Appalachia. A word stolen from more than one language, it conjures images of the beauty of God's creation, and the darkness of man's various poverties. The simpler way of life here bespeaks a time passed of purity and piety, but turn over a stone... you'll find the underbelly of suspicion, clannishness and things that do more than go bump in the night.

For long before our mankind ever set foot in these mountains, when the peaks of the Blue Ridge towered above the stars, and the heart of the plateau still rolled with ridges tough as pine knobs, darkness was brought here in cages made of fear. Our tongues do not have the shape to speak the true names of what they are... and that's *are*, not were. They are hunger, consumption, lust — all the things that settle under the heart and below the ribcage. They are the cancer that will one day eat the edges of this universe, and leave nothing in its place. They are not evil. They are not of hell or the Christian devil, no more than the anglerfish has malice for its' prey or the plague takes joy in its' victims. But men may know them as the

Old Gods of Appalachia

Now these Things came close to consuming this world before man ever took our first shaking steps into sunlight, and the only way they was ever stopped was that a prison that was deep and sound enough was built. In a far corner of a backwater world that nobody would ever miss, a range of mountains was li1ed high, and the darkness buried beneath them. Warning beacons and guardians were placed all around that blighted Eden so that no living thing with a reasoning mind and the ability to do harm would ever try to live there, and for thousands of years the barriers held. The darkness was bound and time passed. But winds and weather wore at the walls of the prison until they were shadows of their once towering selves, and then men came to know this land.

And wherever there are men, there are always the rich who yearn to be richer, and the poor who work themselves into the grave.

For generations the earliest men of this land managed to keep this land a little while, learning the places where the dark ran the deepest, and building their homes on the edge of the dying light. But then came the opportunists, the frontiersmen, those eager to kill and die for the sake of glory or land. On the orders of richer men and their machines, they dug into the earth to find a paycheck.

And as they tried to claim the land, the land claim them.

How dare we think we could break the skin of a god and try to dig out its heart without bringing forth blood and darkness?

We'll get to just *when* you start amidst all this in just a second.

Here's 1000 CP. First come, first served.

You start anywhere you like in Appalachia, any time between 1700-1992

Origins

Age is just a punchline in folklore, as long as it makes sense you can decide how old you are.

Drop-In: Well well well, not from around these parts are you now? Tread carefully, stranger. The folk of Appalachia would never consider themselves cowardly or superstitious, but only because they *know* in their bones they have every right to mistrust strangers. But then folks have been coming here with naught but the clothes on their back and hope in their hearts since before the white man's coming, and those with pluck and luck can always earn themselves a place in any community in need of spare hands. You have no apparent history in this world, just as inexplicable in your own way as many of the other things that go bump in the night.

Damned Fool: You're the proverbial salt of the earth, born of rural stock or otherwise some other background around the working classes. Appalachia, many would say, is in your blood. But it's not everyone in your neighbourhood who brushes up against the supernatural, and it's seldom pleasant. Perhaps you saw a man who should have been dead tear another limb from limb with his bare hands. Mayhap you survived a cave-in only to see your fellow resort to fell rites just to survive, or hunted something that tried to hunt you in turn. You've looked into the abyss of Appalachia, and now it sees you too. Trust no one, especially not your own self.

Predator: Damnation itself be damned, you can't be having with superstition when there's *profit* on the line! These lands have seen your types before. Perhaps you're a seedy freakshow owner, a highwayman or even an escaped criminal. Or perhaps instead you're a man of means: A ranch owner, businessman or celebrity keen to do whatever it takes to get ahead of the game. There's one thing common to all y'all ilk: You're willing to drench your hands in blood for money. And you'll soon find that this land drinks greedily from all you shed upon it. Just don't be so certain it won't turn on you as well, should you ever show weakness.

Witch of the Green (200 CP): It is nature at its' most elemental, be it sunshine, rainbows or bears. It is purity, light and roots, and it is also shredding rain or rotting floodwater. It is the Green, and even if Earth is insignificant in the cosmos at large it is the force that relentlessly oversees it's protection. In particular, certain bloodlines attract the Green's favourable attention-driving it to imbue certain individuals with powers and practices many would describe as magical-a Gift-though seldom does the Green favour those who are mighty or ambitious in their own right. If anything it favours caregivers and those of practical but compassionate inclinations. You are now part of one such bloodline. And though with this alone you're no seasoned witch, the potential of the Gift does dwell within you. Unlock it, and you'll wield facets of the world many will never understand.

If you wish, you may be part of a canon Green-affiliated bloodline such as the Walkers, the Boggs, the Teasleys and the Underwoods. You may define your exact relation as long as it doesn't contradict any of the details of the show. For example, while Daughter Dooley is never known to have had a child, it's not inconceivable she could have had a long-lost brother.

Acolyte of the Inner Dark (200 CP): Not so long ago you either found yourself in dire straits, or found yourself yearning for what lay beyond your means. Either way that hunger, that relentless drive to take back what was yours resonated with those who yearn to devour the universe itself. A price was paid, a pact was made, and some representative of the Inner Dark imbued you with the power of horrors beyond this world. And while much like the Green's Gifts your potential power resembles magic it is nothing so hale as nature's caress or even wrath. The magic of the Inner Dark is predation and destruction in all its' forms. It is piscine or insectile horrors scrambling to gnaw your enemies, it is flesh mutated beyond its purpose, it is living shadows strangling all the shines. Above all else, it is cosmic hunger. Now, if only you could make a second pact to actually figure out how to use it…

Perks

Perks and items are discounted by 50% under their respective headers. Discounted 100 CP perks and items are free.

General

Spirit of the Frontier: (100-600 CP): There are legends a-plenty of goatmen and great salt lake whales, and many a granny witch has sage advice on how to deal with them. There are tales of restless spirits from many cultures, and there are things passed down between those who live on the frontiers. To be quite frank though, there are *no* good, hard answers about just where many of the beings in Appalachia come from. Beyond the struggles between Green and Dark some things simply…are.

And it seems you too are both more and less than human, being some manner of supernatural being. Pay however much CP you think makes sense for what you are, with the following examples as guidelines

Tailypo was once a relatively harmless critter, something like a cat-sized squirrel who in truth resembled neither animal. His main attribute was luring hunters with his regenerating tails, then tricking them into bargains where he'd bless them with good fortune then hunt them down for their firstborn. Tailypo is looked down upon in large part because despite playing the victim, he could grow back his tails easily. This was long, long before the Dark empowered said tails into ambulating minions, and so Tailypo is worth 100 CP.

The Hexenwolf stands seven feet tall, being an anthropomorphic wolf with gangling limbs like an awful hairy spider. They can change the colour of their fur to blend into natural environments, and project their thoughts into prey to stun them. A simple creature with plenty of brute force, the Hexenwolf is worth 200 CP.

J.T. Fields is a conman, swindler, teller of tall tales…and also an immortal trickster as old as Appalachia itself. By himself he's as fit as a middleaged human can hope to be but seldom indulges in grand shows of power-preferring to instead skew the luck of associates so they can dodge bullets and land shots uncannily, but having little in the way of personal defence. At least, unless he's empowered by the telling of his tales which can potentially let him shatter objects at range. A weak but clever entity on his lonesome with an unspecified but versatile arsenal of magical abilities, Mr. Fields is worth 300 CP.

"Pretty" Polly Barrell is many things. A woman of means, and her father's favoured child. A powerful wielder of Inner Dark magic privy to secrets trusted to no other. An abomination larger than her human form shows, capable of punching a hole in a dam. For all these reasons, an entity roughly as dangerous as Polly would be worth 400 CP. On the other hand the Night Folk, a species of human-like beings with sagging skin or angelic wings that lets them fly easily, mouths full of needle-sharp teeth that hunger for human flesh (despite being just as capable of forming personal friendships with humans) and sufficient strength to beat Polly head-on in a fight would cost 450 CP.

The Railway Man appears middle aged in his charcoal suit, but in truth is one of the most dangerous and yet young entities in Appalachia's ecosystem. He appears to be the very personification of mankind's thirst for industrial progress at all costs. He holds enough sway over those who accept his business card to transfigure them into monsters bound by his will, can tear out a man's throat with one hand and can smash through magical wards by offering the lives of his minions to a conjured pool of his own blood. While his personal raw mystical power is sufficient to cow Hollow Men into submission, his hold over the trains and all related to them is both subtler and more encompassing. It's no exaggeration to compare the Railway Man to a new god of Appalachia, and for that he is worth 500 CP.

At the time of writing, only one known entity is deemed possibly worth 600 CP: The stone skinned, thunder-stepped member of the betrayed First People known only as Old Sister by Brother Bartholomew. A grieving, raging giant who dwells in a place between worlds, when the Green and the Inner Dark allied against the Dead Queen she alone supplied most of the mystical power needed to seal her after two representatives of the Dark fell or were injured in battle. Whether at will or simply as a side effect of what she truly is, Old Sister can appear differently to onlookers-often as beings or experiences evoking great sorrow. Being the main reason a Deep Thing gifted abilities unnatural to its already blasphemous existence was defeated without being a servant of their masters, it is a merciful thing for humanity that Old Sister does not seem interested in revenge.

Drop-In

Rural Know-How (100 CP): Takes all kinds of skills city slickers take for granted to survive out here, so close to the unknown and the unknowable. How to sow wheat, beans and potatoes, and knowing which seasons to. How to hunt for game, and how to care for livestock. How to swing a pickaxe without throwing out your back, and how to hold your drink like a man (or a woman of means). You're not the best in any of these things, but you've decent experience in a smattering of things that can help you survive or earn a living.

A Sense For The Strange (100 CP): Even those without the Gift can sometimes tell something's amiss. Your sixth sense for danger is strong enough that when a haint's putting on the charm, your gut can tell you it's more than just charisma, or give you a strong feeling when something unnatural's hunting just outside your property. Don't expect to glean many fine details or see through genuinely supernatural forms of stealth, but at least with this when an unnatural creature crudely stuffed into man's flesh walks up for a handshake you won't delude yourself into thinking everything's alright.

(Mis)Fortune Teller (200+ CP): The Gift takes many forms, and you've got the benefit of having one of the rarer talents even if you're lacking in more direct areas. For you see, you can tell a person's future in fairly general but also reliably helpful ways. You just sit down with them, count cards or sip tea (or really, whatever methodology you prefer; the engagement's what seems to be important), and intuitive knowledge of what's to come just flows into you like water filling a creek. And yes, you can try to change the future with this-as long as it's nothing too hard and folk listen to your advice, anyway.

Alternatively you gain sudden and uncanny insight into immanent misfortune for those you meet on the street-especially those you despise. For an extra undiscounted 100 CP, you can purchase both forms of foresight.

Jack of Clauses (200 CP): They say the closest way to a man's heart is through his stomach (or under and up through the ribcage), but you know an even faster way. *His word.* When you make a bargain with someone, as long as you fulfil your end of the bargain they're considered to owe you a *favour*, and are mystically bound to fulfil theirs. What does this mean? You can decide that here and now.

It could be that breaking their word dampens much of their mystical power, lets you spy on them wherever they are from afar, or makes other magical powers you have much more effective on them. It could be that they're wracked with crippling pain, stranded in some strange otherworld…or just feel guilty, even if that's not normally an emotion they would have. Whatever the consequence is, it's less *immediately* lethal than a gunshot to the head, but also interesting and inconvenient enough to form the punchline to local folklore.

Something Olden This Way Comes (400 CP): Some parts of the world are just…uncanny, steeped in superstition and myth as reality more than those settled upon by humanity. The common denominator is usually some manner of grand supernatural being or a nexus of magical power. Right now, that nexus is you. You might not have any other way to use it, but you can spread out an ambient field of…let's call it mythical ambience, spreading enough enchanted places, supernatural beings of small scale but undeniably mystical power based on local beliefs and norms and even a nearby otherworld or two to haunt (but not immediately destroy) a small Appalachian town over half a decade or so.

Assuming you're a human with no other gifts or Gifts anyway. As you grow in power, you'll be able to spread the supernatural both deeper and wider-or even take control over what comes into being, and infuse other powers into it.

Jack of Fortune (400 CP): "Bless my field with bounty, my larder with plenty, my coffers with wealth, and my wife with child, and my firstborn child is yours!" is exactly the kind of damn foolish bargain many a haint has exploited the folk of Appalachia with. And now you're particularly good at that sort of folksy bargain. Through some sort of ineffable mystical force, you can create grand windfalls in fortune or misfortune for individuals you've met up close and personal at least once. You have little fine control over exactly how this affects everyone else or how specifically it involves the person, though you can set general outcomes like "your son's incurable disease will be cured" or "the company you found will be successful". Or you could enact disaster on a similar scale, though generally both happen slowly enough for most humans to start figuring out potential solutions.

As for how far you can push luck or jinx a fool, if it sounds like it fits in folklore it's probably in the right ballpark. Having a recently dead uncle turn out to own an implausibly large amount of money and to have written you into his will is okay. Having someone struck by lightning is not. And if you can already do it? Well, this perk empowers you in causing fortune or calamity in general. Perhaps even start affecting

more than one person as the primary target, or changing powers that only help others into helping yourself…

Provisional Rock (600 CP): Those Who Sleep Beneath weren't imprisoned by chance. A group of entities coordinated, and entrapped one of their own to serve as it's eternal warden in the rock sealing them under Appalachia. This being, known to some as the Harbinger, is *not* happy about this and indeed is not happy about most things but it seems to have taken a shine to you and shared with you a superior form of the gift normally only given to the Men of the Rock that worship it. You can now suppress all that is supernatural in your presence, though proximity helps and it's much easier to shut down activated phenomena like fireballs or transformation than to affect innate traits. Rather than destruction, somehow overwhelming a supernatural being instead seals it away somewhere nearby in a manner of your choosing; as long as it's sufficiently folksy pretty much anything goes, like being trapped in the shadow of a rock or asleep under a pond. An average human could stifle the spells of a novice Green witch, though a more experienced one could probably muster a workaround. Ironically though as your other powers grow, so does your capacity to suppress those of others.

Jack of Fables (600 CP): The greatest lie you ever told was that you just dropped in out of nowhere someday. After all, *haven't you heard the fable of how Jumper stole the moon?* Or was that a lie too? It may not soon matter, because you draw small but significant amounts of vitality and power every time stories about you are told-the closer to you and the more detailed and passionate in the telling, the better. Even a handful of well-known tales circulating all over the western world would at least make you immortal enough that even a Deep Thing would have profound trouble actually killing you (though there are many fates worse than death). But a couple detailed testimonies about how you may or may not have changed the course of lives? Why, that's the kind of power that could pull you from the brink of death or decrepitude, and give you power enough to carve through wards like a hot knife through butter.

Damned Fool

The Best I Can (100 CP): When the wolf's at the door and it turns out he has opposable thumbs, sometimes all honest folks can do is grit their teeth and hope pluck can save the day. Fortunately for you, your courage and grit won't be found lacking merely because your life's on the line or a being beyond human comprehension's showed up. You can look undulating tentacles where their faces should be and keep your trigger finger steady, or keep your breath steady and your wits about you while brawling with a Hollow Man.

Pretty Little Thing (100 CP): You're drop dead gorgeous in a way Appalachia can not just appreciate, but tell tall tales about. You're the belle of the ball with gorgeous corn-blonde hair and a figure like a well-rounded hourglass, or the kind of charming young man who could get a preacher's daughter (or son) to have a roll in the hay then skip down and reliably do it all over again. Or some other combination of excellent physical features and robust health. You could make quite a killing as a movie star, if you could find the right agent.

A High Lonesome Sound (200 CP): Tales of crossroads and devil's deals start up around you when you perform. Whether you're a musician, actor, storyteller or something else, there's an artistic field in which your talent is superfluous. You're easily talented enough to make a living travelling from town to town, playing to any patient enough to see your skills. And while your talent itself isn't intrinsically magical, so close is the bond between you and it that you'll find it to be a natural amplifier and conduit for any supernatural abilities you have.

Witch Lawyer (200 CP): No one's ever said you don't give it your all. When you're trying to learn you're focused, immersed and fast-and more importantly, older powers than the local court of law have recognised your professionalism. In one field of book-learnin' such as being a lawyer or doctor, not only are your credentials accepted everywhere in mundane society but where your skillset has relevancy to supernatural proceedings you will at least be accepted as a legitimate participant by benign and ambivalent supernatural entities. This will never let you befriend a man-eating tree, but it at least won't contest your right as a lawyer to stand trial for someone who isn't on its menu.

Knows Jack (400 CP): Now even if you yourself aren't an immortal trickster as old as the land itself, you're the kind of *slightly* uncanny con artist and professional thief that could give one a run for his money. You're stealthier than most, a dab hand with disguises, could escape from being clapped in irons and chucked in the river, and are a natural born genius for coming up with zany schemes for everything from blowing up a train carriage then getting away to sweet talking a bank into handing you it's money and thanking you for the privilege. Most folks in these parts are credulous enough to end up hanging on your tall tales, but you could charm even the most untrusting of parents into thinking you're a good catch for their daughters.

Man's Man (400 CP): And on the other end of the Appalachian masculinity scale, there's people with *this.* Whatever you are, you are among the bigger, brawnier bastards of your kind. As a human you're the kind of natural fighter who wouldn't hesitate to uppercut a werewolf, or gun down a Hollow Man doing impossible things right before your eyes. It's not fair to say you're supernatural (unless you already are), you're just tough as nails like you're fought all your life with no lasting injuries to show for-and it seems fortune favours a little foolishness, because you're just a tad harder to land a hit on and tougher to take down than you reasonably should be-and tend to show up somewhere and sometime helpful to your allies.

Dread Gift (600 CP): A long time ago, either the Dread Queen or some force as grand and terrible as her laid something too bleak to be rightfully called a blessing. Perhaps related to this, you died-and returned. Now you are bound to death even if you are not of it. You can see the natural deaths of mortals and glean the true nature of supernatural beings, do not require food to live and for what it's worth count as both living and dead for all mystical purposes. Beings associated with death such as ghosts instinctively count you as kin.

Best and worst of all, you are very difficult to kill. A calamity on par with Cowboy Asher's own manifestation of the corrupted Green unleashes massive havoc upon anything that strikes you down while reviving you from most forms of death. A true brush with death-one on par with getting shot through the test for a human being-

would see this force rear its' ugly head: A fragment of the Inner Dark *at least* on par with the Middle Things will take control of your body, slay nearby enemies to reap the lifeforce necessary to sustain you…and quite likely seize any opportunity to feed it's progenitors' dark hunger through its' own throat at the time. Great willpower or the protection of spiritual guardians such as ghosts of this world can suppress this entity-and if you define your own caged calamity as something different, similar measures will allow you to wrestle your inner demons back into the cage of your flesh and marrow. With time and patience, you might be able to master this great power and wield it to your own ends-whether it's a conjured horror from the Inner Dark, or twisted patronage from a manifestation of human nature.

Homeward and Hearthward (600 CP): Appalachia is a cruel land. A desolate land. And yet…a land where generation after generation, in spite of every dire thing plaguing mankind, a happy lonesome few folk find themselves hammered by adversity-and rewarded with prosperity. As you near the end of a particular adventure, whether a daring heist or a grand quest to slay a Deep Thing, fortune smiles on you to provide what you may consider to be an ideal outcome. Love may bloom, farms prosper and towns revitalise, and at the extreme cases capricious entities older than American civilisation that have you in their debt might just take pity on you. Allies on the fence may aid you in your darkest hour, and your enemies may succumb to sudden betrayals and other lapses in competence as they're about to finish you off. It's never a guarantee of success and you still have to make meaningful progress in your endeavours, but it does make it easier to walk away from a brush with haints happy and healthy.

Predator

Cold Calculus (100 CP): You know what makes the gears of industry stick and stutter? *People*. A savvy businessman has to know when sometimes, you need to burn the chaff so the field can prosper. To start with you are easily one of the better mathematicians in Appalachia, able to count revenue and distribute profits and run the numbers into something approximating a financial forecast for your business, whether it's a travelling sideshow or a grand company. But more importantly, you have a keen eye for letting go of people. For redundancies. For, to put it bluntly, figuring out who's better fired or even…disappeared to make the numbers go up.

Lay of the Land (100 CP): Of course, there's more to business than profit. There's *property* too. Like a seasoned assessor or a corporate vulture, wherever there's communities of people you're an old hand at reading the room, surveying the terrain and putting the two together to figure out where's a good business opportunity and what direction you should take your enterprise to maximise it. You won't overlook rare talent in your crew just because they're recent acquisitions, nor will you fail to pick up on who the local big man is, nor will you miss that one seam of coal in the mountain because you're multitasking with everything else.

Art of the Deal (200 CP): It is not enough for a good businessman to make money. He must ensure that nobody ever seeks to profit at his expense. There is a borderline supernatural compulsion of dread for anyone who enters into any sort of business transaction with you to break it, scaling with your overall level of power. The strong-willed and the mighty can overcome the binding geas of an ordinary man, but it is an

ever-present fear attached to the very notion of disobedience, an inexplicable panic that can potentially turn friend against friend or convince someone to let a bad deal get worse with fears of an unstable economy in mine. Just don't push someone so far into a corner they might start lashing out unpredictably.

Never In A Bind (200 CP): You know what's even harder than putting someone in your debt? Getting out of someone else's. When you enter into a contract with someone, mystical or otherwise, there is always a way to get exactly what you paid for by paying less than the asking price. The services of local townsfolk instead of your immortal soul. A death for a death, instead of the usual mercenary going rates. Even if you can't negotiate worth anything, you'll always get a sense for what kind of hints you need to drop to bring up this alternative-and if you can, you just might be able to push your luck even further.

A Significant Investment (400 CP): The powers that be have assessed you and decided that you're due for promotion. Both here in this world and others, a grand destiny awaits you-one that could potentially see you rise to a position of authority in Appalachia's human society, or tip the balance between Green and Dark. That is of course assuming you survive to claim it, being as this is no guarantor you can't die-only a subtle but persistent shift in circumstance and revelation urging you towards an horror as grand as becoming one of the greater Things (perhaps even power beyond theirs) or simply president. Just don't expect it to be fully realised for a good few years.

Blood, Sweat and Profit (400 CP): The gears of industry are greased by innocent blood, this is known…but do you really have to be so literal about it? Henceforth, excessive cruelty and bloodshed in any line of your business under your formal ownership makes both the production process more efficient and the finished product of higher quality. Men could do several days' work on a day's rations if threatened and browbeaten and coerced to do so, for example. Just have a mind that actually killing your employees will, well, deplete your labour pool. At least that slain labourer will, almost by subtle coincidence, ensure the coal seam you uncovered was even deeper than expected…

Locked In (600 CP): A man lives and dies by the sweat on his brow. His earnings are his kingdom, his possessions his armoury. Just as Locke and Barrel form a bulwark against all the efforts of the Green to defeat the insidious forces backing the company, your forces are so resilient to mishaps and sabotage it's like the hand of some god is shielding them. Attempts to vote you out, scatter your workers or outright hex you find circumstance and your own operational skill mustering the best possible defences you can muster with your resources; naturally this is more effective the more employees and resources you have to play with. Furthermore from business partners going the extra mile to give you favourable terms, to territory churning out gold and silver as well as coal, you'll find your ventures prospering so quickly it'll likely not even be worth the effort to remove you.

Leaking Barrel (600 CP): Of course, at the end of the day financial success is not the real secret to Locke and Barrel's success-no, that would in fact be magical eugenics. You may not necessarily have made the horrific sacrifice that Elias Pontius Barrow performed to commune with Those Who Sleep Beneath or…whatever arrangement Jameson Locke had with the Railway Man before…whatever happened to him, but whether Green,

Darke or other yours is a formidable bloodline with great power every bit the equal to theirs-whether the stone-tearing strength and speed that Barrow's family boasts in their almost insectile true forms. Or the touch of pain, the power to open portals directly to entities originating from the Inner Dark (small mounds of eyes and tentacles and poison stingers are easy to beckon, horrors capable of wiping out towns and threatening even other Barrels and Lockes…less so) and other potential mystic abilities Locke's kin possess. Along with it, you have great finesse over shaping the exact traits of your children (creating one to be a social butterfly for example while another to have greater might as a brutal enforcer, or bestowing unique supernatural powers on them) or even create new ones without a partner, as well as some means of creating and modifying supernatural enforcers such as the Hollow Men. It goes without saying that you can be part of either bloodline as a member in good standing, apparently with the unique ability to reproduce.

Witch of the Green

Good With Lil'uns (100 CP): There's no two ways about it, kids like you and whatever your feelings about them you're more than capable of living up to that favourable impression. You can tell mesmerising tells, you can enforce harsh discipline without losing your capacity to open your heart and arms to troubled children, and you can cook like nobody's business. Most of all, you're a talented teacher who can adjust lessons on the fly for unusual students of all kinds-or rope kids into subjects they're not normally enthused about. You'd make a great mother or father, especially in a land as unforgiving as Appalachia.

Iron Lady (100 CP): On the other hand, few adults like making an enemy of you. Your sharp tongue and biting rhetoric combined with your critical thinking lets you get to the heart of an issue, break down a complex problem into simple, actionable portions-and put simply, cut through bullshit and let people know what's best for them. You're not a trained psychologist or anything, oh no-you just know how to push people's buttons and put down your foot without losing your composure. As a matter of fact, getting chewed out by you is more than likely to make even the surliest of minors lose theirs.

Cures What Ails You (200 CP): Witch doctors. Grannies. There's all sorts of names for folk with your particular kind of talent: The art of both growing and foraging herbs then making concoctions with them that have both mundane and mystical curative effects based on their innate Green vitality (which somehow works even in other worlds). It's a subtle, slow and intuitive art, but the more complex effects can help the lame get to walking or cure a dire cough-anything less dire than an actual mauling by a Thing of the Dark. As a bonus this also makes you an excellent cook. You know what they say about there being no flavour like home cooking? Well, that saying's based on your home's.

Green Blood (200 CP): Family's everything to many a witch, and it seems the Green appreciates this kind of reverence for life's sanctity. For the Green runs in your family, greatly raising the likelihood of you and your blood relatives awakening to Gifts of one kind of another-and at least heightening their ability to perceive and interact with the supernatural. This doesn't just apply to you and your descendants, but even those born concurrently or older than you, all gaining the Green's approval based on whatever standard it judges by. As an aside, as nature itself it could well be possible that with

some trial and error, the Green's connection between you and yours could be used to share other forms of magic you have through some rite or other.

Lady of the Land (400 CP): Witches are human, and often women. Hardly the sorts to go hand to hand with a haint who can rip a man limb from limb. What often evens the score is their control over the magical energy of terrain, and the wards they can thusly erect with the power from them. You have an especially close connection with the nearby geography you dwell on for a meaningful length of time, forming a spiritual bond with it. While this mostly manifests as it improving in proportion to your overall vitality and health, it also provides you with a good consistent supply of magical energy (moreso if it was already magical in some sense)-and greatly improves the efficacy of any mystical workings you perform atop it, while likewise resisting interference from those who would try to wrest away your works. Of course, if you've no interest in witchcraft you can always use it to grow the most nutritious, delicious cattle and gourds this side of Appalachia.

Wrought of Witchcraft (400 CP): The Gift is often expressed in flashes of power or intangible wards-but there are those who can give it a more permanent manifestation. And even if you have no other Gifts, you're one of them. For you know how to create magical artifacts through a combination of beseeching higher powers, working with Green or Dark or other supernatural force-touched materials, and ritualistic action. Things like a carved opossum bone that blunts all physical harm against the bearer, a mixture that when poured out creates a barrier of mystical fire, a poultice that lets you enter and speak in dreams-or even something more substantial like a flying scythe you can ride and steer. It goes without saying that if the Gift (or some other supernatural force) is already strong in you, you can use your skill to imbue your own powers into what you make to further enhance it.

Triumph of the Will (600 CP): The art of unbinding enchantments or rebinding eldritch forces to your service is a treacherous and subtle art. You're a prodigy at it. You're your ability to read mystical forces like how Mozart can read sheet music, artifacts that curse others with certain death could be made to function without harming you using focus and effort, and those cursed by powers as great as the Deep Things can at least have their burdens mitigated. Brought under control. In a pinch you could even lock onto an actual being of power and try to direct turn their powers against themselves. It's hard to fathom what such artful handling of the unknowable and ethereal thing that is magic could eventually accomplish, just as no one saw Glory Ann Boggs defeating multiple Deep Things with power she stole from the remains of the Dead Queen to turn her very corpse into a trap for those who sought to strike down her family, but suffice to say you see magic in a way most could never even imagine.

Witch of the Green (Free for Witch of the Green/200/400/600 CP): Truth be told, even fewer people are born with magic-the magic of Earth, the Green-than there are folk willing to define it in terms beyond the intuitive, gut-level connection to all that grows and roams wild. It is leaf and it is growth and it is fang, yes. But it's also so much more beyond mortal perception. And rather than needing an artifact or an unwise bargain of some kind, you're one of the rare few with magic rooted in your very blood and bones.

When at war the magic of the Green arises as wind, rain, as conjured flocks of angry birds and strangling vines. When used to heal and restore the Green mends wounds, eases pain, ensures safe and healthy childbirth, and erects invisible barriers of such power that even haints capable of punching a hole in a damn can't pass on land owned by the practitioner. But it is far more than any human has learned the full breadth of. Those with knowledge and experience can enchant searing brands that can cleave through servants of the Inner Dark as dawn banishes night, transfer the essence of life and magic where the practitioner wills it, rend and seal Things-or even permanently destroy them, despite their masters' usual ability to resurrect them.

For free, one with the Witch of the Green background can be an ordinary practitioner of the art, neither notable nor lacking but relatively inexperienced. For 200 CP you may instead have innate talent and skill akin to that of Marcie Walker, numbered among those able to face down haints and live or charm the hearts of men (or women) with but an effort of will. For 400 CP you may instead be a peer to Glory-Ann Boggs or Granny Marigold Underwood, beings that have slain *multiple* Deep Things with cunning and magical might or rent asunder their curses until they functioned more like blessings. And finally, for 600 CP you may be the greatest wielder of magic since Daughter Dooley herself. Such was her power that her allegiance alone was thought to be sufficient for unleashing Those Who Sleep Below from their prison, and such was her skill with wielding it that even fused with a Thing her will resists its worst impulses from within.

Acolyte of the Inner Dark:

Sweet As Cyanide (100 CP): The poisoned promise is the one most succulent to the foolish morsels walking this planet. There is a certain emotion invoked by your appearance, your mannerisms, your bearing-one that hammers the lizard brain of mortals with the shock of a striking adder. It could be the haughty superiority of privilege. It could be something more…unwholesome, or simply the primal terror of a predator. But whatever it is, it makes talking to you very, very difficult without bowing their head and agreeing.

Cold As Ice (100 CP): The thing that humans call morality is a sometimes baffling, often convenient encumbrance for those who thrive on blood and reverence. Even if you have only the faintest shadow of the Dark upon your heart, you've learned to (figuratively, for now) turn it all the way off. You won't hesitate to stab a man in the back who's offered you hospitality, you'll be able to grit your teeth and commit atrocities in your employer's name and you won't be haunted by the terrible things you do to sate your appetites. This does *not* remove your capacity for kindness, empathy or nostalgia. Simply your regret. Your hesitation. Your *weakness*.

Shadow of the Valley of Death (200 CP): Some time ago a Thing took notice of you, and laid what it called a blessing upon your very soul. Now, death walks in your footsteps and clings to your touch. Lay a hand on something and it dies, though men surely die swifter than Things. It takes longer to kill things remotely, but injuries take longer to heal, more mothers and children die in childbirth and harm generally gets worse in a town you visit. Whether by design or chance you've more control over this so-called gift than most, and can withhold it. Of course, there's the question of where all that vitality goes, and the answer is: Into you. On its own, even passive feeding on the living could

make you biologically immortal. Who knows what else you might figure out to do with this, in time?

Skint in the Game (200 CP): The Inner Dark is savage, yes. The Inner Dark is hungry and alien, it is true. But *evil?* That's just a word that complex life invented. Who says that *friendship* can't be one of the things you're hungering for? Like a certain lackadaisical skinwalker you have a knack for winning the friendship of eldritch and malefic entities of dark power. There's something about you that just brings out the bonhomie and indulgence of even ancient horrors more powerful than you-though personality still plays a part, and personal enmity or a particular ambition may make some harder to win over than others. Hell you're even quite the flirt with dread horrors! And as for your prowess in bed, suffice to say that being *skinned alive* in your natural state is no obstacle for pleasing and being pleased by eldritch physiologies. As a final gift, it seems that dark sacrifices of all kinds performed by you are worth much more than they'd normally be. Maybe even the Things Who Sleep Below think you're cool?

Legion (400 CP): The eldest of the Deep Things and the Hollow Man named Legion by his former masters share a frightening hidden power: That they are not merely one horror, but many. Now, so are you. With but an effort of will, you can unleash some manner of minions upon your foes: Mutated bursting out from beneath your skin or Dark-sent horrors erupting into a great host out of your body like sewage bursting from a lid, or something of the same kind. You can decide the specifics, but whatever they are you have the power to wipe towns off the map or raze forests so that nothing grow there after years. All you have to do is *unravel.*

Bleak Eminence (400 CP): You are among the favoured servants of the Inner Darkness, and you are the herald of their immanent release. A miasma of dark magic attuned to your nature and appetites exists within you, fed by both ritual worship and satiation, and at your will corrupts soil, land and magic itself wherever you go. Animals or people may warp in emulation of you or to suit your goals, sometimes both. Obstacles both physical and abstract diminish, as walls crumble or red tape goes awry before the Dark's ever-present hunger. Every power you have that suits the Dark's natures and themes is greatly empowered, both letting you destroy souls more easily and gain more power from their desecration. And when you have made the world a reflection of the Dark's purpose and destiny, you may use it like a town-sized magic wand for your will-forming mystical resources or servants out of it's very substance, using it to project your powers across vast distances, and who knows what else. At least, assuming no greater powers are trying to suppress your influence.

Crown of Horns (600 CP): A mark of power has emerged from your form, if not the mighty antlers of The Thing Whose Name Sounds Like Horned Head But Is Not Horned Head then perhaps wings like branches, serrated claws or some other protrusion from your body. These growths are powerful foci for all your supernatural powers and make you more powerful, more compelling and enduring, more *dominant* in every aspect so long as they're intact-even able to horrifically cripple and lessen the truly eternal, or tearing through mortal steel like cardboard. More importantly, they tether you to life. If you are ever slain, so long as others gather the growths and bring them to a place consecrated in your name you'll be able to cling to life as a spirit-and reform your body, potentially speeding up any other forms of resurrection you have. Last but not least,

your growths make for powerful artifact components-artifacts that bear your will too, subtly compelling the weak-minded and naïve to do whatever suits your bidding. And while it may rankle to apportion out power, perhaps in time you could learn to harness their potential even as they're attached to you.

Cannot Escape This Darkness: (Free for Acolyte of the Inner Dark/200/400/600 CP):

And now, the *real* reason why men, spirits and stranger things treat with the would-be destroyer of all worlds: Power. The magic of the inner dark is deep and endless shadow, a violent and destructive force that echoes the ravenous desperation of it's imprisoned originators. In battle it evokes poisonous miasmas and life-sapping shadows that can strangle flesh. It warps flesh into monstrous fish-and-insect-like forms powerful enough to smash through buildings, and it conjures objects, entities or potentially even structures that however helpful never fail to evoke an alien horror at insatiable appetites. It is blight, it is carnality, the bleak and awful depths of the mines themselves lending you enhanced strength or mind-melting illusions or opening portals to other places; even blasts of fire, bitter cold and poison have a certain wrongness that bespeaks darkness before the earth itself. And just like the Green, there's more to it than mankind will ever know.

Acolytes of the Inner Dark may of course for free wield as much of the Dark as the average Hollow Man can muster. Abhuman servants of Locke and Barrell created by replacing the essential humanity of mortals with something other, granting them simple powers such as suffocation, the manipulation of tangible shadows and flesh of living stone alongside their animalistic brute strength. Like many beings of the Dark they're difficult to kill conventionally by any force short of being blown up on the train they're on. But alas, the Hollow Men are imperfect creations; abandoned without a proper Barrow minder, they weaken and grow animalistic until a gunshot kills them as well as anything. Should the Hollow Men outright abandon their employers, this lessening can seemingly even age like *mortals.* So of course, you may instead simply have a darker Gift than most witches that trades their might for broader magical faculties.

For 200 CP, you may instead have power equal to a Low Thing: A true emanation, offspring, or "blessed" chosen servant easily strong and fast enough to slay men. Hounds that can flicker in and out of reality while literally lapping up lifeforce rapidly, or an uncanny werewolf-like beast bound to a certain artifact. Only somewhat deadlier than the likes of the Hollow Men, the true advantage of being a proper Thing is that they are biologically immortal and cannot die to ordinary means. Without great power such as the Green behind a killing, such beings simply reform by the will of their masters-a process that can be accelerated by gathering their remains and artifacts, as well as sacrifice and reverence by other mystical beings.

For 400 CP, you are instead a peer to the Middle Things: Collective humanoid horrors capable of granting devil's bargains in exchange for possessing someone, void-fleshed dogs that devour souls to weaken the barrier between life and death, and the rodent-like Mister Poe whose ever-spawning tails can hunt men for miles or strike across a courtroom like a bullwhip and who holds sway over fortune. Beings of this calibre are likely approximate peers to the children of Locke and Barrell.

Finally, for 600 CP you are among the purer emanations of the Inner Dark, a being incarnated to embody one of the direct desires of Those Who Sleep Beneath-something between an olden god, and a demon lord. An embodiment of hunger, one charged with herding the cattle of Earth with fear, or acquiring servants. Even the lesser examples of such horrors can draw strength from ambient hatred while influencing mortals to reshape their immobile forms into a suitable weapon, or manifest as vast silver-tongue serpents. Those who take human forms have little trouble in devouring men like snacks, and can even horrifically teleport into regions normally warded against supernatural powers. Few such beings remain in the fullness of their might, and that is fortunate-for without any restraint or limitation such beings could probably exceed the destruction unleashed by all the other servants of the Dark. A certain Deep Thing may well be the origin of the Locke bloodline's dire power.

Items

Drop-In

Fulminating Flask (100 CP): A man sees a lot out here that can drive him to drink. Well-worn and battered, this humble flask must've been touched by a merciful power because it has a simple power: It is an endless supply of some of the best damn moonshine throughout the mountains. The stuff never fails to lift your spirits, and though not exactly a medicine seems to clean wounds as well as actual antiseptic. Oh, and one more thing: The stuff's strong enough to be flammable, and presumably said flames *would* technically have some Green magic in them given that the flask does in fact happen to have some magic imbued in it in the first place. Just a thought.

Dulcimer of the Red Dogs (200 CP): Painted with black and white images of hounds chasing stars, this hourglass-shaped mountain dulcimer has a strange bond with a certain class of supernatural beings. Turn it's knobs up all the way and you can play it in a way no human can hear, but that summons a pack of red dogs to your side

And what are red dogs, you ask? They are in fact shells of scorched rock layered over burning coal and dry wood surrounding a rough stone heart that happen to be carved to look like dogs. They happily eat anything flammable, and in most respects act like wild dogs and wolves. Usually collapsing into inert materials after a few weeks, these creatures are neither inclined to aid you nor to attack you. But setting burning hounds somewhere usually makes for a good distraction, and those with the Gift or similar powers could well try to tame them like normal dogs.

And of course, you can always play the dulcimer again.

God's Tool (400 CP): Handcrafted from lightning-struck elm wood and inscribed with the name *Cread Beck* on its side, to most eyes this is simply a handy hiking tool. But by striking a creature or slamming it on the ground, you can launch a lightning bolt directly at them. While this is as terrifying, blinding deafening and powerful as it sounds, unfortunately the stick also jolts YOU slightly even though the majority of the electric energy goes straight through whatever fool you targeted. Wrapping some insulating material around wherever you're handling it would be wise.

A Vast Network of Connections Wherever J.T. Fields' Influence Can Be Found (600 CP): You walk into town. The bartender recognises you, and offers you drinks on the house. Later that day you decide you need some magical assistance, and remember there's a nearby Green witch willing to make you a potion or two. Then sometime later you end up aggravating a Thing who reluctantly offers to forgive your "debt" to it in exchange for "getting out of his". What's going on? This little brown notebook has all the answers. Apparently a great many of the favours that J.T. Fields has collected over the years have, by some loophole, become owed to *you* as the beneficiary. In this and future worlds this translates to a ramshackle slew of favours owed in both the human and supernatural communities-generally nothing too dire or life-changing, but often situationally lifesaving and very good for your overall quality of life. Incidentally, while you'll never meet the man himself with this alone, buying this item will also cause Jack legends to spring up in other worlds' societies.

Damned Fool

Green's Fiddle (100 CP): Well, well. Isn't this something? This marvellous fiddle (or other American instrument) is both an aesthetic and musical marvel, made of the finest quality wood and burnished in your choice of colours despite its' name. Rather, its' name comes from some Green magic that seems to linger within the wood that lets you bring supernatural cheer and heal all nearby witnesses when you play an upbeat song, or inflict despondency and despair when you play a dirge. Other effects might be possible depending on what kind of mood you put into your music, but you should probably be a skilled musician before you go around plucking at heartstrings unpredictably.

The Blue Ghost (200 CP): Wrought of rusty blue metal and still stained in blood, if the initials EKR carved in its' base ever meant anything the faint, sullen, ghostly boy who gave it to you didn't want to say. Lighting this lantern gives off shadows instead of light. Shadows that bend instinctively to help you and nearby allies hide, sneak and generally avoid detection. Although this works better at night, even in broad daylight the shadows provide functional invisibility-though speaking or striking someone is enough to break whatever spell it provides.

Graveside Hearse (400 CP): Sometimes you need to get out of town in a hurry, and sometimes you'd prefer to get out of this world too. Carved from sable wood and pulled by mules of dark mist that form out of the ground whenever someone sits in the driver's seat, this hearse clip-clops along as fast as you'd expect with one exception: It can travel into the ways of the dead-and more importantly, back out to somewhere you visualise in the world of the living at high speed. In this world, that mostly means the particular afterlife traversed by the spirit of angry boys worked to death in the mines as well as it's purgatorial borderlands for others dead in unfortunate circumstances. As for other worlds, well, while some afterlives may be easier to traverse others all things people equal the hearse has a decent chance of getting you through.

The Unmaker (600 CP): Brought home from war in a soldier's coffin, either this long-ranged handgun passed through some seriously terrible hands during its service or the man who used to own it looked upon the Green and the Dark and decided enough was enough. It's cartridge is jammed. Instead you load it with a drop of freshly shed blood in its' barrel, each of which allows it to fire a beam of sickly emerald-rimmed oblivion capable of punching cleanly through bedrock or tearing through a spectral horror before dissipating at range. It's not clear if whoever made this thing intended it to stop or receive blood sacrifices, but as one of the few weapons that combine the Green and the Dark into a force of ultimate destruction, it's a pretty horrifying way to end a fight.

Predator

Bone Accessory (100 CP): Carved what appears to be antler but could feel more akin to chitin, this ugly-looking ring resembles nothing so much like a weathered old bone left to the elements. Wearing it however is certainly worth the hit to your fashion. Perceiving the imperceivable becomes much easier, letting you intuitively triangulate where people are in a building even without seeing them, and sensing the thoughts of

those even nearer to you. As a bonus, someone has carefully scrubbed this thing of any potential Deep Thing influences on your behaviour.

The Quartz Consultant (200 CP): There are things in this land that some might call spirits. Intangible beings, and incarnations of patterns long gone. Whether this quartz geode is bound to one such entity or merely a very, very small creature, there appears to be a flighty but often chatty being living inside (or perhaps bound to it) that can provide information, insight and advice on most topics you care to bring up. The creature isn't omniscient, but in this and every world it will have broad knowledge about both the mundane and the supernatural as well as a knack for making predictions based on logical outcomes. It has absolutely no interest in talking about itself.

Family Business (400 CP): Locke and Barrel aren't the only game in town anymore. There's also their rival, your company! Doesn't have to be coal mining either, perhaps you're in the timber business, or lucked out during the gold rush. Yours is the kind of sprawling industrial juggernaut that simply employs too many people, makes too much money and can afford too many lawyers to be easily gotten rid of even by governments without *certain* proof you're doing anything more wrong than the average captain of industry. Also, it happens to be a family business. Three or four of your very own, very loyal children sit atop its board of directors, and while alas this item alone does not provide the means to make more for one reason or another these particular children can have whatever supernatural abilities it makes sense for them to have based on your other purchases in this jump.

Babylon (600 CP): Once upon a time, some very unpleasant people in the Locke family opened up a bar and entertainment palace that catered to very, very dark tastes. Unlike theirs, the old timey entertainment venue under your name is up and running by lesser Dark creatures that can at least pass as attractive, diligent humans and respect you as their employer. The alcohol never seems to run out, there's a wide range of the equally replenishing snacks, the furnishing is luxurious enough to earn the Locke seal of approval and the songs have an almost hypnotic echo given to them by whatever Dark magic powers the sound system. The real crowning jewel though is a sort of spiritual presence named Babylon who dwells in the theatre built in the basement. Apart from you, it's rightful owner, it forces anyone brought to its' stage to experience vivid visions of the worst moments in their life-which are also broadcast to onlookers as entertainment. A great hit at parties, also a deeply inhuman interrogation tool.

Within this edifice lies sealed the being that grants it's true value: The maimed, broken, corrupted aspect of the Green now subjugated into the instrument of pain known by mortals as Babylon. Unlike the specimen caught by the Barrow family, the bindings on this one are not in danger of degrading. The maimed spirit could be a threat that even the most direct representative of the Green would struggle to euthanise or save on his own and a devastating calamity threatening entire towns if freed. Instead, it is subjugated wholly to your will-whether as familiar, sustenance…or toy.

Witch of the Green

Box of Charms (100 CP): Dreamcatchers, medicine pouches, effigies, bottled concoctions-how sweet! Someone's prepared for you a generously filled basket of the

sort of charms a witch of the Green could make given a lot of time to herself for someone she cared about. Together they confer a generalised series of blessings that keep you well-fed, in good health and reasonably lucky even if individually few have any great power; individually most charms have localised and temporary effects such as enhancing your intellect or might for a few minutes.

Moonbone (200 CP): With a handle of ornately carved bone neither human nor animal, and a blade that never needs sharping, this knife is an uncanny killer of all things supernatural. Never needing to be sharpened, it deals disproportionate damage to both matter and supernatural entities with each cut or stab. Merely being an immaterial phantom or some sort of living cloud is no defence to its' chilling edge, and in the hands of a Green witch it could even banish a far more powerful entity with a good stab. Of course, it's just a folding knife. Might be a good idea to distract anything worth getting close with it in hand.

Salvaged Thorns (400 CP): Ripped from the very being of the Dead Queen during one of the Green and Inner Dark's infrequent alliances, these large but dreadful-looking thorns are among the most powerful amplifiers of magic in Appalachia despite being good for little else. Neither baneful to beings of the Dark nor corruptive to life on Earth, they thrum with power just begging to be channelled. Even the greatest agents of the Dark would think twice about approaching a witch wielding such power, just as even the most benign of witches should be cautious about accidentally pouring such potential into a spell of growth that ends up accidentally drowning the neighbourhood in pumpkins.

Redneck Eden (600 CP): There's this place out in the wilderness that's at once utterly untamed and strangely peaceful for somewhere that's known only one human touch at most. Herbs of great importance in witchcraft grow everywhere, and there's a small but well-cared for cottage. The Green is strong here too. It's your place of power, mystically bound to you and all manner of nature magic-based workings are so empowered it's more bolstering than a whole coven of witches assisting at once. It might even be possible to summon or commune with Brother Bartholomew, the bear and sometimes man-like incarnation of the Green's wrath incarnate itself, here. It's also a mighty fine place for growing or healing just about anything that isn't a being of the Inner Dark.

Acolyte of the Dark

Alter of Bone and Blood (100 CP): Built from ribcages and thighbones torn from dozens of animals. Knit together with leather and sinew, crowned with some unfortunate beast's skull. The ivory gleam of this alter is dedicated to a dark and fearsome figure: You. Any worship or sacrifice directed to you through it is amplified, the benefits and intentions reaching you faster and more clearly, and speeding any workings you may be trying to perform. If nothing springs to mind, bask in the nurturing caress of the Inner Dark as you feel yourself grow sleek on stolen strength.

The Devil's Lash (200 CP): They say the Devil shows up all over Appalachia, but if he's real then the forces of the Inner Dark sure don't have much to say about him. If this whip of thin cord, inscribed metal points, and devil's crown thorns really was used by the Devil once, he's likely to be concerned about his stolen properly. Each crack strikes

with uncanny speed and accuracy as if guided by your own hand-especially when aiming to maim, to blind, to cripple or strangle or otherwise bring lasting harm as well as pain. Furthermore when wielded against witches, ghosts and other supernatural beings it leaves burning marks that scorch the very soul. With the qualifier that at the time of writing it's not clear if Hell is canon or not, these hard to quench magical brands sure *seem* like hellfire.

Build Old Wossname Into A Coffin (400 CP): Some time ago, a Deep Thing of former note hatched a plan to devour the essence of some Green witches that went so awfully awry, the Thing ended up *built into furniture.* A chair, a king-sized bed-even a coffin. The once-terrifying horror of the Inner Dark is now functionally helpless due to the deluge of spells poured onto it with one exception: You. Some loophole in the binding allows it to communicate with (but to its' frustration, not otherwise influence) you, and use its' vast power solely to aid and abet you. It'd be unwise to trust the thing *too* far just as it'd be foolish to overlook what it can do on your behalf. Perhaps with a few sacrifices to it and getting to know each other, you can make a new friend?

Weapon of the Dark (600 CP): You see this extra adorable, seemingly human baby? That's just the container for this item. That being a particularly powerful eldritch horror rent from the Inner Dark, the kind of incomprehensible horror that can lay waste to a town with the act of its' birth. But the creature needs food to be properly born. Food best obtained by leaving the baby near populated areas, where it gradually absorbs the life and magic everywhere around itself. This manifests as spreading, inexplicable desolation of all kinds. Famine, drought, pestilence-a general failure in the world to sustain life.

Weeks or months later depending on its' environment, the baby's screaming will echo across great distances. A smoking orb of **nothing** will implode from its' silhouette, and from it will emerge a thousand starving creatures that could be mistaken for crows from a distance. As the dread impossibility slips through the baby-hole in its' matured form, it will reap the souls of those who even catch a glimpse of it. Then, as tears of bubbling pitch stream down the place where it's face should be, it's dark work will begin. It will open one of its' six mouths, and it will sing the song that cracks wide the Earth.

…what do you mean, you want to raise the baby and lessen the hold of the Inner Dark on its little soul? Well. Good luck explaining the little tyke's dark destiny to it when it enters puberty.

Companions

Ever Onward (50-300 CP): Not many folk worth knowing are quick to give their trust around here. Best to bring some with you. With each purchase of 50 CP here, you can create or import a companion with 800 CP to purchase anything except more companions, including backgrounds with costs.

Ever Forward (50+ CP): Alternatively, just get to know some folk. Each purchase here guarantees you a good first impression with a character in the same time period when you enter into this world, and allows you to take them as a companion if they agree. And if they don't? You keep the "slot" around and can make your offer to someone else.

The Crossroads Dealer (Free/Optional Drop-In, 50 CP): This enigmatic fellow looks like a pastor to a farmer, a mine boss' wipe to a shopkeeper, and a city-slicker to a company man. A moderately handsome or beautiful but not memorable human. Sometimes it's feet leaves footprints like goat hooves and the sound of jangling chains accompanies it's movements. The Dealer likes to bargain with mortals for knowledge, power and talent (skill in music is in vogue), but while it enjoys owning souls and tricks it's not without kindness or compassion-claiming it enjoys strengthening the people of Appalachia. It can also turn into any mundane animal apart from a dove (and continue to do anything a human could), quell wills with its' pewter eye and it's boons allow it to cobble together basically anything an experienced witch could do with practice and focus on the fly.

Some time ago, the Dealer challenged you to a fiddle contest and lost. Amused, it decided that your prize was its' friendship (carefully set out in a vellum contract). The Dealer gladly plies it's trade at a discount or on far more generous terms than usual, and while seldom keen to involve itself personally freely offers advice and covert aid to your endeavours.

Your Aunt (Free/Optional Damned Fool, 50 CP): A few grey streaks in this woman's hair haven't stopped her from being one of the crack adventurers of the America-or breaking into your home to fuss over you and treat you to her legendary recipe for scones. Your aunt's feats are legend, with rumours ranging from her being a key member of the Pinkertons to hunting werewolves in Ohio. Whatever the case she can carry out just about any domestic task with military precision, is a crack shot with most weapons and gets along with all levels of society like a house on fire. Fond of trying out new cocktails on you.

Corporate Person (Free/Optional Predator, 50 CP): Every now and then, a rich posh person shows up, pats you on the head, fondly tells you you're doing a great job and puts some money in your hand before wandering off again. Getting to know them better will reveal this person sometimes abruptly vanishes in the middle of a crowd, and people unconsciously part in his way. This fellow is in fact the incarnate spirit of a

company you've yet to found in the future, relatively weak for now but optimistic and encouraging to you with their limited influence over the flow of commerce localised to you and your financial assets. How you run your company could well influence whether they end up as a rival to the Railway Man, or a relatively conscientious de facto co-employer to their workforce. Can look like basically anyone, but often defaults to looking like Mr. Monopoly for unclear reasons.

Lonnie Arbuckle (Free/Optional Witch of the Green, 50 CP): Lonnie Arbuckle is one of the most powerful Green witches born in her generation, and would be hailed as the second coming of Daughter Dooley if Daughter Dooley ever died. She is also 16 years old, and has barely tapped any of that potential. Lonnie is a strapping, curvy farmgirl with a shock of unruly ash blonde hair who enjoys hunting, shooting and eating everything put in front of her. Through some manner of zany shenanigans, you've also become her legal guardian. Lonnie may be a wild child through and through, but at heart she's loyal to her kin even if she has the social graces of a drunk bear and the magical finesse of, well, someone who thinks making pumpkins grow huge and chase people is funny.

The Other, Other Queen (Free/Optional Acolyte of the Dark, 50 CP): History is littered with the bodies of men who made pacts with the Inner Dark and lived long enough to regret it. What's less known is that once in a while, the Inner Dark encounters a human…and the horror comes to admire the human. Born a powerful Witch of the Green among Puritans, Elspeth somehow bound a shapeless Thing into her shadow to serve as familiar, flood and font of Dark magic-comingling what passes for its soul with her blood, becoming more Thing, less human, yet not quite either and immortal to boot. She plays up her self-described role as the wicked witch-queen of Appalachia, while paying little heed to attempts to free her theoretical masters. The end of the world means both the end of her reign and a final snub at the hometown she herself destroyed.

Nobody seems to know why out of everyone in Appalachia this lanky, corpse-pale, sable-haired, sometimes-ceiling-scuttling terror seems to regard you as her only friend, any more than anyone can explain Old Green Eyes and Skint Tom's friendship.

Drawbacks

Old When This Earth Was Young (+0 CP): There are beings that dwelled in this land long before Those Who Sleep Beneath were ever sealed beneath Appalachia. Legends so old in the telling they were fabled before civilisation itself. Would you know more? Choose this, and you can start as far back as the land of Appalachia itself existed-to the time when J.T. Fields first walked this land. Who knows what you'll find there? Perhaps the evolution of all life on Earth started when Mr. Fields started off his line of work trying to sell snake oil to unicellular organisms, tricking them into evolving and eventually luring them onto land with false promises of superior nutrient gradients.

The Road Goes Ever Onward (+0 CP): 10 years is hardly a blink in the eye of any Thing worth its' reputation, and even to some witches it passes quickly. To truly make a name for yourself among the powers that be, why not stay for longer? Choose this, and you can extend your time here by centuries, millennia, until the dire hour when it is said the Inner Dark shall finally break free and devour the universe long after every non-Dark aligned character has passed on. Perhaps you should do something about that.

In For A Favour (+100/200/300 CP): You owe someone big time for these choice points, and that debt goes into effect immediately as the jump starts. For 100 CP it's J.T. Fields or someone like him. Someone who'll have you doing bizarre tasks like collecting golden eggs from his goose farm or feeding imprisoned giants, and who you could conceivably pay off your debt with the equivalent of a year or so of human labour, and who you might even be able to win over as a friend. For 200 CP you're considered to have permanent employ with Barrel and Locke, who expect punctual and ruthless obedience to all their diabolical whims. Finally, for 300 CP you're indebted to a Deep Thing who will actively try to corrupt you into their service. There may be ways out of any and all of these contracts, but bear in mind breaking them may diminish your powers in various ways and while they stand whoever you're in debt to has a much easier time of working magic on you.

No Country For Old Woman (+100 CP): Not everyone appreciates all the good witches do for their community. Whether because your powers are an extra bit more alarming than even other witches, because there's been an upswing in racism, or just because you're a woman who enjoys wearing trousers, you'll find that local human communities often don't like the side of you. It's still possible to make friends with enough effort and there are places like the Cluster that outright welcome the shunned, but expect most populated areas to have quite a bit of prejudice against whoever and whatever you are.

WHERE'S MY TAILYPO?! (+100 CP): You are just-insufferable. Weaselly. Craven. If you're human, you're likely seen as a conniving careerist like Hiram Cook. If you're a supernatural being, your nature is regarded as pathetic and disgusting as Mister Poe's perverse joy in guilt-tripping hunters unlucky enough to shoot him. The point is even if you've not done anything wrong technically, you have a reputation as a petty condescending slimeball-and frankly your behaviour more than lives up to it.

Out of Mind (+200 CP): An encounter with the Dark has left you maimed in spirit if not body. You scream in your sleep and shiver uncontrollably in your waking hours, tormented by the memory of confronting your worst fears and being hurt in unimaginable ways by a

sadistic beast. Even your health is adversely affected a little by this. Time and love can mitigate the symptoms, but it'll take much more of both to make a full recovery.

Well SHIET (+200 CP): This just isn't your decade now, is it? Through a combination of pure misfortune and a tendency to make snap decisions or put your foot in your mouth, you've become something of a butt monkey in the ballad that is Appalachia's history. If someone could get hit in the nuts during a fight, it'll be you. If someone could get called upon for a dangerous task, you'll be top of the list. And if someone ever gets the impulse to mock a dangerous entity with a chip on their shoulder? That's right! It'll be you!

The Hounding Dark (+200 CP): Something is hunting you, whether a Thing of the Inner Dark or one of the less benign entities of Appalachia. As far as it can tell it's coming is foretold by mists closing in on every side, and phantasmal predators-wolves, perhaps-closing in from all directions. But the mastermind is something else. More than the average witch but less than a Deep Thing in the prime of its power, it combines the patience and deliberation of a sniper with the inhuman savagery of a monster that has decided you are its' next victim. Imagine the Railway Men bent all his energy and resources to hunting you down. Then imagine you can't just escape him by leaving the tracks behind, and you'll roughly understand how much trouble you're in.

A Lessened Thing (+300 CP): You've been diminished by time and circumstance. Your enemies somehow got you, and now you are but a shadow of what you were. If you're a Deep Thing or a being of a similar tier, you've been killed incarnation after incarnation until you're like Old Copperhead. If you're a human, well-old, crippled, sickly, bound to an unwise promise, drinking heavily or in heavy debt. Choose two, or a similar level of weakness. The pain and humiliation of whatever brought you so low weighs heavily on you, skewing your judgement, and for one reason or another you'll find recovery much harder than it should be.

An Unlikely Assembly (+300 CP): You've done it now. Like the Dead Queen, you've gone and convinced the Green and the Dark to send three representatives apiece to kill you if they can-and seal you away forever if they can't. Expect to be antagonised by mostly entities and figures of middling power, with the odd powerhouse like Old Sister brought in as a contingency. Sounds simple enough? Well, unlike the actual Dead Queen, you are not Brother Bartholomew's friend with this and the bear (who is also personally involved) wants to see you definitely dead if possible. Nobody's sure how much power the old bear is truly packing, but he rips lesser Things apart with ease, seems to speak with Old Sister as something like a peer, and can manifest wherever the Green's influence is felt. Good luck.

Out of Time (+300 CP): You now own quite a lovely watch. *Never let go of it.* Lest your body melt and your mind be gripped in pain and you collapse to less than ash in seconds. Yes, your life is bound to this object, and to make matters worse despite being useless to you whatever enchantment is upon it has a knack for attracting attention even if most won't likely know what it means to you at first. Make it through this jump, and you can keep the watch as a souvenir.

THE MOUNTAIN TREMBLES (+400/800 CP): As you enter this world, a horrific vision assails you. A year into your stay, someone *will* successfully release Those Who Sleep

Beneath from their prison. Horned Head will find a witch powerful enough to break their cage. The Harbinger will abandon its' post in a final act of spite. Or perhaps a freak meteor event will simply blow a hole through Appalachia. In short, for 400 CP it will take constant vigilance and the power to confront some of the greatest horrors in this world's plans come fully to fruition, to survive that year.

And for 800 CP, the mountains simply crack open as you arrive. If you take *this* version of the drawback, it's because you have enough confidence to battle a universe-eating hivemind of life-devouring shadows that even the beings who defeated it couldn't kill and no fear of fish, squid or insects. Either you don't need luck at that point, or all the luck in the cosmos won't save you.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Obtaining both Green and Dark magic at the same time is a great way to obtain immense power and also antagonise beings from both sides of their conflict.

Much is made of the Green's power to ward, purify and generally ruin the day of the Dark and its' forces, but in light of Marcie Walker and more tacitly Hiram Cook's relationship troubles circumstantial evidence seems to suggest that YES, you can use the Green offensively against people as well as shambling horrors. Why the witches do not simply proceed to hurl fireballs at Lock and Barrel property to disrupt company operations or more openly flaunt the power of magic to mobilise humanity against the Inner Dark is not clear at the time of writing. The best guess from circumstantial evidence is that the Green itself tends to choose people who are generally conservative, caring, and focused on protecting a specific community rather than potential lobbyists or ecoterrorists (apart from the occasional poor candidate like Hiram Cook), and that as the principle defender of *all* Earthly life Brother Bartholomew probably discourages unnecessary bloodshed. In conclusion: Fanwank something.