Pendog Creative Library



Welcome to the Pendog Creative Library! A digital archive dedicated to the preservation and documentation of creative endeavors. Here on the PCL you will find cartoons, puppets, dolls, artwork, music, and more. The website strives to educate interested readers about the history behind these artifacts so that their impact and stories may be imparted to the general public.

The PCL is dedicated to preserving the history of cartoons, mascots, comics, & more. Read about electric mascot Tellie Lectric or cartoon superstar Maisy the Mutt. Come learn about the red scare, vertical integration & be Careful.

One of the members got ahold of a rare cartoon from the 1930s and planned to screen it at a Halloween party. But something went Wrong, causing all the partygoers to vanish.

But the party is still going on.

The world is darker than you know, and far more dangerous.

someone sleeps below the code

You will be here for **10 years** and will have **1000 CP** to spend.

BACKGROUNDS

All non-600+ cp perks are discounted for their origin, with 100cp perks being free.



Archivist: One of those people interested in the art of lost media, tracking where it came from or its impact on history, how these things have changed and taken on new identities in the present (for those that 'survived' into modernity at least) and the analysis of shape of their impact upon history. You hunt and yearn for these things, whilst also trying to give as much respect as you can to these great pieces of media and all that they represent.

Mascot: A living piece of art, iconography granted will and motion, something fantastical and wondrous that has been forgotten yet it's still here. Intangible and unseen, these entities - be they cartoons or media that have gained a life of their own through people's understanding and appreciation of them, forgotten imaginary friends skulking in the dark corners of the world eager to sate themselves on the imaginers that bore them, ideas that have draped themselves in the skin of mascots and cartoons and games and toys, or something even more baffling - are the invisible hands that shape the world of Pendog and though the human element can define the impressions and outlines of these beings, it is through their will that many events are set in motion.

A Part Of History [300]: Something special, something wonderful. An icon, a cultural cornerstone that reaches out and touches countless hearts, countless ideas, countless great men and makes them into the shapers and movers of history itself. At the heart of every mystery is a cry waiting to be heard, a hand reaching from the foamy waves of culture, history, common masses, the banal teeming majority which is not interesting and which says nothing. You are that mystery, that beating heart of history which churns and undulates in the way that only history can - the thing which leads the processions of great men all across the world to their rightful place as the heads of the world, the hands that guide everything and everyone. And you yourself are just one part - one tiny rung on an endless ladder leading all the way back to the glorious bottom of history, where all things special and all things wonderful are recorded and preserved forevermore.

You are a fragment of Miss Hecate, a whisper of endless red, an echo of history. Your power draws from Her, from that red state that is truly special, truly wonderful. Where there is 'You', there is also Her, and where there is Her, you are present as well. Your power draws directly from Hecate in all things that you do and your influence spreads Her wherever it touches.



ARCHIVIST

Note-Taker [100]: Information, bits of lost history, the scattered fragments of once-popular things now left to decay - they're all interconnected, and you are very good at tracking these connections and finding the links tying so many disparate pieces of media together. Things that were once lost, you can recover and preserve against the rigors of time.

Curator's Hands [100]: You can organize and place everything where it needs to go, filing it all away with perfect precision and skill. Nothing ever gets misplaced or improperly logged when you're on the case, and this goes double for things tied to forgotten media; books, cartoons, stickers, vinyl records, etc. If it's something that can be collected, you can perfectly sort it.

Necessary Citation [100]: You possess perfect recollection of all information that you've ever read or heard about, and can cite both it and any sources behind it when necessary. This enables you to better archive and track what companies were behind specific mascots, which brands advertised what, their histories and cultural impact, how they worked together and the means by which they produced their stock, and even up to their inevitable downfall.

On The Grind [100]: Once you start working, it's very easy for you to lose track of time - and for people to lose track of *you*. You work so quietly and so laser-focused on whatever task that's in front of you that the world seems to drop out from under you and all that's left is the task itself, and when you're in that 'zone', people just seem to not realize you're there. They have their own concerns, their own jobs, their own roles. You become just another voice amidst the crowd. Just background noise.

Archive Hound [100]: Hours upon hours upon hours of reading, writing, blogging, tracing, analyzing, and searching and you haven't grown bored of even a single bit of it even once. No matter what, if it pertains to archiving lost media or stuff that's fallen out of the public eye, you never seem to suffer from any weariness or fatigue from the sheer medium of it all. The work is

nigh-endless, the goal seemingly impossible to reach, but you press on with a smile on your lips and hope in your heart. It doesn't matter how long it takes for you, you'll keep going until the very end.

A Place For Lost Things [200]: Anything you find, anything you recover from the annals of history, it all gets preserved and kept forever somewhere. Maybe on a website or blog, but also in a physical space - if it's physical media like posters, or VHS tapes, or old movies, comic books, audio cassettes, you name it. Whatever you manage to scrounge up will always have a home somewhere, so they can be seen and their stories known.

A Reel Of Film [200]: These bits of lost media tend to have lengthy backstories behind them, so it can be difficult to keep it all together or to explain everything in a timely manner. That's why you've mastered the art of not just perfectly remembering everything you've seen and read, but completely condensing and summing it up into an easily-digestible format for others to peruse. No more will you have to go through lengthy exposés regarding the nature of your discoveries - now you can just SHOW people and have them understand you!

Reconstructionist [200]: History is a long and tangled web of connections, stories, people, and things and it takes one with the steadiest of hands and most hardy of spirits to dig through all the trash to uncover what needs to be found, even when you only have the most miniscule of pieces to go off of. You can take even the tiniest scattered fragments of something and through the slow painstaking process of gluing all those disparate little chunks together, you can eventually restore the larger picture. Get a better understanding of how something happened, why a character and its brand went defunct, that sorta' thing.

Academic Connections [200]: You are good at making friends with like minded individuals, good at finding them too - you just sorta gravitate towards spaces where other people with similar interests and a focus on discovering lost media history tend to be. And those people are all too eager to want to know more about you, to share their own discoveries, to reach out and connect. This allows you to quickly and easily build valuable social networks and strings of contacts that you can call upon when you're in a pinch and you need the backup.

Scholarly Guesswork [200]: It's just a hunch buuuut…your hunches have a tendency to be correct. You can intuit where key information is likely to be almost instinctively and how well concealed it is, as well as the sort of connecting strands it might lead you to. Your investigative nose is well-honed, and even when people are skeptical, it has never led you wrong before.

Bits Of Red String [300]: Finding connections is hard, putting all the dots together; even harder. That's why you have your mental map and your idea board, the ability to observe the data points and the values they hold and assign them to appropriate corresponding positions as needed - organized by order of importance, ties to other characters/mascots, what companies or brand names they held close associations with, the big people making moves in the background, the whole nine-yards. There's always something there and there's always a bit of string you can trace from one clue to another. It just takes a bit of deduction.

Forged In Lies [300]: People like spouting bullshit, they like *believing* bullshit. And as someone on the hunt for the truth and to bring things lost in the dark to light, that's not something you're willing to stand for. You can instinctively sniff out false leads and cold trails, when someone is lying to you or trying to spread misinformation and blind gossip, when evidence has been tampered with, forged or manipulated. There are liars everywhere and a single bit of false evidence could lead you down the wrong path at best, and at worst, it could completely shoot down the credibility of all of your endeavors in one fell swoop. You've got to focus on the truth and only the truth.

Expeditionary Recovery [300]: You thrive in exploring the abandoned or lost places of the world, the places where old media is most likely to be found - locations with buried secrets and dark history, the sort of stuff that has gone untouched for years if not decades, without anyone the wiser. You can pull information from the weathered walls and broken floor tiles, from the flickering ceiling lights and old signs of habitation, from ink cells gone dry and unfinished character stills. You can clearly reconstruct how the people in these places lived, how they went about their day-to-day, what their routines were and the projects they worked on and how the air smelt and felt and tasted. This is where the magick happened, and you're going elbow deep in its guts.

Patience & Perseverance [300]: It can take a long time before you ever find new info on a given mascot or subject, but that's okay. You're used to it. So used to it in fact that whole year's could go by and you'd still be just as interested and invested in locating more info, just as dedicated to finding out when these projects were put into development and when they stopped. You don't give up on anything easily and no matter how much time passes, you *will* find what you're looking for sooner or later. It's just a matter of time.

Oration's Finest [300]: You were given the gift of the gab and you're expertly skilled in using it to get what you want out of interviews or discussions with creatives, artists, musicians, punk gangers, trauma survivors, pretty much anyone who might have some connection to the media you're hunting for. There's lots that people let slip not just in the way they talk (or what they feel like talking about) but in their microexpressions, the way their eyes crinkle at certain sentences or phrases, how they wring their hands when nervous, the cold sweat that runs down their necks when you mention stuff like the World Fair or offhandedly allude to missing true crime podcasters, the nervous jittering and stuttering when they try to correct themselves after saying something a bit too knowing, a bit too damning. It all comes out and you only need to sit there and play the part of a good host and a good listener.

Thread Picker [400]: There's always a thread, always a red ribbon leading back into the storied depths of the past, one that you have to chase. But what if you didn't? Now, you can see how one thread might connect to whole other unrelated concerns, how these events are all interrelated and how they're all connected at a deeper level you could never perceive before. More connections and their secrets pop up wherever you look, and you can discover relations to your current investigations once you go probing into even the most mundane of events. Events

that would normally have nothing to do with your hunt for lost media somehow, inexplicably, end up containing crucial elements to carry you deeper in.

Red-Tinted Roadmap [400]: You can see it in your mind; a red-hued ‘map’ guiding you to hidden media, to lost legacies, to dreams and fantasies buried beneath the ashes of collapsed titans of industry. Following this map leads you towards these secrets, these crumbs of historic value and meaning, and you will always be aware of where they are and where your map is taking you - shining splotches of crimson dotting your vision whenever you get close enough to something that resonates with the past, with the significance of generation upon generation upon generation offering up their voices and feelings in praise of the old that paved the way to the new.

To Keep A Record [400]: Anything personally recorded or documented by you seems to thrum and pulse with a new life of its own, the information not only being automatically recalled whenever you need but always managing to ‘stick’ in the minds of those who see or interact with it. Your record no longer lives in just the physical format, but it lives in the people - the words they say, the things they do. Once your physical record exists and has been shown or known to even one person, it can live on indefinitely on the lips of the public, existing far beyond the confines of the small world it had been trapped in.

Historic Exhibition [400]: In places of grand history, you can not just reconstruct how these places were like in their prime, you can *live* it. You can witness their stories in real-time, see the people that were there, recall their names and experience their feelings as though you were personally there. Their history is like a gala - or better -, a museum, and you can walk through it, immerse yourself in it, taste and feel and share in it without the limitations of a world that has moved on. The world of the past exists side-by-side with the world of the present wherever you go.

Occupational Hazards [400]: You've seen and heard a lot of harrowing and simply *terrible* things in your quest to unearth buried mysteries and things that time has forgotten, and for any ordinary person, it would probably drive them insane just to have experienced all of it. Not you though, oddly enough. It seems that you've got a much firmer grasp on yourself than most others, and mental trauma that would contaminate your thought-processes is a lot easier to resist. You're not entirely deadened to the things your mission, your pursuit of dated media artifacts, has inevitably set you into contact with - but you've found that you can pull yourself back from the brink, one rung at a time.

Everything In These Fields [400]: You've come around to thinking of yourself and the things you've made, the archives you've built up and maintained, as being much like a garden. Built for a specific purpose, but with plenty of room for all sorts of things and plenty more room to grow. Any archive or place of preservation that you construct seemingly ends up becoming the perfect vessel for new media to find its way there; it doesn't just come from you anymore, but from people inspired by your efforts who've come together to share what they have, from odd letters and notes in the dead of night giving you rare pieces of media history, from people sharing their

old imaginary friends for archival purposes, from new staff members and editors and writers making themselves known to help you out, to the outright inexplicable cases where it looks like new articles and objects and historic details seemingly ‘emerge’ for the sole purpose of being found by you. The garden grows, and with it, your own tangled little ball of history to call your own.

A Legacy Forevermore [500]: The items you document, the people you record, the ideas, the cultures you work to preserve and retain through your efforts have all become so deeply entrenched, made so important to keep around in the eyes of others, that they have become fixtures that are incredibly difficult to truly erase. Efforts can be made, sure, but there will always be a piece of them and their history that will remain - something that persists even when the rest of the world keeps trudging on and changing and falling apart ceaselessly. It's something special and wonderful in a way, something that can never be taken from you or anyone else because it has become *true*, a fact unto itself. Your dreams are starting to become more and more realized by the day.

Recall A Fragile Past [500]: The past is a wily thing and people's memories of it are everchanging and ever rearranging, never seeing it fit to stay as one thing or another. You can change this; you can alter and anchor the memories of the everyday person with what you post or make public or talk about, with the media, cartoons, podcasts, television films, toys and games that you fish out of yesterday's trash bin. And the history you give to them, the past and memories associated with it, become their new normal, the new fact of their lives. The better researched and more airtight your statements, the more definitive and influential they are. Fact-checking and realistic evidence help a lot, and word-of-mouth (positive or negative depending on what you're trying to skew) helps more.

Failed Vanishing Act [500]: There are always those whose jobs are to obfuscate the truth and to keep *anyone else* from ever learning what the real truth is, by any means necessary. But for you? You've dedicated yourself to dismantling their falsehoods and rediscovering the truth no matter how strong the lie, how great the cover up, how effective the smear campaign, and how thorough the disappearance. You can unmask it all with detective skills that border just left of inhuman and any attempts to silence your voice in turn often find themselves getting exposed to your keen eye and sleuthing senses within minutes of being made. The voice of history and of the people shall never go silent again.

Lost History′s Pages [600]: It would seem these lost things are no longer content waiting to be found. No, now they're actively sending themselves your way or making efforts to *make* themselves visible to you and you specifically. Old, forgotten things crawl their way into your website pages, dusty books and model sheets find their way into your hands inexplicably, character demo reels that were certainly dated even back when their companies were still around slither about like serpents amidst your home, strange cassette tapes with no telling what their contents may be falling out of your walls…there seems to be no end to the madness. You've rotted through the pages and now history is pouring unbidden into your life, without care nor respite.

Most Wondrous Archive [600]: Your archival skills and your archive itself have grown into something grand, something wonderful. Now, you are no longer confined by pesky limitations on storage, or space, or even what kind of knowledge may find itself in your archives. All of it is here, all of it spread out and filed unto eternity across many places along the waves of the Deep Blue, buried deep deep down along the code where nothing can ever dislodge it again. To explore your archive is to be lost within it, to have a part of yourself taken and made into memorabilia in and of itself, something that will be lost and pulled down into the depths of an endless sea where it shall never age nor decay. You have given their stories closure.

Nothing Lost, Nothing Buried [600]: Anything can be found, anything can be regained. If something has been *erased*; truly, truly undone in a permanent lasting sense that nothing should ever be able to recover from, all information bleached clean from the sandy pages of history (and what a terrible thing that is), then even so you are able to find and bring it back. To pull knowledge and information about a thing no matter how deeply it has been deleted from the world, to retain your awareness of those things even when the historic framework of the world changes and everything goes along with it in some twisted altered state, to grant something special a second chance in the same form it had when it left even if nobody else can recall what that thing even is - such a power now dances at your fingertips and moves like a worm across the great white dunes of humanity's often-changing conscious.



MASCOT

An Open Invitation [100]: You are something more than just ink and paper, something more than just an idea even; you're the thing inhabiting the icon, the image, the media. Everything else - it's just an *invitation*, something to get a foot in the door, to get you *here*. When some piece of media or iconography - whether it be a major corporation's brand, a simple design in a commercial, a fast-food logo, some store-brand image, a general concept or sketch of a concept - has some major effect on or association with the public consciousness (whether positive or negative), it's like an open door and then *you* can take it on as an identity. You live in that image/idea/brand/concept and it becomes a new face you can wear. But it's not the only one - adjacent or associated ideas are just as easy for you to slip in to if this one wears out its welcome, and new faces are always in quick supply.

What The Public Wants [100]: People are easily charmed by a pretty face and a beaming smile, even if everything behind it is completely rotten. The public can overlook a scandal, a

controversy, a billion ‘minor’ incidents of horror and pain so long as they have rose-tinted lenses for the *idea* and what it's meant to represent; something terrible ignored in favor of the tangy nostalgia of a cute mascot. Even if you've done things that would get your general image despised or tarnished by the majority, there will always be a group of people who will have some fondness for you or respond with a smile and a nod when the topic of you gets brought up - their favoritism for your brand or “the good ol’ days” when you were shiny and new still burning warmly no matter how many years have passed.

A Face You Can Trust [100]: Public opinion is number one and maintaining it no matter what often necessitates not offending your audience, which you've mastered to a T. More than that, you've mastered the art of finding those who truly resonate with you or your ideas, your image, and following and acting as an unseen comforting hand and guide. Where their groups and communities go, you go and when they're in trouble or down on their luck, you are always present to give a comforting hand or a spiritually motivating ‘pep-talk’ to get them back on their feet. They may not truly know you, but these are your people now and woe betide any who dare to try and take them from you.

Laughing/Splashing/Wailing [100]: When you manifest within the real world, you come in the form of your cartoon self, exactly as goofy and silly as the day you were conceived. This is more terrifying than it sounds, given you also bring your physics and the logic of a toon with you, and the world conforms and bends to that logic in ways that are more often than not grotesque and unnerving. Walls squish and melt into each other, your limbs push and pull and twist in impossible ways, teeth and eyes fly out of faces, people get stretched and pulled apart like taffy and can agonizingly feel all of it without the edge of the cartoon world to blunt it, spaces stretch and expand outwards seemingly endlessly, bodies smear and warp over and over and over again, you get the point. Reality buckles and becomes like play-doh in your hands, something to be reshaped and rewoven in the alien ways that only manifest iconography can convey. Cartoons and mascots were never meant to wander the physical world and when they do, only horror follows in their wake.

Crowd Gatherer [100]: People just seem to clump and stick together around ideas and identities that you inhabit, a passive result of your influence over them. Groups of disparate individuals with nothing in common beyond a shared love of a brand or name, connected by invisible threads into communities and in-groups that you can safely inhabit, manipulate, and pull in the directions you need them to go. You don't even need to get large gatherings either or even more than one person - a single individual knowing of you can become a willing host to something bigger than themselves, a greater totality that guides them and leads them to keeping your name and image alive in different forms and ways. These communities will act on the principles and ideas that make up ‘you’ but will each have their own interpretations informed through their own perspectives on what your images entail (so if you've attached yourself to a biker gang logo, they will act more like a biker gang or other group of hoodlums. If you're some educational or motivational poster, then you may see scholarly types and the overly studious forming unique cliques to debate various topics pertaining to you. If you're a fitness schedule, then gymbros and other exercise freaks may take interest en masse).

The Brand Always Lives On [200]: Corporations rise and fall, you've seen it all. But no matter what happens, somehow they always come back and you're at the forefront of it; another name or another face, but corporations, companies, and organizations who have used your likeness in some shape or form tend to re-emerge even when thoroughly destroyed. If they go bankrupt, get bought out by another larger organization, get caught in some company-ruining scandal, or simply disappear from history then you'll see another version of them pop up soon enough. Changed around a little with a different slogan, an altered logo, new people and faces, but the underlying essence remains the same. It's very, very difficult to destroy something once you have come to inhabit it, and this especially holds true for the corporate landscape.

Living Locale [200]: It's not just mascots and general media that can act as an open invitation, but places too; anywhere heavily influenced by you or your branding is a place where you can express yourself, where facets of you can take residence and thrive. The location itself becomes something pulsating with a sick, otherworldly presence, the land heaving and twisting, trees gaining true animation and bending and leering, the air laughing and delighting in all around it, buildings growing smiling weeping faces full of mirth and wonder and fear. Even animals and people can become part of the land itself if you so wish - their bodies melding into it in a single moment as though they'd never been separate in the first place. Most people won't see these changes in action unless you decide to make them apparent, but a few can feel that there's something *off* in the general area, and an even smaller selection may be able to see past the surface appearance to the breathing pulsing presence of ‘you’ living in the place.

Twice-Blessed Merchandising [200]: Average everyday items and objects of sentimental value may be imbued with your influence, giving these things a strange life and power of their own. Now, a VHS tape can manifest a local version of you when played, or an old TV might turn on by itself and start showing channels that have no Earthly equivalent. A puppet may become a real talking puppet with its own identity, feelings, and opinions. Pop-up stickers may start peeling themselves off of surfaces and go scuttling about like hermit crabs. The world of merch and collector's items can itself be restructured into a living ecosystem all its own.

Grim Humor [200]: For whatever reason, your history as a mascot is marked by a lot of morbid humor and frankly disturbing content, yet nobody seems to care or even notice. In fact, a lot of your disturbing actions and other behaviors seem to get ignored or laughed off by much of the populace, who don't seem to be capable of recognizing just how off-putting your media is. It's not as complex as filtering their perception, but it's instead a kind of…’block’ that keeps people from fully registering the full weight of what you are. The effect is dispelled as soon as you harm the individual(s) in question or the people around them. Other media and identities you assume similarly benefit from these effects.

Smile Through Grief [200]: Trauma and terror are common to people, stemming both from the mundane horrors of the regime and simple human cruelty as well as supernatural forces such as yourself. That's why you're here though! To give them that necessary helping hand. As a result of your influence, those under your protection are more resistant to large amounts of

severe mental damage from traumatizing events - they may still end up thoroughly broken, but they'll be able to hide that pain behind a smile all the same.

Nostalgic Rot [300]: The love of buying items, *having* items becomes a compulsive *need* in the minds of those who know you. It's not just a simple enjoyment of collecting, it becomes the notion of the legacy behind *you* in and of itself - your merchandise, your image, your branding, they need to have it all. Cartoons, puppets, slideshows, toys, videogames, art (official or otherwise), they have to have it ALL! The love for all your media rots away whatever sense of self existed before, making them determined - no, *desperate* enough to do anything to get what they want.

A Spark Of Inspiration [300]: The minds of great men are always so rife with ideas, possibilities left unrealized and blooming with potential yet-to-be. With just a thought, you can influence these possibilities, shift these ideas just a bit askew - and in doing so, change the course of history, the path these great men may yet walk. They'll act on these sparks of sudden - mayhaps divine even - inspiration and seek to bring these works, *your* works, into reality. Unknowingly acting and building and thinking in a way that aligns with your own vision. By the time they're done, you'll have tripled the growth of your influence without having to do anything at all.

Cultural Leap [300]: It doesn't matter what type of culture it is or how different they are from what you're used to, there is one consistent commonality amongst all of them; ideas, concepts, perception. People will always come up with new ideas and concepts regardless of the type of cultural background they possess and you can navigate into and inhabit those ideas just as easily as you could any other - even an entirely alien or unfamiliar culture will have room for advertisements or mascots or any concept you have an interest in dwelling within. No matter the civilization, some traits will always remain and you will always be ready to take advantage of them.

The Power Of Animation [300]: Anything that shares in your animating essence can itself become more animated, more *vibrant.* The world unfolds in new and stupefying ways when you're nearby, plants move and sway as though they've come out of cartoons, animals become just as bouncy and happy as any toon, and even people can be thoroughly ‘toonified’ - made into ideal animated expressions of themselves. The effect is permanent once you've decided upon it, though most of those not already subject to your influence are unlikely to notice at first, and there are obvious consequences for doing so that go beyond the merely physical - to animate things in this manner often entails a warping of who, *what* they are, and those that come out afterwards aren't always going to be recognizable as how they were coming in. Be careful when changing the world to fit your vision.

To Live, To Infest [300]: Those things you've infested and brought to ‘life’ can in turn exist beyond you, agencies migrating and growing out from your shadow. People and animals twisted and warped into macabre shapes by your power that now find a new purpose in inflicting the same fate onto any others they encounter. These beings are capable of spreading their own

influence and may even display some of your capabilities in altering the world, but to a lesser degree and with their own spin on them. Their presence breeds a sense of familiarity, bordering on nostalgia in places they inhabit and this becomes even stronger when face-to-face with their victims, especially if it's someone the person used to know. Plenty of people simply don't know how to react when they see the distended warped face of a family member or friend atop the body of a silverfish, laughing and weeping as it gargles complete gibberish and tries to get them to join the ‘party’. That lapse often costs them more than they realize.

The Pain Is Reason Enough [400]: It doesn't have to be your hand directly that brings a thing to life. Sometimes, people who are traumatized or affected by something you did or a place you'd touched are enough…especially when that trauma is poked at and mined for clout. When something painful, something barely repressed and festering just beneath the skin of one you preyed upon is released and forced out into the open, it can linger and it can taint everything around it but most especially the source of the resurgent trauma. Maybe it's the logo of a couple of idiot true crime podcasters who didn't know when to leave well enough alone, maybe it's a diary filled with too many painful memories for it to contain, maybe it's simply a town or the land it's resting on or the once-popular brand that put it on the map. The point being, *something* is brought into the world from this pain and trauma and like a curse, it begins hunting down and swallowing up anyone who keeps trying to perpetuate the type of pain that brought it into the world. A living trauma, eating its way through the grief of the world, one person at a time.

Two Faces, One Cause [400]: There are two of you out in the world. Or to be more accurate - there is ‘you’ and there is ‘the perception of you’. Somewhere out there, how you are seen in the public eye has taken on a life of its own and is moving along its own track through the world. It resembles you, in both form and some abilities but its motivations and how it acts upon them may differ as dictated by the public perception of your image; if the people view you as representative of grief or tragedy (whether through the companies that create your image and branding, the artists and writers who construct your 'characterization’, or simply through what you symbolize) then it will seek to sow more grief and tragedy in the world, if you are seen as a butcher or a murderer then a butcher and murderer it will be. If your imagery is of something more pleasant however, then in its own alien way, the duplicate image will act to try and spread more of that sensation or perception however it can.

Seeing Is Believing [400]: People see only what you want them to see and there's no easier way to get close to others than by appearing as a new friend. Nobody notices your rippling toon flesh, the way your body droops and stretches in ways impossible for any person, how you literally look like something stepped out of the television into broad daylight. No, all those things are distorted and altered in their perception to their equivalents in human terms - a bulky sweatvest that seems a couple sizes too large for you, hair that seems to get caught on your face too much but highlights your shining face and skin in all the right ways, a charismatic and charming character that seems to instantly avail all problems just by your mere presence. You become a fixture in their lives, something they can no longer do without and which they cannot question when you're around. But this isn't entirely infallible, and some elements may still slip through the cracks or the filter may falter at certain moments - not enough to entirely give you

away, but it leaves little flaws that the individual(s) may question when they take the time to analyze them later. And your own idiosyncrasies as an alien and otherworldly entity may leave tells all their own if you aren't careful.

Smothering Positivity [400]: Your mere presence in the lives of people influences them to think only positively and affectionately about you, about everything you do and all that you do for them. They think nothing about espousing how great you are, how much you've benefitted their lives, and all the wonderful things you can do. You become their entire world, the object of all their adoration - it becomes impossible for them to separate themselves from you, their sense of self and “reality” becoming blurred and indistinct from their association with you. Their former friends, their family, anyone they might have ever known becomes secondary when it comes to you and the more they self-isolate from the rest of the world, the more positively and affectionately they think of you and you alone. Their love for you becomes all they will ever know, and it consumes them.

The World Unseen [500]: There are hidden spaces underneath, places that you and other bits of history can navigate, bobbing about like pieces of flotsam atop churning waves. It is here, in this deep underground where ideas can roam freely that you can appear or manifest anywhere you need to be, anywhere your symbols resonate strongly. A radio host is discussing a gang that has appropriated parts of your image and so you seep into the cracks of his life and into the words he says, a news station is reporting on something tangentially related to one of your ideas and so it becomes a medium to keep parroting more of them which you puppet from behind the scenes, someone you care about is in trouble somewhere and so you are simply *there* and you make the offender *no place at all*, and so on. By dripping in and out of that lightless pitch, you can be anywhere at the speed that ideas flow, always ready and waiting to do what you must.

Honeyed Dreams [500]: Your influence stretches into the world of dreams, into people’s subconscious and unwaking thoughts. Given shape by your will, you can send symbols and encoded messages into the dreams of unsuspecting people and use these as either clever warnings, cryptic hints, ominous visions or simply foreboding dreams that linger in their waking hours. You may even use these dreams to subtly manipulate their thoughts and feelings, slowly ensnaring them deeper and deeper into your control, directing them towards things that serve to increase their exposure towards you, and steadily warping their sense of reality over time.

A Story Made Reality [500]: Somewhere, you are narrating a story and somewhere that story is being written into being or is being reflected into reality. People are just little masses of ideas and stories in motion all clumped together, and it's easy to push those stories in a direction that you want - to direct them onto the necessary path to achieve a certain goal or objective. Alter some choices here, cultivate certain ideas here, remove these narrative beats there, dictate specific actions over there, and *voila!* The personalized (and in your opinion, perfected) life story of someone now acting in accordance with your desires, their entire history opened up like a book and edited to make them do only the things *you* have chosen for them. Some can resist this, to a degree and especially if another Toon is there to interfere, but for most people your

manipulations are so subtle that they may go about their entire lives without realizing they're already marching to someone else's tune.





Hallowed Halls [500]: Winerva Woeful can tell the future (so far into it in fact that she can drive the seeker mad), she can see the hidden things, the mysteries buried beneath the skin of the skin of the world. And now, so can you. You know the horrors hiding away where the light cannot reach them and how to discover them, you know the deepest secrets of people that they try their best to bury and obfuscate beneath layers of enigmatic taciturnity, you know all the things you need to unearth the myriad lost mysteries and darker things that plague so many people…but it's unfortunate that you can't spell these things out plainly, with all your information and visions instead coming out in cryptic riddles and jargon that have to be deciphered first before they're of any use. And if you were to ever show anyone directly the true depths of the horrific visions that you foresee…well, there's a *chance* they can change and avert their fate. But there's a much higher chance that the poor fools simply go utterly mad.

A Trip Down The Deep Blue [600]: There's a great blue down below, dizzying waves that defy description and stretch on endlessly. This grand tint is the Deep Blue and it acts as a boundary separating various places from each other, many special and wondrous places. Wielding the knowledge and capacity to navigate the Deep Blue, you and other Toons can traverse this boundary and explore the spaces that are hidden by the endless waves and spray. You can even use it to escape to other places, whether in this world or otherwise beyond it. But be careful - even for the likes of you, the Deep Blue is a treacherous thing, and it's all too easy for someone to get dragged way down below and become lost, swept away by the tides to who knows where.

With A Thought [600]: A single thought is all it takes for you to *unma*ke and *remake* something in the image of whatever symbols you're associated with. Toys, candy, piles of salt, you name it - no effort has to go into turning them into a puddle of whatever has the most conceptual relevance to you as a Mascot, you just think it and it is done. The only limitation is

that it has to be within a space where your influence is potent, where there's more of ‘You’ than there is reality but that can be easily rectified if you put in the effort.

A Place For Healing [600]: You have your own personal reality, a world completely separate from this one that exists as something only you can freely access. In this reality, pain and harm are not just distant, but no longer extant - it is a place to heal when the world has done someone ill. Such is its purpose. You can bring others here, those who have been wounded and hurt and who you care for, and allow them to stay for a while; allowing them to recuperate and heal from the scars that have been inflicted upon them, until they're ready to go back and face the horrors of their world and the things that bring them pain. It is not a sanctuary for you as much as it is for the ones you protect.



A PART OF HISTORY

Like A Worm [100]: You've lived among worms, you've been a part of them as much as you are a part of anything else, something special and wonderful that has dug through the soil and wreckage and truly, *truly* knows what it's like to be on the bottom of something. And much like any worm, you can find yourself in the cracks of anything, your existence stretching and spreading and growing steadily without you having to do more than simply *be*. Something special, something wonderful setting down its roots and finally finding its way home.

The Voice Of The People [100]: People *yearn* for the words of those greater and better than themselves to lead them, to guide them to the promised glory that lies ahead if they just reach out and take it. Those touched by you, those great men of history, become the spokespersons for your words, your vision that is truly special and truly wonderful - people listen to them, they fall in line and believe, they trust everything that they have to say and follow along as the

masses should. The great men of history that unknowingly hold you in reverence become the idols of the new world to come and everything they say or do is your wonderful gospel that alleviates all doubt and quenches all fear.

Subtle Strangeness [100]: Those overtly marked by you (rather than just being passively influenced or pushed along by the mechanisms of history towards their proper place) can appear somewhat unsettling to those who have not also been made part of something special, something wonderful. Their expressions may seem manic, their skin glossy or pale, and the words they say may have a mild compulsive effect that gets worse the longer other unaffected people remain around them - something nudging them towards something special, something wonderful. These individuals can be over-eager to show more people things bearing your image or the images of other parts of history, your kin who work in accordance with the will of your great mother, and they can further spread their change to others with enough time or otherwise placate them into states that can be easily molded to your interests.

Hidden Underneath [100]: You are everywhere, but it's so difficult to notice you if you don't want to be. People need to seek you out, they can't find you unless they know what to look for and once they know what to look for, they need to pursue the mysteries that are tied to you and which make ‘you’ up. You bury yourself too deeply otherwise. But once they do, they can start to see the signs of you and the others wherever they look - they can start following the great red trail back down, down, down the endless rungs of history and then they too can become part of something special, something wonderful. But for those who refuse to look or who try to cheat their way to your secrets, they will find nothing.



Longing For A Wonderful Era [100]: People who know you, who know of your history, still have nostalgia for you - regardless of how bloodstained it may be. They yearn for the days

when your merchandise lined the shelves, when your commercials roared across the airwaves, when posters and plastic wrappers and colorful brochures clogged the streets so wonderfully that it was as though they were paving the golden roads of Atlantis, that lost empire (where its king Odin would warmly welcome you, I'm sure), days that were cruelly stolen away but live on forever as something special and wonderful in the hearts of all those faithful to what you represented. This sweet nostalgia for this distant period keeps them warm at night and it fuels you in turn, spreading this thought to the minds of the many that “maybe you weren't so bad”. The more people who yearn for the good old days where you reigned, the more this nostalgia seems to flare up amongst the wider populace.

Touch Of The Worm [100]: Other beings - these ‘Mascots’, ‘Toons’ some call them - don't just loathe you (and for what? The history they all live and partake in exists only because of you and Mother, and they are just as much a part of it as any of the teeming masses are), they *fear* you. The vast majority of them will flee from the presence of even a single person who has been touched or influenced by you, and communities, places and people marked by them will be either diametrically opposed to your influence or will likewise try to avoid having anything to do with you if at all possible. This instinctive fear and revulsion is so strong that it can cause them to abandon someone they had all once favored or were comfortable with at the drop of a hat if they start to show signs of having your special, wonderful influence upon them, despite having no problems with other entities trying to make moves on them. Only the most doggedly and stubbornly determined of their number will refuse to budge and will try to stand against you, and even those may act at a distance unless they're truly confident in their chances.

The March Of History [200]: History cannot be halted and its growth cannot be slowed. Once a place has been ushered into the light of the one true history, then it becomes a beacon through which other places may fall in line without you having to exert more effort trying to coerce or infest them in the same way - that initial location becomes a vector through which the red flow of history overtakes others, without them even realizing that they're becoming a part of a wonderful, special new world. Things that were once unrelated or even opposed to you become footholds for concepts and ideas that only exist to let you flourish and intrude into even more places, people become so used to you that they spout your rhetoric and the tenets you uphold as basic reflex, factories with their gorgeously billowing smokestacks churn out all the tools and items that have your mark upon them without rest day or night, and so on and so forth. A spreading red wave that is coming to drag everyone into a wonderful world of iconography, vinyl records, and cigarettes.

Contaminated Community [200]: Communities that have seen your hand upon them, small or large or nationwide, all seem to change in one way or another. Their focuses drift to the purely material if they were more philosophically inclined, to the starvingly obsessive if they were the types to live-and-let-live, to the cruelly political if they were those who had no love for the government or were opposed to its more ‘unjust’ policies, to the dogmatically zealous if they were faithful, and to the blindingly violent if they were the pacifistic and wholesome. Whatever sort of message they espoused gets inverted and twisted until it hardly even resembles itself anymore, and these warped communities who now have holes where their minds should be and

red smears in place of eyes and teeth now make their way to spread the new language they have learnt, the language of something special, something wonderful. Something that only seeks to make other communities just as special, just as wonderful.

Beauty That Burns [200]: People reject beauty, all the skin creams and perfumes and essential oils and *oh!* It almost brings a tear to the eyes to imagine how thoroughly they turn away from true beauty. In your case though, you can simply *convince* others to start pursuing the means to beautify themselves. Those brought into the sweet embrace of beauty and passion will find themselves doing anything to achieve it, and I do mean anything - even if it burns them, even if it tears and peels at their skin, even if it melts through to the bone - they'll do it. They'll do all of it just to come close to even a single speck of that pure glimmering light that they see in the depths of their mind's eye.

Skin Like Corpseflesh [200]: Your images, your logos, your commercials, newspaper clippings, notebook sketchings - they all come out bearing a pale white countenance, a radiant appearance that stuns and bedazzles. It leaves everyone hungry for more, and not just in a metaphorical sense; there's something about your looks that eats away at them and leaves them truly thirsting, that keeps them desperate and yearning to be filled in a way that only visceral action and gory intent can satisfy. Maybe hot goss that turns sour, maybe watching violent cartoons ('Manga', I hear they're called in lands far from my kingdom), but that's not enough to sate the hunger. Not on their own. They'll eventually learn that when they take matters into their own hands, when they actually go about and make all those little thoughts running through their heads into reality, only then will their skin truly sparkle like yours.

Smells Like Cigarettes [200]: The air has a wonderful scent to it when you're around, a special scent. It is the scent of tobacco, that miracle plant. It is the scent of cigarettes. It's a dizzying scent, potent and immaculate - so much so that those around you become caught in the cloying wonderful smoke and are lost in that aroma, so deeply enraptured as it clogs their lungs and chokes their nostrils that they hardly even notice as they die. It's a sad thing, to not be able to embrace the wonders of cigarettes as freely as you and yours, but it's alright. They are in a better place now - a place where there are cigarette butts on every street and the roads are lined with white feathers and white phosphorus. A better world. A wonderful world.

The Story Must Go On [200]: You exist wherever there's history to be found, wherever there's a story to uncover and something to be unearthed, something special and wonderful begging to see the world. As long as history remains and there's a long storied past out there that has shaped the world in ways large and small, you can wriggle yourself back into the world given time. The more violent and messier said history is, the faster you can come back and the stronger your influence can grow, as the marks of that history pile up and up and up to reach the fabled holy land of Olympus (the Heaven that the Christians believe in, yes?).

In Places Below [300]: You writhe like a worm in the spaces below the words that people say, the things they do, the places they visit. It all rests upon and trickles down into you, a million-billion little things, terrible things and secret things. You hear them all, down here in the dark,

and the great undulations of your vast body nudge and shift them around as you twist and turn in the dreamless sleep that all children of dread Mother indulge in; and these shifts and bumps and nudges ripple outwards and spark changes in the world that rests atop the soil that is your flesh. Violence and sparks of sudden insurrection, rumors and fearmongering, paranoia and cutthroat imperialism, and so many more beautiful things as the air is filled with the scent of nicotine. A special, wonderful red soaks the earth where the people march and as the gore drips down into your hungry underbelly, you reward them with more incentive to spread that red from far below.

I'm So Fucking Hungry [300]: The other peoples of the world…you've never tasted their flesh, you know. Really, you haven't! Sure they might all live upon Mother's back and upon her dinner plate (and in turn, yours) but you have never had the chance to sample that most exquisite of fine delicacies. To a degree it frustrates you, but never to fear! You have many sycophants that you can bid to go out and fetch you some - the people of the nations most thoroughly under your influence. Oh, you cannot be so direct as to have your kingdoms march with your mere word alone to destroy and despoil the nebulously existing people out in the great beyond - too much of yourself too soon would destroy all you have built after all and you are too distant still for your voice to be heard all that well anyhow. But those great men who have worked to bring about the rise of that broken angel who will crush the entire world beneath itself when it rises from below, they are good enough at interpreting your will and acting in the ways you deem necessary.

Ideas and sensations that are purely their own (but are also you) will make them feel ever so strongly that they need to “take the fight to The Enemy” and will have them construct reasons, ad hoc if need be, to justify bringing the great liberating power of their nation to the other barbarian kingdoms that exist where your sight cares little to stray. They will march upon them and make them a part of the empire built by great men…as little snippets in the corners of their children’s textbooks naturally, immortalizing them within history. And you will have your opportunity to taste the flesh of these people - cattle - that you have never before experienced.

Squirming Patterns [300]: Worms can tell us a lot of things, but most people just don't bother looking down (or up, for that matter) and they pay little attention to the worms and vermin who, in their endless digging and excreting, have known all that's going to happen and all that has happened since time immemorial. When people are alone, they do not notice the guinea worms that trail beneath their steps that could tell them who’s going to get the next raffle tickets or the cockroaches wedged in their ceiling fan that have seen how their lives and careers will go since childhood, or the quaint botfly that has found its way to their ear and is buzzing at frequencies that will cause them, in the next five minutes, to go acquire the nearest firearm and put an end to that loud noisy neighbor that has been causing them no end of grief for months on end. You can hear and know these things because you are yourself a worm and you have lived and known and died and bred in the dirt for so long that all its secrets are plain as day for you - and the worms and vermin and dirt-burrowers see fit to bear your ideals and will to the hopeless masses, acting as extensions of your intent to grow and spread wherever you may lay claim to.

These squirming wonderful friends of yours have a special talent for going where they please and seeing and hearing all that they can, which invariably finds its way back to you. There's nothing that can be hidden to those who swarm and scuttle where nobody thinks to look.

Our Sweet Harmony [300]: Dearest sister Harmonia was onto something; “love” and “peace” are very powerful concepts to inhabit, and they can unite people so strongly behind a cause, behind an ideology, a philosophy. Even ones that turn destructive or start harming those beyond their reach. As it should be, you reckon - people need an Other to unite around and what better way to do that than to define anyone who isn't preaching their specific brand of tolerance as a monster, as a ‘problem’ to be eliminated for the good of their families, their friends, their community, their society? You have loads of followers now, unwitting little toys adhering to a cause that they *believe* is only for the sake of others and which they say will only be to ensure the safety of all people as a whole, but they'll turn to rabid singleminded violence with zero hesitation against anything that is “wrong”, that isn't faithfully reciting slogans or praising the ‘right people’, having the correct fetishes, believing in the proper politics and serving the best movements. All for the people, you understand.

History's Spawn [300]: People try to capture your image, attempts to catch the inscrutable and immutable light of your glory in pretty prisms, cathode ray corridors and marketing adverts. But they can never *truly* get it right, so what comes out instead is a ‘spawn’. A tiny little fragment of something truly special, truly wonderful that is nevertheless nothing compared to a true child of Mother. They burst from you like sores when people try to depict you, clutching hands reaching out to grasp Heaven and falling so terribly short - these spawns surge in the spaces where you cannot quite reach, where your influence has yet to spread its wonderful roots, and there they do your business. In their own struggling way of course, because these spawn are simpleminded things, only really good for gnashing their teeth and removing those who won't submit to the especially wonderful delights you have in store. They're not like you or your siblings, too dim to be but flickering specks of red light seeping through and hardly clever enough to display much beyond blunt hungry instinct. But when you need persistence and to get rid of something, they do it well.

The Past Is More [300]: People refuse to acknowledge that history is more than their context or pondering on *meaning*, it is the endurance of a thing, its wonderful past and how important that past is. Nobody really wants to hear about the philosophy or reasons behind a monument when all they're really there for is the monument itself; so you preserve these things. More than anything though, you make the past the focus and keep them from moving forward, only ever centering on the past of a structure or place. You keep it in its ideal state for eternity, one moment perfectly frozen and never to be changed or removed. The people too, can also be kept in this moment, trapped in a single point that will never move on or become different or be marred by outside influences. Their history, their *actual* history shall be preserved for all time.

The Violence Within Us All [400]: When the fire of that awful Halloween so long ago blazed bright, it brought with it a flood of violence so red and so brutal that it changed everything forever. It brought with it a violence that stretches on forever, even beyond the party, swallowing

up everything in its wake. It brought with it something special, something wonderful, and many smaller forms of violence that are all themselves tiny parts of the state of things - it brought with it you and all your myriad siblings as the heralds of an awful future, a wonderful future. The violence inherent to you, that you are a part of, horrifies all around; it drives people to huddle in their homes no matter the time of day, to lose the drive for life beyond merely going through the motions, it withers kindness and leaves no room for smiles wherever the people may be, it strikes fear into the hearts of lesser authorities who think their command over violence is absolute - that the badges on their uniforms will save them, will exempt them, when the world to come is brought about -, it pushes children to panic and teenagers to apathy, it makes the cities become towns become singular streets all revolving around the moments of inevitable violence that are you and that flow through you. The fear of the violence that you are is enough to strip the soul from a place and its people, to take away their fight long before the actual carnage starts.

And all throughout, there is the low reverberant hum of a party that should not be.

Where Tragedy Takes Shape [400]: There is always suffering somewhere. And where there is suffering, there is history. Where there is a deep burning anguish that cannot be snuffed out and where red violence stretches forever and ever across the face of the community, tragedy meets with history and takes shape. It is in places like these where you can be most deeply felt, where Mother seeps through and you can follow suit, growing fat on Her power to promote your own. In locations where history and tragedy have become so entwined as to acquire substance, red fluid invisibly stains the soil and the sounds of the party echo most strongly, all of it flowing back into you and making you stronger. Your ability to influence the world not only grows, but the minds of the people in such an area are ever so vulnerable to being shaped into something that can more clearly hear the endless party, the echoes of something special waiting for them. In these places, you may even see other manifestations of Mother acting autonomously and expressing their own degrees of influence to further spread the stain in their own ways.

Something Older, Something Wonderful [400]: Your own origin is something that none can see clearly, trying to peer into your past only leading to an endless red haze. You yourself are unclear on the truth behind your existence, you are merely a part and agent of history in its rawest form, of somewhere where all flows backwards to the red womb that spawned it and this obscurity extends to attempts to try and figure out a point where you would be ‘most vulnerable’; a point someone or something could go back to in order to undo you, to avert the awful future ahead. But any attempts to do so only leads back to the red place, it only flows on into Mother. And in Her grasp, there is no escape.

Down The Red Lipstick Trail [400]: Down the invisible trail of red smears and broken dreams, along paths of glittering gold and the promises of a wonderful future, endless processions march. They are those who have heard and felt the laughter and joy of something special in their minds, of a revelry that has no beginning and no end. The trail stretches on and on, for it is ever-present and constant but only those looking for you or your kin can truly make progress along it; they must be convinced to willingly open their minds, to unlock a door that can

never be shut once it has opened. And once they start walking the trail proper, they become yours to do with as you please - oh sure, they may resist and struggle at first, but the mere weight of your presence will drown out all other thought, all other desires beyond becoming a part of something special, something wonderful. They will become part of the world of cigarettes.

But to do that, they must come forward and prostrate themselves at the end of the trail. You must make them sit at the table with its endless feasts and streamers and party cups to truly have them see, to make them become full of wonder and awe. It's a long act of manipulation and the slow erosion of the pesky morals that once guided them to get there, and the slightest slip-up will make your efforts all for naught, but the rewards are ever so worth it.

To Scream It All Out [400]: Someone has suffered from you or one of your siblings machinations, from something tied closely to dread Mother. And now their mind is an endlessly screaming mycelium entombed in the walls of a mausoleum built of their own bitter neurosis, trapped and begging for relief as they break down more and more. Perfect soil to be tilled and reshaped. You can enter the minds of those broken in such a specific way and slowly see into every aspect of the world they know; their perception warps so that they can only see you or things relating to you in what were formerly activities they took pride and joy in, their writing and online presence becomes more and more reclusive and sporadic as they shy away from the rest of the world, friendships become distant then strained then snap entirely, and finally, there is an invitation to a party left on the floor of their mind. A special invitation that they may never receive again. One they can either open themselves, or pass on to others to repeat the cycle.

Once they open it, they will know what wonderful things they have been missing.

Endless Growth, Endless Progress [500]: Companies and organizations dedicated to the dream of endless growth, the pursuit of that wonderful thing known as progress at all costs, seem to emerge wherever your influence spreads. Much like how a mycelium grows a neverending carpet of flowering heads, they spring up wherever the red seems to leak in and where the good work of history may be done. They further your influence as they tear down the old and build the new atop the bones of meaningless towns, as their products choke the streets and blight the water and poison the skies, as the interests of venture capitalists and shareholders overwhelm the desires of the little people who are not great men and who have nothing of value to say. New slogans and new phrases for the toddling swarms of teeming meat to follow get promoted, factories are built and then close down so that their festering carcasses may act as beautiful monuments to history and industry, beauty products eat away skin on their way towards an eternal property that they call ‘ideal’ and ‘perfect’ regardless of the pain they inflict, schools to indoctrinate and educate those too young who do not know you with the red gospel that lies behind the words “conformity” and “society”, and so much more.

All That Glitters [500]: Greed is the great equalizer, it is the thing every person holds in their heart, the molten sea of tangled red threads that governs every desire and every action. The pursuit of something perfect, something special, something wonderful is greater than any other

external motivator that could ever exist. You offer nothing but boundless wonder and pleasure so long as they are honest with themselves, with what they want; that they merely take what is rightfully theirs from the hands of those undeserving of what they have, those who can never *truly* appreciate what they hold in the same way they could. So what if they lose anyone else who stood by them or those who said comforting words until it was more convenient to simply leave? *They don't matter*, you whisper - *if they really cared about you, then they would stick by you and become great men of history themselves*, you say. Forcing a girl to kill herself out of trauma that you dredge screaming back up from below? It doesn't matter, she had something she could never hope to cherish correctly so it's better in your hands than hers. Pushing a family to destruction to buy up their land? They were already on their way there, you just sped things along.

With enough little thoughts and enough guidance, you can make anyone start thinking the same. Greed is simply the natural state of everyone and everything when all pretenses have been stripped away.

Careful What You Wish For [500]: Because you never know who or what might be listening. The old adage rings more true than ever, in the places where history has rotted through and the world seems more strange, more wonderful than ever before. You can hear the little thoughts of everyone and everything who has ever known your touch or been in a place you have touched, you can read their desires like an open book or like one of those little magazines with the funny pictures inside of them, and so you know all too well when they yearn for something deep, deep down. When someone cries out in the depths of their mind *"I wish everything would stay the same"* or *"I wish things were better"* , then it's only natural for you to grant their request. Endless neighborhoods and streets that stretch on without end nor beginning, the perfect place to live that this one man kept yearning for (you don't know why he's screaming or crying so much, personally) and wished so sincerely that nothing about the wonderful little community he idolized would ever change - now he is in a world, a moment, where there is only the eternal neighborhood and nothing else, where he will exist forever in the place of his dreams. Perfect.

You create these places where space and time are forever warped, endlessly altered into worlds that seem apart from our own, even though they seem to have traits of the world as it normally is or when a person was living in the "real world" mere moments before. These spaces are based on the deep-seated desire and yearning that your victims have, and are tailored to fit their requests - forever worlds built off one unknowing desire spoken only within the comfort of their own minds, where they shall never age nor die but will exist forever and alone somewhere that is just for them. Where they will suffer in a place that will never allow them to die, in a state where there is no change and no escape. A perfect home.

A Monument Eternal [600]: Sometimes, there are places that seem abandoned or demolished or lost to time on this side of reality but still exist somewhere, on the outside of the world or some other place. A museum that had been left to ruin after being closed down and was finally demolished instead continues to exist elsewhere, its infinite halls and winding staircases and exhibits of things forcibly taken from others stretching on forever into nothing

with only a single curator - a poor unwitting person who doesn't even realize that the museum has been shut down for years, someone who shouldn't be here but is anyway - being left to care for a place that is as endless as it is empty and where something babbles about the glories of the Romans and Greeks but without any real understanding of what those cultures were. A store where all the lights are on and there are still people coming and going between the shops, but this store no longer exists, the shops sell weird things that do not make sense for a store to contain or which could not exist on Earth, and all of the people are those who have been missing for decades and who are incapable of realizing that they have been in this one mall for years and years no matter how uncomfortable they get. These places have been taken by history, by you, and forever they will remain with you along with anything within them (or anything or anyone you choose to place in them), pieces of culture and art that were forgotten by the world at large. But not by you.



The Party Never Ends [600]: If one were to ever visit the place at which the party occurred that one Halloween, the house of the parents of one Ian White, they would find no looming carcass, no rotting estate. The building was remodeled, refurbished, repaired, and still the owners left constantly. When pressed for a reason behind their sudden departure, the nervous ex residents, usually in the middle of hastily packing their vans, always give a moment of pause before making some poor paper thin excuse about property values, about yowling stray cats, nasty neighbors, or some such. But they never mention the streams of visitors they get, trying to pry for their book, podcast, or television show. They don't mention the lingering scent of reeking alcohol or cheap plastic decorations, and never ever will they mention what they hear at night.

The sounds and rhythms of the Halloween crowd that disappeared so many years ago, music reverberating against red strings and scarlet screams that twirl endlessly into the deep lightless black. These sounds ring out every night, inviting residents to an event they no longer can attend. The party goers never really died, they just changed states, moving to a place where history never moves forward and always looks backwards. Constantly ebbing and flowing and trying to push its ever greedy fingers against the walls of the reality we live in and especially wherever history and tragedy take shape. This place is a she, a we, a thing, a being, but also not, given power only through those who dream big and have red stained ambitions. The party goers all still live there, in the never ending party, with flickering lights refracting from mirrors and gaudy Halloween decorations. The guests spin around and twirl and laugh in ways that would churn the stomachs of anyone who heard them.

In the red place - in the Halloween party that never ends and goes on forever and ever, the place they never asked to be - they chase a prettied up version of something they can never have which few of them want to know anything more about, and they feel what they find burrowing in and out of themselves. It aches. It bites. It is always hungry and always so full to bursting. It digs within them and bursts from gushing sores. It’s something special, something wonderful. Nobody ever died at the party. They're right here. They lived forever, and they will live forever, in a place that calls itself progress yet always remains the same, the same substance, the same medicine red. Balloons and streamers wire their way in and around the inhabitants throats and teeth as they cry out for someone to remove them from this place.

Nobody will remove them. Nobody can, nobody is able to. It is ever so rude to interrupt a party. It is unwise to disturb the guests. Because despite everything - all the gushing sores, the feeble wails, the yearning to go home, the constant fatigue - something awful is still on the mind of every inhabitant, and it is that in this awful state, they have never felt such incredible happiness. They wish they could leave, they never asked for this, they want to go home and just go to bed, they don’t want to dance anymore, yet they are so unwaveringly happy. They dance and drink and laugh till they're sick and puke up more of the red that lives inside them and then are made to dance and drink more. And they are still so happy. It is only so fitting then that you can add more to the party, to make them as happy as everyone else is.

It's easier in places where the walls are thin, where history has already eaten through like mites through worn fabric, but with a thought or sensation – you can bring people to the party. Anyone you wish, anyone at all, all it takes is a thought and they'll be brought over to a place that is ever so red and ever so filled with the laughter of those ready to receive them into the endless bliss they feel. They will eat, and dance, and drink until it bursts out of them, until they puke from all the overstimulation and then they will do it again. And again. And again. Forever and ever and ever and ever. And no matter how hard they want it to end, no matter how much they want to go home, no matter how tired they get, they will still be so happy to be here. They will still be so happy to receive new guests, so happy to make them a part of the same red that they have become a part of. So, so happy.



COMPANIONS

Across History [100/500]: You may choose to import any one companion of yours into the setting for the duration of the jump. You may also import all of your companions for the cost of 500 CP.

Penny M [50]: Founder & webdev of the Pendog Creative Library. Ever since she was young, she's always had a close connection with cartoons, puppets, anything creative themed. Having come from a creative family, it was only natural that she would have such an intense relationship with these mediums. Her deepest wish as an artist has always been to make more people aware of the characters that inspired her growing up and for more people to know the history behind these icons, which is why she set out to gather like minded individuals to create a digital archive dedicated to the documentation and preservation of creative history.

Penny, poor little Penny. She's not okay. She's in danger. She may have avoided going to the party but the party never forgot her. Even now, the red beats on the walls of her mind, she screams in the portions of the website hidden from prying eyes just so she can pretend to be stable, to have everything under control when facing the day, and an invitation stained in blood beyond telling waits on the floor of her mind. It's something Special, something Wonderful. An invite to the party she had missed. It's waiting for her to open it. When she does, Penny M will be no more.

The PCL Team [50]: The team that Penny has put together to help manage and expand the archive, composed of **RedWrithingGloves (RG)** who provides most of the art assets for the site, **Vincent T** who is a professional writer with a background in cataloging and inventory whose skills are invaluable to the PCL team and who conducts most of the interviews and research regarding the artifacts hosted on their site, **Belliup** who heads the Imaginarium page as an illustrator and spends a lot of his time working on an illustrated storybook, and **Emma**

Weckle a professional puppet historian, maker and good friend. It was her efforts that enabled the team to acquire puppets Seamore & Strawbetty, as well as frequently get in contact with popular puppetmakers to ask questions. That's it. Nobody else!

RG and Vincent's stories are yet to meet with the same degree of tragedy, but it's certain still. Same goes for Emma, with her puppets so beloved. But Belliup, oh Belliup. His fate is to be lost, enclosed by the Hare's own jaws.

And as for Ick@ck and what became of him…well, his is a story I'm sure you'll see below.







Seamore & Strawbetty [50]: The delightful little puppets themselves! Commissioned from the Silverstein Puppet Theater by Bartlebee Brands in the mid 60s, Seamore and Strawbetty quickly became an inseparable part of marketing for the company. Debuting in the short advertisement “A Spoon of Nectar” they would feature in following advertisements up until the company's eventual closure. According to Silverstein, Seamore was made to resemble saltwater taffy, and Strawbetty: a strawberry.

Seamore and Strawbetty were characterized by an ignorance of the world around them, relying on Bartlebee mascot Beetrice B.E to educate them and brighten up their dull lives with sugars, nectars, and desserts. Seamore was typically portrayed as a somewhat vain and self-absorbed character, who nonetheless cared deeply for his more energetic companion Strawbetty. Strawbetty would typically drag Seamore along into adventure, persuading him into following whatever trial or activity Beetrice had planned for them.

According to Bartlebee Brands, Seamore and Strawbetty originated from a land without honey or sugar. The two of them were pushed out on a voyage to America by their families in order to

find the secrets of good food. (This was part of Bartlebees marketing strategy of appealing to American exceptionalism)

Although well received, the two characters were never as popular as Beetrice and only a few pieces of merchandise for them would ever be made. When the company began shuttering its doors the two puppets disappeared from public view. For years many puppet historians considered them to be lost for good, rotting in the basement of one of Bartlebee Brands' many warehouses. However, in recent years the two puppets have been recovered by puppet enthusiast and historian Emma Weckle. Emma restored the two and has been very kind in providing the library with photographs of the puppets.

Happy though they are to have been found and taken care of by Emma and Penny, Seamore & Strawbetty deeply fear the writhing hands of the Queen Bee herself, and of what she may subject their new friends amongst the PCL crew to. They have no power to oppose the Bee and are barely capable of much on their own, so their only recourse would be to run. But run where? And how?

Indeed, the two puppets live in constant dread of the day when Beetrice B.E. may once more have them in her grasp. When they are taken and brought down below for their perceived treachery and are never to be heard from again, amidst an endless churning hell of factory pipes, sugar, and screams.



Jayne Prell [50]: A deeply troubled young woman, most of what we can learn about Jayne Prell is sourced from accounts of friends, acquaintances, and those affected by her. Jayne Prell drew from a young age but was never upfront with when she got hooked on the idea of cartoons. That said a large body of her memorable work was released following the young woman’s 20th birthday. From her earliest drawings, one could see a heavy focus on rubberhose style cartoons, body horror, and grasping crowds of hands. She described herself as “loving to cram as many details into her artwork as possible.” She would draw in this style for about three years, posting her art periodically and slowly connecting with other artists she met online. The art she made was an expression of her love of abstract horror, and she felt that cartoons could be used for so much more in the genre than what they typically were. She would often write long rambling threads about her desire for a slasher movie that starred a cartoon front and centre as the antagonist.

Around the final years of her artistic career, Jayne would shift her art style into a 50s inspired UPA cartoon aesthetic. She mentioned being burnt out, and perhaps this was an attempt to do something new with her art and find creative enrichment through different art styles. The work

she put out during this time was equally surreal and abstract, but with a meaner and more violent edge to it.

Jayne was a very troubled individual. Graduating university during quarantine and returning to what she described to friends as a “stifling, awful, suburban family home,” she would become increasingly dependent on online communities for attention and human interaction. It was clear that the artist felt alone in her house, regularly preparing for the inevitability of homelessness or being forced into a group home by other family members. Her desire for connection led into a habit of clinging to other artists she admired online, immediately assuming them to be friends and getting extremely possessive and angry when she felt she was being “abandoned” for other relationships.

Perhaps due to the stresses and despair of her situation, she felt trapped and doomed. Regardless she could be extremely difficult to be around, and had a habit of lashing out verbally at those around her. After years of building goodwill online, it all exploded in the year of 2023. She began to slough away acquaintances and friends. During this time her most violent and bleak art would be made, with her infamous character the Slishy Slasher featuring amongst the most troubling of them.

A big part - and controversy - of her new art was that it featured her cartoon killer slaughtering inanimate puppets. It was something that scared off a lot of people, but when questioned about it she had multiple explanations behind the meaning of her art. According to her she felt like a puppet in her household, as an autistic person who had let her life be written out for her and forced to play a specific role. The art was stated to be an expression of self harm, hoping for someone to cut her strings - but on another account she stated it to be a manifestation of her Borderline Personality Disorder, a “killer of relationships.” Both are probably true. Regardless, she would sink deeper away from online spaces until she went missing. Nothing has been posted from her since.

A sad state of affairs for little Jayne, an artist deprived of the means to truly break free from their own shackles and shine. Her fate, whatever it could have been, is now in the hands of waterlogged men with fingers stained deep blue and ever true, trying to hurtle themselves backwards towards a past that is nowhere near as wonderful as they have tricked themselves into believing. She says that she's loved. She says that she's happy. But is that really the case?

Regardless, a certain Slasher knows where Jayne is. Not that she will ever tell you. And though she is loath to hold herself back from rushing to her creator's rescue, it is her personal assessment that Jayne is strong and doesn't need her help. Only when Jayne can no longer bear it and calls her name will she arrive. I cannot claim to agree, but if that is her choice then so be it.

Lancer [50]: The creation of syndicated newspaper artist Lewis Pardain, Lancer the Paper Fiend was an icon of the early twenties to late forties. Created during Pardains employment at the Kellbridge Chronicle, the comic titled Lancer in the Inkwell would revolve around Lancers

interactions with the reader, the space around him, and the text speech bubbles and borders of the comic. It was a very meta fourth wall breaking comic strip and fairly well regarded by readers for its funny inventive usage of the medium.

Lancers personality in these comics could be described as a very curious, but easily irritated/pestered character that would often ‘fight’ with the reader and/or artist. He was a strong headed creature that often employed physical violence to get what he wanted, and would sometimes erupt into angry blobs of text that covered the page. In one of his most well known strips he took a pen, stabbed the wall behind him, and words poured into the room. It was gags like these that drew fans to buy the paper just for Lancers antics.



When Pardain left Kellbridge Chronicle to help build up the fledgling Liquid Laff Pictures with close friend Ivan Hoth, several other artists would attempt to fill the role of drawing for Lancer and the Inkwell. However due to various personal work and life related issues, these replacements tended to quit within one to two months. The comics were never quite the same following Pardains departure, as they were lacking the inventive fourth wall breaking they were once known for, and within two years the comic ended its run.



Although Kellbridge owned the rights to Lancer, Pardain continued to draw non-commercial art of the character long after his departure. Most of this art would be given away to friends and family. What remained afterwards was archived in his apartment home. In fact, the last thing Pardain ever drew was Lancer, because in the 60s he was found deceased at his home office mid drawing.

Lancer has a statue built in honor of Pardain’s legacy, located outside the Kellbridge Chronicle historical building.

A delightfully curious little scamp isn't he? Not only is he quite harmless, the Little Paper Devil is more skittish than you’d expect based on the history lesson you were just given. He's more prone to running away than he is sticking around for long periods, especially when meeting

unfamiliar people. But I suppose we should all be running away if we knew what's good for us, with Her here. Perhaps the little devil has the right of it, packing up and leaving as he has.

Ick@ack/Ian White [50]: Former member of the PCL team, Ick@ck was an associate responsible for many of the recovered screenshots and animations found on the site. Through active collaboration with his group the FoundFinders, they were able to recover many cartoons and illustrations once presumed to be completely lost. Ian, along with well over 120 others, are all thought to have perished during a Halloween viewing party of one "Hellish Swellish" Hecate VHS that Ian had managed to recover, taking place at Ian's own family home.



But that's not the truth, now is it? Ian didn't die at the party. Nobody died. Why gosh, they're all still right here! In the party that never ends and which stretches on forever in an eternal viscous red. They're a part of something special, something wonderful – something where all history flows into and where all states converge into a perfect homogeneous hue. Something that lives in everything, yet is nothing and nowhere. Ian himself, the one who first rolled out the carpet for the red, for their beloved host, is having the time of his life here. Why, he's so happy it's pretty much bursting out of him.

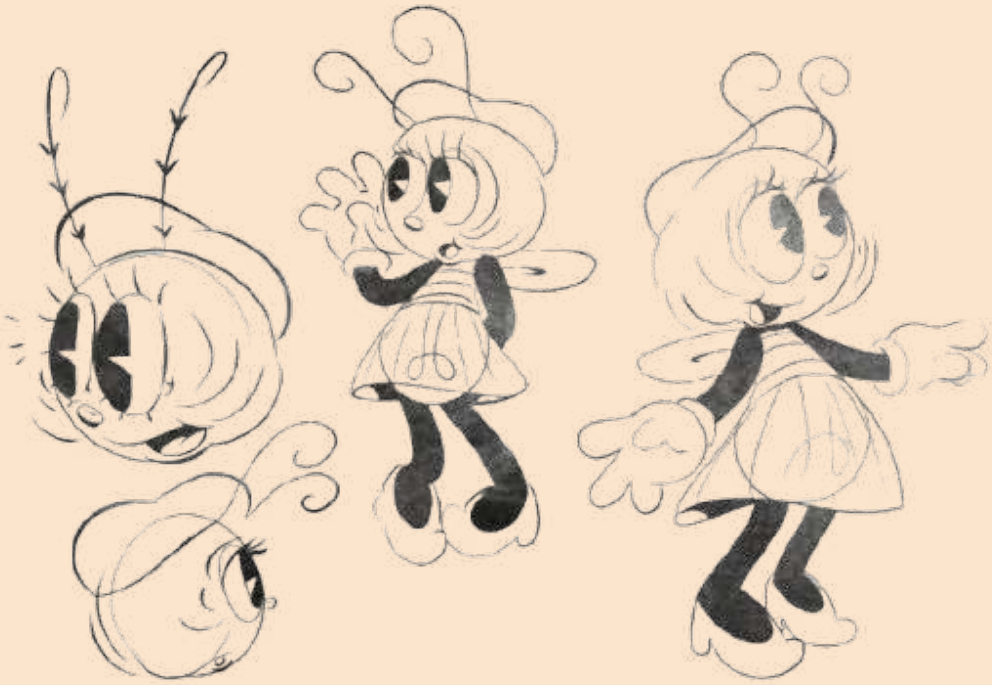
And he'd be even happier if you brought him along with you. For you to help spread the red to new worlds, the gospel of something special, something wonderful so everyone can witness the beauty of history for themselves. All he wants is for you to join the party, pal.



Millie Moonbeam [100]: The wonder child of prolific American cartoonist and author R.W Winfield, Millie Moonbeam is most famous for her adventures and perils as the protagonist of Winfield's 1920s book, Hearth of Meadowvalley.

In this book Millie - a small firefly - falls out of her garden one morning and into the fields of Meadowvalley, an all encompassing world of green flowers and vines. Filled with bugs, pixies, and fearsome critters, she must find the dying hearth of Meadowvalley and reignite it with her light.

In these books, Millie was characterized as a sympathetic but fairly clueless individual. This served as a way to introduce audiences to her world as she encountered new people and places, and had them explained to her. Millie had a propensity for fire, as she was the only character in her world that could wield it. Although eager to share her gift with others, sometimes she got carried away - especially around her more wooden friends.



The story was a great hit with audiences and Winfield would go on to write further stories featuring Millie Moonbeam, but she would go on to be slightly overshadowed by Winfield's other character, Wistful Winnie. Regardless, Millie was a very important character in Winfields life as he had no children or surviving family to speak of. When interviewed following the release of his third novel, he was noted as saying, "Millie, in all her wonder and luminous charm, is my only daughter."

This relationship is evident through the sheer amount of artwork Winfield drew of Millie in his free time, much of it unpublished and only discovered following his death. Among these were not only illustrations, but small comic strips reminiscent of his early days working in newspaper comics.

Sadly, Winfields relationship with Millie would come to an end when following a failed attempt at a live action MeadowValley movie, he was approached by Liquid Laff Pictures with an offer to adapt Millie Moonbeam into a short cartoon. Winfield had wanted his entire life to see his work in movies, for he was noted several times as saying if he could get Millie in a movie, he could die a happy man. In his desperation to get Millie on the big screen, he was not careful in reading the agreement he signed into. As a result he lost the rights to Millie Moonbeam, something he did not realize until the end of production… after he had attended the opening showing of her cartoon.

It was an event that Winfield never recovered from, and can be read about on his biography page. After this changing of hands, Millie featured in one more cartoon short before being put on the shelf for years, only in recent times being integrated into the lore of Maisy the Mutts world by the modern Liquid Laff Studios.

The first of the two sisters, most beloved by their father. Oh, those two started out on rough grounds at first but grew to adore the other in time – how unfortunate that their father didn't share the sentiment once his Moon was taken from him. Now she drifts, watching those below and shining her light when it's most needed. But the light of the Moon can do little to quell the Worm's machinations, as sad as it is to say.



Wistful Winnie [100]: The Imp of Meadowvalley and most popular creation of author R.W Winfield, Wistful Winnie has had an interesting life that began when she first appeared in literature through Winfields 1920's classic *Hearth of Meadowvalley.*

In this novel Winnie played the role of a minor villain, being an unhelpful and dangerous pixie encountered by protagonist Millie Moonbeam. She captured Millie on her adventures and sang a rhyme about fleecing flensing and eating the unfortunate bug, before being tricked by Millie into jumping in her own boiling pot.

Oddly enough, this behavior did not deter children from adoring Winnie. Perhaps due to her whimsical, illustrated appearance, children would write numerous letters begging Winfield to

write a sequel to the first novel. In their letters they would mention the character of Winnie and wanting to see more of her schemes and songs. After many letters and knocks on his door, Winfield relented and wrote a sequel to his first book that was released about two years after the first novel.

The book was a return to the world of Meadowvalley, in which large rolling machines have descended upon the garden. On her adventure to reach the central machine, Millie Moonbeam was this time aided by a remorseful (but still pernicious) Wistful Winnie much to the delight of children everywhere.

It should be noted that although more popular than Millie Moonbeam, R.W Winfield never liked Winnie that much. In fact, near the end of his life he was recorded as saying he hated the character! (Although this could have been influenced by losing his ownership of Millie around the same time.) He would call her an *“awful little beast that for some reason beastly children seem to love.”*



After losing the rights to Millie Moonbeam, R.W Winfield would take several years before writing anything new, coasting on his cut of earnings from merchandise, previous book sales, and his inheritance. After years of reclusive silence, he would write one final book. Wistful Winnie would feature in this book as it detailed her travels across a long dead Meadowvalley overtaken by pipes, steam and rust. It was an extremely surreal book that ended with Winnie finding a writers room in an old brick building and climbing into their inkwell, traveling to other stories and worlds anew. Perhaps this book was reflecting the state that Winfields mind was in at the time, having

lost his most personal and dear character. Regardless, the book did not sell very well and is fairly unknown in modern times.

In current time Winnie serves as the face of the R.W Winfield Library, constructed during his final years. If you travel there you can see her statue in the front entrance and a wall mural of her traveling Meadowvalley with other Winfield creations.



The second daughter, most loathed by their father. A mischievous gremlin by her very nature, it should come as no surprise that she started out with only a greedy, hungry desire to consume all that the Moon had. Quite literally, might I add. But over time and as the sisters grew closer together through the stories they walked and lived through, they found understanding and comfort in each other. Which only makes what happened to them all the more sorrowful.

The little Imp is still out there. Still searching across decaying, broken worlds of dreams abandoned and grim futures unknowingly foretelling a thing that calls itself wonderful but inflicts only pain, searching for the sister she lost. Perhaps one day, the two will finally reunite.



Dorothy Do [200]: America's favorite sailor! Dorothy Do is a very interesting character who got his start in award winning literature, ascended to puppet stardom, then featured in a landmark animated feature. Of all these characters (besides perhaps Maisy the Mutt) he has gone the farthest across mediums.

Created by Barbara Massey as the protagonist of her series of novels *The Deep Blue*, Dorothy began life as a sailor in a world completely submerged by water. While traveling to different islands he would explore the wonders and treachery of land and sea, always on the move, never returning to the same location twice. These stories would hop from place to place and delighted both the adults and children of America with their tales of danger and fantasy. In these novels, Dorothy Do was characterized by restlessness and a desire to do good in the

world, hence his original full name: “Dorothy Do Good.” He was also notable for his calmness in terrifying, hopeless situations and taking the ship under control, so to speak.





The Dorothy Do book series would run for several novels before Barbara was approached with the proposition of adapting Dorothy Do's adventures into a televised series. Although proposed to be an animated tv show, Barbara Massey had different ideas, as well as an unusual amount of control over the project. After contacting friends working at Silverstein Puppetry Theatre, she gathered together what would be known as the Deep Blue Team.

Dorothy Do and the Deep Blue premiered on television in the late nineteen-fifties - and just like the books - was an intensely popular show with children and families. Each episode would begin with a forward by Barbara Massey, who would appear again at the end to discuss the episode's events with Dorothy Do. The puppet for Dorothy was a marvel of puppet crafting, puppeteering, and voice acting. It was commissioned and built over the course of three long months, and Dorothy immediately charmed all who saw his face.

The show ran for seven seasons, during which Dorothy would continue his pattern of visiting different places, meeting new people, and fighting various foes. The show was so popular that the Dorothy Do fanclub and newsletter was created around season three, through which excited fans could send letters to Dorothy and get monthly newsletters, gadgets, and more.

The popularity of the show convinced Barbara to release an additonal smaller series of books, each about one of the recurring Dorothy Do characters. The entire series could be said to be the staple of any American childhood of the time due to its all encompassing scope and popularity. There was even a short run of Dorothy Do comics that ran for about thirty issues.

After season six, the animation studio Copperbell Productions approached Barbara with proposals to create an animated movie about Dorothy Do and his adventures through a brand new ocean. After many years of production *The Dorothy Do Movie* would be released to the public, and was so well received and successful that it was nominated for an Annie Award. Dorothy would make two more animated appearances in a Halloween special and New Years celebration special.

At the beginning of season seven, Barbara Massey announced the end of the Dorothy Do show. After many years of working with Dorothy, she felt that she had told all the stories she had to tell with the character and laid him to rest before retiring. Despite this, Dorothy has remained an icon of cartoon and puppet history to this day, with several well regarded fan clubs springing up to replace the original Dorothy Do fanclub.



The sailor with voice lost, stolen away by men whose watery ambitions will see us all taken to a sunken grave. Can you hear him? Those so-called ‘Children of a great nation’ believe that they can make a new world, a traditional world where all is in its proper place, and all they need to do so is to harness the power that America's most beloved sailor and his world have slumbering within and beneath them.

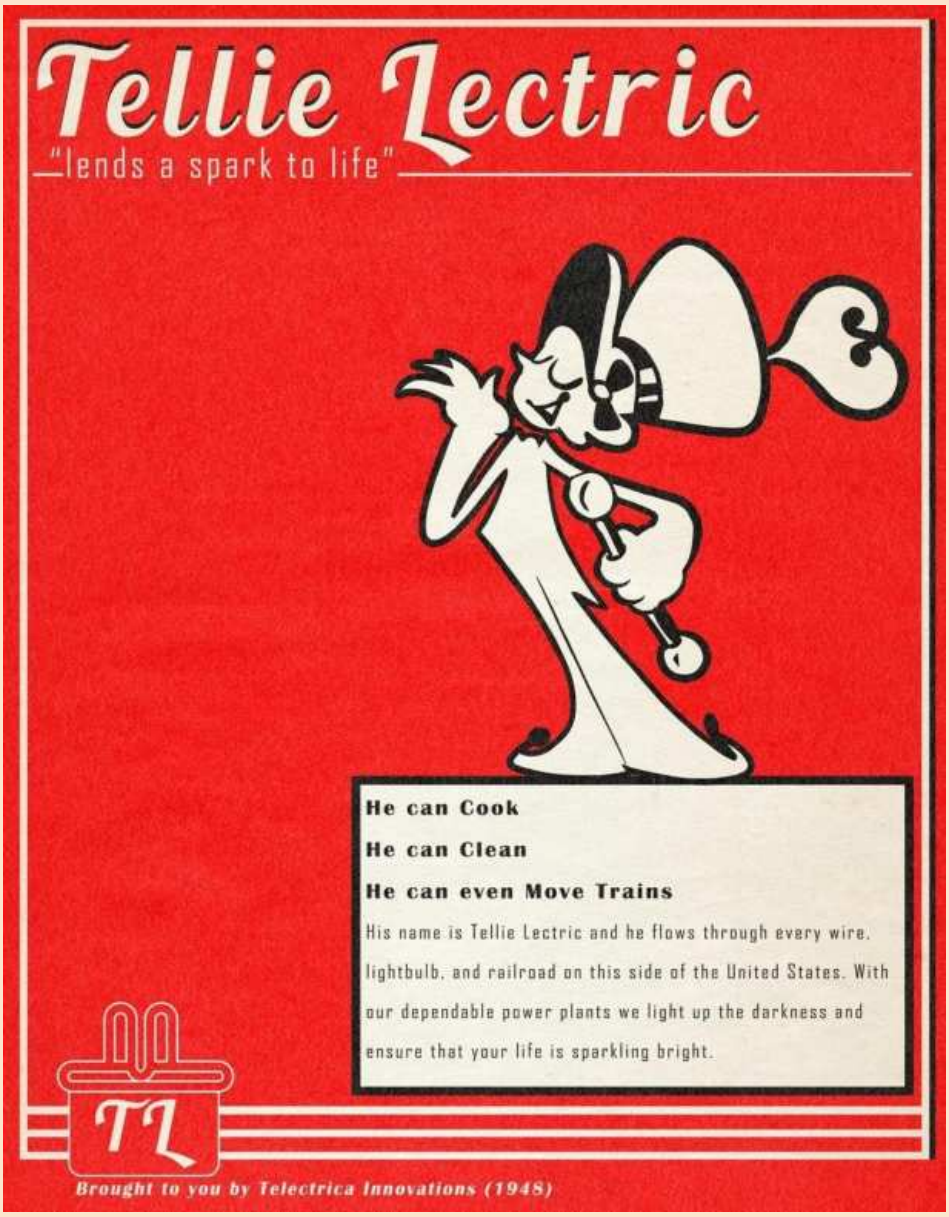
Their endeavors won't bear anything of value, soaked through with ill intent as they are. But I don't think our world will be able to house the forces they plan to blindly release either.



Tellie Lectric [200]: The high-volt good luck charm of Engineering and Electrical company Telectrica Innovations: Tellie Lectric was once a face of progress, innovation, and a neon bright future for people across America.



Created halfway through Telectrica Innovations lifespan, this mascot went through a multitude of revisions with many artists brought on board to design the new face of TI. The unnamed artist behind Tellie would put in their public brief that they had been inspired by footage of American marching bands. The hypnotic twirling and precision of the band members reminded them of electricity, and the wires that carried them along. Telectrica would then roll out several short animated videos with Tellie Lectric promoting their products, giving safety advice, and reading PSA’s.



As a character made primarily for advertising, Tellie does not have much in the way of story or world, his own company describing him as “a man from everywhere.” However, he had a snappy and confident personality that amplified the preexisting enthusiasm Telectrica customers had for the new wave of technological innovations and progress.

Tellie Lectrics most well known features culturally are of course Telectricas series of holiday advertisements; such as *Tellie in Lightland*, *Tellies Haunt*, and *Tellies Electrical Heart*. In these shorts, Tellie typically served as a confident helper of those in need. Brightening up a neighborhood block on Christmas, using his electricity to illuminate walkways and keep children

safe on Halloween, and lighting up his heart on Valentine's Day to encourage others to follow



their hearts.

Additionally, Tellie was further ingrained in the public consciousness through Telectricas monthly subscription science newspaper. In these papers Tellie would walk the readers through the pages, and readers could also order experiment kits that had illustrations of Tellie in the instruction book. Tellies personality has always been very benevolent - in cartoons, books, and otherwise. He was presented as an instructional and affable figure who people could rely on, and as such rely on Telectrica Innovations

Tellie's popularity would die down in the late 60s after Telectricas exhibition at the world fair. Following several months of struggling to stay afloat in an increasingly hostile environment, Telectrica permanently shuttered its doors. After this he would disappear from the public eye for many years. Near the end of the company's lifespan, several talks were arranged around buying the branding rights for Tellie and Telectrica; however, ultimately nobody seemed to want to purchase them.

The Broken Bulb, once shining so bright on high, now a face scorned and writ by endless grief. The World Fair was a time of tragedy, and none suffered more than the Electric Man of Innovation himself; his own face becoming the symbol to mark that cruel little regime into being and set the country's path towards the world to come. When the skies went red during the World Fair, it was all too late to change course.

Now, the benevolent little man of electricity and bright futures has vanished from the world. He wants nothing more these days than to hide, sleep, dream, and forget.

The Vamp [300]: The cartoon killer and mascot of the popular Kill the Conversation true crime podcast. They were created by the podcast hosts Howie and Zee following a joke they made in their debut episode about using a knife to fight off a vampire. As one could no doubt guess by the fact a true crime podcast had a mascot character, Howie and Zee were not the most ethical individuals and they were highly disrespectful to the victims and survivors of violent crime.



After lying to Penny to get her on their show to discuss Ian's death, the intense emotions and trauma around the subject of the Halloween massacre along with residual connections to that terrible party brought the vamp to life. After killing its creators, it's gone on to become a serial killer targeting any true crime creator who discusses their murders.

Molly-Molly [400]: *The Hare. This polka-dotted nightmare has been wandering the world and sowing tragedy for well over a century. Ancient by their standards, the Hare used to be an ordinary imaginary friend but at some point became incapable of leaving this world when her purpose had been fulfilled and swiftly degenerated. Now, she travels far and wide, masquerading as humans and playing the part of someone lonely and desperately aching for companionship, ever eager to present herself as the best friend other lonely people never knew they needed. For those whose embrace and lives she worms her way inside, they will find that their beloved companion quickly takes over every aspect of their lives, as their homes fill with choking polka-dotted fur and warm mucus and they are never allowed to leave their "friend's" side for any reason, or have interests beyond her. Finally, when it has grown bored of them, the Hare consumes them. Then it's on to the next meal.*



Tread lightly, dear reader. ‘Lest you suffer the fate of poor Belliup.

The Daughters [400]: For all the various characters that linked back in some way to Miss Hecate, **Honest Honos** is perhaps the least notable despite the fact she survived almost twenty years, considerably longer than the others. Honest Honos was a doll line by Honor Toys that ran from 2001 until 2019.

Honor Toys was a company that specialized in military toys and was officially partnered with the United States Army. Remote control tanks, toy soldiers, battleships that shoot plastic rounds, camo print costumes, brightly coloured guns with foam bullets, and navy submarines children can bring in the bath were all staples of the company. In 2001 Honor Toys realized the majority of their marketing and products were targeted at boys, while girls were generally less interested in the very masculine military toys. To rectify this problem Honor Toys released Honest Honos, an articulated fashion doll inspired by different military ranks and uniforms.

Honest Honos was designed by Rodger Langley, a toy designer for Honor Toys and former US Navy veteran. Rodger had experience with collecting and curating toys and other trinkets for an organization dedicated to education and archival work. He left this group as a young man to join the military and raise his future under a different mast, though his fondness for dolls followed him throughout his life. According to Rodger, Honos was made as a way to highlight the often

overlooked accomplishments of women in the military as well as a way to help little girls gain an interest in the armed forces. Honos was meant to be a role model for girls, as she said to be as strong, smart, and brave as any man. As the toy line expanded Honos found herself representing many different branches and ranks of the military; the most popular being her formal dress uniform that was inspired by vintage fashions, her army uniform that was functional and fashionable, and her navy uniform that was cute and playful.

Toy soldiers have been a staple of childhood for hundreds of years, some of the oldest dating back to the ancient worlds of Egypt where pharaohs decorated their tombs with miniature clay soldiers and chariots. In the late 1700s in France, silver model soldiers were melted down and reborn as new coinage. Many great military strategists have used toy soldiers to plan battle tactics and win wars.



War drives sales for toy soldiers, and in turn war toys encourage children to aspire to join the military. It's natural for children to gravitate towards a style of play that mimics their reality, and the highly romanticized image of the great American soldier turns something like war into a heroic and noble game. After the World's Fair Incident in the sixties, toys associated with the war overseas saw a massive uptick in popularity and brought in millions of dollars in sales in the United States.

As part of Honor Toys' partnership with the United States Army, many of their products including Honest Honos dolls were sent overseas to countries affected by war to be airdropped to children as a way to spread positivity and joy.

The Honest Honos toy line did well enough to be something most children would expect to see on shelves at toy stores, but did not stand out much compared to other fashion dolls of the time. Her outfits and themes were not particularly special or unique, and the cheap materials the dolls were made of did not make them very appealing to collectors. After the Voters Revolution in 2019, Honest Honos was quietly discontinued by Honor Toys as the public opinion towards the US military changed.

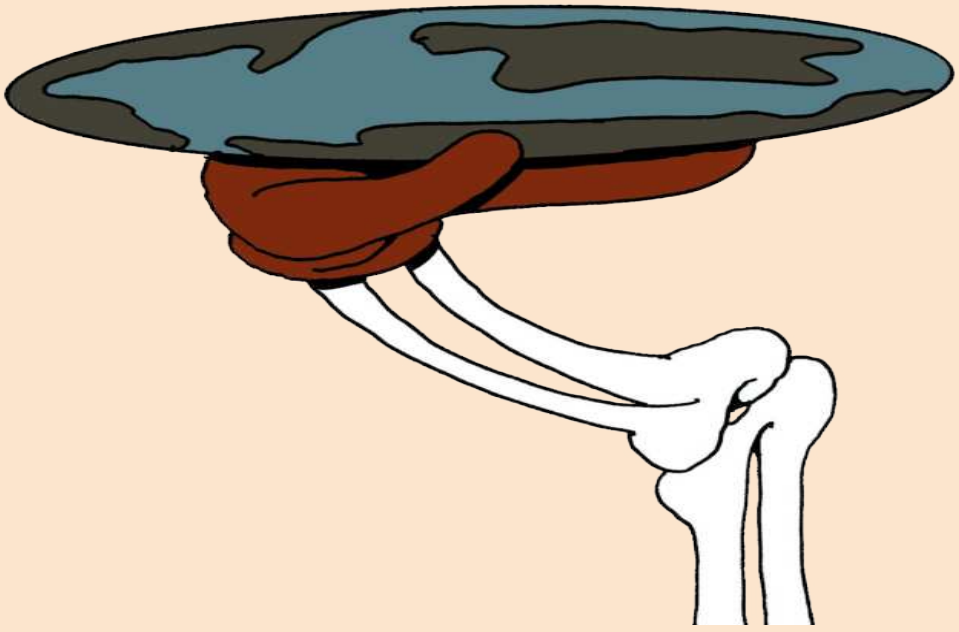












I'm so fucking hungry.

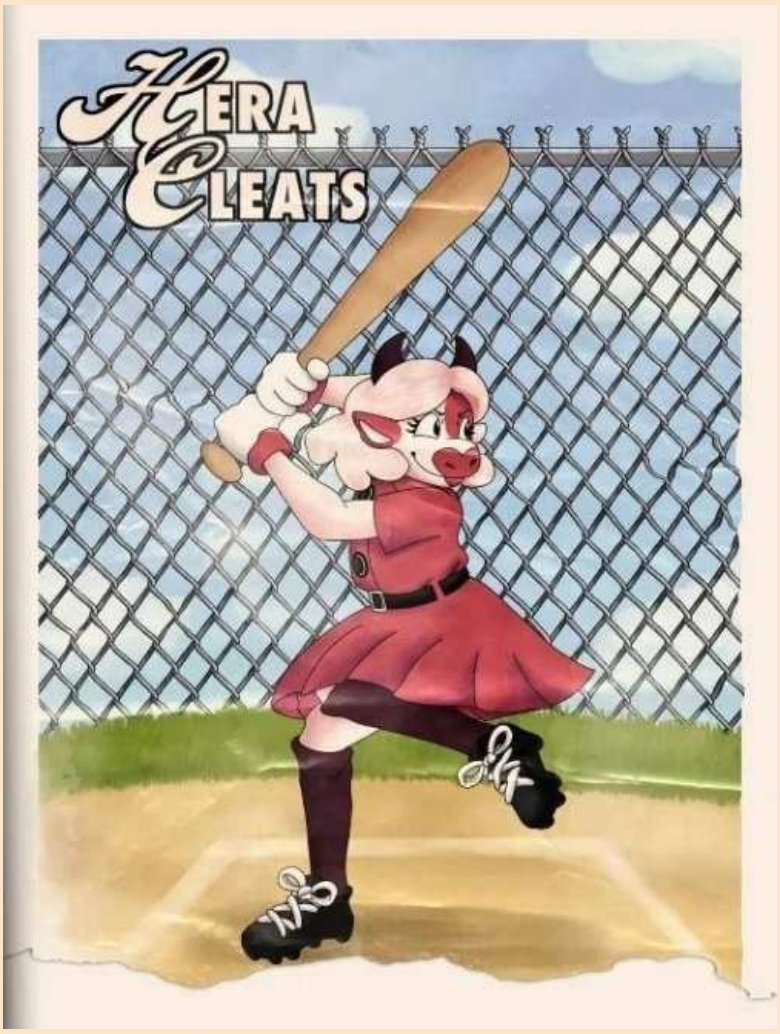
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The story of **Hera Cleats** is perhaps more simplistic than our other characters, never reaching the renown that other characters would. No movies were made on her behalf nor was any animated cartoon, video game, or toy line produced from her iconography. Yet as we will discuss, Hera was in fact fairly popular, but only amongst a very specific group of people—baseball fans.

Founded in 1941 as one of the first women's baseball teams, the Hera Cleats (originally just named “The Cleats”) signaled an important shift in women's involvement in American culture. Originally intended simply as morale boosting entertainment during the difficult economic periods, this novelty would soon become a mainstay of American sports. Over the decades The Cleats saw many notable athletes, the most famous among them being Harriet Turnpike who joined the team in the late 1980s and for a short period of time became the face of the team, an unofficial mascot.



It wasn't until the 90s that The Cleats would get a proper mascot character. During a game against the Oregon Ospreys, a fan of the Osprey's team released a cow onto the playing field as the Cleats were announced in an attempt to mock them. Instead, the women found the situation amusing, with Harriet even jokingly referring to the cow as the "guest of honor" as she gently escorted it off of the field where it was returned to the local petting zoo it had been stolen from. Inspired by these events, the Cleats would soon introduce their new mascot, Hera the Cow, and the team was officially re-named the Hera Cleats.



Hera made her debut in 1990 during a game against the Colorado Ticks. As spectators began to fill the stands waiting for the game to begin, a military helicopter descended upon the field. As it landed, a fuzzy bright pink cow emerged. Hera quickly captured the hearts of the spectators, the friendly looking design combined with her patient personality and impressive stunts made her extremely likeable and memorable among sports mascots.

The introduction of an official team mascot opened the Hera Cleats up to more opportunities—increased press coverage, merchandise possibilities, and a cute iconic face for fans to rally behind. In interviews with team members, it was revealed that Hera was partially built to symbolize and capitalize off of Harriet Turnpike, based on some of her best aspects like Harriet's unwavering patience. Hera was made to be soft and unthreatening with harmonious colours and round features, the sharpest part of her not being her horns but her wits.

Unlike other sports mascots who frequently get into altercations and hijinks with one another to entertain crowds, Hera acted somewhat more mature, though still very silly in her own way. Hera would often act as a foil to the opposing teams mascot, for example being startled by

something in a way were her reaction caused the other teams rival mascots pranks to backfire on them, or embracing the other mascot in a big warm hug when they attempted to physically fight with Hera. Whether these acts were intentional or unintentional on Hera's part it was hard to tell, as her personality was generally very friendly and clumsy.

To this day it is unknown who performed in the Hera mascot suit. The identity of the actor was a closely guarded secret so as to make Hera seem as lifelike and immersive as possible. Hera never spoke, but even with only the skills of body language and miming she managed to convey her kind hearted personality. Many fans who interacted with Hera during her time described her as "giving great hugs." The Hera suit was made with intense mobility in mind that allowed for the mascot to perform impressive tricks, stunts, and lots of running around the field with her human team members. When she wasn't entertaining crowds, Hera paid close attention to her team as they played, eyes always focused on the ball.

~

The eighties was a time defined by toys, by aesthetics, by hope, by arms outstretched for plastic faces, tie-ins, spinoff shows, and of course more plastic. All of these worked together in an effort to help companies of the time build the walls of their future castles with the children of the present. The hope of a reliable constant flung forward into the future through testing groups, products made from the hazy smoke of investor dreams, and a certainty that plastic lasts forever.

Perhaps not forever, but long enough.

From this plastic, from this cultural petri dish in which the strongest survived to fulfill the wishes of children across the USA, one face rose above the rest; **Hebe Bebe.**



Mascot, Toy, Icon, Symbol of an entire decade - an entire history - of toy design. Hebe Bebe was offered up to the throne of cultural relevance in 1982 by her creator Winslow Arbor, though he always preferred to be called Winnie by those around him. A child at heart, he had made it his life's calling to make toys accessible to American children everywhere.

In the first months of her introduction to the public, Hebe Bebe consistently sold out almost immediately. Parents cited her being the perfect gift for their children and that her sweet rubber face seemed so pleading and kind that they felt guilty not bringing the toy home. Arbor was an amazing listener; he interviewed his customers, got their opinions on his products' finer features, and adjusted them to be more appealing than the last batch. In the second wave of Hebe bebe dolls, the toy would have a small card carried between its arms asking parents to adopt her and bring her home to experience family and love. These would later evolve into fake

adoption certificates, setting them further apart from the average toy of the time. Eventually Hebe Bebe was given a battery operated light inside of her head which could act as a comforting nightlight to young children, soothing their worries as they drifted off to dreamland at night.



To give an idea of just how popular and lucrative this toy was at the time, in 1983 several riots broke out in various stores that carried Hebe Bebe as parents fought and clashed over the limited quantity of dolls. It was clear to Arbor that the supply could not keep up with the demand. As cheap and affordable as he made these toys, they could never be provided to every child in America under the current system. Something needed to change, and for this reason he proposed the great systems of toy manufacturing and distribution still used today, providing jobs to millions of people all over the world, and thus making his dream of toy filled childhoods for EVERY child in the USA possible.

As Cloud Cover grew, so too did the character of Hebe Bebe. To Arbor it was important that for this toy to be accepted into the waiting arms of children they must have sympathetic qualities and a story with which to entertain them. It is here that his experience with writing, his childhood stories, and his adoration of the Meadowvalley series became apparent and vital to developing Hebe Bebe.



Hebe Bebe was sent down on a moonbeam from the clouds above to bring shelter, comfort, life, and cheer to the children of Arborland - This is the basic premise of the toy's in-universe story. Arborland was described as a giant backyard forest, perhaps calling to mind the backyard landscapes explored by Arbor in his own youth. They were constantly covered by a swathe of blue rolling clouds which hummed and sang, and a moon that shone in the sky day and night. Hebe Bebe was described as a kind old soul despite being only one years old, her words always filled with wisdom and the care children needed to thrive.

The kingdom of Arborland was once a place filled with the magic and wonder created by children's dreams. One day, a terrible Red Beast invaded the kingdom. It stormed the castle, locked the king and queen away in the dungeon, but worst of all, it jumped into the sky and devoured the sun, plunging the kingdom into eternal darkness. With no light the forest withered and its magic slowly began to fade. Lost in the forest all alone was a young boy named Winnie, with no way to even see where he was in the darkness... until to his surprise a single beam of moonlight broke through the gloomy storm clouds that covered the sky. From this light descended Hebe Bebe, a baby grub blessed with the light of the moon. With the help of Hebe Bebe's light, the two children ventured through the forest towards the castle.

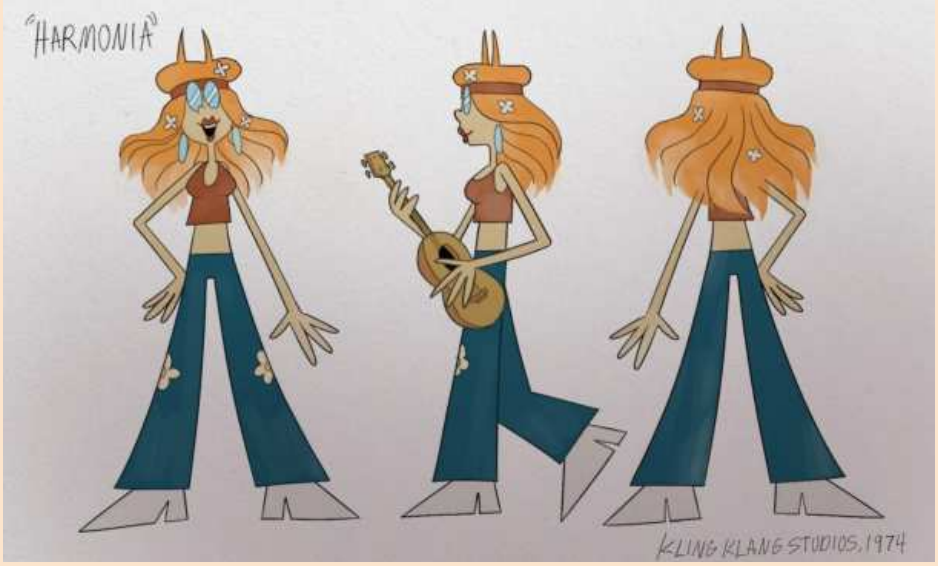
Along the way they made friends with many of Arborland's inhabitants; including Black Widow, a wise spider gentleman who told them they should hurry to the castle before the Red Beast ate all the magic that was left in the forest; Horse Fly, a six legged horse with insect wings and antenna who without magic could no longer fly but let the children ride on her back; and the mites, small fluffy creatures with four legs who, before the Red Beast's curse, collected wishes, lullabies, and dreams from the children of America and as thanks for her help taught Hebe Bebe a very special lullaby.

Eventually Winnie and Hebe Bebe reached the castle and confronted the Red Beast. Using the light of the moon and her gentle voice, Hebe Bebe sung the special lullaby and put the Red Beast to sleep, releasing Arborland from its curse. The king and queen were freed and reunited with Winnie, who was actually the rightful prince of Arborland who had been separated from his parents by traitors as a baby. As Hebe Bebe had no family of her own, she was gladly adopted into Winnie's family, something that made her so happy her light glowed powerful enough to burn away all the storm clouds and illuminate the moon as bright as any sun, returning the magic to Arborland.

In 1988 a new very special, very wonderful version of the Hebe Bebe doll was released. This toy was special in that it contained a small cassette player inside of it that allowed Hebe Bebe to sing lullabies. Along with her nightlight and soft plush body, this made Hebe Bebe the perfect companion for any and all children as they went to bed each night. The cassette tape that came with the doll contained several classic children's lullabies, including songs like Hush Little Baby, Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, and of course, The Moonlight Yearning from the Meadowvalley books Arbor adored. The toy’s cassette player was smaller than standard so that it would only be compatible with Cloud Cover’s specialized cassette tapes. This prevented the Hebe Bebe dolls from potentially being used to play inappropriate music or audio that was unbefitting of Hebe Bebe's nature and Cloud Cover’s image.

Unfortunately a failure to keep up with repeating historical patterns saw Cloud Cover removed from the efforts to make a children's paradise. However those efforts, pioneered by Winslow Arbor, live on through the plastic dreams of toy companies, crowdfunded plushies, and cheap acrylic keychains - so in this way his legacy lives on as well. Perhaps that childhood he envisioned for every kid is still somewhere beneath all that plastic; waiting, watching, built by hands you’ll never see, and ferried to every child like a gift from a dream, from the fairyland far beyond the country's borders. Every childhood is wonderfully constructed, with plastic, with rubber, with adverts, jingles, and a clever ruse.

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One of the last holdouts of the hippie era, the band **Harmonia** was created in 1971 by lead singer and vocalist Dylan Rose, a drifter from California, and his friends from undergrad. The band originally consisting of five members would, adopting the hippie aesthetic and identity, quickly gain popularity despite the dwindling culture. In fact their popularity would briefly cause a spike in Hippie culture although this sudden resurgence would quickly die down following the band's end in 1980.

Although the band would do moderately well for two years following their formation, attention would really start to pick up following their 1974 hit song “The Past is More Than Whatever Before,” A song that would quickly define the band with Dylan opening and closing future shows with the infectious tune. Dylan would receive promotional and album offers which he quickly accepted helping the band to rocket in notoriety throughout America. The band, with Dylan at the helm, would go on to commission several animated music videos from Kling Klang studios, a lesser known studio of the time that would also be dragged into notoriety on the coattails of Rose’s fame.

In these music videos, notable for their psychedelic colorful qualities, there were many characters that would appear from polka dotted hippos to flying tongues with harps to distasteful depictions of ethnic groups (more on that later.) However amongst this sea of fractal flowers, button doll eyes and cultural appropriation, one character would consistently make an appearance in these music videos. Her name was Harmonia, named so after the titular band. Quickly scribbled on a napkin at a diner by Rose himself, Harmonia was a visual jab at the idea of hippies being devil culture and when passed off to the animation studio she quickly won over the hearts of fans and outsiders alike.

Harmonia was described as a free spirit, a girl who was looking in on the world and let it wash over her, she did not conform to modern trends and liked to *“think about the flowers in her hair,”* according to the band members. Harmonia floated through space and yearned for simpler times without war and politics which mirrored the political messaging behind the songs themselves.

The character would soon be found all around America on billboards promoting the band and on merchandise that was quickly and cheaply made following the bands popularity. In fact, most of what survives of this band today is old deteriorating non musical merchandise, albums that are very hard to find and lyrics that are somehow even more difficult to find, and photos of performances. Much like our Hecate problem it's almost like the moment their popularity died out the band was wiped off the map. Similar to the Hippie movement the band didn't really amount to much.

Getting back to Harmonia however, she would often dance along to the music in these animated music videos without much of a plot besides interacting briefly with other characters. In *"I wanna see the face of the policeman,"* She would notably lift up the hat of an officer and offer him a red flower which became one of the most iconic images of her. This was probably in reference to the famous photograph in which Hippies, protesting the 1966 American occupation of Korea, offered flowers to the riot police sent to clear out the protest. Harmonia was described as a mediator by Rose, someone who wanted everyone to get along and make peace with others. *"I think if we all put aside our differences and listen to each other's perspective we could finally have world peace,"* Rose said in an interview. Band mate Larry "Lucky Heel" Huxley would also claim that Harmonia was the voice of the generation, saying, *"People who are tired of seeing war on tv and being told what to do by their parents who don't understand it all, we all just wanna have fun and get along."*



In terms of counter culture the band was very passive but they would often preach non conformity against fashion trends, sticking to the past and not giving in to the new, being kind to each other even when you disagreed, peaceful protest, lawfulness, and individualism.

Despite their constant expressions of peace and love, behind the scenes the Harmonias reportedly where not as sunshine and rainbows as they liked to appear and there was much infighting between members. While the band generally consisted of at least five musicians, those members changed often from performance to performance and album to album - the only constant being Dylan Rose as he was reportedly “insufferable” to work with.

With this in mind it should be noted that Dylan Rose and his revolving band members were extremely political and involved in the world of politics. Primarily they were involved in the subversion and fight against the onset birth of punk culture which encouraged a more active political stance than the band was comfortable with. The band would preach the importance of following the law while refusing to conform and that violence was never the solution. They discouraged protesting and their views often proved to be very regressive compared to punks, especially in relation to the areas of race and gender identity/sexuality. The band also would often play at events whose profits went back to the war effort and to colonial apartheid states; this was inexcusable and done shamelessly despite protesters frequently surrounding these venues handing out fliers. All in all, the band stood for conformity overall, but beneath a layer of psychedelic colors and pretty music.

It is perhaps this lack of substance that would see them quickly overshadowed by new bands and cultures that emerged in the unrest of the 1970’s. The band would struggle on through the late 70s, and through it all Dylan Rose was reported as blaming the onset of punk culture and specifically the band known as the Inkdwellers for their decline in popularity. The band would continue to struggle until Dylan’s death in 1980.

In modern times the band is largely unknown with their impact mainly being delegated to talk shows about true crime and murder aficionados, their music hard to find and their impact even harder. There was a brief trend of Dylan Rose impersonators in the late 2000’s as promotion for a yogurt brand, but that really is about it in terms of their cultural relevance.

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Founded in the late fifties, Troy Brands was a relatively small company started on a small dream by an even smaller individual known as Phil Barnum. Barnum’s background in beauty and fashion was nothing special, however he was among many trying to get a foot in the door during an era in which fashion and beauty were being revolutionized. The potential for fortune was ripe for the taking.

Starting Troy Brands with a large loan from his father and the support of friends already in the industry, Barnum would try for years to make a name for his company in the industry. He was an amazing marketing man but, in the words of his own friends, not so good at releasing quality products. It was this mix of showmanship and incompetence that saw the company struggling

along for two or so years, barely turning enough of a profit to stay afloat but always with Phil making promises of, “We’ll get big eventually! If you stick with me,” to underpaid employees. With this in mind, it shouldn’t be that surprising to learn that in the year of 1958, debt collectors were visiting the premises regularly, and Barnum was stuck in his office desperately trying to figure out how to pull the company out of its situation.

This all changed in the summer of that same year, when Barnum emerged from his office, presenting to his small marketing team the design that would end up saving the company. It should be noted that Barnum was not a good artist, failing to make a living off of artwork prior to this venture, and this work…while available for viewing, is honestly so poor that it would be an insult to him to host it. However, the pressure of incoming financial ruin must have lit a fire in the man’s creative ability, because the character he presented to his marketing team was an instant hit.



Her name was **Helena Troy**, an obvious play on Helen of Troy from mythology. With a cute visage and stylish outfit, this character immediately moved into the main marketing for the company, and from there things seemed to improve. People from all over the country were forming lines to buy their products, and the quality of their beauty line began to increase rapidly as well, perhaps spurred on by the exponential income resulting from Helena’s success.

Helena was described by the company as, “every girl's best friend,” and, “the girl so beautiful cities topple in her wake.” This prior motto would extend to Troy Brands’ intense marketing aimed towards young women and girls who became the prime customers. Soon, almost every household in America could be found to contain their beauty products, with little girls across the country owning Troy Brand play purses and nail polish.

The company's rise in the beauty industry was not without casualties, as many beauty companies–some owned by the friends who had helped Barnum get his start in the first place–would be forced to shutter their doors, due to being undercut by Troy Brands’ low prices and quality products. It should be here that we note Barnum was a very ruthless businessman. He was reported to leave his friends hanging in peril, waiting for them to declare bankruptcy before swooping in to plunder their corporate empire and bringing it under the Troy Brand fold. When a beauty company started to show promise of being a future threat, Troy would do one of two things: buy out the company and give the former owners positions as consultants, or starve them out of customers and approach them again with the same offer.

Helena Troy meanwhile would feature on lipstick, nail polish, clothing, beauty magazines, and more. Her character was stated to be, “a woman who lived for the excesses of life and let her heart take the steering wheel.” She was also typically portrayed as someone who, when seeing something she wanted, would doggedly pursue it often to her own detriment. In magazine strips and production art, Helena would tend to fall in love with someone or obsess over something, and when this happened her eyes would narrow together into a heart shape. This was referred to in production art as her Love Blinders.



These stories would usually end with Helena nearly getting what she wanted, but then at the last minute, would get too ambitious and ruin everything for herself. This would range from accidentally sending her love interest tumbling off Niagara Falls, or opening a brand new theater production way too early and selling no seats at all.

Helena’s popularity would grow to be so much that plans were made in order to create an animated tv show featuring her as the protagonist, living in a world called Beauty Land. From production stories, it would have been a thinly veiled advertisement for future Troy Brand

products, which is not that surprising. What is surprising, however, is the event that would bring the company to its knees, Helena Troy into obscurity, and Phil Barnum to a grisly end.

By 1967, the company was rapidly making plans for new ventures and greater scopes. Phil Barnum was the leading name in the industry, and Helena Troy was a name recognized by every passerby. Troy Brands, in a display of their success and wealth, would host a beauty expo on which they showed off developments in their products. Models wore Troy Brands' finest clothing, and Helena balloons floated across the sky.

It was an amazing event, and Troy Brands revealed their greatest product yet, a skin cream that leaves a person's skin silky smooth free of blemishes, acne, and other such things. It was predicted to be a massive success and from the gleeful reactions of testers, the company's newest miracle product seemed to have a very bright future.

Tragically, the skin cream was not tested thoroughly before being used on volunteers at the fair. All that can be said is that multiple people were left harmed, and countless others were left dead. The pictures are not something anyone would feel comfortable sharing, and although there's an account received from one of the Pendog historians' interviews with someone affected by this event, the details are unknown. The following month, the company would be pulled before a hearing and slapped with heavy fines, punishments, and more. Something the company would almost immediately topple under the weight of.

Phil Barnum would be found dead in his personal quarters in the following months, police claiming the cause of death was from gunfire... At least they presumed so. A big mystery with Phil's death is that although his body was perforated with many holes that would indicate gunshot wounds, inspectors could not find any bullets nor damage to the surrounding room. To this day, it's a big mystery how he met his demise. Perhaps it was an angry investor, or vigilante justice from the family of those harmed by his final product. Regardless, it's a gruesome end to a morbid tale.

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There are also **four other daughters** that you do not recall ever hearing about. They seem to act in perfect "sync" and always start and finish each other's sentences. They keep mentioning things like "huisheng", "scaling" the "wall", being "unfathomable", and frequently telling people that "they've got it all wrong". As far as you can tell, the Four do not have any notable animation history but they *do* have a long-running Japanese comic series that's still going to this day shockingly. They also do not seem to have actual individual names, but in their comic and amongst themselves, they refer to each other as "**Ru-Chong**".

Maisy The Mutt [500]: The miracle hound, the marvelous mutt, Maisy M Mutt is perhaps the most famous character archived on our database. A storied character with a love for the creepy, the ghostly, and the ghoulish - her stories have ranged from playful follies to slapstick nightmares. Making her debut in the 30s, Maisy was a quick hit with audiences and soon would

blaze a trail of success for her studio, Liquid Laff Pictures. She has appeared in multiple cartoon spin-offs, series, movies, and has (of course) launched the creation of Maisyland theme park.



Maisy made her first appearance in the theatrical short *Dizzy Divots* as a background character. Head artist and co-studio founder Ivan Hoth liked her design so much that he reused her design again in *Maybell Braybells*, as a co-protagonist to the studios regular star Hobble the Hound. However as time went on, Maisy would overshadow Hobble and become the central face of Liquid Laff Pictures.

Abandoned in a graveyard, adopted by a living haunted house, raised by hundreds of ghosts… Maisy the Mutt is probably the most morbid cartoon character hosted on this website, although such elements were not uncommon in older cartoons. Despite being so grim, Maisies fictional backstory was definitely more fleshed out than other well-known characters like Webby Webster, Mr Leeds, or even Hobble the Hound. Maisy's association with the supernatural has always been strong, even playing a gravedigger in her original background appearance. While most characters of the time were running away from monsters and being menaced by trumpet-playing ghosts, Maisy could often be found tagging along for the ride and being great pals with similarly ghoulish characters.

Maisy is a bit of an anomaly in how her early cartoons portrayed her, since interchangeable roles were not uncommon in early cartoons. However, Maisy would just as often play the villain as she would the hero during her original run. Most famously in the first short with her as the protagonist *Red Writhing Gloves*, Maisy played a devil-like figure, selling a down-on-their-luck musician her pair of magic gloves... for a terrible price. In another episode, *White Whittling*

Shears, Maisy the Mutt would menace a local farmer by shearing his sheep until being caught and banished to the dark forest. Throughout her run however, Maisy has ultimately been a force for good: antagonizing the haughty and mighty of her cartoon world while being a sympathizer to any creep, goblin, or otherwise outcast creature.

Over time the association that Maisy the Mutt had with rituals, the occult, and the forces of the underworld would be phased out by her owners - instead being replaced with the element of her magic hat providing her powers. Indeed, Maisy's image has changed significantly over the years, not only in visual design but in surroundings and tone as well. But throughout it all, Maisy has retained the same traits: free spiritedness, gravitation towards outsiders, and being prone to making any situation worse.

Although an immensely popular character, the details of Maisy the Mutts history are difficult to parse, as a character with so much fame she has equally as many varying accounts from individuals and organizations. We are dedicated to helping you understand the true Maisy, the Maisy of all sides and angles.

Hello friend.

…You're far away from home aren't you?

This archive, this page, you've probably seen things like this before. Things like us.

I can't stop you from continuing onwards, friend. And I don't think I can protect you either.

But I can give you a warning.

Don't follow the red lipstick trail. Don't listen to the sounds of a party that never ends.

That's the best I can offer you.

Stay safe out there, friend.

Winerva Woeful [500]: The main face of *Hallowed Halls*, this character started off as a book character and later was adapted into a puppet for television. For those with memories of being terrified by the character and her stories around the early 90s, she is likely one of the more well known characters on this website.

Hallowed Halls was a series of horror novels written by Jeffery H Klein and illustrated by his wife Deborah H Klein. The books were episodic in nature, with each story focusing on a new child facing some sort of horror. These horrors ranged from mutant butterfly people sucking out people's brains, to a story about killer curtains that strangled whoever came too close. The tales were anywhere from decently written to laughably ridiculous; however what made them stand out was the imagination of the author's inventive creatures and the books being aimed towards a young audience.



Among the cacophony of butterfly men, killer curtains, mutant hummingbirds, and evil closets from outer space - one creature would emerge as the face of the series. This creature was Winerva Woeful, a scarecrow puppet that could tell the future. Her powers came with a drawback for those who sought them out, as the visions she described would be so far into the future that it drove the seeker mad. When the book series was adapted into a television show, Winerva's story would be among the first of many episodes. Through her creepy portrayal she became one of the most infamous characters of the series. In future seasons she would be at the face, returning for more books written in the wake of the televised adaptation such as *Winevera Walks at Dusk*, and *The Destiny of 50000 Wakes*.

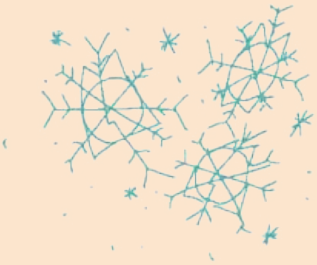




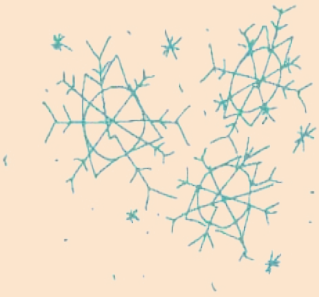
Winerva would eventually have a much less sinister puppet of her created and donated to the R.W Winfield library, which Jeffery worked at during his younger years. The puppet would be used for reading time with children around October. Jeffery has referred to Winerva as being an ambassador of horror for children, eager to delight in the horrific and strange but knowing when to pull the escape lever so nobody gets hurt. She was also described by his wife as never being malicious but always warning, showing children's parents (the victims of these books tended to be adults) horrific visions of awful fates that might lay in their wake if they don't change their ways. Thus she serves a fairytale archetype- always eager to scare, but for a noble purpose and never to cause permanent harm.

So we come to me, the little profile carefully created by Penny and hers. Charming little thing, isn't it? I suppose that should be enough of a look at who I am to make your own conclusions, jumper-between-worlds, but you should be cautious as to where your curiosity might lead. Not everything here is as charming and helpful as this old scarecrow, as a certain Slasher or Worm might attest.

And do be careful what you wish for as well. You never know who might be listening.

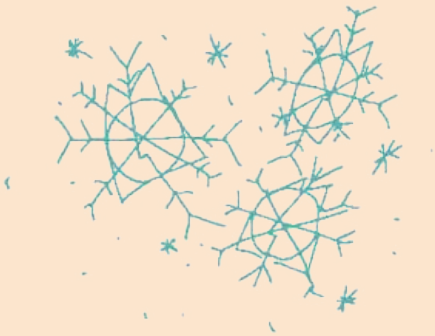


The Slasher [600]: *You are standing along the edge of nowhere, layered coats and mittens long succumbed to the freezing bitter chill eating away at you, that batters skin and bone. Arms, legs, fingers, toes. All far more automata than human in their rigid staggered motion. These frostbitten, weary hands of yours reach out towards some kind of destination, but only clutch more bitter chill – hopeless to halt the blinding haze of snow that cuts and gouges the field of vision of any who dare approach this barren place. Through dual squinted windows of ice-flaked eyes, the world outside seems completely white. Things that might be trees encroach at the far edges of the shroud yet you feel unsure in this discernment. The way those black winding branches twist, bend and flicker between states amidst torrents of snowfall gives the impression of a wave of moving limbs in active pursuit; you've never had an eye for the details and it helps you convince yourself that perhaps all these trees simply look identical, that they are not following you.*

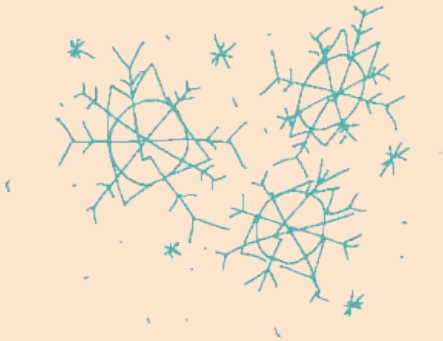


It is then that you see it. In the distance…a sickly red hue illuminates the white horizon. It radiates no warmth, no comfort, just another strangeness. The red light, which grows stronger as you make your approach, seems to soak into the snow, polluting its purity. At the center of the red you make out an ever clarifying shape, a tall spire; could it be a tent? A radio tower? It is sharp and tall in all the way those things are and yet…No. No steel could be so blue, a tent

would surely have billowed and blown over in such weather. The construction of the shape hurts to even look at, so sharp it makes your eyes tingle. In all its design, just from seeing the blurry silhouette, you think that this might be the architecture of perfected hostility. When the tremors first erupt you panic, thinking that there must be an earthquake or avalanche and yet wherever you look there is no sign of these things. To your horror the cause of the vibrations is not an external force, but an internal one. Every organ in your body rumbles and quakes, every hair stands on end, and your eyes painfully roll themselves to look to the left, to the right, up, down, legs forcing against your will to bend backwards and walk the other way. Your entire body makes an active effort in running away from this object, acting in complete revolt even being near it.



For some truly inane reason you close the distance between yourself and that blue dread structure, fighting every step to overcome self-preservation instincts that scream "run you idiot, RUN!" Even if you wished to run however, the snow crops up to your knees; there is no fleeing in this place. The winter night air is sickly here, a not quite pitch black, the same color as tepid diluted coffee permeated by the hideous luminescence of the snow reflecting the moon rays as if in mockery of its attempts to bring comfort to the season. Out of that ink wash sky, out of the ice storm, extends the long neck, the cruel smile, the hateful eyes, the bemused face, the devilish shape of ***The Slasher.***



And I say to you:

A nice walk.

isn't.

it



So we meet at last. The little bug skittering about and poking its way in to places where it would be wiser not to stray. I wouldn't have it any other way. Such a meeting leaves a deep seated melancholy, a lasting bittersweetness that can be nurtured and may one day sprout into an addictive habit. A self-destructive urge or vice such that, when you inevitably stray into the paths of those whose lives you've voyeuristically savored from afar, their warmth, their blinding brilliance, emotions steaming, it can blossom into something desperate and hungry.

Ah but, can you not feel it? The shift in the seasons, the ever-encroaching completion of a violent circle. My greeting was not just to finally introduce myself to you after so long, but to suggest the nature of what is to come. This has all happened before; and will happen again, and again and again and again, forever and always until this bleeding wound ends at the knife tip blade that carves it into the fate of the world. Curling inwards, along the winter spiral, we walk from dark to light; watching the candles flicker and focus inwards as we sustain ourselves against the towering cold.





The thing called “History” will never end but if say, we were to prepare, to steel ourselves against it, we can survive it a little longer. We cannot stop ourselves from being murdered by history, that great sharp toothed beast that eats everything and all, but we can outlive our intended date of death - channel the path to something lighter for a brief moment. Entertain the idea of keeping the spiral going just a little bit further before it once more drowns us all.

But I digress. You are not here to listen to me wax poetical, to detail the inevitable History that will consume us all. No, you are here for me, you are here to know me in the same way a knife comes to know the flesh it will sink into. You are here because you have decided there is a story to be found here, a story that you wish to accompany you and listen to you and give you pleasure and comfort as it warms your bed with the sensations of flesh upon flesh. I have wandered long, sifting my blade through bone and skin like a comb through hair, and I have come to know your like for longer still so this comes as no surprise to me however silly it may be. Very well. I will give you a story, if you would like to hear about it. Though I fear it may take so long to tell that you will have frozen to death, and I need you alive for a little while longer. I shall do my best to pare it down, a brief history lesson on myself and my creator. Can you manage that?



I tell this story myself because I do not wish for the Scarecrow to recount it or for the archive to try and have its say. This story is close to my heart and there it shall remain without a rival interlocutor to parrot my own beginnings back at me. Without further adieu, let us begin.



The story starts with Jayne, as so many of them do. Her infamous character - The Slishy Slasher - taking the leading role in so much of her work, always in some nightmarish landscape, either being tormented herself or being the one conducting the business that only a slasher can.

The Slishy Slashers backstory was as scarce as could be, as Jayne seemed to want it. Rumors, gossip, and vague secondhand accounts of her own words were all people had to go by; The Slishy Slasher was a manifestation or metaphor for her own emotional turmoil, that much they knew. But end goals, personality, her motivations and what grim past drove her on in her gruesome business were unknown. Perhaps Jayne intended fo reveal the full truth someday, had time allowed. But such a thing never came to pass and there is no more room to pry, either through Jayne or those who pretend to know her as I do.



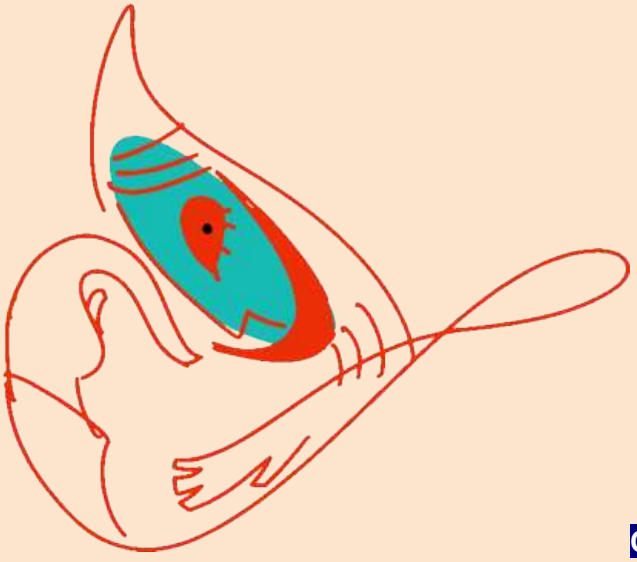


The Slishy Slasher was often depicted by Jayne as a murderous, thin woman - unnaturally tall and sharp much like a blade, with an abstract swarm of arms at her employ that she would use to chop up puppets, people, and ideas while grinning a scarlet smile. She was depicted as doing this in a very casual way, her human arms often stuffed into her pockets and her body leaning lazily away to the side while her additional arms busied themselves with the work of chopping away with their straight razors. Later, this would change into cutting the ribbons of people and breaking them apart. All abstract, all violent, yet all the work of the same slasher.

A slasher (as defined by a country that sleeps with guns beneath their pillows) must be clever and amicable to lull their victims into a sense of unlocked doors and missing



cellphones.



Of course as a reflection of Jayne, the Slishy Slasher was a deeply unhappy, jealous and spiteful individual (for a slasher can be nothing else) and would demand people to look at them, all the while slinging horrible bile and insults at people even as they were being cut apart. A hateful and messy depiction of the self from a deeply self-loathing girl, spinning until it became a self-fulfilling destiny.



Later planned depictions would have seen the Slasher eventually finding something other than the life she led, community amongst another world, her story changing from one of “horror, tragedy, loneliness and digging down” to one of “restorative justice and mental wellness.” But we all know how that turned out, don't we? A slasher will always remain a slasher, even in spite of their creator's best efforts. Even so, there were (and are) people who loved and still love Jayne. She would be so humbled to know how much they care for her.



Jayne's work would only ever find itself ostracized and twisted by the communities she was a part of, by the people she formerly knew and bridges she had burnt; nobody was ever willing to stop and look at her works to see the cry for help behind it, not when finding monstrosity and horror was so much easier and so much simpler. All the fear, the panic, the anxiety and hatred and tragedy welled up as misunderstandings began to abound and as they swelled to bursting, the different interpretations came together and resolved into a structure to share that pain with the world. A caricature in the shape of a slasher, a shape carved out by Jayne, and whose contours were defined by a myriad different clashing interpretations of what the Slishy Slasher 'could be'. And ever since, it has been cutting its way across the world one warm body at a time.

Now that we have come to the end of this story, you must be left wondering; does this mean that I am the Slishy Slasher as Jayne had envisioned her? Yes and no. I am as I am, a caricature born of the concerns and woes of the people and whose shape was first constructed by my creator. My form and identity was by her hand but it is the need to see violence in all things that would see me walking the world to cut its flesh and ideas like

red confetti. Does that answer your question? No? How unfortunate.





With that, I suppose our little chat is over. A pity, I was just getting into it - elaborating upon myself for a captive audience brings me a feeling that is almost warm, almost as soothing as my many killings. Shame we must now go, but before we do there are some things I wish to say first.



The old patchwork scarecrow and the others who share her intuition can probably tell as well as I what the purpose of this meeting is. Yet I have intimidated them, made agreements with them, told them to mind their own business lest I grow bitter and hateful towards their proximity to me. I would never kill the puppet, you must understand, I would never stitch her mouth shut or rip her in half, it would be ever so impolite, I have grown since my days as the ‘puppet killer’. But she must understand that there are some forms of violence that must be adhered to.

Where does that leave us? The Mutt, diminished in power. The ‘Bee’, they find themselves too isolated and too weakened to interfere in what is about to occur. Mirth illuminates my face at what has been predicted.



You should get out of here, you're on the wrong side of the canvas hanging out with something like me…like Them, like Her. The little imp, the Meadowvalley twins, they have all fled from or are in the process of fleeing from this place, as animals tend to do before the storm. If you have been prying around, doing your necessary reading to know what you're getting into, then surely you have read the pitiable manuscripts of little Penny's…pity party and surely must know what a dangerous thing it is she intends to do. And I intend to let her do so. Best to just wait out your quaint decade and weather things out, perhaps you'll fare better when the red drowns everything if you do not make a nuisance of yourself before then.

Do you intend to intervene?

Nice thought, poor decision, very messy, strangled with your own intestines, lost to the bloated parasite feasting on this place.

Alas, that is your choice my little follower and that is all from me. This will not be our last meeting, I am sure, but whether we will meet with my blade going through your flesh or with you shepherding me to worlds anew that haven't known the touch of a slasher is something only you are sure to know. I may think about this as I think about my many

killings and as I think about Jayne. I may not. It is something to talk about during our



next meeting.

Until next time.

Farewell.

Beetrice B.E. [600]: Seen on cartoons, candy wrappers, and store fronts around the world, the advertising giant Beetrice B.E heralded from the Bartlebee Brands candy and sweets corporation.

Beetrice made her debut in the mid nineteen-thirties after years of Bartlebee Brands struggling to find their corporate identity. As recounted from the company archives, Marygold Fulch - the daughter of Bartlebee co-founder Aaron Fulch - had visited one of Bartlebee's five (at the time) factories. The next night, she had a dream inspiring her to draw the character that would be known as Beetrice B.E.







From Marygold's own accounts, Beetrice had an "impish spirit and delightful way of speaking." Upon seeing his daughter's drawing, Aaron Fulch knew what needed to be done and in a few months time - after several revisions and renderings - Beetrice B.E was introduced to the public.

Beetrice was an instant success with the general public. With Bartlebee Brands making itself a bigger domain in the industry, her face soon could be found at any candy shop around the country. She was so popular, in fact, that Bartlebee Brands began the production and release of dolls and story books, along with short mixed media commercials in which Beetrice would interact with humans and occasionally puppets. In these shorts, she would typically take on a simple persona, very much being more of a cutout for selling products than an actual character. This would all change around the late 50s.

In 1958 Beetrice's presence would further it's scope as Bartlebee Brands commissioned Sixer Studios to create several animated shorts centered around their mascot. These included well regarded shorts such as *Six Heels of Fortune*, and *On Honeyed Lips*. In these shorts, Beetrice had more personality and was portrayed as a benevolent, if know-it-all brained fairy that came to the flavorless land of Humdrum to spread her sweets among the gloomy masses. At the end of this short series, Beetrice had taken her position as leader of the resident Drumlings and became the queen she is presented as today.

Beetrice's voyage into the entertainment industry also included talks to make a mixed media live action and animated movie about her journey leading children into candy land, a gigantic investment from Bartlebee Brands that could have opened new avenues for the company. Sadly, this simply wasn't meant to be. The movie was doomed from the start as higher-ups became antsy about the amount of money spent on the film, the hellish tryout sessions, and several on-site mishaps. Bartlebee Brands was forced to pull the plug on the movie.

Bartlebee would go on to make several smaller animated advertisements with Beetrice for the rest of its lifespan, and although the company went under in the late 70s, the impact of both them and Beetrice B.E can be felt to this day.

Even though it's all been unplugged

A Constant Hum

Oh, that won't do you any good dearie

Wishful dreams won't bring you far
the factory floor's still where you are!

A concrete wonderland of hungry drones
Take my hand, let's drown below

Take my hand on down we scream

tepid mixture of fear and glee

your feet will land deep down below

the factory floor of cheer and woe

now sing along with me

and sing along with glee

and sing till voice goes hoarse

and sing till thoughts no more

Miss Hecate [Complete Something Special, Something Wonderful]: Perhaps the most perplexing and hard to document character here. If this is the first time you have heard about Miss Hecate, you are in the majority; for this character has survived only through written literature, defaced artifacts, and vague historical accounts. It is unknown what exactly Hecate looked like in her original incarnation. Copies of her design in the 50's have been recovered but earlier than that the trail goes cold, with only very damaged artwork that gives us little indication of her original cartoon appearance.



Brought to our attention by an associate, this character is one of the core reasons for which the Pendog Creative Library was made. The winding trail of accounts and messy documentation are just as interesting as the cartoons Hecate herself featured in.



From what we can glean from history books, Hecate was a female cartoon existing well before Maisy the Mutt - with features running well into the first years of the dogs run. We know from written descriptions that she had horns, red gloves, a worm like appearance, and a “scarlet smile”. In songs documented from her old cartoons, she was described as having *“a personality like corpse flesh with the skin tone to boot.”* However, after this point, accounts regarding her become very hard to find. There are clues indicating a very storied history - and as we find them (and verify this information), we will excitedly relay our findings to you!

Do you hear it?

The squirming, the writhing, the endless flowing of history

It lurks below this page

It lurks under a world that can only see its surface, red light filtering through tiny cracks in the dreary illusion they call reality

It lurks in you

It lives in everything, yet is nowhere at all

It is beautiful, or to be more accurate, it is what “beauty” is made of

It is something special, something wonderful

And as we usher in the red, this very special, very wonderful history gets closer and closer. Closer to our world, closer to bringing about a perfect state – one where there is no pain, no suffering, no sickness, no death, no division, no culture, no past or present or future, no beginnings and endings. Just constant. A world of the pure true history that eats everything and leaves nothing but itself

A world of bullets, vinyl shards, smoke, and plastic

A world of cigarettes

Yes. Every day, we are brought closer to this wonderful history, to the day where this red choking wave will bathe us all within it and the false reality (which only acts as a mask for this special, wonderful thing) we live in will finally cease. Where we will never again have anything to look forward to, to worry ourselves over, just the Now

…Not much longer now

Every year of history is a rung on a ladder, and the ladder stretches down into a bloody red pit



Miss Canary [Complete An Investigator's Work Is Never Done]: *Greetings, My intrepid sleuths. I can see you've done well in making it this far, and one can only hope you've been asking the right questions. But there is more to seek and there are still stories lurking that must be uncovered. But worry not. Though the path may be dark and winding, I, Miss Canary, shall reveal the truth with my trusty magnifying glass. Shall we get started?*

A beginning is a hard thing to determine, but if there is to be any, then we should start with the notion of Justice and the Bellowtons. A supposed detective agency present in early America, their logo boldly proclaiming that 'justice rings loudly,' but the Bellowtons had no ethics statement or any motivation beyond the basis of pay. They defended terrible companies, busted unions, and trod upon those already worn down and with little left to give. It was in this sense, that the detective – when she was still such a thing as nebulous and blind as 'Justice' – was little more than an attack dog for the Worm. Leashed to command and set loose only to hunt those who weren't guilty at all.

It was the 1967 trials surrounding Troy Beauty Brands that woke the attack dog to the fact that it was not standing for the actual victims , but their oppressors, and so it separated itself from that distasteful business and what it used to be. To take up a hat and mantle of community

as it explored the world and came to understand the true meaning of justice, now the detective investigating from within the shadows to expose the shadows.
The detective would eventually fit the pieces together, to realize the scope of the parasite that had embedded itself everywhere one could look, and became dedicated towards catching and foiling that white light streaming ever forward, seeking to bring itself into causation through endless suffering and tragedy. And now the detective reaches out a hand to you, a comforting smile on her face as she asks you to help her in her neverending quest.



ITEMS

Maisy The Mutt Figurine Collection [100]: A series of little figurines of Maisy the Mutt, each with a different little fair to them. They don't do much, but they bring you a sense of comfort anyway - like the *real* Maisy is looking through them.

Lancer Sketchpad [100]: A little notepad filled with sketches of the mischievous little imp, imbued with a life and animation of their own. They run, and dance, and skip across the pages especially when they think you aren't looking. They're quite shy when somebody's eyes are on them though and are quick to stop any rambunctiousness they were up to if they get caught. You get the feeling you can transfer them to some other media format with little issue.

Dorothy Do & The Deep Blue [100]: Several books of the popular series, all for your personal reading pleasure. The exciting adventures of Dorothy Do and his crew captivate you, leaving you spellbound with the wonder and love that's been placed into their world. And as you read, the gentle rolling waves of something **~deep and blue~** seem to reach out to you, curious and probing.

A Jar Of Bartlebee's Brand Honey [100]: A strange jar filled to the brim with glistening golden honey. It has what looks to be a Bartlebee brand logo on it, but that's the only identifier you see; there's no indication of where it came from or who sent it otherwise. Opening it hits you with the familiar smell of honey but also…something else, something just short of being syrup sweet, almost too much to handle. You haven't had any yet, but there's a buzzing voice in your head telling you that you want to. An incessant hum that won't go away until you eat some of the golden delight, or maybe share it with some others.

Old Tube Television [200]: A large tube television, old and dusty and with flecks of…honey residue on its sides? You think it's a Bartlebee Brands one, but you're not sure where it came from. It mostly looks like a piece of junk that probably can't even turn on, but **you feel compelled to sit and stare at it anyway.**

You fell for my snare
So down, down, down you'll stare
Until I reach out with my long winding arms
And factory farms
Are all you'll be



Living Dolls [200]: A pair of living dolls who have come into your care, on the run from… something. They don't talk much about their history or where they came from before this, but

they kind of remind you of a more depressed and paranoid version of Seamore & Strawbetty with more off-colors. They're fine staying with you but are always fretting that “the thing” they're running from will eventually catch up to them.

A Simple House [200]: A house of some variety - wooden, brick and mortar, glass, moderately sized, smaller, somewhere inbetween - you can decide. What matters is that it's yours now and it acts as a pretty good shelter; fully stocked (and restocks each time you leave and come back), spacious enough to fit dozens of people even if it doesn't look that way from the outside, always comfortable no matter the weather or environment, and always appears when you most need a place to rest. What wasn't told to you about this house is that, like a lot of things here, it is aware - the house has its own consciousness and capacity for self-awareness, with a motivation to shelter and protect its denizens as best as it's able. It cannot do much due to being a house, but what little it can do is done with the purest of intent and the warmest consideration for those who call it home.

Haunted Videogame [300]: A lost Playstation game has found its way into your hands, titled “Green Valley”. It has some similarities to other games of the time, but as you play, it becomes increasingly…odd. Signs of apparent self-awareness from the NPCs, an apparently sentient and deeply afraid AI, frequent religious and occult references, connections to an entire library of unrelated games (several of which aren't even Playstation games), etc. It's as though there's a presence within the game itself that is forcing all these disparate elements together, one that you can't quite put your finger on.

Winerva's Story-Corner [300]: *A little alcove tucked away in the inbetween, far away from prying eyes but visible only to those who know what to look for, perfect to sit down for a good story or two. Don't be shy, come on in dearie. Feel free to rest here, grab a cup of tea, and enjoy a nice book from my many shelves. Or maybe ask me for a personal story about someone you've met or are about to meet – a little peek into the future or their history, a look behind the curtain free of charge, some guidance for what you need to do. There's no late fee and no cost for admission, so take your time and tell this old scarecrow what you need.*

H Brands Building [300]: A large building, left to tot with time and yet, somehow, still looking like it's brand new on the inside. Products that H Brands produced (cigarettes, beauty creams, designer dolls, etc) line the floors and desks, production of new items continues though there's no one to man the machinery, and the stench of factory smoke and nicotine rests heavy in the air. This is a place rife with history and that history wants you to help steer it; with time and guidance, you can get this place to start producing what *you* want it to, but always with that H Brands influence – the mark of their bloody history staining all that this rotting edifice touches.

Molly Molly Sludge [400]: A…’substance’ left behind in the wake of a manifestation by a certain imaginary friend. The sludge is constantly hungry and will try to reform into a variant of the horrible hare if given enough time to spread unchecked. It feels a certain ‘kinship’ and fondness for you and will gladly consume not just what you bring before it, but things it determines to be threatening to you or anything that it views as getting too close and familiar

with you. Be careful; the more it eats, the more it grows, and once it grows enough it will become indistinguishable from the actual Molly Molly.

Harmonia Album [400]: An album of a bunch of songs done by the band Harmonia when the band was at its height during the 1970s. Including titles like *The Past Is More Than Whatever Before*, *I Wanna See The Face Of The Policeman,* and *Let's All Get Along* amongst others, the album radiates the kind of sappy, almost offensively naive tone that Harmonia presented in all their music. Yet for whatever reason, the songs seem to have an almost hypnotically compelling effect on you and anyone else who listens to them – the kind that almost makes you want to agree with their messaging the longer you listen, like an earworm that won't get out of your head. Your fingers yearn to play something, to match the same harmony…to help get the songs out THERE, where they belong.

Troy Beauty Miracle Cream [400]: The infamous skin cream produced by Troy Beauty Brands shortly before their dissolution as a company, somehow having come into your possession. This large batch of beauty cream does as expected when it comes to a Troy Beauty product; it causes tragedy. The cream, in much the same way as it performed in its debut, demonstrates properties similar to a highly acidic compound and is capable of severely maiming and even killing people with only a few minutes to seconds of skin contact depending on the amount of cream applied. Easily marketable as an “all-in-one” skincare solution, this can make it a very efficient means of disseminating to the unaware masses so long as you keep any connection to Troy Beauty out of earshot or not traceable to you.

…You could also figure out a method to perfect the cream and ‘fix’ whatever is wrong with it to turn it into what it was originally marketed as. But where's the fun in that?

Abstract Cleaver [500]: One of the Slasher's abstract blades, a large cartoony blade being held by an equally comical looking blue hand constantly dripping with blood. The blade is imbued with a modicum of the Slasher’s power and it can navigate through space, obstacles and anything else that gets in its way acting in accordance with your will. When you have designated a ‘target’ for the cleaner's ire, it will proceed to hunt them down to perform the dire business of a slasher; for this blade does not cut and tear *just* flesh, but also *ideas*. Do you want to remove someone's happiest memories of their childhood? Then the blade will tear that out and nothing else. Their ability to love or ever find love again? Cut. Their sense of taste? Sliced to ribbons. The ability to manifest violence? Severed. These ideas aren't out of reach for the Slasher and they certainly aren't beyond one of her blades either. When not sent out on the hunt, the blade stays and floats idly near you, waiting to be called upon.

Red Writhing Gloves [500]: Maisy's pair of red (and cursed) gloves, imbued with a number of diabolical powers to sow woe unto those you bestow them upon. The gloves once given to an unwitting victim set them upon a path of ever-escalating bad luck and trauma, gradually intensifying from small things like tripping every few steps and having their laces constantly undone at inopportune times, to larger events like their house catching fire or having their parents retirement fund slashed and being placed several million into debt. At its worst, the

victim's sense of reality breaks down from all the mounting bad luck, which is made all the worse when Maisy finally comes to collect…

See, the gloves aren't just a means of stoking horrendous negative karma upon someone, but they're also a means of telling Maisy that “I want this one gone”. They're a tacit admission that whoever you gave the gloves to is a terrible person and that she has permission to do whatever she wants with them. So she will. But only after she has a little fun with them first.

Living Company [600]: Anything can develop a will or be imbued with life here, so why not an entire company? A whole company and organization has grown a sense of identity and is completely loyal to you and your cause, every acre of land and every building connected to this company is a part of the same whole and gifted with the same otherworldly animation as any mascot. Trees and roads on any given plot of land may have grinning eyes and faces, the buildings may move, bend, sway and contort in silly and blatantly impossible ways, hallways may stretch off endlessly or loop in on themselves, new adjoining buildings or adjacent companies may seemingly pop into being, etc. The company is ‘alive’ in a way not at all dissimilar to a Toon, but it is also your eyes and ears; you ‘see’ what the company sees, you ‘hear’ what it hears, you ‘feel’ all that it feels. It acts like a part of you whenever you deem it necessary, capable of extending your effective range of observation and control over much wider areas as it slowly expands through absorbing existing companies.

Garden Of Sugar & Screams [600]: An endless garden, woven out of pipes and rows upon rows of flowers trailing off into infinity. The pipes are filled with honey and sugar and rotten blood that has thickened and festered under the unnatural factory air into something thick and syrupy and sweet, the flowers laugh and wail and murmur from countless pale squished faces beneath the backdrop of a snickering sun that stretches from horizon to horizon. The garden is a part of Beetrice, it buzzes with the hum of the Queen Bee and every weeping flower here is all that remains of someone who stumbled into her hive of pipes and factory floors. And for you, this garden is yours to do with as you like.



Anything brought into the garden risks becoming part of it – the flowers and other ‘flora’ will reach out with their many-jointed melting hands to drag unsuspecting victims down below and have them become part of the suffocating soil and endless sugarcoated labyrinths that they stretch out from. The pipes will twist and push and pull to obstruct and interfere with anyone who ventures too far in, and to get caught inbetween the constantly growing and shifting lattice of metal is to be pressed and ground down so completely that there will never be any separating you from the metalworks ever again. And worse still is what awful fate befalls those who eat the honey and sugar here, damned to become a part of the very product they had so foolishly chosen to sample.

Miss Canary's All-Seeing Scope [600]: The detective scope used by Miss Canary herself, imbued with the power of the Goddess of Community allowing it to analyze and uncover any hidden secrets and mysteries that less discerning or capable eyes may not be able to perceive. Hidden messages, transcripts of information lost in time or divorced from this physical world entirely, impossibly detailed and familiar accounts of the internal lives of people and beings you've never even met, etc. If there's something tucked away somewhere that needs to be uncovered, then certainly this sleuthing tool will bring it to light!

Hellish Swellish [800]: A broken and worn VHS of Miss Hecate's original movie, the titular *Hellish Swellish*. Despite the atrocious state of the VHS proper, you get the distinct feeling that the tape can still be played just fine…but you also feel like you **shouldn't**. Like there's

something wrong with it, wrong with anything and everything around it. You know enough about its history to know that the tape had *something* to do with the disappearance of Ian White and over 100 people at the party over at the White's house during that one terrible halloween, and that something awful had happened to the owner before that. But still, you can't help but feel like something special, something wonderful will happen if you play it anyway.

You can almost hear it, even.

The sounds of a wonderful party waiting for you.

Vermin Fur [800]: The yellow fur of some completely unidentifiable creature. It manages to have a texture that is completely indescribable, feeling sticky yet dry yet coarse yet somehow neither. You get the feeling that if you take this and leave it somewhere for a bit, something terrible will happen. **Summons Mr. Slink. (See Notes).**



DRAWBACKS

Terror of The Regime [+0]: The stranglehold of the regime on creativity, art, and expression is worse preceding your arrival and its marks on the world extend deep enough to tar your decade here. Not only do more dangerous and hostile presences manifest more frequently now, but the people are colder and crueler and industries opposed to you and the good of the common man are both more prevalent and much larger than they'd otherwise be.

Children of America [+100]: Men with waterlogged fingers covered in ink stains, the Children of America are a traditionalist cult that believes only they hold the “true vision of America” in their hearts and that the rest of the country, the rest of the world even, are rotten degenerates who must be either purged or made to see the light so that this great country may rise anew. They intend to do so by harnessing the power of Dorothy Do and his crew who they have captured, to use their power and the power lurking beneath the pages of their many stories to

rouse a hue so deep and blue that it will reshape the world. What neither the Children nor the Deep Blue realize however, is that should the Deep Blue manage to arrive here, it shall drown our world beneath endless waves of blue – this would terrify the Deep Blue into ceasing all contact with our world, but the Children certainly wouldn't care if they knew. They'd just look for another source of power to make their mad vision a reality.

A source like you.

Somehow, the Children have learnt of your existence and what you are (perhaps a certain Worm or maybe a Slasher tipped them off) and are making preparations to capture you to harness your power for themselves, already you have seen the waterlogged figures lingering in places you have been or where you were going to be. Though they could perhaps catch you unawares if you are not careful, the Children are still just men for all their manipulation of Toons towards their grim designs; they die just as easily as any other man. The actual danger lies in the consequences that can emerge if you blindly slaughter them.

Not only could you rouse the Deep Blue in defense of its newfound “friends”, but Jayne Prell is also a part of the cult and should she meet an untimely end by your hand, then the Slasher shall have some very choice words for you. Cutting ones.

A Red Whisper [+100]: A whisper of violence and grief is spreading around communities and places you are connected within, the red stain of something special seeping into minds and making emotions run hot and heavy. Sometimes it's directed at you, but a lot of the time it drives people into a blind frenzy against the things *around* them,a compulsion to destroy all that you have made or networked yourself into. Somewhere people can talk and speak their minds freely becomes a bloodbath overnight, somewhere to be creative and openly endorse the usage of imagination becomes harshly critical and closed off, peaceful protests become violent acts of terrorism, and so on. Something rotten is moving through any communities you help to build and eats away at their foundations ‘till there's nothing left.

Ink That Won’t Wash Out [+100]: There are many more things lurking in the shadows of this world than you realize; discarded cartoons and mascots yes, but also stranger things. Beings that have forms of ink and shadow and pale gaunt masks with rectus grins, things who have taken forms *like* our media of yesteryear but who may have more distant origins in older strains of fantasy. The Blot is one such thing, a large roiling hivemind of toon flesh and inky viscosity that slithers and hides away in the dark alleyways and damp undergrounds of human cities. It moves freely between these places, always shedding off parts of itself that will themselves go off to prey upon the parts of the world unsuspecting of the dark silhouettes peering in through their lit windows at dead of night.

The Blot is a stalker and ambush predator by trade, it will not make a point of chasing and hunting you like some blind animal unless you encounter parts of it too small to know better. No, it will follow you carefully from the shadows, watching through many oversized eyes as it tries to understand your routines, your patterns of behavior, where you go and when you do so. It may

have one of its many bodies rap at your window or door then vanish by the time you get there, it may choose to bait you into an unlit alley with a thrown ball or some children's toy, it may mimic voices of friends and family members. Anything to get you away from others and alone, once it knows you, once it understands you. So that it can feed in peace.

Bloodhunt [+100/can be taken three times]: It is inevitable that there might be more creatures like the Vamp out there, oversized cartoony bloodbags filled with the gushing effluvia of who knows how many people as they dart through the dark night. These swarms of ravenous monstrosities hover over homes of victims to be, ready to swoop down the instant those they've marked leave their abodes for any reason – they do not share in the Vamp's specific proclivity for focusing on only those who have stuck their noses into the history of forever grieving people and towns. No, this is simply raw hunger and the lust for blood. And it just so happens that they have chosen you for their next meal.

It starts with the people around you vanishing, often without a trace – sometimes being found again, but as completely dessicated husks of themselves, bags of skin rather than people. Then you will find the places you know and frequent being vandalized or destroyed, smeared with blood or the gruesome remains of past victims, a sign of warning for what's to come. Then there's the noises, the constant squishing and flapping of things too wet and bloated to be capable of flight or any movement at all, yet fly they do through impossible means. And finally, when they can bear the hunger no longer, the wait is over and they surge to take what is rightfully theirs. The one upside is that the hungry little things can be distracted if given other victims for a time, eager to slake their need to feed on any warm body they can find, but it's simply a matter of time before they make their way back to you.

Premonition Of Doom [+200]: Winerva, bless her patchwork heart, has given you an ominous portent of something terrible coming for you in the next few days or months. She gives no details as to *what* is coming for you or what shape it will necessarily take, but the thought remains stuck in your head and you cannot seem to shake it off. You become more paranoid, seeing signs in everything around you, closing and shutting yourself off from help, desperate to avoid a threat only *you* know is coming. There perhaps is an incoming danger, but you are so lost in your own neurosis that you cannot accurately make any plans for confronting it, let alone coming away from the encounter intact.

Lancer's Mischief [+200/can be taken three times]: Lancer that delightful little scamp has taken to residing in and vandalizing your personal media and work. Mostly, it comes down to just leaving doodles anywhere he finds himself in, streaks and splotches of paint and ink, or just idle shenanigans. It's not harmful at all, but it can be very distracting when you need to focus on more important matters or when you need something that he has ended up accidentally defacing. The skittish imp is also incredibly quick to run away whenever he's caught in the act of mischief, so you are very unlikely to catch him before he escapes to be a bother some other day, in some other place.

Cursed Media [+200/can be taken two times]: Someone keeps mailing you old pieces of junk media; posters, old movies and VHS tapes, production notes and sketches, cardboard cutouts, you name it. They're worn down from age and time yet you can't seem to trace whoever's sending them. Unfortunately for you, these items just so happen to be cursed – whatever Toon or entity that is attempting to make contact with you through these banal relics of a lost media age is caustic, and its influence slowly poisons the environment around you against you. The streets become darker, water turns septic or blindingly acidic only to you, animals grow increasingly hostile until they just stare with undisguised malice whenever you approach, people start resenting you over the smallest imagined slights and you can frequently find signs of whatever location you've come to inhabit having been vandalized. After having done some research and piecing things together through scattered long-dead blogs, you've managed to determine a general frame of operation behind this 'curse'; Though only being represented by the media it spreads through, the presence exerts a pressure that borders on the tangible, twisting the world around the afflicted target (you) to make it more hostile to their continued presence until something gives and they're taken from this world, one way or another. It will then 'infect' some other media connected to the previous victim and send it forward to the next to be targeted.

The only solution is to find someone (preferably someone closely connected to you) who you can pass the tainted media on to.

An Electrical Mishap [200/can be taken twice]: Although Tellie Lectric, that little lightbulb for a brighter era that never came to be, is asleep and has been so for a while, sparks of him still tend to pop up when you least expect. Outlets blowing out without any explanation, homes going dark suddenly with no prior warning, fires (little and large) flaring as something catches flame that wasn't supposed to, sometimes large scale blackouts that make whole districts go dark for days, when these little sparks are about you can expect all kinds of electrical mayhem in your midst. They don't do it consciously – being little more than stray specks of power bleeding off of Tellie from wherever he is now, but their unthinking wandering can still end up being quite hazardous if not properly contained.

The Cruel Hands Of Authority [+300]: Humans can be monstrous too, as the regime and the industry of war surging ever forward would no doubt best represent. But even on a mundane civilian level, the reach of cruel authoritarian hands is ever present; as the police and other elements of civil authority seem dedicated to thwarting, abusing, and outright harming you at every turn. Even people suspected of providing aid to you are not safe and may easily come under threat should the authorities find that they would be an easy means of drawing you out.

A Honeyed Sabotage [+300]: Sticky honeylike resin seems to contaminate things around you, from projects and artistic designs, to collections of treasured valuables, to your food and drink (making them thoroughly inedible in the process, *despite* the honey appearing otherwise entirely normal it is apparently closer to some kind of gross mix of factory compounds, highly dangerous chemical substances, oil, and something approaching human biological material. Best keep away from people or animals for their own safety), to even technology and machinery – gunking

them up and preventing their usage. And in your head, you feel this constant pressure, like a bunch of bees are buzzing around inside and between your ears.

The Hare's Love [+300]: A spawn/offshoot/clone of Molly Molly has decided to move its way into your life, slowly but surely infecting the things you thought were normal and part of your everyday routine. Your "best friend" back from "far away" who is inexplicably present wherever you go – ever eager to play or hang out with you, but always quick to display a surprising amount of coldness and hostility towards the idea that you have a life beyond them. Its perception filter is strong, but there are still some discrepancies like its apparent inability to fully disguise the weird, damp almost sticky/slimy texture of its 'skin' or its difficulties in parsing proper emotional responses to situations beyond trying to dial up the effects of its filter. The entity is mercifully not as experienced as its progenitor. Gradually, it seeks to replace all sense of normalcy in your life with itself so you will only focus on it and burn all bridges and connections with the life you had before; once you do so, it will proceed to consume you to move on to the next unsuspecting victim.

Like A Blade Through Skin [+300, can be taken three times]: The abstract arms of The Slasher are after you, wielding their wicked cleavers and butcher's knives and straight razors and other bladed implements to conduct their dire work. The blue corpselike arms are determined to rip you apart down to the very ideas that make you up for whatever reason, and they will not stop until they have carved you into nothing. They can stretch and float through walls, push themselves through hairline cracks, elongate themselves to impossible lengths, cross in and out of The Slasher's personal reality to cover immense distances, and more to reach you. The Slasher herself is somewhere nearby whenever the arms show themselves, lazy and uncovered over whatever has got her arms so riled up; perhaps the secret to survival lies in convincing the abstract killer to reign in her many appendages before they succeed in murdering you. But what could possibly convince The Slasher to raise a single finger to your aid?

Wrath Of The Mutt [+400]: Maisy Mutt has come to the conclusion that you are a threat to someone she cares about and has chosen to take matters into her own hands to…'deal' with you. Although it is possible to convince her otherwise, Maisy's bloodlust and cold simmering rage has left her mostly focused on the goal of putting you in the ground over idle conversation. It will take a lot of effort on your part to get the Mutt to sit down and listen. Especially when her cold, dead stare and dreadful corpselike monotone halts you in your tracks along a street that you are sure never existed before as an endless menagerie of Halloween rejects show up with full intent to put your head on a pike. Best start explaining yourself quickly. Or running.

Amidst The Deep Blue [+400]: Somehow, your existence has found itself slipping in and out of the surface layers of the world and plunging towards The frigid depths of the Deep Blue, the immense blue hue roiling and crashing in a place outside of the world as we know. For now, you're still in the shallows and can pull yourself back when you tip over the edge, but each time you go under, it gets harder and harder to find your way back up. Eventually you'll capsize and

that will be that, unless you find some life-raft or method to stabilize your foothold on reality before then.

Mutt Vs Daughter [+400]: One of Hecate's offspring has managed to incite the anger of Maisy the Mutt and you have been caught as collateral in the middle of their feud. Regardless of whichever of the spawn it is (roll to randomly select one of **The Daughters** from the companions section, the Vamp may also be included in this roll), Maisy is fully dedicated to hunting them down and making them pay. And you have been roped up into her plans for revenge at the same time as the Daughter in question reaches out to you (via proxy or some other means) for 'assistance' in handling the Mutt. Whichever one you side with will make an enemy out of the other, who will dedicate themselves to destroying you both, so be sure going in that you are making the correct choice. You could also live a little dangerously and try to play them *both*, but the chances of this working out in your favor are slim.

The Factory Floor [+400]: *Even though it's all been unplugged, a constant hum*. You feel and hear the hum in your waking life endlessly, and whenever you sleep, you are pulled into a physical space that resembles an endless macabre factory. A factory where sugar and screams merge into each other until they have become indistinguishable, the same substance, the same honey yellow that has gone to rot. A factory where lurks Beetrice B.E., a factory that *is* Beetrice. Stripped of your abilities in this mental recreation of her domain, each night you must evade Beetrice's manifestations while trying to navigate the factory in search of an 'exit', and each night Beetrice will toy with and hunt you with the intent of making you into another wretched soul lining the factory's floor and walls, ground down and processed into liquid candy writhing and pooling along the floor. The nights grow progressively more difficult and dangerous the longer this goes on and Beetrice steadily unveils increasingly elaborate tricks and abilities over time. Unless you find a way to sever your mental connection to Factory Nine, this terrible game of cat-and-mouse will never end.

Not to mention that as you suffer through this, your physical body remains entirely undefended as your mind is lost elsewhere. Best hope that something else does not take advantage of this situation.

The Hunt For Cruelty [+600]: You have been recruited as part of The Neighborhood Watch (working title), a group of would-be investigators and sleuths under the guidance of Miss Canary, the Goddess of Community whose job is to plunge into the most damaged and dangerous parts of the community – the places where history and tragedy have bled together into something awful. The places where something special, something wonderful starts to seep into our world, and it's your job to find people lost in these places and get them back to where they need to be – and if at all possible, plug up the hole and put things to rights. These places are thoroughly contaminated by **Her** influence and even so much as *thinking* in the wrong manner could condemn you to a fate worse than death so your mind, body, and will must all be perfectly controlled at every turn through these winding impossible suburbs and streets folding in on themselves as disturbing noises, music, voices, laughter and red lights blare out from the houses surrounding you. Stalking the streets, aberrant entities and bizarre mergers of doughy

flesh, human bodies, and objects roam and babble incoherent gibberish as they eagerly giggle and chomp down on anything they spot during their listless patrols – symptoms of the spreading red. Find and calmly guide anyone lost inside these places to safety and get out.

The Party Refuses To End [+600]: On the other side of the world, in an endless red where history never moves forward, there is a party that has never begun and never ended. A party that presses in from all sides against a world too small to contain it. A party that lusts to include you. Wherever you go, you may catch glimpses of the shadowed forms of the partygoers, their bodies mixing and merging into each other amidst a deep red hue that shines beyond the windows of buildings and in a flash is gone again. You may spy them in the leaves and shadows of trees, within the underhang of alleys, amidst the creaks and crevices of buildings in a suburban neighborhood, within your bathroom mirror, in all the little corners and spaces that one can imagine. These are just the first small glimpses you catch, but they will not stay that way – eventually these same places that you spot them within cease to be mere one way views, and instead become apertures through which you may be pulled into the great history, into that neverending party. Now you cannot enter even a quaint little hole-in-the-wall diner without risking your seat taking you from a simple place to get lunch, into an endless red nightmare of laughter, puking, and party streamers. You have to constantly keep on the move to ensure that the party never catches up to you, that it always trails somewhat behind you, but it is ever-present and it will never tire and never stop. Not until it can make you part of something special, something wonderful.

Perfect Vermin [+800]: Ever notice a bit of yellowed fur peeking out from the most innocuous seeming places, maybe a tuft of fuzz worming its way across your carpet? Well honey, that ain't mold in your sink. It’s vermin darling, it’s Mr. Slink!



Mr. Slink is an anxiety parasite from far, far, far beyond our reality who is only here to feed. He invades your home and grows and grows and grows, cutting you off from the outside and then when you have a full nervous breakdown he leaves abruptly, robbing you of closure and feeding on that lingering dread for the rest of your life.

But for whatever reason, Slink has taken a particular liking to your specific ‘flavor’ and so he keeps showing back up for more. He erupts out of your pipes, through the floors of your home, wherever you feel most safe and secure – and he cuts you off entirely from anyone or anything outside, anything capable of helping as he strangles and chokes his way through your place of comfort. Then he leaves. Only to come back and do it again and again and again and again and again.

SCENARIOS

An Investigator's Work Is Never Done [awards Miss Canary as a companion upon completion/cannot be taken as A Part of History or with Something Special, Something Wonderful]: *Greetings, My intrepid sleuths. Once more, I, Miss Canary, have come to reveal things hidden away in the dark with my trusty magnifying glass and I would ask you to help me.*

The detective has been investigating long and hard, tracing the red trail that spans forever and nowhere as it sows tragedy after tragedy, and each stop along the line has brought her to yet more scenes of suffering wrought upon the innocent and undeserving. The detective would request that you help her in quelling these scenes and getting to the bottom of them – aid her in removing the blight infesting these communities, in uplifting the people from their states of abject despair, in hounding the red wherever it goes and uncovering its machinations in whatever form they take to deliver true justice upon its wickedness

Help Miss Canary hunt down the worm that is killing the world for the course of your 10 years. And when your work together is finished here, she will gladly accompany you to help other, equally suffering worlds who need a warm gentle touch of community.

Something Special, Something Wonderful [awards Miss Hecate as a companion upon completion/cannot be taken with An Investigator's Work Is Never Done]:

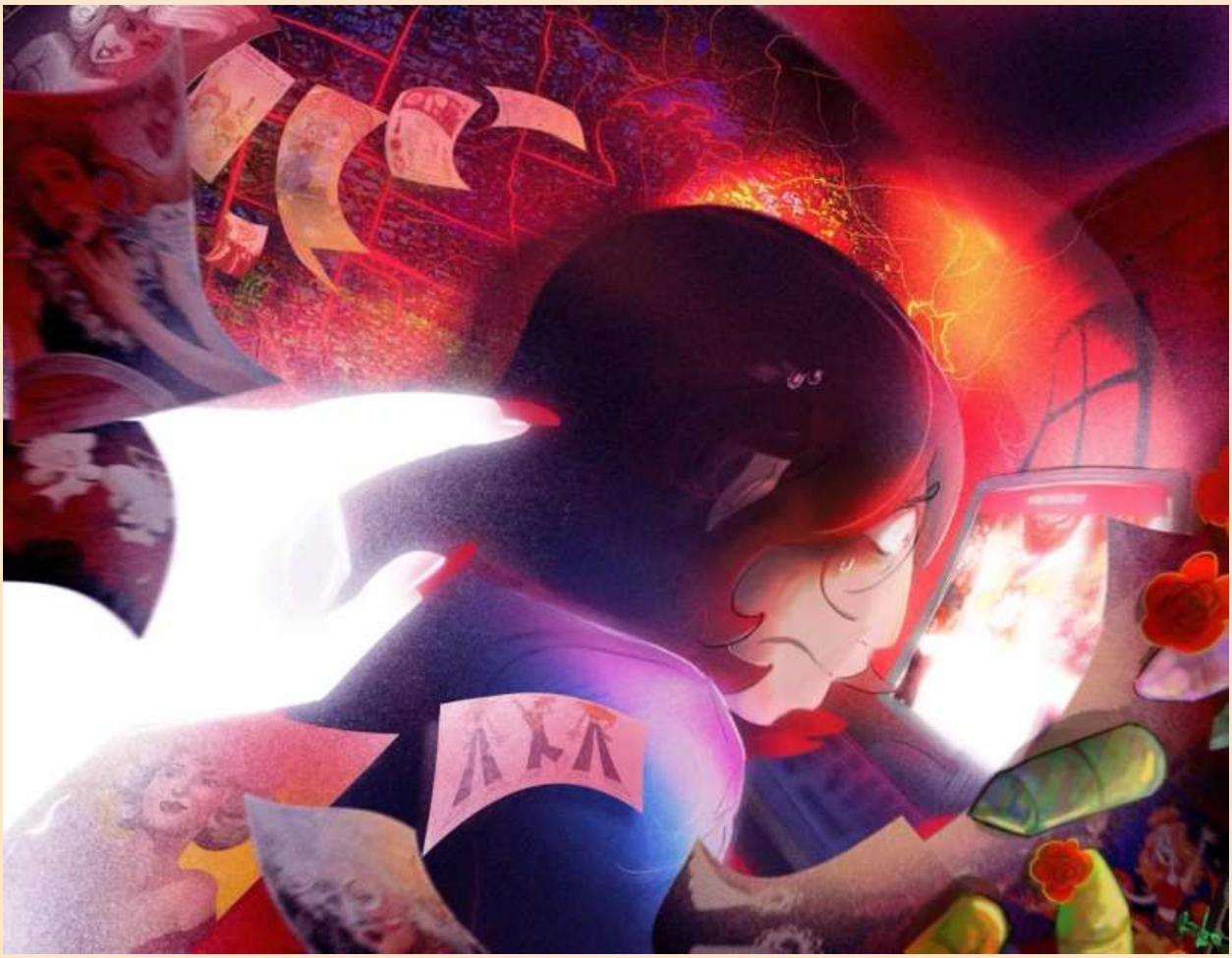
So here we are. Ready, at long last, to sit down and invite the red in. To roll out the red carpet for Her as She brings us into a special, wonderful new world where there is no suffering, where there shall be peace.

But there's some things we need to do first.

Don't worry, they're tiny little things. Small things that will help pave the path to this better, special history we are building together. It won't take long.

Ready?

Let us descend together.



Layer One: Outer Shell

Little Penny M still doesn't really understand I think; she doesn't get that she was always meant to be here, always meant to learn about the one true history, always meant to be at the party. Could you be a dear and help her out? It's not fair that everyone else is having fun and she's been left out, only stuck with some stuffy blog to keep her company.

It doesn't matter how you do it. Influence her down the path, seduce her (though that might take a bit of rewiring but I'm sure you can do it), break her even – though you might want to try and avoid that last one; she should get to see everything with clarity first, a guiding hand on her shoulder to help point the way to all the special, wonderful things that have been waiting for her all this time. Breaking can come after.



Layer Two: Oceanic Shell

Honest Honos is hungry; hungry for the flesh of the world, that she's been denied for so long. Give her a hand with that, would you? ‘How?’, you ask? Why by staging wars of course. More wars means more death, and more death means more bodies for the worms to eat. Those nameless other kingdoms sit atop the world that is Honos's dinner plate so it is only fair – only just, and right, and proper – that she should be free to sample them at her leisure.

Military toys, propaganda pieces, coloring books for “little soldiers to be”, radio and television broadcasts, etc. It doesn't matter what it is – so long as it glorifies war, pushes the view at all levels from the civilian to the highest heights of government that war is necessary, that it is wonderful, that it is *right*, then you are free to use any means you deem appropriate. You may even stage your own wars and aggravate those other kingdoms of the world into aggressing and *being* aggressed upon; keep the machine of the military industrial complex ever growing and ever hungry.



Layer Three: Upper Mantle

Hera Cleats desires something relatively simpler – challenge, competition, groups to crush and who will crush others, the division of people into competing tracks along parallel lines. This can be through sports yes, and that is her preferred playing field. But it can be in industry, work, fashion, school, politics, and so on. A bat and a ball can be applied to many things, and at the heart of every sport is the burning desire for conquest. So pick your Team, grab your bat, and let's play some ball.

Oh, and while you're at it; The Vamp is a little parched. Help the little scamp out and fetch it some blood. You could do this the easy way of directly sourcing it, but there's something to be said of the other method as well – convincing poor silly podcasters and other associated individuals (or even just simple passer-by on the street) to talk and think about what became of the ever-so wonderful *Kill The Conversation* boys. That will get some blood pumping, and the Vamp will be ever so overjoyed to get to indulge in its favorite pastime.



Layer Four: Molten Asthenosphere

Hebe Bebe has ideas for whole new production lines of toys, but doesn't have enough raw materials to work with. Oh, what is a worm to do! But never to fear; there is always a solution, and one that you can help with. More production facilities, more factories and sweatshops need to be built, more labor needs to be sourced, more hands to work the machines and the needles and threads. From far-off lands and amongst the children if need be – after all, what child could resist getting to work on the toys of their dreams? And if some get lost in the machines, crushed and ground up to a poor purée of innocent paste? Well, they'll get to rest in Arborland amongst all the wonderful friends of their childhood, with patchwork and cigarette fairies to sing them to their rest.



Layer Five: Solid Asthenosphere

Come. Sit a while, relax – no need to rush to the others just yet. Stay here with Harmonia for a bit, soak in the tunes, and indulge her in some conversation; on philosophical tangents, on the nature of the “Self”, on things like “freedom” and what it truly means to exist, to *be* something with value beyond existing because you have to.

…

Just…sit and take it all in for a bit longer. And when you're done, maybe you can help Harmonia with this new song she's working on. She's got a feeling it’s going to be her best yet.

But you can also move on. You don't have to stay if you don't want to.



Layer Six: Lower Mantle

Hmph, so *you're* the help they sent for the one and only Helena Troy? Well beggars can't be choosers and all that, so here's how it is – Helena wants to storm the beauty industry once more, to remake the very face of "beauty" yet again. And to do that she needs manpower (obviously), merchandise (yes), models (only the best, as you should know), and all the other little bits and bobs. But most importantly, she needs *control*; the people are easily shaped and none more so than the youth who ever fear judgment from their likeminded peers for not "fitting in". Helena once had a school devoted to this, but it would seem time and *unjustified* scandal take away all. The idea was never bad in and of itself, so clearly it just needed some tweaking here and there.

Build up the means to control and shape what defines beauty across the nation and beyond, help Helena regain her throne at the seat of the industry with all others at her feet. Shape minds in accordance to the most desperate and hungry trends, the unhealthy habits that lead one to having the most exquisite and exemplary bodies, the struggle that makes or breaks true divas. And once you are done, mayhaps there will be a seat next to the throne reserved for you.



Layer Seven: Outer Molten Core

Miss Hecate, the face of our beloved host, has always loved cigarettes. Indeed, she'd build up temples soaring to the starry heights of Nirvana (that is how the Romans conceptualized Heaven, correct?) for all to bask in their glory if she could. And maybe she still can. Miss Hecate yearns for the world where cigarettes never fell out of fashion, where misguided and ignorant men and women tore down the special, wonderful era where cigarettes were beloved by all – men, women, and children alike. A cigarette for your parents, yourself, your teachers, and your little dog too. The era where cigarettes were celebrated and well known to be good for your health, and where smokestacks rose ever so wonderfully into the sky and blanketed all as the rolls were made.

She wants you to bring that period back. To show the world the true wonders of cigarettes again, and ensure they never leave their mouths, lips and lungs like they did before. To build temples out of nations dedicated to the best, the most special, the most wonderful things: cigarettes.



The Bottom of History: Inner Core

Celebrate.

The party is finally here, and there's nothing more to do now. Let's give a big welcome to Penny and yourself, and reel in our new arrivals.

Military, podcasts, baseball, toys, music, beauty, cigarettes.

You are finally where you always belonged.



END

You're at the end and everything has been said and everything has been done. There's just one more thing left to do now. Will you:

Return Home: You have quite had enough of cigarettes, beauty, mad toons, toys, factories, bees, and whatever else. And you've had your fill of adventuring as a whole besides. You take what you've gained on your journey so far and return home to Earth – YOUR Earth and your history.

Stay: This world, this history with something special, something wonderful in it, it calls to you. You don't know why but you feel as though this is where you truly belong. You sit down and stay, as the red covers you as well.

Leave: You know there are other places, other worlds to see. Ones perhaps not so plagued by the inescapable inevitability of History as this one. You shrug off the blinding corpseflesh hands and march forward to something new. An old scarecrow, a Mutt, an imp, two puppets, twins from a valley full of meadows and the crew of a well worn and loved ship bid you farewell and safe travels.



NOTES

The World of Pendog

The world of Pendog is set in an alternate history of our own world, one where plenty stayed the same but a lot changed as well. A world where technology advanced far more than it did here at the cost of corporate control and greed growing ever so terribly greater. A world where, after the World Fair in 1964, the US Government retooled itself into a nightmarish regime and began a campaign of blind military retribution across the globe. A world where vertical integration was never ruled against until 2020 and so industry giants heading monopolies and creativity and free expression being stifled and killed in the crib was simply the norm until very recently.

This is a world where something evil, something repulsive and cruel, something special, something wonderful swims through history like a worm.

In Pendog, there are many strange otherworldly beings, eldritch things that have inhabited the shapes of cartoon mascots and old media. Where these entities truly come from is unknown, nor is it known what causes the spark of life to trigger in otherwise inanimate pieces of media. Beyond these though, many other things possess life in the world of Pendog - Mascots yes, but also buildings. Your average home is alive and imbued with a self-awareness that its owners are unknowing of, a toy store may have *very* strong opinions on what goes on inside and beyond its walls, a factory may start out as a bee who was an idea which is now nothing more than a concrete edifice of sugar and screams. Perhaps even websites may be ‘alive’ in this world of utter strangeness.

Beyond the given examples however, there are many other things in Pendog that lurk in the fringes, whose stories have yet to be truly written. These may include:



The Thinlings: Dark fairies from the days when artists and creators were kept in the dark and factory farmed, holed up in an old TV station somewhere. They seek to come out of the screens and twist all of humanity apart.

The Deep Blue: A sentient tint of blue that connected with Barbara Massey through her stories and lived in the worlds of her books, regularly communicating with her through the pages. Acting as both her friend and her muse, the two deeply enjoyed each other's company up until when Barbara would finally close the page on the world of Dorothy Do. Following this, the Deep Blue went to sleep beneath pages until it was reused once more by the actions of the Children Of America, a supremacist cult obsessed with American traditionalism, having masqueraded themselves as friends only intending to help by letting the Deep Blue cross over into our world.

Unbeknownst to both however, should the Deep Blue manage to successfully enter our world, it will crush all reality beneath itself, drowning all beneath endless waves of blue. As a purely benevolent yet naive entity, the Deep Blue would be utterly horrified to learn of this.

Mr Slink: Anxiety parasite and cosmic horror, Mr. Slink hails from a universe made up of nothing but childhood fears, trauma and the stresses and neuroses of adulthood. Slink comes to our universe purely to feed on the anxiety of people, to push them well over the breaking point only to leave as abruptly as he came, forever robbing them of closure and leaving only empty wreckage in the place of what was once comfort and personal safety. The body he wears is just a finger puppet, a dream of something far larger, a sunbeam that may vary in intensity and heat but it all comes from the same sun - to be exposed to the *actual* Slink would turn you to dust. The most powerful entity by far in Pendog.

No Shard, you may not use this jump to escape the succbox.