grandmothers and old soldiers for help. Even **Mysteries** on occasion. This boon does two things to compensate old folks like you for being always willing to pitch in. The first is that it makes anyone who receives your help in good faith oathbound to compensate you. People may define gratitude differently and pay you what you're worth, but even if you end up helping someone who embodies a fundamentally

unreliable concept they will at least respect your efforts enough to justify not *immediately* ruining your life. The second is that whatever reward they hand out will be tenfold more valuable than they intended, mainly through subtle and coincidental ways. A dollar you get might end up saving you ten more later that week through some sudden discounts. A boon from a god might bless you several times over.

An Icon

Survive Tragedy (200 CP): It's the lot of Icon rats to start their journey as martyrs. You're no more resistant to poison, cursing, haunting or suffering of all kinds but you are immensely, unreasonably full of vitality in spite of it all. You could be possessed by an unearthly spectre, having swallowed a bottle of curare, and cursed into a feral beast at the same time and still barely function as a rat (or whatever you are), your form contorting into your self-image to perform basic functions. And as long as you don't actually die or get meaningfully defeated, your immune system slowly but surely fights off said transformations like any sickness.

Dwell Amidst Magic (400 CP): You've peeked beyond the veil and into the world of ghosts. Icons do this a lot-end up slipping through the cracks of society and discovering a hidden occult world. You're a dab hand at magic of all kinds, picking up in weeks what it takes most sorcerers months, and you have a sixth sense for hidden occult forces. Moreover, in other worlds you can toggle the idea that there will *always* be some sort of secret occult society. The powerlevel of this society's practices will always translate roughly to an influential but mundane sector of society, so whatever mystical practices in a modern world will ultimately have the same strategic value as hedge fund managers and investment bankers' ability to influence the world around them. Regardless, they'll always welcome you as a promising initiate with an air of great destiny.

Burn Brightly (600 CP): A mysterious and holy flame has begun to burn in your dreams, consuming you from within. It could be some cast-off from Heaven itself. It could also be a personal form of enlightenment, or something similar. Regardless, you're now overflowing with sacred spiritual power straight out of a religious text that you've mastered faster than most. Enduring the ravages of the outside, dissipating sickness or poison, making plants bloom, smiting whole kingdoms of ghosts and distilling randomness to meaning so an earthquake can strike a town without harming anyone seriously is second nature to you. The sacred power within you has an abstract and spiritual voice happy to advice you in

using it. It's fundamental nature is to spread beauty and meaning wherever you go, and it will grow in power as you do.

A Navigator Rat

Receive Visions (200 CP): Danger. It's everywhere except where most bother to look. You're not most. You can smell danger of all kinds from miles away, you have such a sense for it that you could tell the exact threat level of two different thugs before they've even seen you. The shape of traps, the steps needed to escape a roving back of scorpion-people, how long your ship can sail towards **Charybdis** before it's too late to turn back. All these things come to you in bursts of insight. Not necessarily with solutions. But your memory of dangers is comprehensive, and all but the most stubborn or delusional always believe you when you make it known to them.

Navigate The Past (400 CP): When you come to a place and learn enough about it to treat it like a second home, a funny thing happens. You can evoke the *spirit* of a certain era in that place's history, reshaping phenomena, things and even people to just kind of show up in a surreal magic realism-kind of way in an area slightly exceeding the notional place you use this in. This is in a sense the opposite of time travel; you're bringing the past back to the present rather than going to it. You can learn interesting things, make use of gold or gunpowder or what have you, but everything fades away in a few hours-and while you *can* affect people and the wider world with things here, the world "resets" the chain of causation to make it seem like a reasonably plausible explanation for the consequence happened (if there isn't one, reality tends to do strange things). Last but not least, anyone or anything trying to interact with you unless you deliberately interact with them within this twisted place finds it extremely difficult; it's like you keep slipping from their grasp behind the veil of time itself. In the old apartment you used to live, this can be a great way to reconnect with old friends. In somewhere like the place Camelot was once founded, this could be your chance to meet King Arthur.

Map Out The Fire Of The End (600 CP): The final destination of all travellers is the **Final Star**: A lonely, fierce and terrible creature of mirrored brass and endless fire hanging above the roofs. It is glory. It is yearning emptiness, eternally resentful of its own nature. And yet, you can draw a map to it. In fact you can draw a map to anything. The maps you make are miraculously effective for yourself or others to use, drastically shortening travellers' times by warping reality

itself in various ways as long as they're brought and read on the journey. A map to another country could take you a few days' travel on bike, and take paths that exist only for you looping behind alleyways and take you on a track passing over the moon. Actually mapping something like that final destination would likely take insight and directional measurements best found in places like the Far Roofs or with extreme insight into reality itself, but it'll never be notionally impossible.

An Outcast

Gather Sympathy (200 CP): Like the outcast rats, even though you act tough and independent there's something about you that tends to draw in sympathy. Good, honest folk instinctively offer you their spare room or give you a little more understanding, as long as you do the bare minimum to be a good guest. Trying to actually improve yourself will win you some new friends. Even criminal scum or wild predators instinctively sense hurting you is like kicking a puppy as long as you're not going out of your way to get in theirs, and you've got a good chance of talking or taming the pettier specimens among them into a mutually beneficial arrangement. The bonds you form like this empower you overall in small, beneficial ways, helping you live up to that tough guy image.

Transform Others (400 CP): Call it karma. Call it fairytale logic, or fate. But there's a kind of transformation you can inflict on people who get physically or emotionally close to you. It's less of a physical transformation and more like a "narrative role" imposed on their way of being with subtle psychological and fate-bending tendencies-a kind of low level divine mantle. How much it is a curse or blessing it's likewise up to you. For example, befriending a nerdy outcast could result in you becoming a nerd yourself, gaining instant knowledge of D&D 5e or quantum physics, and finding great luck in following scientific journals or making breakthroughs-but not feeling as enthusiastic about sports. Those with great mystical or miraculous power can generally resist roles, and it works much easier on people who already fit the bill; turning a tractor or most Scotsmen into a perpetual optimist is extremely hard. You can also free people from this role at any time-or impose a role that is the *opposite* of your own "narrative role" like a nerd making people into jocks and/or cheerleaders.

Bite Back (600 CP): It takes one to know another. That's why many Outcasts end up battling **Mysteries** seeking to thwart a whole community of rats. When you fight-literally, or just trying to save them from some immediate disaster-for the sake of a community large enough to be considered a village or a whole swarm of rats, you really rise to the occasion. You can fight with much more stamina, such

that a grown man could fight night and day without rest. Enemy attacks miss you so often it's like you're in some sort of action movie, and your own blows strike unerringly towards their weaknesses as well as with enough disproportionate force for a rat to knock a man off his feet. It won't let you do the impossible, but it'll make you so damnably hard to kill a sufficiently stubborn rat could take out a tank with this alone through sheer attrition. And as long as enough of the community's still standing afterwards to call itself one with a straight face, your injuries and exhaustion quickly become unreal, fading like morning dew. If your life was a Hallmark movie, this would be the moment you learn about the true power of community.

A Reckless Prinxe

Discover Adventure! (200 CP): There's all sorts of weird and exotic places out there, why limit yourself to these old rooftops? You have a bizarre compatibility with doors and portals of all kinds. If a lock has a key, you can unlock it by showing up and being confident enough. If a magical portal requires a specific rune or blood sacrifice, you can barge right through. And if there's a hidden world at all, you can figure out a way in. Specifically *warding* such an entry in some sense, even just some kid piling up boxes behind a door, makes it much harder to pass through. Until then, you have an uncanny tendency to show up anywhere in ways that surprise people.

Bother People (400 CP): You are so, *so* supernaturally annoying it's like a superpower, or a tank's ability in an MMO. If you showed up at a gunfight and started heckling people, the goons would ignore the sheriff and even their rivals to take potshots at you. If someone was out of favour with some constellation-deities but you started shouting blasphemies at the sky, the gods would come after you instead and so would their curses. All things being equal even inanimate objects, *natural phenomena* or vehicles swerve towards you-at least when you're trying to annoy people. Here's the other thing: *People* that strike at you in annoyance have an uncannily bad time hitting you-often just barely missing instead. This does nothing for the avalanche you've made roll uphill at you to save a child's life, but for the world's best sniper to even have a chance of hitting you he'd need some kind of high grade magic specifically for guiding bullets at your heart, or skill with the gun so great it defies physics. A mind clear enough to consciously shed petty emotion in the heat of battle or some kind of homing grenade works too.

Crack Time (600CP): Well, you've really done it now. You've figured out how to crack time. You dig a hole, like a little rat hole, near an area of historical

significance. If you dig deep enough, a crack will open up beneath you and you'll just drop into whichever era came to your mind while up there. Times further back will take longer to dig down, but you can return centuries with a few minutes digging. As a side note, time travel using this method specifically has a tendency to resolve without paradoxes. The exact reason (you've actually gone to some surreal un-place? Parallel timelines?) is vague, but while you can certainly bring things (or even people) back, learn new things and test out certain outcomes it's hard to actually change the course of history with this alone. You'd have to go really far out of your way, probably into several adventures to somehow affirm the change.

A Shieldbearer Rat

Excel in Peril (200 CP): You are a warrior true, rat or not. And if rat, then the rats' answer to Lu Bu, or David Crockett. You could send a dozen lesser rats (or humans, if you're human) flying with a swing of your spear, scurry (or march) for days without complaint and are well trained in the military practices of the rats (or humans). You're a deft teacher for the ways of war as well, expertly training greenhorns and staying disciplined even in pitched battle. Mostly your fighting prowess is realistic, but there's an edge of legend to it; you can't reliably rip heads off skulls for example, but at a suitably dramatic moment you could strike a man from a gate with a thrown spear or catch an arrow from the air. Showing off superlative fighting skill, wowing your allies or striking fear in your enemies helps you capture these moments. You're the kind of human (or rat) of whom legends would be told of even if you were a mortal soldier at the Illiad's great war.

Carve Wonder From Mystery (400 CP): Long have you walked in **Mystery**, dreaming of the day when hunters become the prey. Thus you've learned how to harness their flesh and blood in artifice. To tear off a **Mystery's** head and forge it into a sacred ground where no rat can ever die, or distil their blood into a nutritional supplement that does the same for many distant rats. Such wondrous things of legend are of course wrought from the bodies of godlike beings, but even lesser supernatural creatures can have things like magic wands, sacred chalices or cursed daggers carved from their parts. Some magic in your craft make such artifacts work as well as those forged of professional quality, and feel like a natural extension of your own body. The carcass of a supernatural being is like a rich seam of ore for you to plunder and refine. You're particularly adept at creating weapons from them designed to hunt similar entities.

Think With Vastness (600 CP): A headless serpent is eating the stars. A giant has trapped you in an illusory realm. What's to be done? You've got an idea. You've got a *ritual*. You now know how to create rituals that can project anything you can normally do on a much wider and/or more powerful scale. A normal human that knows how to cook chicken soup for example could summon enough chicken soup to feed a whole village with such a ritual. The scope of such rituals is limited only by the strain of the practices, the uniqueness and overall mystic potency of the reagents, and the power of the participants within it; with significant amounts of any of these you can increase the scope/power of said rituals even while lacking in other areas. With several archmagi and a demigod, you could make a nuclear bomb bounce away into space or change entire cities into lands where urban legends come true. Anyone who thinks they have you up against the ropes will have no idea what will hit them until your patented Ginger Beer Curse does.

A Warden

Teach Disciples (200 CP): Teaching. Mmm. That's the best thing someone in as grim a line of work as yours can do for future generations. You're adept at any number of mundane trades and skills, guiding others to them like you were born to it. What's more, you know how to train people to deal with the supernatural. You might not be able to teach them how to cast spells or channel spirits, but you'll always be able to figure out a methodology-say, taking dream-snake venom-that will let others commune with, perceive and touch, banish, make themselves resistant to and/or bind supernatural beings to their will. Depending on their nature and power, some methods may be more feasible than others.

Balance Numinous Forces (400 CP): What's the best cure to a **Mystery** starting to make you other than what you wish? The influence of another **Mystery**, of course! You've taken this wisdom to heart, and can apply the methodology of harnessing opposites into balance to whatever you please. Drinking coffee to rapidly cure a hangover is easy. However, you are also a kind of sponge for supernatural powers, able to siphon things like hellfire or mana and store it in an inert state within yourself. Fonts of power and living beings are equally valid, though you must be within touching range. Even if you have no other way to harness it, the energy will act like a buffer to phenomena or entities opposed to it-like a magical shield right beneath your skin. Of course, if you CAN use such abilities your strange practices let you wield them without conflicting with each other as well as with inhuman precision. Just try not to swallow an energy field larger than your own head with this alone. The power's inert once it gets inside you-but if you're not great enough to contain it, it might not *stay* inert as you crack at the seams.

Stave Off Calamity (600 CP): It is the lot of all warden rats to die saving others from awful fates. This is kind of unfair. A few eventually reach the epiphany, after an indeterminable amount of adventures, that they've ACTUALLY thwarted numerous threats and survived terrible things, and have nothing left to do but return in triumph. A curious fate. Now, the more you brave danger and thwart disaster, the more you increase the prosperity for both yourself and others in normal, everyday things. Think of it as a custom Superior Skill: Prosperity shared by both you and everyone in the city/town/village/tribe you think of as home. This skill makes it more difficult for everything from plagues to invading armies to tear down what has been built up, while also bestowing economic and spiritual success. If you embark on the kind of Mystery-battling adventures that those on the Far Roofs are acclaimed for, after a few years in such a place you could transform it into a grand city of wonders from legend. Or the far future. Some merger of both, probably, where wonders and marvels are commonplace as cabbages.

Mystery

Be Marked By Fear And Awe (Free, **Mystery** only): Those that walk high as the pillars of the world or skulk it's depths as it's destroyers have a force of presence that transcends the merely physical. It is a law of the world as simple yet inevitable that when you are in the presence of a being short of a **Mystery** themselves, they are afraid. They stand in awe. It matters not if you face a lone hero rat or an entire warren of warriors. All shall fear you, and despair. Should you contact others through a spiritual shadow, through a vision or dream, through a hologram, this effect may not be present. You are, after all, not truly there. And when you are there, the emotional impact of you is akin to a religious experience-scarring and inspiring the very souls of those in contact with you.

Yet know this: There is a catch. The deepest truths of sentient beings can break this spell. Love and acceptance may conquer the terror of a **Mystery**. Those at peace with their innermost selves, or those willing to sacrifice themselves for victory, can shatter this majesty.

By such means do the Rats of Fortitude challenge those grander than any mortal man.

Draw Near Certain Bait (Free, **Mystery** only): There is an order to the sublime forces of the world. The Krampus must kidnap only naughty children. The dragon must kidnap virgin princesses. And there are certain things, actions and events that you can scent over vast distances (miles at the minimum, potentially

arbitrary distances with the right powers), learning things like the perpetrators and specific actions and events.

This is a conceptually simple set of loosely connected themes. An example being “liquor; the rattling of dice, fever, treasure, moral or physical weakness; challenge; litter; rock and roll; used campsites where the fire’s not properly put out”

Be Adverse To Certain Things (Free, **Mystery** only): There are certain things that are anathema to the principle you represent. There is a wide swathe of phenomena, objects, people and/or concepts that repels you-drives you away like an evil spirit banished by a shaman. Or that placates you in some way, compels you to not bring harm to others. In some cases, they may even be ways to kill you even if you are normally immortal. These baneful things follow a certain loose theme, but can be flexibly defined.

Why is this a perk? For one thing, reality considers it metaphysically *correct* for you to behave in this manner. Fleeing the name of the Creator or sparing someone because they offered you a cup of rice often results in minor conveniences or a general sense of spiritual wellbeing pervading you. Things just generally go right when you “follow the script” of your existence. Even if you die, any means you have of resurrecting tends to go slightly more smoothly.

For another, well, not all **Mysteries** have clear banes like this. If you don’t want to, you can trade this in for a different 100 CP perk.

Be Heralded (Free, **Mystery** only): The fairy’s passing curdles milk. The demon’s gaze sows disease and rot. And you too, are heralded by certain phenomena that represent who you are on a thematic basis-often but not always incorporating the principle you take a name after. These effects are primarily, but not entirely, cosmetic. Seldom does a **Mystery** slay through the generalised misery and crippling accidents that foretell it’s arrival, but the solitude and despair it imposes can often hinder those in its path. The rampant mutation it imposes may wither even if it doesn’t immediately transform.

One has little fine control over these phenomena, but they can loosely be described as the reflection of your will upon the world and individuals within it made manifest. An example being “panic; a sense of something searching for you; the sky darkens; lightning flashes; you see dead things around you”

Incorporate You As Me (200 CP): Many **Mysteries** have a way of transforming others into successors, colleagues or seedbeds. **Malambruno**, which is named **Hatred**, exists as transformative seeds of malice in every heart. **Typhon** is known

to mark those who catch her interest with venom that makes them snakes. You though, are even more virulent. Every harm, physical or otherwise, you deal otherwise can be seeded with a metaphysical catalyst that reconfigures them into something that is some sense an extension of yourself. To force your will on another is to replace theirs with yours. Slitting a wrist can set strange impulses and aesthetic changes. Taking a heart is effectively metaphorical as well as literal for most. Naturally, once you've made someone part of yourself, they quickly recover from whatever harm you inflicted.

How exactly this works is up to you,. You might hatch from others as an egg made of their coalescing grief, or quell their free will and render them part of your hivemind. The more literal interpretations do include reducing people into fleshy tendrils connected to you. Regardless, once you're done those touched by you become proxies from which your powers and spiritual presence can be projected- and no capacity for disobedience. For the fist cannot say to the body "I have no need of you".

Ignore Death (200 CP): Sometimes, **Mysteries** die. It's not a big deal for some. You're one of them. Even if you lack the powers that normally support such a thing, there is a part of your essence that is extremely difficult to interact with conventionally. Something like being the ever-distant essence of the horizon itself, or being a living dream that regrows in mortal minds, or being a higher dimensional idea that oversees the world from some conceptual plane, or being trapped in a moment of transcendence that does not complete-forever imprisoned between a notional Heaven and a long-lost Earth.

Lots of **Mysteries** have this arrangement, and also have a certain thematic way of killing them relatively easily. They can interact with the world, but normally through great penalties; not all of their powers work right, and it's harder to affect the physical world, and a specific momentous event is required for them to revive. You are unique in that like **Hoop Snake**, you pretty much just come back to life whenever you want. In addition to whatever exotic location you end up in, you've learned to project your normal actions as far as you can perceive-slashing someone with a sword miles away if you spot them with a telescope for example, or whispering into their ear while watching them over the internet. Your actions and the consequences of them have become disjointed, because the core essence of yourself dwells somewhere beneath the surface of the world.

Certain difficult to accomplish conditions like having your essence suppressed by depression-powered connection-based sealing rituals, having your remains

purified or defiled by a sacred weapon/Outside dust, being stranded across time or other measures taken to target your resurrection *specifically* can potentially cut off even this phenomena-bringing you true death. But as long as they don't, death is more of a phase shift than a failstate for you.

Love and Be Loved (400 CP): **King Death** somehow has complicated relationships with rats he nominally shouldn't have any regard for other than more lives to reap. Perhaps you can relate, though. Like him, as long as one person bares you a true and earnest love you cannot die. You live on in their thoughts and memories, in how you're mourned and spoken of. One person alone *might* just bring you back to life in a decade from phenomena symbolising you in the world, but a whole village could shorten that to months. This explicitly takes priority over any other ways of denying death you have, a bulwark between you and final parting.

Moreso than most, to you this shared love is a metaphysical catalyst. You can use it to change every aspect of yourself in time, in ways loosely (and with a great deal of input from you) related to that relationship. For example if you were a giant hawk that rules the storm revered by a seafaring city, you could condense your power to rule the ocean instead and change your form to become a great penguin swifter at sea than any of their ships. You can also use that love to create new supernatural powers based on existing ones similarly influenced by this lens, learning to drive trees to attack your enemies instead of wither them with plague if those that know of you plead for good health for example. Last but not least, like a demon knight awakening to justice you can accomplish feats of legend when acting in service to this bond-nothing you couldn't do already, but writ large enough to be the kind of miracle that inspires religions. With strength alone, you could the unbreakable thread Gleipnir, with stubbornness alone you could resist being transformed by the Outside. With the powers of this world, you could transform from a small cat-like creature into a world-destroying demon capable of fighting off multiple **Mysteries** at once if your best friend was slain by one in less than a year.

Deepen The **Mystery** (400 CP): One of the most problematic of **Mysteries** is the being known as **the Headmaster of the Bleak Academy**, his provenance being unknown but his title being widely known as **the Lord of the Excrucians** among those who care for such titles. His most feared trait is this: That those who study at the academy he leads become world-killing void gods in their own right.

You yourself have a way of creating new **Mysteries** en masse by some means. They can be of different types, but should follow a broadly similar theme just as

the Headmaster almost never creates non-world killing void god-like creatures. You may sire them as children that grow up unusually fast. You may teach them different principles than those of the Outside. Or perhaps, you call them into being from dream-or nightmare. Regardless of the methodology, there is an involved process that results in a large number of loyal god-monsters shaped by your core principles and, even if not always truly loyal, generally inclined to do things you like.

End The Eternal (600 CP): Long ago, bleak riders came from the Outside and dredged up grand and terrible weapons from it. Or looted the treasures of Creation, and forged them into new ones. In answer, gods and those greater than gods forged all manner of wonders for the war against them. In some sense, you are one such weapon. It's tutelary spirit perhaps, it's god-monster shaped soul.

No matter how immortal, no matter how abstract even in your regular form you can bring death to all things. You can wither fields with your tread, kill wardings and enchantments, end a factory's productivity by killing the mechanisms that power it *without* killing the lights *and* sparing the workers within, and even against undying **Mysteries** force the inevitable outcome of death on them with sheer power. Your killing intent scours immortality and deals disproportionate damage at a metaphysical level, bringing harm to the invincible and pushing the already mortal closer to death with a poke than a gunshot. Even being *already* dead is no defence, for even ghosts can have the semblance of life beaten from them. Rendered inert, or a ghost's ghost, or perhaps little more than a fleeting shadow depending on the manner of their demise. Forms of immortality based on vessels or proxies of some kind do little against the death you bring, for even symbolic harm can push your target to death's doorstep-the metaphysical equivalent of a heart attack. It matters not if you shine with Heaven's most pitiless light or darken the world with the Outside's direst obfuscations, even those afflicted with intense emotional experiences by you can be simply commanded to die if they are sufficiently moved. In every facet of your being, you are a weapon meant to end or save the world.

Last but not least, you have a weapon-body somewhere with a relatively simple but powerful miracle as well as the capacity to slay angels and world-serpents like a butcher slays pigs. It could be an unbreakable whip, or even a simple sigil that banishes those of Creation. Apart from others being able to wield it in battle, uniquely you are able to summon and integrate your weapon-body with your powers and god-monster-body in various ways, as if it were an extension of your very soul. If you could rain fire on an army for example, you could rain burning

godslaying blades instead. Or if you are yourself a gigantic world-serpent, you could make your tail as sharp as your sword-body and cut the horizon in half with a single swipe.

Be the Axis Mundi (600 CP): Long ago, the gods of dream and nightmare looked upon the world and decided it required certain structures. Like a chain that holds evil at bay, an order to things, a font that defines what it is for life to be alive (as opposed to a zombie, or virus, or for rocks to randomly become golems) or a power to bind dream and nightmare from reality. Or even something as subjectively beneficial to you as “The Queen in the West must always have a grand, mystical kingdom that is the centre of the world”.

You were cursed, blessed and destined to be one of those metaphysical support pylons. And a particularly sturdy one at that. The most immediate consequence is that when your own nominally unstoppable powers-which include most miracles gained from the powers of this world-come into conflict with another, yours prevail utterly because you are simply more real than your opponent. More than contesting other miraculous beings, this lets you overwhelm the physical with the abstract through raw power-you can inspire such hope that fields bloom in response to your preaching, or terrorise others with a contemptuous slap. You can even impose concepts like time, or death, or despair upon those that normally lack it with enough effort and power, be they the immortal angel of the sun or a mere exploding ball of burning gasses. As the pillar upon which Creation itself wrests, nothing short of a miracle the world proper can fully *negate* the words written in the script of your life-and you can contest even miracles with raw power. Though beware the strain of contesting a wish head-on, or the chance of successive wishes or indirect miracles resulting in conditions gradually bringing about your defeat where direct opposition fails.

The secondary consequences is the result of you accepting this purpose. In future worlds where whatever convention of reality you define doesn't exist, you can enforce it. On the other hand, if you feel like rejecting the convention you define, you can invert your own nature-releasing its' opposite into the world, letting dreams and nightmares override reality. Or letting evil prevail. Or allowing causality to let things happen out of order. Or letting that which has never been born live, or let the living choose the moment of their death. Beware though: Such a consequence affects everything in a single plane of existence, and it takes great focus and meditation to reassert your nature. Perhaps a quest lasting months, for those unused to self-discipline.

You own:

All backgrounds get a 50% discount on one item from each price tier. Items that are 50 CP become free if discounted.

A Ratty Loadout (50 CP): Most humans come up to the rooftops with empty pockets. Most rats know better, and you've come prepared. Loose-fitting, generally lightly armoured clothing. A dashing but functional weapon or several, like a rapier and several muskets. A sturdy shield, hewn from one of the more durable roofs. A cowl or cape for unusual weather. Comfortable boots. Lockpicks, nets, playing cards-suffice to say you have everything you need to tackle the average adventure, but not enough to be meaningfully weighed down while you're chasing it. Comes sized for rats, humans or **Mysteries** equally.

Sorcerers' Folly (50 CP): Sorcerers are nothing but trouble! They curse bloodlines, drain power from **Mysteries** and get up to other mischief in the world below. Wait, *you* want to be a sorcerer too? Oh dear. What you have here are candles, spices, rare stones and grimoires full of forbidden knowledge. Old leather apparel, staves and rocks inscribed with glyphs. The long and short of it is that while basically useless for most adventurers, you have a primer on several brands of Magical Skills such as formation magic or the spells of the fae, and reagents and implements that can be used to cast them more effectively. Even if you're not a sorcerer yourself or you give them to a non-sorcery using thread, it still works if they bother to study the knowledge within. Perhaps some of that old magic's rubbed off on all this stuff.

Resource Extractor (50 CP): Rattler's Way has a competitor! You've got your own massive oil extracting machine, a veritable perpetual motion mechanism so full of autonomous, living, often anachronistically designed machinery that it's effectively a living factory. The normally locked doors open and the inscrutable machines part at your approach, and you can have all the oil you want placed in barrels and delivered by the living machines to...wherever you need oil. But maybe oil isn't really your thing. You can buy an autonomous resource extractor for virtually any resource so long as it isn't actually miraculous-and magical things *are* fair game with that caveat. Want diamonds instead? You can have a mine full of them. Prefer apples of immortality? Your machines will care for an enchanted apple orchard. Like healing springs? It can be a water bottling plant.

Big Lakeview Motel (100 CP): Most of the buildings on the rooftops are closed off from public access unless they're already open air. This motel is an exception, as the kitschy interior and cheerful letter on the desk within proudly proclaims you

it's owner. There's a few rooms, a hallway, nothing strange at all...except for the nagging sensation that it feels like every motel and hotel you've ever been to.

Because in some sense, it is.

The motel has one outlet in your Warehouse and one on the rooftops. But you'll find it showing up conveniently whenever you're looking for it, or in need of rest or shelter just around the corner. It'll take different forms-sometimes looking grand enough to be worth *at least* five stars with the bar, sauna and other luxuries within, sometimes being as messy and disorganised as any roadside inn. But its genius loci spirit looks out for you, using the *Awakening* and *Impresario* powers to make life easier for you while within and outright terrifying for invaders. One thing you've found is that there's a certain room where by doing chores tacked onto a corkboard then playing with the light in a specific room, you and everyone else in that room instantly warp into another Big Lakeview motel somewhere else. Who knows what other secrets lie within?

Roof-Spun Roads (100 CP): Let us speak now of the strange and wondrous paths that mark the boundary between the Near Roofs and the Far Roofs-between the symbolic but known, and the supernally mysterious. The animate landmarks, in which moments in rat history repeat and a price like respect, blood or judgement must be paid for the transition. The Blind Rat's Roads, where one must shut their eyes and follow a path to find it-or the Lost Rat's Roads where you must be lied to, to find the right path. Of how moonlight forms a bridge in certain places, of how at certain times of day a roof catches the sunlight's light just right, and staring at that light and jumping and get you through what is called a sunway.

Paying for this item ensures these paths continue to work even in future worlds, even outside the rooftops, as long as you're standing on some sort of rooftop and your destination is either another rooftop or something like a spirit world, adjacent magical realm or similar nonstandard planes of existence. Yes, you can just build a house and use that rooftop as your first "launchpad".

The Unreachable Tower (100 CP): There's this one place that looks abandoned. Nobody can get it from the ground. What does it look like? It doesn't matter ultimately, it's a tower with a base of clay and what might be a capstone of gold if it didn't keep going up and up into the crowds. It's a warehouse awkwardly built in some manner. It's a house where all the angles are wrong. The important thing is that magic, chaos and surrealness form around the structure-subjective enough to cover a good-sized neighbourhood from the inside, and with completely arbitrary distances inside. This is what rats and some humans call the Outside: The gulf

beyond reality, that has also been defined and had its formlessness given something like form by the dreams of reality. Here the abstract parts of yourself can manifest tangible phenomena, one's attention can impose specific outcomes, and certain magical arts are easier. Your uses for this place are limited only by your imagination.

Also the sky around it is a little orange.

A God's Abandoned Chariot (200 CP): Those who often have mythical, potent and above all else *cool* ways of getting to place to place. A ship that can sail on the rooftops but not the sky. A spell that creates short-distance portals. A flying carpet that occasionally needs to recharge in the sun. Somehow, you've found one in your travels and it obeys you as if you were its' long-lost master. The important things about this treasure is that its' primary purpose is to be transportation of some kind, it allows great convenience to travel but has to make *some* concessions to realism, and it looks *cool as hell*.

(Unless you go out of your way to have something like a unicycle that you peddle into the sky)

A Sacred Relic (200 CP): You've come into ownership of an object with the same spiritual significance as the lotus that Gautama Buddha himself meditated upon, or the nails that bound Christ to his cross. However, they need not be artifacts of such sacred provenance. It could be the first chocolate ever created, or a legendary lost movie's reel of film. Whatever it is, there is a certain concept like Nostalgia or Stagecraft or Destruction that it promotes-spreads around itself, causes to become immanent in all phenomena, subtly changes the physical world and influences the behaviour of those near it. Whatever purpose it once served, it is now but a font for the spiritual forces for the concept it embodies-but it is a truly potent font, the kind of which legends are told. Wield it well in magic and miracle, and you may well bring about a new era replete with this concept.

A Manna Tree (200 CP): The only source of succour in Grayvale is a wondrously restorative fruiting tree.

A Roof Of Your Own (400 CP): More unmappable and wondrous than any mundane city, yet lesser than a true world, is this place upon the rooftops with which you have a bond of the soul. Its' landscape directly reflects the values and aspirations of your innermost soul, its' weather shifts in ways paralleling your moods. What starlight-firing swords, rains of all-corroding blank toxins, seams of living metal or other miraculously useful wonders within are will reflect the kind of things that bring you comfort, but the important thing about this place is that

it's *home*: Spiritually restorative, helping you recover from all maladies, harms and traumas far quicker than with any mundane medicine. And as your home turf, it greatly bolsters both your powers and empowers your efforts in subtle ways while dampening and turning against your enemies with equal fervour-whether from mystical fires lending your spells weight and complexity, or a roaring river shaped like rushing horses trampling your foes at the worst possible moment for them. So deep is your bond that by meditating you can get a general sense for its' welfare and what's going on in it, and in future worlds this roof-world will manifest somewhere you'll always be able to visit easily. Or if you prefer, as an appropriately themed passage connected to your Warehouse.

A Rooftop Kingdom (400 CP): Much like the founder of the Living Republic, you've developed strong enough feelings about monarchy to join its ranks. You've become the ruler of a thriving population hardy enough to thrive on the rooftops, and militarised enough to hold its own against similar powers. Whether they view you as a king, a god, a god-king or simply the all-knowing sage man at the pub is up to you. It could be another rat kingdom, likely full of outspoken anti-authoritarian rats who in practice do generally ratty things anyway and are unlikely to have much of a grudge against lawful subjects of the Rat King. It could also be populated by the more exotic inhabitants of the roofs such as ghosts, scorpion-men or even robots. It could even be an unprecedented human population that has somehow managed to eke out a living. Regardless, whether due to population dynamics or having comparatively few members with access to special abilities-perhaps even miraculous ones, for the mightiest specimens-it's a kingdom roughly on par with that of the rats in overall power and influence. Whether you choose to conquer the world before the rats or live in harmony as they figure it out themselves is up to you.

The Cintamani (600 CP): In a miraculous effort of love, creativity or daring you've somehow stolen the Cintamani from death itself. Simply put, this thing lets you grant wishes at will themed around the ideas *things have value*, *peace* and *the world has been redeemed* whatever that actually mean. Wishing for someone to have a billion dollars would have an overall wholesome and beneficial impact on the world at large for example, despite nominally only benefitting one person. It's tricky to use at first and could result in wishes going awry not because it's intrinsically prone to getting your wishes wrong but simply because of a fundamental lack of understanding about something powerful enough to override even most miracles. Using the Cintamani to clean your room, conjure some cake to eat or make someone you dislike slip on a banana peel (even if they don't need

to walk) is easy, using the Cintamani to end all suffering everywhere or make night shine like the sun is hard. With time and experience though, you'll be able to systemise your wishes and use them in increasingly effective ways.

As the creator or thief of the Cintamani, you get to decide what it actually looks like. A small, dark stone? A jewel seen only in dreams? Even a large number of little blue half-angel half-void god abominations cast into alchemical gold?

The Mechanism of the World (600 CP): Once upon a time, gears fell from the sky and self-organised. Gradually they formed patterns, and became a great machine that hid under the surface of the world which made things happen. Somehow, the universe has decided you're the owner of this very machine. It's most visible control station is size of a skyscraper, and either somewhere out on the Far Roofs you can always find your way to or connected to your warehouse with a brass door covered in slowly turning gears. While you have no idea how this works, this *is* the great machine that lets fate, and time, and linear events happen-and you have access to its' central controls. Theoretically, you could pull the levers, turn the wheels, grease the gears and stoke it's engines to exercise quite a great deal of control over its' processes. Just expect a lot of trial and error before you're freely reprogramming causality, and for things like trapping small objects in closed time loops or shoving a small mistake into the future to deal with later to be much easier.

The Furthest Roofs (600 CP): Sooner or later every adventure has to end, and everyone has to come back down to earth. *Ha*. As if you'd listen to homebodies. This indestructible golden stepladder will let you continue to clamber up to the rooftops in future worlds, and take anyone who cares to follow with you. Those called by adventure, or a need for escapism, or simple yearning, may still find their own ways up-though alas, there will be no rats to guide them. The Near Roofs of future worlds will reflect the major norms and concepts of orderly, civilised and law-abiding things. While they won't have rats already living there, the effects of those (theoretically) living below may reach and it's possible beings already in the setting may try to colonise them. The Far Roofs will reflect the major norms and concepts of chaotic, uncontrolled and wild things. There will be both wonders and new **Mysteries**, though without an event great enough to crack reality in half most will be inclined to haunt the rooftops rather than descend to the world below. There is both great bounty to be found here, and dangers beyond imagining. But above all else there is whimsy, there is joy-there is adventure in its' purest form. The rooftops can be said to have the following properties-metaphysical principles enforced at a level challenging even miracles:

Truth arises from mystery, but the mystery remains.

This moment is like no other moment. It is Now.

Go and look, and you will see the vastness of the world.

Go and look, and you will see events and landscapes staged for you.

The world is showing you the pieces of your heart.

Enchantments and spiritual forces haunt you.

You may find peace with your misfortunes.

You are at risk of becoming a legend, or a god.

You're joined by:

Your Old Crew (50-300 CP): Well, of course. Who else would you be adventuring with? For 50 CP apiece you may import or create a companion that gets 1000 CP to spend on whatever they want. Paying 300 CP will let you import or create 8 at once.

The Locals and Interlopers (Free/50 CP): You'll find it's quite common for the ineffable strings of fate to bring people together here on the rooftops, so if you've built up friendship, a spirited rivalry or some other powerful bond of the soul with someone else here they can come along with you as a companion. For 50 CP, you're guaranteed to make a striking impression with a certain character of your choice from here not long after your arrival.

You suffer from:

A Town Named Fortitude (+0 CP): The rooftops are a world apart from just about everywhere, a place of mystery and wonder further than the farthest star and closer than your dreams but there are...*strong hints* they exist close to a town named Fortitude. A town where giants and youkai settled down to be upstanding members of society, the sun was shot down, and the Riders of the Outside ultimately came to the conclusion it wasn't worth trying to keep ending the world rather than just wait for it to run its' course. Normally the strange and wondrous people from that town would be unlikely to come to the rooftops. *Normally*. Take this, and you'll find your path intersecting with many of them, whether you run into a Magical Detective chasing a case literally a world away, or just kind of bump into Chuubo or his Wishing-Engine while they've become so lost they can't even explain how they ended up here.

A Serious Failing (+100 CP): Gods and legends are infamous for having mythopoeic flaws or fated problems related to the very thing you embody, often representing how it's possible to have too much of a good thing or to get too caught up in a bad thing. Unfortunately for you, that's not (just) what you have. Instead, you suffer from sudden bouts of flagging confidence and bad luck when you're either trying to live up to some sort of important role or people are counting on you. Think of it like the confidence equivalent of vertigo, with doubt and misfortune plaguing you in your epic moments and grand stands. If those whose live in *Allegory* are actors on the world's stage, you have an incurable case of stage fright.

Being Un-Ratty (+100 CP): You've grown catlike ears, fangs and nails. As well as several odd habits like scratching against posts and jumping on keyboards at unusual moments. This is not really useful enough to make you a meaningfully better hunter, nor is it kawaii uguu. No, it makes you reek of *death* to the Fortitude rats, for cats are death, and on a spiritual level your very soul is that of a cat. Expect to be shunned like a leper, fled from on sight and generally regarded with the same suspicion as humans would regard a hooded figure carrying around several assault rifles. It's possible to overcome this bias with great patience or a very brave rat, but the odds are frankly against you.

The Inexplicable (+100 CP): **Hoop Snake** is one of the less directly malicious or even sentient **Mysteries**. This makes it no less dangerous when he, or possibly the force creating instances of him, shows up to plague someone's life. You are that person unfortunately. Jingling crystal bees, aquatic monks, men with their faces

on the cigarettes they're smoking and of course the classic rolling snake with its' tail in its' mouth as well as other baffling anomalies will frequently show up and make trouble in your life. Expect to be interrupted when doing anything important, and to take heroic willpower to resist dropping everything you're doing to chase the weird thing interrupting your life-as well as to waste time and even risk being lost forever if you give in.

Wicked Actions (+200 CP): There's a shadow on your soul. A half-dead seed of exceptional cruelty without reason, and malice without purpose. You'll be frequently tempted towards meaningless wickedness often, to shatter a friend's dreams when they're about to prosper or slaughter the neighbours of allies. To take the last cookie in the cookie jar even when you're already full. These fits of singleminded petty viciousness are almost irresistible, show up without rhyme or reason, and once the deed is done vanish near-instantly, leaving you as confused why you did what you did. There is no telling whether they simply urge to stab someone in the back or to bring down an entire dynasty before they're satiated, but don't expect resistance to come without torment like a heroin addict in withdraw. Don't expect to make any friends, period, during your stay here.

Usurpers (+200 CP): The Age of Usurpers was supposed to have ended. But alas, with this it seems that war has once again come to the rooftops. Perhaps the Rat King has angered one too many dissidents, and warlords have risen up his rule whether it is cruel or fair. Perhaps the demons and ghosts of the rooftops are no longer content with their holdings, and have sought to expand. And perhaps, at long last, people from below the roofs are trying to reclaim their rooftops by force. Expect all your adventures to be coloured by fire and war all the same, until peace has been won through wisdom or force.

Outside In (+200 CP): Storms of something that isn't quite dust and isn't quite snow, grey only because the eye rejects any colour for it or even the distinction of light and darkness, have been converging around you. The Outside, that which was once the void, is threatening to consume the rooftops as a hurricane of not just unnatural but incomprehensible phenomenon. And however far you travel, the storms won't be far behind. Perhaps *you* are the eye of all these storms, and negation lies in some sort of journey of self-discovery. Or perhaps some malign force from beyond the world seeks your destruction. Either way, expect to be pivotal to any solution to what's going on.

Walking in Death's Footsteps (+300 CP): And lo, you shall walk in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and you will fear no evil. For the Valley of the Shadow of

Death is wherever you walk. Soon after your arrival, you'll find you can't avoid the trappings of death's domain. Ghosts will show up, the slain will rise and dark, gloomy weather and landscapes will haunt your journey. As you continue to travel though, you'll realise that a notionally preordained calamity lies in wait for you. You can't tell if it's you who'll die or everything else, and either way you'll be put through considerable danger and torment. Somewhere between now and then you yourself will feel brought to the brink of death-you'll feel weak with no explanation, you may nearly bleed out from a papercut, and shrapnel may arc towards you in a fight. As if death was anxious to claim your life as a prize treasure. There is a way to both halt death's inexorable advance and save your own life, but the journey needed to achieve both will be long, perilous and shrouded in **Mystery**.

A Glorious Delirium (+300 CP): Isn't this all a bit too good, a bit too twee to be true? **Unmindfulness** as a giant skeletal rat? Poppcock! Talking rats? They don't even have the vocal chords! This is all clearly a dream you're having, and to your detriment the world seems to agree. You have extreme problems interacting with anything, clipping through walls and floors one moment and simply being unable to turn left no matter what until you next rest the other. Your focus is heavily influenced by your subconsciousness, and you're much more forgetful or prone to going off on your whims. Even your own abilities and powers seem to wax and wane with your emotional state, growing uncontrollably wild when you're elated and fizzling out to normalcy when you're in dismay. The problem is whether or not this actually is a delusion, *you can still die* (or worse) in it, and nobody else seems to notice or be meaningfully affected by these breaks from reality.

The Attention of the Rooftop Powers (+300 CP): Many people who head to the rooftops merely have gained the attention of one **Mystery**, or else felt their shadow pass over them. Unfortunately in your case, it's far more than one or two. *A lot of Mysteries* suddenly have a vested interest in you for reasons ranging from **Hedge the Fang** deciding that you, specifically, have to stop perceiving him. To **Unicorn** having a mysterious and inscrutable interest in showing you it's moment of bleak transcendence. To **Goblin** thinking you need to be afraid of him more. Expect to live in interesting times, and even if you should deal with all those **Mysteries** new ones may yet come into being.

Naturally they'll be quite interested in whoever left all those dead, sealed, transfigured or otherwise defeated god-monsters around.

When all's said and done, you'll:

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Yes, if you are the Cintamani-Bearer and you buy the Cintamani item, you own two Cintamanis. Whatever happens as a result is a small-m mystery and possibly a big-M **Mystery** too. Maybe the world is made twice as right. Maybe they cancel out and one of them has to be surrendered back to death lest the world be made twice as wrong. Maybe reality just breaks and Hoop Snake turns into a kaiju and sinks through the roofs. If you don't take Walking in Death's Footsteps and purchase the Cintamani, by paying CP the issue of it bringing inviting death into life's domain has been sidestepped.

Certain abilities from here are referred to or compared to wishes. Wishes are the miracles among miracles in this world, overcoming most powers but clumsily treating geasa and more powerful miracles as implicit parts of their wording rather than contradictions. If someone wishes for the sky to sink into the sea and someone else wishes (or uses a powerful miracle) for the sea to vanish into the mists of time, both will come true in some sense.

Some perks mention concepts, like "Wildlord" that are more fully explained in the Nobilis jump.

The Far Roofs as a game has noticeably excluded several powers/miraculous arcs/divine attributes from availability for starting player characters. After some consideration, this is most likely for simplicity rather than as some sort of narrative conceit; one of the backgrounds is set up to be a nascent Actual (see the line above for Nobilis-specific concepts), and the offhanded acknowledgement of the Headmaster of the Bleak Academy also alludes to the (un-)existence of Strategists. As such, you may select or develop divine attributes not listed in this document appropriate to your background's starting allotment as well as the circumstances of your apotheosis during the Far Roofs but they will not be described further here. And yes, this does mean that you have to be a **Mystery**, A Special Rat or Yourself! If you want to be something like a Noble which lacks enough of the sanctioned divine attributes from the get-go.